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New England Magazine

An Illustrated Monthly

New Series, Vol. 13

Old Series, Vol. 19

September, 1895 — February, 1896

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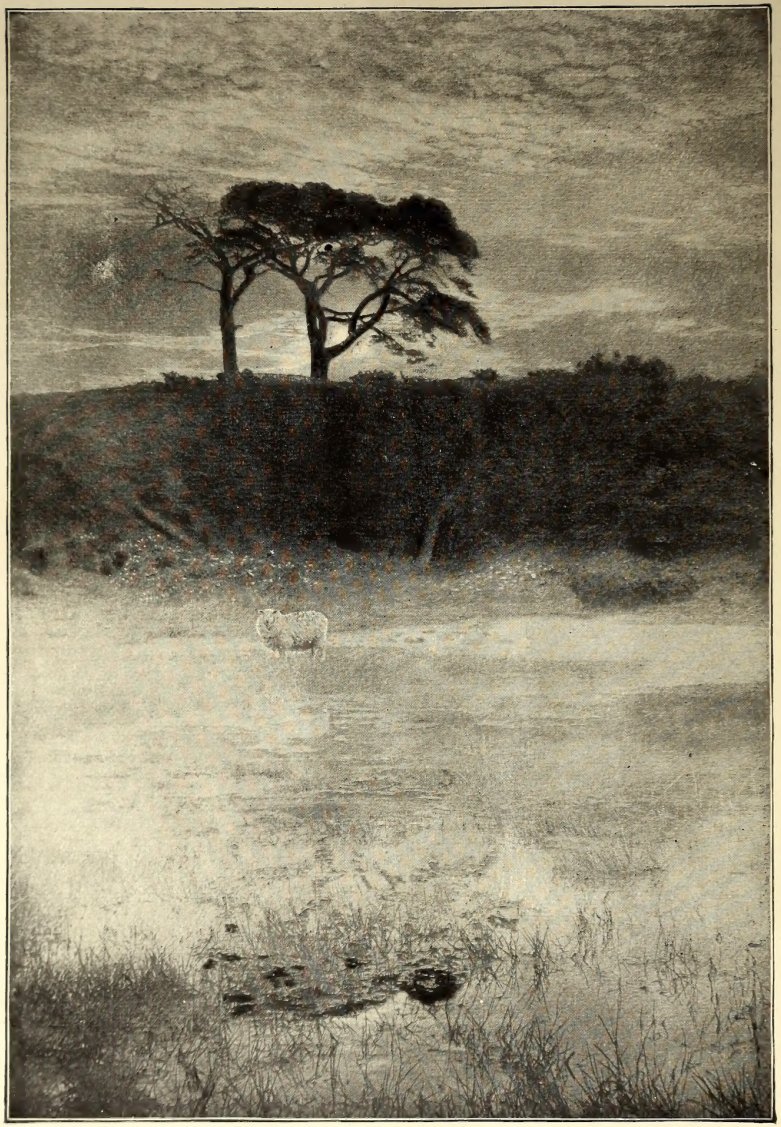


PHOTO. BY H. P. ROBINSON.

A SEPTEMBER MORNING.

THE

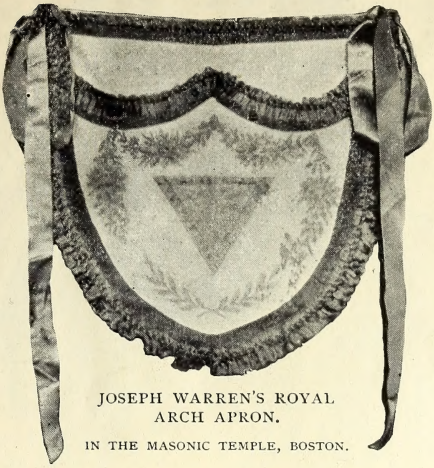
NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES. SEPTEMBER, 1895. VOL. XIII. NO. 1.

FREEMASONRY IN BOSTON.

By Warren B. Ellis.

THE authentic history of Freemasonry in Boston dates from the year 1733, although future discoveries may carry the date of its origin still further back. In the *Masonic Mirror and Mechanics' Intelligencer*, published in Boston by Charles W. Moore, under the date of January 27, 1827, is found the following statement:



JOSEPH WARREN'S ROYAL ARCH APRON.
IN THE MASONIC TEMPLE, BOSTON.

"A year or two since, a clergyman of the Church of England, who is probably more conversant with that church in America than any other individual now living, politely furnished us with a document wherein it appeared that the first *regular* lodge of Freemasons in America was holden in King's Chapel, Boston, by a dispensation from the Grand Lodge of England, somewhere about the year 1720. It produced great excitement at the time, and the brethren considered it prudent to discontinue their meetings."

This statement was repeated by the same writer in 1829, and again in the *Freemason's Monthly Magazine*, issued April 1, 1844. The last time the name of the clergyman was given as "The late Rev. Mr. Montague, formerly of Dedham."

Unfortunately, Mr. Moore neglected to give us all the facts connected with this remarkable incident; and until the "document," or some testimony supporting its statement, shall be presented, the craft must be content to accept the year 1733 as the date of the birth of Freemasonry in Massachusetts. Some of the circumstances connected with that event, some of the persons who promoted its interests, and something of what it has accomplished, will here be presented.

Until recent years very little was known of Henry Price, founder of Freemasonry in Massachusetts. To our late Grand Master, William S. Gardner, and to Grand Master and Grand Secretary Sereno D. Nickerson, we are indebted for nearly all that is known of this brother, and for much other valuable information connected with the early history of the order in Boston, which is made available to the craft through the printed Proceedings of the Grand Lodge. From that source the author of this paper has derived a

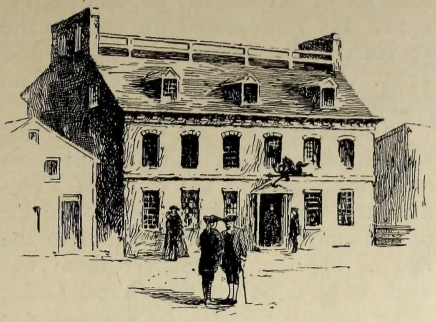
large number of the facts which are here presented.

Our story begins with a meeting held on Monday, July 30, 1733, at the Bunch of Grapes Tavern, on King Street, now State Street, at the corner of Kilby.

The meeting held on that occasion, estimated by its results, was of the highest importance. The number present was small. Besides Henry Price, the leader, ten names are on record. One of them at least, Andrew Belcher, Esq., the son of the governor and then Register of Probate, was well known to the inhabitants of the town. They were all Freemasons, having been admitted to the order in England, where Freemasonry was at that time flourishing under more favorable conditions than had ever before existed. The establishment of the First Grand Lodge in 1717 had given to the lodges greater dignity and larger influence than had ever been known when it was "the practice of the brethren to assemble in chance gatherings whenever and wherever a sufficient number could be found." Under the new Grand Lodge, "the privilege of assembling as Masons, which has been unlimited," was forbidden, and no lodge was considered regular that was not authorized by a warrant from the Grand Master. This new plan was cheerfully approved and adopted by the brethren, and its results were seen in a larger growth of the power and usefulness of the craft. It is not surprising, when we consider the close relations then existing between the colony and the mother country, that a knowledge of the revival of Masonry through this action should have early reached this country, or that the growing importance of the lodges at home should have suggested to the brethren of Boston the idea of forming a regular and duly constituted lodge under the authority of a charter from the Grand Master of England. The meeting of the brethren at the Bunch of Grapes Tavern on the date mentioned was to accomplish this purpose. Previous to this time, however, and in anticipation of the event, Henry Price had applied to the Grand Master of England for a commission as Provincial Grand Master of New England. His petition was favorably received, and a commission was granted under date of April 30, 1733. Although we are unable to prove the fact, it is probable that Price was in England at that time, and received his commission directly from the hands of the Grand Master. The standing and respectability of this brother are attested by the fact, which appears in his deputation, that this was granted at his own request and not in answer to the petition of any body of Masons. When the brethren who had assembled on that eventful evening had been called to order, the commission or deputation to Henry Price was read. It was issued by "The R^{t} Honble and R^{t} Worsh^{l} Anthony Brown, Lord Viscount Montague, Grand Master of the Free and Accepted Masons of England," and constituted Henry Price Provincial Grand Master of New England and dominions and territories thereunto belonging, with full power



HENRY PRICE.

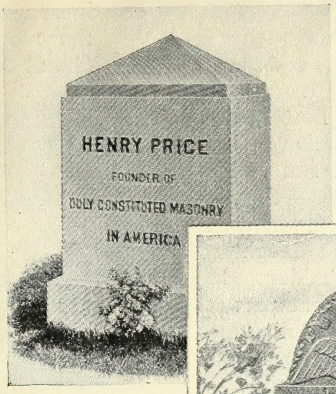


THE GREEN DRAGON TAVERN.

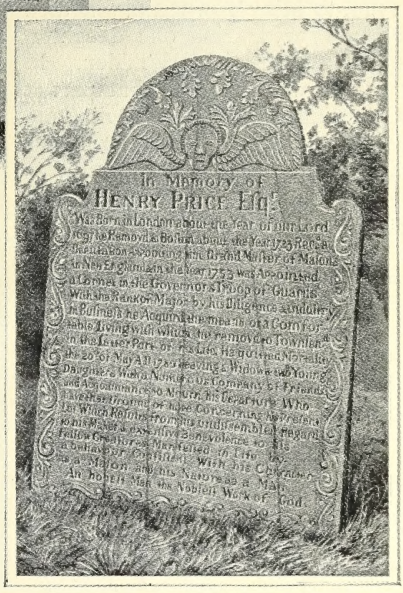
and authority to perform all the duties belonging to that office. Acting under the authority of this commission, he immediately organized a Provincial Grand Lodge, appointing Andrew Belcher Deputy Grand Master, and Thomas Kennelly and John Quane Grand Wardens. The first business done by the body was the making of eight Masons. These new brethren then united with the ten concerned in forming the Grand Lodge, and petitioned Grand Master Price to constitute them into a regular lodge.

For a long time it was supposed that Grand Master Price "did then and there in the most solemn manner according to ancient Rt. and Custom and the form prescribed in our Book of Constitutions" constitute the brethren into a regular lodge; but more careful research has within a few years shown that the actual date of the constituting of the first lodge was the thirty-first day of August following. This lodge was not only the first established in Boston, but is believed by the best Masonic scholars to have been the first regularly constituted lodge in North America; and the petition which was then presented to Henry Price, and which is still preserved in the archives of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, is considered the oldest Masonic document on this continent.

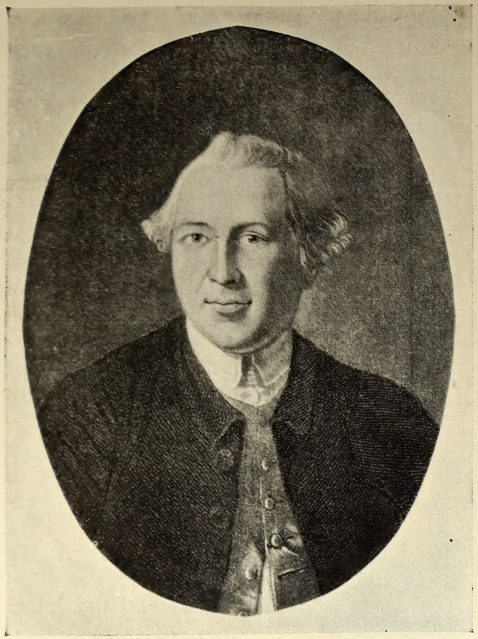
Henry Price, who was the leader in this enterprise and who has been appropriately called the father of Masonry in America, was born in London about the year 1697. He was initiated in Freemasonry before he came to Boston, which was about 1723. Nothing certain is known regarding his occupation before 1732, when he was described as a "Taylor." In 1733 he was appointed a cornet in the "Governor's Troop of Guards," with the rank of major. It is said that this office was that of standard bearer. His rank entitled him to certain privileges and gave him an honorable social position. In 1736 he formed a partnership with Francis Beteilhe, which was continued about four years. Before its expiration he gave up tailoring and was known as a shopkeeper. His business was at one time located at what is now the corner of Washington and Bedford Streets; afterward he removed to King Street, where he had erected a brick building. He occupied a portion of this as a dwelling-house and the lower part of it as a store. He retired from business in 1750. He must have been very successful in his business, for he acquired a large amount of



THE PRESENT MONUMENT OVER THE GRAVE AT TOWNSEND.



THE TOMBSTONE OF HENRY PRICE.
NOW IN THE MASONIC TEMPLE, BOSTON.



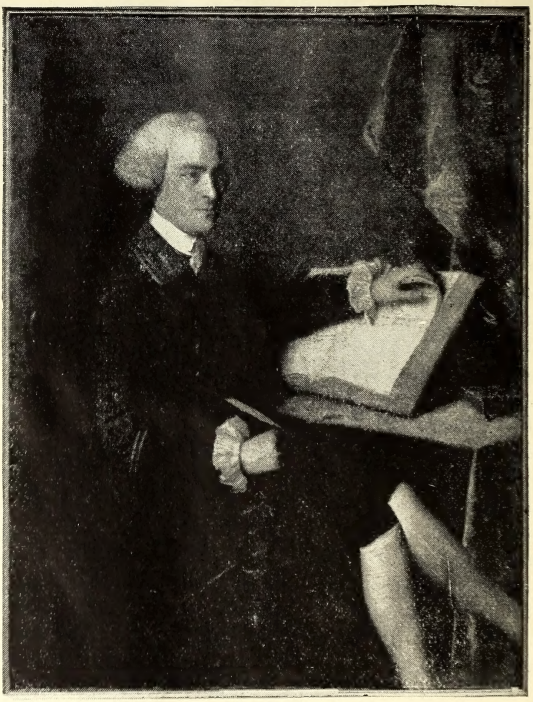
JOSEPH WARREN.

FROM THE PAINTING BY COPLEY.

real estate, not only in Boston, but in other towns, in some even beyond the limits of this state. He was married three times, — first, in 1737, to Mary Townsend, who died about 1751, leaving one daughter, next, in 1752, to Mary Tilden. In 1755 he was living in that part of Cambridge which is now Arlington, and was considered rich, for he was living in a " great house " with extensive lands reaching out on both sides of the highway. He lived in this place but a few years, for his wife died in 1759 or 1760, and his only daughter followed soon after.

This double bereavement bore so hard upon him that he was unable to continue among the associations which constantly reminded him of his loss, and almost immediately after his daughter's death he disposed of this valuable estate and returned to Boston, where he resided for a year or two, and then removed to Townsend, where he made his home for the remainder of his life. He married Lydia Randall of Townsend, September 17, 1771. He represented the town in the Provincial Legislature in 1764 and 1765. His death was the result of an accident, and occurred May 20, 1780.

In looking at the life of Henry Price we are impressed with his earnestness and enthusiasm in the cause of Freemasonry. This interest was not fickle or intermittent, but continuous, to the end of his life. Whenever there was work to be done for the Grand Lodge or for its subordinates, he was ready to do it. At the death of a Grand Master — and there were three who died in office during the life of Price — he would resume the duties of the vacant office and discharge them with great ability, — in one instance nearly four years having intervened before a new Grand Master was appointed. It also fell to him to install his successors; and this he did with pomp and ceremony increasing in degree each time, until the records say of the installation of Grand Master Rowe, his fourth succes-



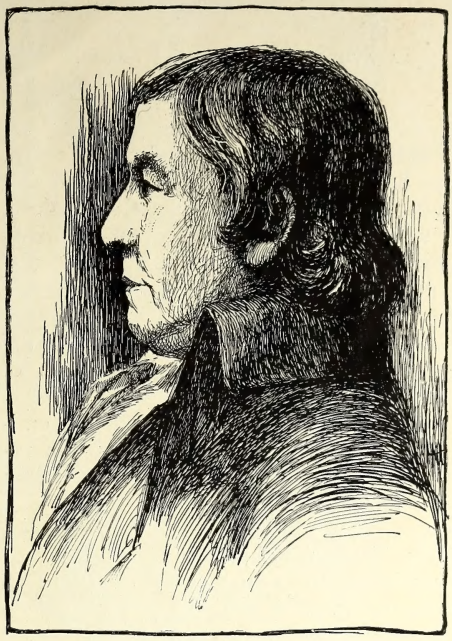
JOHN HANCOCK.

FROM THE PAINTING BY COPLEY.

sor, "the like hath never been seen in America."

After the death of Price, a tablet was erected over his remains, on which was inscribed the record of his honors and success, but which especially emphasized the honesty and integrity of his character and the hope of his friends "Concerning his Present Lot which Results from his undissembled regard to his Maker and extensive Benevolence to his Fellow Creatures, Manifested in life by a behavior Consistent With his Character as a Mason, and his Nature as a Man, 'An honest Man the Noblest Work of God.'" This tablet was removed in 1888 to the Masonic Temple in Boston, where it is properly cared for. At the same time the mortal remains of Henry Price were gathered and deposited beneath a more imposing monument which had been erected to his memory, and which was consecrated by the Grand Master of Massachusetts.

Although the beginning of Freemasonry in Boston was very small, its novelty attracted a good deal of attention. It was probably the first secret society that had ever been known in the town, and the curious would naturally comment on its members and their doings. In the language of the records, "Masonry caused great speculation in these days in New England to the great, vulgar and the small." Boston was at that time a prosperous town of perhaps seventeen thousand inhabitants. It still presented many of the Puritan manners and customs of an earlier day, although the Puritan church had ceased to exert much of its former influence. "Plays or music houses" were not permitted by the government, but, as one observer tells us, "notwithstanding plays and such like diversions do not obtain here, they don't seem to be dispirited nor mope for want of them, for both the ladies and gentlemen dress and appear as gay in common, as Courtiers in England on a coronation or birthday." A good idea of the taste for elegant dress which then prevailed is shown by the portraits of that time. In many of these the dress of the ladies, and gentlemen as well, appears to be of the most costly materials and fashioned in the most elaborate manner. The broadening of the mind and the desire for fresh subjects of interest, which had been growing for a considerable time, and which was often enough indicated by vanity of dress or behavior, shows that the people were seeking something beyond their "Thursday lecture" for social and mental recreation. This was therefore an apt time for the introduction of Freemasonry; and although, with the exception of Price and Belcher, its promoters were

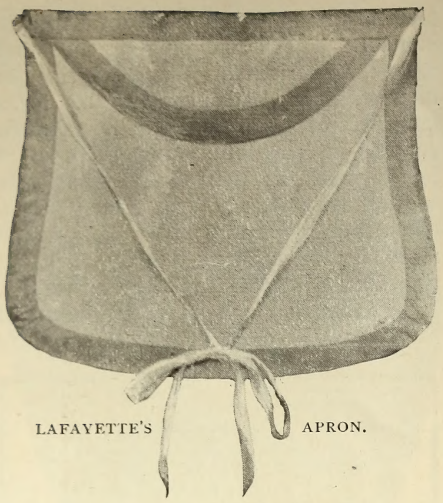


PAUL REVERE.

REDRAWN FROM THE CRAYON BY ST. MÉMIN.

not men of social prominence, this condition did not last long, for as early as 1736 the officers of the First Lodge in Boston informed their brethren of Lodge Glasgow Kilwinning that the Boston Lodge "is adorned with the most eminent gentlemen of this great town."

The lodges first established here followed the custom which prevailed in England of meeting at taverns; and from this custom they came to be known and designated by the sign of the tavern where they met. St. John's Grand Lodge and the First Lodge held their



LAFAYETTE'S APRON.

meetings in the Bunch of Grapes Tavern, as has been stated. The sign of this tavern was four bunches of grapes, "symbols of good cheer and conviviality." Two of these bunches have disappeared, but the other two are left, and are now in the possession of St. John's Lodge of Boston, visible links of the present with the early associations of our Masonic life.

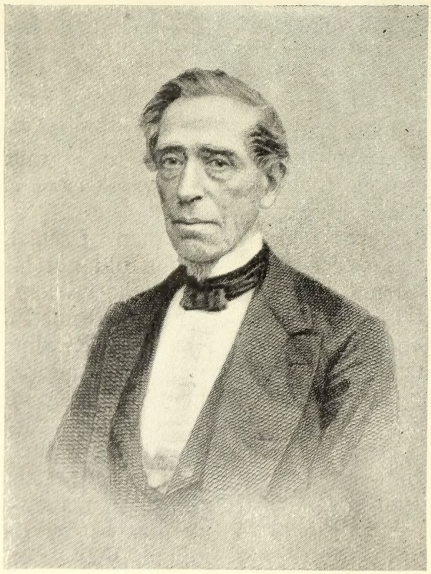
Freemasonry in its early days was eminently social; much less time was required in the Masonic work proper than at the present day; consequently a large part of the meetings was devoted to social pleasures, and it was therefore necessary to meet where the essentials of sociability could be obtained. The fact should not mislead us. With these early Masons sociability did not mean dissipation; there is abundant evidence of their disapprobation of excess, or of any conduct unbecoming them as Masons.

In 1735 the First Lodge removed to the Royal Exchange Tavern, located at the present corner of State and Exchange Streets. The lodge was then known as the Royal Exchange. This tavern appears to have been very popular. Its business was so great that several instances are mentioned in the records when the lodge was obliged to suspend its meetings for want of a room in which the brethren could meet.

In December, 1749, the Masons of Boston celebrated the feast of St. John, and appeared in procession on the streets. This circumstance excited great curiosity, and one Joseph Green wrote a poem treating the affair with ridicule. The names of several Masons are mentioned in this production, but the principal object of its wit was Luke Vardy, who was the noted keeper of the Royal Exchange Tavern, and who was noticed as follows:

"Where's honest *Luke*, that cook from London?
For without Luke the Lodge is undone.
'Twas he who oft dispell'd their sadness,
And filled the *Brethren's* hearts with gladness.
Luke in return is made a Brother,
As good and true as any other,
And still, though broke with age and wine,
Preserves the *token* and the *sign*."

One volume of records of the First Lodge ending with July 24, 1754, is in the archives of the Grand Lodge. It is not known that any other records are in existence from that date until 1783.



CHARLES A. MOORE.

The Second Lodge in Boston was constituted by Grand Master Thomas Oxnard, February 15, 1749. Very little is known about its organization. Henry Price was first Master. Three small volumes of its records are preserved; they begin with December 21, 1761, and end with February 16, 1775. For many years the lodges in Boston worked only the first and second degrees.



THE OLD MASONIC TEMPLE, CORNER OF TREMONT STREET AND TEMPLE PLACE, BOSTON.

The records of the First Lodge show that the third degree was not worked in that body until January 29, 1794.

It is probable that for a number of years the third degree could not be had by every Mason, but that it was reserved as a special honor for the most active and useful members of the craft. This class, however, was quite considerable in number and likely to increase. In order that such suitable persons might obtain the degree, a Masters' Lodge was organized January 2, 1738, with Henry Price as its first Master. The records of this body are still preserved by the Grand Lodge.

For the first twenty years the Masons of Boston appear to have lived in harmony with each other and with the world; but we now approach events which disturbed their comfort and interrupted their usefulness. First of these was the establishment of the Lodge of St. Andrew. It will be impossible in this paper to give more than a brief description of the circumstances connected with this event.

It appears that there were a number of Masons in Boston who for some reason had been denied admission to the existing lodges. The reason of their exclusion can probably be traced to the dissensions which had arisen in the Grand Lodge of England about 1738, and which resulted in many of the lodges under its jurisdiction being "struck out of the list." The outgrowth of this trouble was the establishment of another Grand Lodge about 1751, which called itself "Ancient" and styled the old Grand Lodge "Modern Masons." The causes which led to this action have not been well understood, but most of the evidence presented has been in favor of the "Moderns." There is, however, new evidence on the subject, which appears to place the action of the seceders in a new light, and which, if true, would warrant the belief that they were governed by worthy motives, by a desire to preserve the integrity of the rite. Brother Chetwode Crawley of Ireland, who has given the subject much attention, says: "The Ancients held fast by the universality of the craft, and insisted that what they conceived to be the full ceremonies should be gone through; the Moderns thought more of the respectability of the craft, and were willing to attract men of eminence and rank by refining and, if need be, curtailing ceremonies which might prove irksome;" and his conclusion is that the Grand Lodge of the Ancients "was rather an offshoot of the Grand Lodge of Ireland than a secession from either of the Grand Lodges previously existing in England." This opinion is of interest to those who have studied the events to which it refers. But whatever may have been the cause of the dissension, a knowledge of the trouble soon reached this colony. Our Grand Lodge maintained its loyalty to the original, or "Modern," Grand Lodge. There were individuals, however, who did not do this, as is shown in the founding of the Lodge of St. Andrew under the "Ancient" system. It is said that most of the brethren engaged in this enterprise were initiated in the First Lodge; and perhaps the reason of their being excluded from the existing lodges may be found in the fact that they had espoused the cause of the "Ancients."

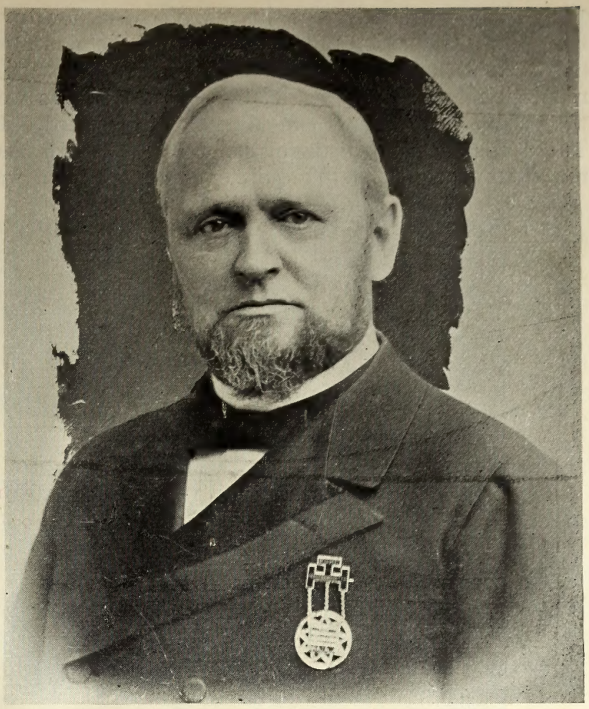


EDWIN B. HOLMES.

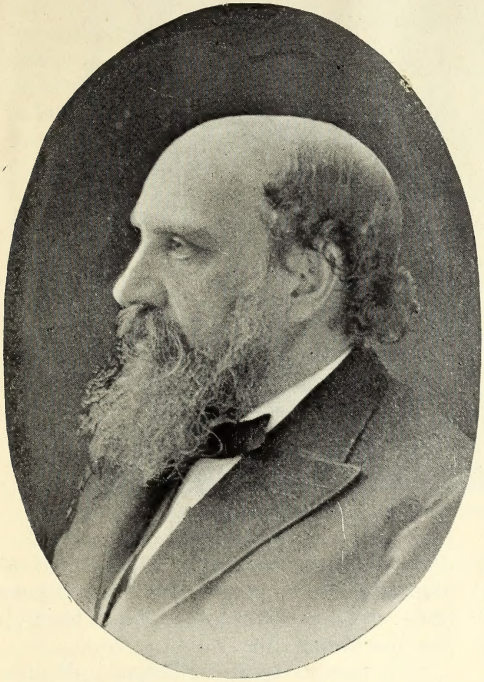
GRAND MASTER OF MASSACHUSETTS.

It is claimed by the Lodge of St. Andrew that its first organization took place in 1752, under the law of immemorial usage. This manner of existence was not satisfactory, and the brethren petitioned the Grand Lodge of Scotland for a charter. Their request was granted, and a charter bearing date November 30, 1756, was issued. The new lodge thus created

made every possible effort to establish friendly relations with the lodges already existing; but its good intentions were not reciprocated. In fact, the Grand Lodge passed a vote forbidding all the lodges under its jurisdiction to admit any member of St. Andrew's Lodge as a visitor. Seeing no prospect of recognition or of friendly relation with the Grand Lodge, the members of St. Andrew's Lodge determined to establish a new Grand Lodge under the "Ancient" system. An opportunity to accomplish this was afforded by the presence of several regiments of British soldiers in Boston, in which army lodges were working. With their assistance a petition was prepared and sent to Scotland. The result was that the Grand Master of Scotland, on the thirtieth of May, 1769,



J. GILMAN WAITE.
GRAND HIGH PRIEST.



SERENO D. NICKERSON.
RECORDING GRAND SECRETARY.

appointed "Joseph Warren, Esq., Grand Master of Masons in Boston, New England, and within one hundred miles of the same." The commission of Grand Master Warren was received in due time, and he was installed in his office December 27, 1769. This new Grand Lodge was at first known as "The Grand Lodge;" in 1782 it adopted the title of "Massachusetts Grand Lodge."

The erection of this Grand Lodge, in the words of another writer, "was not only in itself a conspicuously interesting event, but as the sequel proved it became the means of giving force and unbroken continuity to Massachusetts Masonic jurisdiction . . . by persevering in work through the distractions caused by the American Revolution . . . during which time St. John's Grand Lodge virtually held its own powers in abeyance." Among the members of the Lodge of St. Andrew at the time the Massachusetts Grand

Lodge was organized, were Joseph Warren, John Hancock and Paul Revere, names that have long had a world-wide reputation from their association with the events of the American Revolution. The deeds of these distinguished brethren are too well known to require enumer-

a tavern. This tavern was located on Union Street, and was the famous Green Dragon Tavern, with which many patriotic as well as Masonic events are associated. It is said that it was in this tavern, and by the members of the Lodge of St. Andrew, that the Boston "Tea



THE MASONIC TEMPLE, CORNER OF TREMONT AND BOYLSTON STREETS, BOSTON.

ation here. Their memories will always be cherished with affectionate regard by their successors, who now enjoy the civil and Masonic privileges which they helped to establish.

The Massachusetts Grand Lodge, like St. John's Grand Lodge, was organized in

Party" was gotten up. The record of one of the meetings of that lodge closes thus: "N. B. Consignees of Tea took up the brethren's time."

The prosperity of the lodges in Boston was seriously interrupted by the War of the Revolution. Their peaceful pleas-

ures were forsaken, and members scattered in various fields of duty. Many of them, members of lodges under both Grand Lodges, gave up their lives for the cause of liberty. There were others who did not see their duty in the same light, and preferred to remain under the protection of the king. Among that number was Thomas Brown, secretary of St. John's Grand Lodge and of the Second Lodge. Brown probably remained in Boston while it was occupied by the British troops. When the evacuation took place, March 17, 1776, he went to Halifax, taking some of the records and other property of the two bodies mentioned. These he retained until after peace was declared, when, after a somewhat prolonged correspondence, they were returned to the Grand Lodge, having been out of its possession for a period of eleven or twelve years.

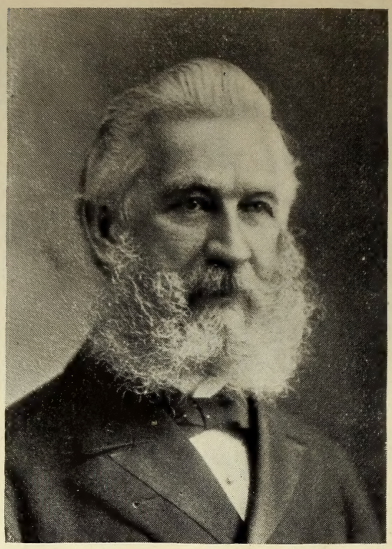


J. ALBERT BLAKE.
M. I. GRAND MASTER.

One of the results of the war was an important change in the character of the Massachusetts Grand Lodge. As is well known, Grand Master Warren was killed June 17, 1775, at the Battle of Bunker Hill. The meetings of the Massachusetts Grand Lodge were suspended from this time until December, 1776, with the exception of one held April 8, 1776, when a memorable oration on the life and character of Warren was delivered by Brother Perez Morton.

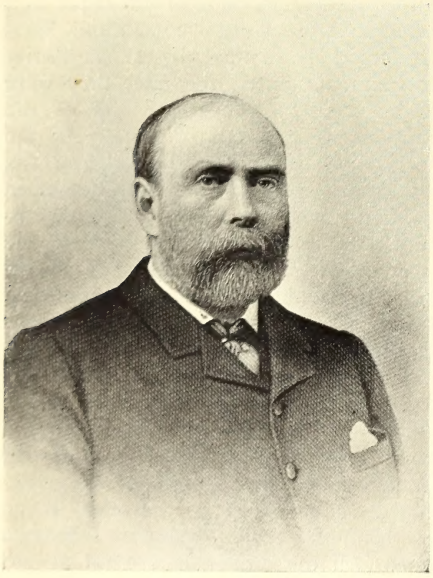
After the death of Grand Master Warren, many of the members of the Grand Lodge had considerable doubt as to their right to continue its meetings or to exercise any authority inherent in a Provincial Grand Lodge. This question was not decided until after prolonged deliberation. It was then settled in harmony with the prevailing sentiment of the people, who had so recently solved their political problem by a Declaration of Independence. What more natural course to pursue in the Masonic body? Their Grand Master was dead, and with him had expired their right of existence as a Grand Lodge. Until a new Grand Master should be named by the authority that had appointed the first, they were unable legally to exercise any of the functions of a Grand Lodge. As the Declaration of Independence freed the state from foreign allegiance and inspired its people with courage for self-government, so the Grand Lodge settled the question of its existence by declaring itself independent. By this act, said Grand Master Gardner, "Massachusetts set the example of a revolution in Masonic government which has been followed successfully by every state in the Union. It has become the American system." The act of the Grand Lodge which established its independence occurred March 8, 1777. Joseph Webb was elected Grand Master at the same time. All the brethren present at this meeting, with two exceptions, were mem-

bers of the Lodge of St. Andrew; but it would appear that their action did not properly represent the sentiment of their lodge, or that later consideration made St. Andrew's unwilling "to cut clear of a certain Masonic dependence on the Grand Lodge of Scotland." At any rate, its support of the new Grand Lodge was marked by a good deal of weakness and indecision, until December, 1782, when, by a vote of thirty to nineteen, it distinctly declined to acknowledge that the Massachusetts Grand Lodge was independent of the Grand Lodge of Scotland. The lodge did not, however, absolutely cut loose from the Grand Lodge until January 22, 1784, and even then a minority of its members determined to remain. These brethren then organized a new lodge, and were chartered under the name of Rising States Lodge, with Paul Revere as Master. The Lodge of St. Andrew continued its allegiance to the Grand Lodge of Scotland until 1809, when, having been released by that body, it was, on the eleventh of December, admitted to the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, to the great satisfaction of the entire fraternity.



SAMUEL C. LAWRENCE.
GRAND COMMANDER.

Joseph Webb, who was the first Grand Master of the Independent Grand Lodge, was born in Boston, October 28, 1734. At the age of twenty-five years he married Penelope Phillips of Marshfield, Massachusetts. During part of his life he was an auctioneer. He was also a patriot and soldier, and attained the rank of lieutenant-colonel. He was initiated in the Lodge of St. Andrew in 1756, and was afterward Master of that body. He was Deputy Grand Master in the Massachusetts Grand Lodge in 1771, and served until the death of Grand Master Warren. His election to the important office of Grand Master at the time the brethren had determined to establish an independent Grand Lodge is an evidence of his ability and a testimony of the esteem in which he was held. His name is now borne by one of the lodges of Boston. We must now turn again to the affairs of St. John's Grand Lodge. There is no record of meetings held by this body between January 27, 1775, and February 17, 1787; nor is there any record of the Second Lodge later than February 16, 1775. It does not necessarily follow that no meetings were held; and we are indebted to Brother Nickerson for very good evidence that meetings were held with considerable frequency during all the time of the war, although, as he says, "unfortunately the written record of their doings is lost."



SAMUEL WELLS.

The prosperity and growth of the lodges were, as has been said, sadly interrupted by the events of the war. When peace was established, the recuperation of the lodges was undoubtedly slow. The members of the First and Second Lodges concluded "that it will be for the benefit of Masonry that they be united in one lodge." Their judgment was approved by the Grand Lodge, and a charter uniting them under the title of St. John's Lodge, bearing date February 7, 1783, was issued by authority of the Grand Master. The charter granted to St. brethren of both Grand Lodges would be promoted by their union. This subject was under consideration for several years, and various plans were proposed; but it was not until the death of Grand Master John Rowe of St. John's Grand Lodge, in 1787, that the bodies took active means to accomplish this result. It was finally consummated by the act of both, March 5, 1792. This act of conciliation preceded the union of the rival Grand Lodges of England more than twenty years, that union being accomplished December 27, 1813. The breth-



CORINTHIAN HALL, MASONIC TEMPLE.

John's Lodge at that time did them an injustice, inasmuch as it did not establish their precedence in point of rank and age over all other lodges in the state. It is probable that questions of rank were then of less importance than at the present time. But justice was done the lodge later, and a new charter issued reaffirming its precedence from 1733.

The union of these two lodges was followed a few years later by another union of greater importance. It had already become apparent that the interests of Masonry and the comfort of the ren of Boston, with the exception of the Lodge of St. Andrew, were now of one faith, and the distinctions of "Ancient" and "Modern" were almost forgotten. With the admission of St. Andrew's, which came in 1809, as already told, these terms were forever wiped out of use.

It would not be possible in an article like the present to follow the history of Freemasonry in Boston through all its experiences. By the union of the two Grand Lodges it was established on a strong foundation and secured the re-



LIBRARY IN THE MASONIC TEMPLE.

spect of all the fraternity. Henceforth its energy was to be spent in the cultivation of those virtues which unite men into "a society of friends and brothers." For many years the order continued to flourish, esteemed by its members and respected by the world. But a time of trial came at last, when those who were weak, with those who had never looked deeply enough into the operation of Freemasonry to know its value, forsook its ranks. The cause of this trouble was the great "anti-Masonic excitement" which broke out in the western part of the state of New York in 1826, and which reached Massachusetts in 1830 and 1831. We cannot at the present day realize the excitement which then prevailed. Although this excitement and the charges then made against the order were utterly groundless, nevertheless they threatened to break up and destroy every Masonic body in the state; and had the frenzy not been met with the able and determined opposition of men like Charles W. Moore, who was the hero of that period, there is no doubt but Freemasonry, for a time at least, would have been completely suppressed. The story of this period is too long to repeat. In the end, Freemasonry triumphed over its enemies, who through falsehood and misrepresentation had attempted its destruction.

The Grand Lodge of Massachusetts suffered a great deal of inconvenience. It was then engaged in building a Temple on Tremont Street at the corner of Temple Place. By its act of incorporation, granted in 1816, it was allowed to hold real estate to the value of $20,000, and personal estate to the value of $60,000. In order to complete the Temple, it was necessary that the conditions of its charter regarding capital should be reversed, so that $60,000 might be invested in real estate. Believing the Legislature would readily grant this request, work was continued and the Temple completed; but anti-Masonry was then exerting its malig-

nant influence in politics, and the Legislature refused to grant this reasonable request. The Grand Lodge was now in a dilemma. It had exceeded its corporate power and thereby endangered its property. After much consideration, and at the suggestion of Charles W. Moore, it was determined that the best way out of its trouble was for the Grand Lodge to surrender its act of incorporation. This was done, much to the disgust of its enemies, who thereby lost an opportunity, for which they had been scheming, of persecuting the leading Masons of the state through the machinery of legislative investigation.

The troubles incident to these times gradually diminished, and Freemasonry again resumed its proper place in the community. The public was no longer deceived by men seeking political prominence through assault on a fraternal and benevolent institution. The lodges again resumed their regular meetings, and candidates for their privileges came to their doors knocking for admission. A revival of interest began, which has continued in increasing measure until the present time.

Within the present limits of Boston there are now thirty lodges, with an aggregate membership exceeding six thousand. Of this number about one half belong to the thirteen lodges which meet in the Temple. Four of the latter lodges — St. John's, St. Andrew's, Massachusetts and Columbian — were actively engaged in Masonic work before the dawn of the present century. Since the independence of the Grand Lodge, forty Grand Masters have presided over its interests. Nine of this number are now living, including the present Most Worshipful Grand Master, Edwin B. Holmes.

The present Temple has been occupied twenty-eight years; and while there are occasions when a larger edifice would be more convenient, it is usually equal to the requirements of the craft, and it is doubtful if any of the Temples of more recent erection excel it in dignity or beauty of architecture. Within this Temple are many valuable treasures. On its walls hang portraits of nearly all the Grand Masters, which have been accumulated since the burning of the Masonic apartments in 1864. Here may be seen the Royal Arch apron owned and worn by General Joseph Warren, which was presented to the Grand Lodge in June, 1875, one hundred years after our distinguished brother gave up his life at Bunker Hill. Here also may be seen the white silk apron with its purple border, which was worn by the Marquis de Lafayette on the occasion of laying the corner stone of the Bunker Hill Monument, June 17, 1825, and with the latter, the autograph copies of the remarks made by Daniel Webster and Lafayette at the banquet which followed that event.

Here, too, is treasured a lock of George Washington's hair, in a golden urn made by the hands of Paul Revere, and bearing this inscription: "This Urn incloses a Lock of Hair of the immortal Washington. Presented January 27, 1800, to the Massachusetts Grand Lodge by his amiable Widow. Born, February 22, 1732. Obt. December 14, 1799."

The Temple is the official home of the Grand Lodge, and the office of its Recording Grand Secretary, who devotes his entire time to the interests of the craft. Here is also the Grand Lodge library, with its large and valuable collection of books covering every branch of Masonic knowledge. This department is of growing importance; and it is interesting to note the attention now given to every question connected with the philosophy and history of Freemasonry.

The day is past when the brethren desire to promote the glory of Freemasonry by pushing its origin back into a mythical past. Its real history, its principles and its work are sufficient to entitle it to an honorable standing before the world.

A story of Freemasonry in Boston would not be complete without some mention of the so-called higher degrees. These degrees are found in the Royal Arch Chapters, Councils of Royal and Select Masters and Commanderies of Knights Templars. These bodies, with the lodges, constitute what may be properly called the American system of Freemasonry. In addition to these we have

the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite, which controls all the degrees from the fourth to the thirty-third inclusive. The thirty-third degree is honorary, and usually bestowed only on those who have been active workers in this rite.

Of these higher bodies, the history of none is more interesting than that of the Chapter; for the advent of the Royal Arch was the first step in the expansion of the Masonic system in this country which has made Freemasonry the largest and most useful fraternal association in the world. Royal Arch Masonry was established in Boston in August, 1769. There are records in existence showing that the Royal Arch degree was conferred in lodges in two other states before it was known here; but Boston has the honor of having established the first distinctive Royal Arch lodge in America. Its founders were mostly members of the Lodge of St. Andrew. This latter body had desired to add the Royal Arch to their ritual as early as 1762; for in October of that year they made application to Scotland for leave to work the degree. We do not know what became of their petition, but their end was attained through other means. In the fall of 1768 there arrived in Boston several regiments of British soldiers; in these regiments, as stated in another connection, there were army lodges, working under the "Ancient" system, of which the Royal Arch was a legitimate part. The arrival of these soldiers caused a good deal of excitement among the inhabitants of the town, for they were here to assist the government in the enforcement of obnoxious laws; still, for the sake of accomplishing their object, the Boston brethren were willing to accept the assistance of these foreign brethren, and even elected one of them Master of the Royal Arch Lodge, which was then organized, and which still exists as St. Andrew's Royal Arch Chapter, having celebrated its one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary during the last year. These British soldiers not only brought to Boston the Royal Arch degree, but they also gave to us the Knight Templar's degree. The records of St. Andrew's Chapter still contain "the oldest known reference in the world to the degree of a Masonic Knight Templar." The Royal Arch Lodge then established would not be recognized to-day as legally constituted; but in the early days many things were permitted which would be considered irregular now. The brethren did indeed claim to act by the sanction of the Lodge of St. Andrew, and for many years made use of the charter of that body as the authority for their meetings. But the time came when all were convinced that their right of existence should be established beyond question. Several plans for their relief were proposed. The one adopted was inaugurated October 24, 1797, at the Green Dragon Tavern, by representatives of St. Andrew's and King Cyrus Chapters of Massachusetts and Temple Chapter of Albany, New York. The action taken by these brethren constituted the beginning of the General Grand Chapter of the United States. As soon as this latter body had completed its organization, State Grand Chapters were established. The Massachusetts Grand Chapter was organized March 13, 1798. It then issued charters confirming the rights of each of the two Chapters then existing.

Since the Grand Chapter of Massachusetts was established in 1798 with only two subordinate Chapters, Royal Arch Masonry has made great gain in numbers and influence. There are now in Massachusetts seventy-four Chapters and a total membership of nearly fourteen thousand. About fifteen hundred are members of the two Chapters holding their meetings in the Boston Temple. Since the Grand Chapter was organized there have been thirty-nine Grand High Priests, the present one being Most Excellent J. Gilman Waite of Medford.

The seeker after Masonic light who has been admitted to the secrets of the Royal Arch must next, if he would continue his search in regular order, turn to the Council of Royal and Select Masters, where in the Secret Vault he will find "the reward of his faithful labors." Boston Council was organized in 1817, without any charter, but simply by the will of those interested. It afterward received the sanction of the Columbian

Council of New York. The Massachusetts Grand Council was formed in 1826. Its meetings were interrupted during the anti-Masonic excitement, but were afterward resumed, and the rite is now in a flourishing condition in Massachusetts, having a membership of nearly five thousand. The Council degrees are a necessary sequence to the Chapter, and no Mason who appreciates their value would recommend the neophyte to omit them in his haste to reach the Commandery. The Boston Council, which meets in Masonic Temple, has about five hundred members. The present Most Illustrious Grand Master of Massachusetts is J. Albert Blake of Malden.

The most popular branch of the Masonic order in Boston at the present time, and that which attracts the largest attention from those who are not members of the fraternity, is that of the Knights Templars. Its special prominence now is due to the circumstance of the twenty-sixth triennial conclave of the Grand Encampment of the United States being held here during the last week of August, which is expected to be the largest gathering of Knights Templars that the world has ever seen. But aside from the special prominence arising from this fact, Templar Masonry has always proved fascinating to many by its semi-military character, its attractive regalia, and the pomp and ceremony by which it is usually surrounded. It would be false, however, to say that these are its only or its chief recommendations. Those who see nothing more in this order have but a small conception of its meaning. No branch of Masonry has done more than this to win the respect of the whole fraternity, particularly during the time of the great "anti-Masonic excitement," when its influence was of the greatest importance in Massachusetts in defining and defending the rights of the institution. Every Mason gladly acknowledges the value of the Templars' work at that time. Yet every Mason cannot become a member of this order; for strictly speaking the Templar's degree is not Masonic. It imposes conditions not in harmony with the principles of Freemasonry, which seeks to unite into one brotherhood "men of every country, sect and opinion." But the interests of this rite are so closely identified with those of the Masonic degrees, and the number so small of those who are debarred from its fraternal and social benefits because of their inability to subscribe to its Christian dogmas, that we practically forget that it is not actually what it is commonly supposed to be, real Freemasonry. With this popular view in mind, the Templar's degree is included in this story of Freemasonry.

The Knight Templar degree, as before stated, was first brought to Boston by British soldiers. It was conferred in the Royal Arch Lodge, which they helped to establish, August 18, 1769, and was one of the regular degrees given in that body until the end of 1794, when it was last mentioned. Although the degree was dropped by the Chapter at that time, it is not probable that it was entirely dropped by the Companions. There is good reason for believing that certain of them, among whom was Benjamin Hurd, Jr., one of the most prominent Masons at that time, maintained an organization among themselves for working higher degrees. We lack evidence to prove that they worked any degree besides that of the Red Cross; but we know that a knowledge of the Templar degree was preserved by some means, and that it was obtained by Henry Fowle, who was admitted to St. Andrew's Chapter after the degree had been dropped. Companion Fowle, as is well known, was one of the active workers in forming the Grand Encampment of Knights Templars of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, which was effected May 6, 1805.

It is probable that the Companions mentioned continued to confer the Red Cross and perhaps the Templar degree, until their increasing number induced them to organize a regular body to continue their work; for we find that in March, 1802, "Boston Encampment of the Knights of the Red Cross" was formed, with Henry Fowle as Sovereign Master, Benjamin Hurd, Jr., being associated with him in the work. This body was dissolved later, and its members reorganized as Boston Encampment, now Command-

ery, which was chartered by the Grand body March 3, 1806. There are now three Commanderies which hold their meetings in the Masonic Temple. The Boston Commandery, which is the oldest in the state, has about nine hundred members; De Molay has about six hundred and fifty; and St. Bernard about one hundred members. There are eighteen states where the entire membership is smaller than the combined membership of the Boston bodies. At the end of last year there were ten thousand three hundred and eighty-four members connected with the forty-five Commanderies in Massachusetts and Rhode Island. Only one other state, Pennsylvania, had as large a number.

A great amount of work has been done in anticipation of the triennial conclave of the Grand Encampment. For many months committees of the Grand Commandery have been arranging for the reception and comfort of the visiting Knights, who are expected to represent every subordinate Grand Commandery in the United States. All this preparatory work has been under the able direction of Right Eminent Samuel C. Lawrence, Grand Commander of the Grand Commandery of Knights Templars of Massachusetts and Rhode Island.

The Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite in Boston is represented by Boston-Lafayette Lodge of Perfection, which confers from the fourth to the fourteenth degrees; Giles F. Yates Council of Princes of Jerusalem, which confers the fifteenth and sixteenth degrees; Mount Olivet Chapter of Rose Croix, which confers the seventeenth and eighteenth degrees; and Massachusetts Consistory Sublime Princes of the Royal Secret, which confers from the nineteenth to the thirty-second degrees. The representatives of these bodies, with others, constitute the Massachusetts Council of Deliberation, which is the superintending body of this rite in Massachusetts, under the direction of Samuel Wells, thirty-third degree, Illustrious Deputy of the Supreme Council and Illustrious Commander-in-Chief of the Council of Deliberation.

The Scottish Rite has for a long time been very popular in Boston, and the membership in some of its bodies is so large as almost to exceed the capacity of the Temple. This is a condition that its founders did not anticipate; for the principle governing this rite is aristocratic, and it is not probable that its privileges were at first intended to be widely distributed. This was especially true of the thirty-third degree, which is conferred only by the Supreme Council and intended to be confined to the most select. Various influences, however, have modified these conditions, and the last degree of this rite is now well represented in Boston.

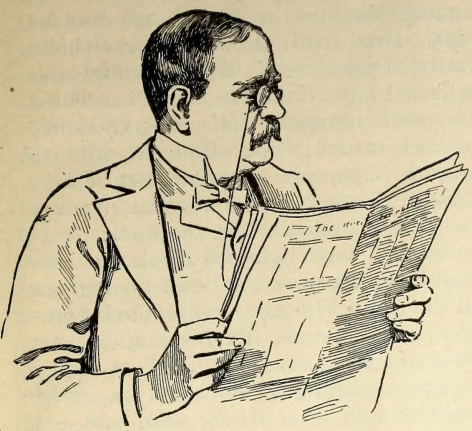
Besides the Masonic bodies that have been mentioned there are several other associations connected with the various rites which aim to promote the welfare of Freemasonry; but as their privileges are limited, they need not be considered in this paper. This story of Freemasonry has been almost wholly historical. It should not be closed without a few words concerning the practical character of the order; for it certainly has no right to exist if it is merely a plaything for man's idle hours. The object of Freemasonry is to increase the happiness and usefulness of mankind. It encourages the social part of man's nature, and aims to promote good fellowship. This feeling frequently goes beyond the lodge, and unites the families of brethren in ties of closest friendship. Masonry also seeks to inspire men with feelings of benevolence and prompts them to be charitable in thought and deed. It does not profess to be a religion; but it is in sympathy with every good work. It teaches morality and requires all who profess its tenets to be honest and just in their dealings with each other and with the world. It teaches obedience to law and respect for government; it requires its members to be loyal citizens, and shows on its rolls the most illustrious examples of patriotism that our country has afforded. It is, in fact, a system of ethics which helps us to believe in the "fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man."

MISS THEODORA: A WEST-END STORY.

By Helen Leah Reed.

With illustrations by Florence P. England.

(Begun in August Number.)



STUART DIGBY.

VI.

MRS. STUART DIGBY scarcely approved Kate's fondness for Miss Theodora and her friends. Stuart Digby had married two or three years before John, and was living in Paris when the Civil War broke out. His own impulse was to return at once and fight; but as his wife would not consent to this, they remained abroad until Ralph was ten years old and Kate four years younger. Both children at this time spoke French better than English, and Ralph for a long time disliked everything American, — like his mother, who, although Boston born, professed little interest in things Bostonian. But in Kate, Stuart Digby saw the enthusiasm which had marked his own youth, and he encouraged her in having ideals, only wishing that he had been true to his own.

"Perhaps if I hadn't married so early," he would think — then, with a sigh, would wonder if left to himself he might possibly have amounted to something. For Stuart Digby was not nearly as self-satisfied as the chance observer supposed. When he and John were at school, he had intended to study medicine, for his scientific tastes were as decided as John's bent for the law. But he had yielded all too weakly to his love for the prettiest girl in his set, and an heiress, too. By the death of his father and mother he had already come into possession of his own large fortune. When these two independent and rich young people were married, therefore, a month after he was graduated from Harvard, it was hardly strange that Stuart put aside his medical course until he should have made the tour of Europe. Then, when once domiciled in their own hotel in Paris, what wonder that they let all thoughts of Boston disappear in the background? Just before the war what could the United States offer pleasure-seekers comparable with the delights of Paris under the Second Empire? They stayed in Europe until the beginning of the Franco-Prussian war, and managed to leave Paris just before the siege. Not only the upsetting of things in France, but a crisis in Stuart Digby's business affairs, hastened him home at the last. Besides, he felt a little remorse about his children. He did not wish them to grow up thorough Parisians; already, young as they were, they began to show symptoms of regarding France as their country rather than America. Not heeding, therefore, his wife's remonstrances, he broke up their Paris establishment, despatched his foreign furniture and bric-a-brac to Boston and, following soon afterward with his family, bought a house in the new part of Beacon Street, a region which, when he went to Europe, had been submerged in water.

Though some people fancied that Stuart Digby could afford whatever he wished, he himself thought otherwise. After his return to Boston, he found that there had been a shrinkage both in his own and his wife's income. There was little danger that they or their children would ever want, and yet the fact that they had a few thousands a year less than they had expected bred in them an unwonted spirit of economy. This spirit of economy showed itself chiefly in their dealings with other people. Stuart, for example, had always intended to settle a sum of money on Miss Theodora and Ernest, but now he decided to wait. He would help the boy somewhat in his education, and he would remember him in his will.

Faultless though he was in his address, elegant though he was in his personal appearance, Stuart Digby was by no means satisfied with the reflection that his mirror showed him. He had never expected at forty-five to find himself so portly, so rubicund. Idleness, easy living and a steady, if moderate, indulgence in ruddy drinks will increase the girth and deepen the complexion of any man, no matter toward how lofty a goal the thoughts of his youth may have tended. In youth he had professed scorn for his own prospective wealth. He, as well as John, should carve out a career for himself. His money he would use in certain philanthropic schemes. But falling in love had been fatal to this single-mindedness, — and now, at forty-five, what wonder that he was dissatisfied?

To saunter down Beacon Street to the club, to play a game of whist with a trio as idle as himself, to drive, never in these days to ride, to sit near uncongenial people at a tedious, if fashionable, dinner, to dance attendance on his wife or some other woman in the brilliant crushes imposed on all who would be thought on intimate terms with society, — this, he knew, was not the life he had once planned. To be sure, his footsteps sometimes carried him beyond the club to a little down-town office where he was supposed to have business — business so slight that it only irritated him to pretend to follow it. To sign papers, to approve plans which his lawyer and his agent had already carefully thought out, this, he reasoned, was almost beneath his notice; and so after a time he gave up even going to the office, and papers were sent to his house instead for his signature. He might, of course, have rid himself, at least partially, of his *ennui*, by engaging in some definite philanthropic schemes; but philanthropy as a profession by itself wasn't the vogue among rich men in Boston two decades ago. Even had it been the fashion, Stuart Digby could with difficulty have adjusted himself to the conditions which this work imposed. His long residence abroad made it impossible for him to regard impartially his American fellow citizen, whether looked at as an object of political or philanthropic interest.

Yet if Stuart Digby fell far short of his own ideal, there was at least one person in the world who believed him to be perfect; not his wife, not his son, but his daughter Kate, who was never so happy as when, clinging to his hand, she could coax him to take a long walk with her over the Mill-dam toward the Brookline boundary.

Moreover, it may be said without sarcasm, that his many years' residence in Europe had made Stuart Digby of much more value to his friends in general than he himself perhaps realized. He had what might be called a refined and thorough geographical taste; that is to say, he was a connoisseur of places. He could tell intending travellers just what climate, what cuisine, even what company they would be likely to find at Nice, at Gastein, at Torquay, at certain seasons. He had many a picturesque and hitherto unheard of nook to recommend; and when the great capitals, especially Paris, were under discussion, he could pronounce discriminatingly upon the hotels and shops most worthy an American's patronage.

VII.

"Yes, it *was* a pleasant funeral," said Miss Chatterwits, as she sat sewing one morning at Miss Theodora's. Kate, who was present, laughed at the speech, although she understood Miss Chatterwits' idiosyncrasies in the matter of funerals. To the latter, funerals were sources of

real delight, and few at the West End were ungraced by her presence. In her best gown of shining black silk, with its rows and rows of bias ruffles, she seemed as necessary to the proper conduct of the ceremony as the undertaker himself. With her wide acquaintance among the people of the neighborhood, she could decide exactly the proper place for each mourner; she knew just who belonged in the back and who in the front parlor, and the grave demeanor with which she assigned each one his seat hardly hid her air of bustling satisfaction.

Miss Theodora and Kate were therefore not shocked when she repeated, "Yes, it was a pleasant funeral," continuing: "I declare, I don't think there was a soul there I didn't know. I was able to be real useful showing them where to sit. You should have seen the flowers; it took us the best part of a day to fix them. The family of course felt too bad to take much notice of the flowers; but I guess they enjoyed the choir singing. Mary Timpkins herself would have been pleased to see how well everything went off, for she always was so fussy about things." Then as no one interrupted her she continued: "It's just a shame, Miss Theodora, that you did not go yourself. Mr. Blunt made the most edifying remarks you ever heard. Why, I almost cried, though you know I've had a great deal of experience in such occasions; and if you'd heard him I'm sure you'd have been miserable for the rest of the day."

Kate smiled at the thought of the pleasure her cousin had missed in escaping this misery, but Miss Theodora, not noticing Miss Chatterwits' humor, responded merely:

"Ah! the death of so young a person is always sad."

"Especially under such painful circumstances," added Miss Chatterwits.

"What circumstances?" asked Kate, now interested.

"Love!" answered Miss Chatterwits solemnly. "She died of love."

"Love!" echoed Kate. "Shakespeare says nobody ever died of love." Then with an afterthought: "Perhaps he was thinking only of men. But why do you think Miss Timpkins died of love? She didn't look as foolish as that."

"Well," — and Miss Chatterwits shook her head in joyful significance, for it always pleased her to have news of this



KATE.

kind to tell, — "I guess if Hiram Bradstreet hadn't gone and left her she'd be alive to-day."

"What nonsense!" said Kate.

"Oh, you can smile, but I've sewed at her house by the week running, and he'd come sometimes two afternoons together to ask her to walk or go somewhere; and even if she was in the middle of trying on, she'd drop everything and run, looking as pleased as could be."

"Any one would look pleased to escape a trying on."

"Oh, you can make light of it. But once when I said I guessed I'd be fitting a wedding dress soon, she colored right up, and said she, 'Oh, we're only friends.'"

"That's nothing."

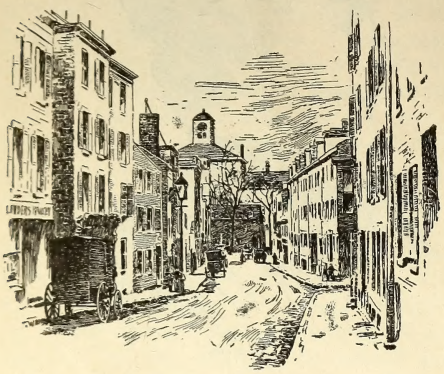
"Perhaps it was nothing when Mary Timpkins began to fade the very minute she heard Hiram Bradstreet was engaged to a girl he met on the steamer last summer. Why did he go to Europe anyway?"

"Probably because Mary Timpkins wouldn't marry him; for truly, Miss Chatterwits, I'm going to agree with Dr. Jones that she died of typhoid fever."

"Maybe, — after she'd run herself down worrying about Hiram Bradstreet."

"Oh, no. Hiram Bradstreet, worrying about her, fled to Europe in despair, and let his heart be caught in the rebound by that girl on the steamer."

This sensible conclusion, though at the time uttered half in fun, was characteristic of Kate. She was loath to believe that a well-balanced girl could die of love. Love in the abstract troubled her as little



"NOT A BIT LIKE BOSTON."

as love in the concrete. She seldom indulged in sentimental thoughts, much less in sentimental conversation.

In their distaste for sentimentality, Ernest and Kate met on common ground; and even Mrs. Digby, though at one time disposed to discountenance their intimacy, at length decided there was no danger of her somewhat self-willed daughter's falling in love with her penniless cousin. In time, however, as Ernest, boy-like, found his pleasure more and more in things outside the house, Miss Theodora and Kate drew nearer together. The elder woman had always had a certain pleasure in acting as friend and helper to a little circle of poor people, of whom there were so many on the narrow streets descending toward the north. These were not the poor whites to whom Miss Theodora's mother had been a Lady Bountiful, but "darkies," as Diantha called them, of mysterious origin and of still more mysterious habits. They were crowded together in queer-smelling houses, in narrow lanes and alleys, or in the upper stories over shops in the squalid main thoroughfares of the district which some people still call "Nigger Hill."

"It doesn't seem a bit like Boston," Kate would say, clinging to Miss Theodora's arm while they went in and out of the rickety dwellings, where stout black women, with heads swathed in bandannas, or shoeless children in ragged clothes saluted them respectfully. Although Miss Theodora knew nothing of modern scientific charities, she tried to make reform and reward go hand in hand.

"I feel," she said occasionally, "as if I oughtn't to help Beverly Brown's family when I know the man is drinking; but I can't bear to see those children without shoes, or let Araminta suffer for food with that baby to care for."

"Of course you can't," Kate would answer emphatically; "and Moses and Aaron Brown are the very cunningest twins any one could imagine, even if they are bow-legged." And then Kate, opening her little silk bag, would display within a collection of oranges, sticks of candy, and even painted wooden toys which she had bought on her way through Charles Street. "Come, Cousin Theodora," she would cry, "put on your hat and coat, and let us go down and see the twins, and let me carry this basket." Or again: "There isn't any harm in my just getting some of this bright calico for aprons for Araminta, and you don't care if I buy mittens for the twins," she would say entreatingly; for Miss Theodora, always careful of money herself, often had to restrain her young cousin's expenditures, at least in the matter of clothes. As regarded food, it was different. When Kate, stopping in front of one of the little provision shops, with their fly-specked windows, through which was dimly seen an array of wilted vegetables and doubtful-looking meats, decided to order a dinner for this one or that of her *protégés*, Miss Theodora had not the heart to hinder. But I will do her the credit to say that she never encouraged the giving of dinners to people whose need was caused by vice. In the future of the dark-skinned boys and girls Miss Theodora took a great interest. She realized that in the public schools they had their opportunity;

and she saw with regret that not all who were educated made the best use of their education. Restless, unwilling to take the kind of work which alone was likely to fall to their lot, some of the young girls, educated or uneducated, drifted into ways which the older women of their race spoke of with the strongest disapprobation.

"They's a wuthless lot, the hull of them, and I wouldn't try to do nothing for them if I was you," Diantha often exclaimed, when Miss Theodora admitted how sorely the problem of these dusky people pressed upon her. Yet Diantha herself was almost certain to call her mistress's attention to the next case of need on which she herself stumbled in her wanderings among her people. Or, as likely as not, when Miss Theodora was sought out by some poor creature in real or pretended misery, the present emergency would overthrow all theories.

In one of the hill streets there was a home for colored old women, holding not a large number of inmates, but still holding, as Kate expressed it, "a very contented crowd" — much more contented, indeed, than many of the dwellers in the "Old Ladies' Home," the refuge for white women who had seen better days.

"I went to see old Mrs. Smith," said Kate one day, speaking of an inmate of the latter institution. "She was sitting with her blind drawn down, looking as glum as could be. 'Why don't you raise the curtain?' I asked. 'You have such a beautiful view of the river.' 'Oh, yes,' she said, 'beautiful for anybody who likes rivers.' Do you know she'd rather sit moping in a corner all day than try to get some pleasure out of the lovely view across the river from her window! She enjoys being miserable now, just because she has seen 'better days.'"

"There are a great many people like her in the world," smiled Miss Theodora.

"Well, I prefer old Auntie Jane up in the colored women's home. She says that she never was as well off as she has been since she came to the home. She has a little window box with a small geranium and some white alyssum in blossom; and she says that it reminds her of the old plantation where she grew up. She can see nothing from her window but houses across the narrow street; but she is a great deal happier than Mrs. Smith with all her view."

When Kate accompanied her on her round of visits, Miss Theodora did not penetrate far into the little lanes that zigzagged off from Phillips Street. She kept more to the main road, and seldom took the young girl far upstairs or down into the dingy basements. For in her mind's eye a large place was occupied by Mrs. Stuart Digby, who at any time might end Kate's visiting among the poor. Kate therefore had to content herself with restricted vistas of fascinating alleys with wooden houses sloping toward each other at a curious angle, with little balconies of strangely southern appearance; and she sighed that she could not penetrate within them. She looked longingly, too, at the little church whenever they passed it; for Ben, who, rather for entertainment than edification, went there occasionally to the evening prayer meetings, had repeated many amusing speeches made by the colored brothers.

But if she could not do all that she wished to, she made the most of what came in her way. She loved to notice



"THE CUNNINGEST TWINS IN THE WORLD."

the difference between the kinds of things sold in Phillips Street shops and in those of the more pretentious thoroughfare to the north, through which the horse-cars ran to Cambridge. In the

former case, eatables of all kinds were conspicuous, — not only meat and vegetables, and especially sausages, but corn for popping and molasses candy and spruce gum, all heterogeneously displayed in the small window of one little shop. On Cambridge Street, oyster saloons and bar-rooms and pawn-shops, before which hung a great variety of old garments on hooks, jostled against each other, strangely contrasting with numerous cake-shops which offered to the passer-by a great variety of unwholesome comestibles. From the little windows of the dwelling-rooms above the shops, frowsy and unkempt women looked down on the street below, and Miss Theodora usually drew Kate quickly along, as occasionally they traversed it for a short distance on their way to the hospital. In the same neighborhood was a short street of unsavory reputation, partly on account of a murder committed within its limits many years before, and partly because it held the city morgue. Hardly realizing where she was, Miss Theodora one day was picking her way along the slippery sidewalk, with Kate closely following, when something dark crossed their path. They stopped to make way for it. It was a grim, indefinite something, which two men had lifted from a wagon to carry into a neighboring building — a something whose resemblance to a human body was not concealed by the dark green cloth covering it. Then they knew that they were near the morgue; and while the elder woman was regretting that she had brought Kate with her, she heard a voice speak her name and, turning, saw Ben Bruce but a few steps behind.

"Isn't it late for you ladies to be in this part of the city?" he exclaimed as he overtook them, and they realized that it was almost dusk.

"We are not timid," smiled Miss Theodora; "but we shall be glad of your company, Ben. We stayed longer than we meant to stay at the hospital, and I know that I ought not to have kept Kate so late."

"I wasn't thinking so much of the time as the place," said Ben. "Some way I do not like to have you and Miss Kate wandering about in these dirty streets — at least alone."

The two ladies smiled.

"I suppose you think that we would be better off with any slip of a boy. But truly we do not need a protector, although we shall be very glad of your company home."

"I do not mean safety exactly," answered Ben; "but it does not seem to me, — well, appropriate for you and Miss Kate to go around into all kinds of dirty houses;" and he glanced at Kate's pretty gown and fur-trimmed coat.

"Oh, it does not hurt my clothes at all," Kate answered as he glanced at her dress. "I have only my oldest clothes on to-day, and I've been in a very clean place, too. I'm sure nothing could be cleaner than the hospital."

"Well, you can turn it into fun, but you know what I mean," said Ben. For like many another young man, he felt that tenderly bred women should be kept ignorant of the unsightly parts of a city. Thus as they went up the hill Ben and Kate kept up their merry banter, until they reached Miss Theodora's door.

"Come in to tea with us. Ernest will be glad to see you," said the elder woman. But Ben shook his head.

"Thank you very much, but they expect me home."

Nevertheless he went inside for a little while, and sat before the open fire in the little sitting-room, — Miss Theodora allowed herself this one extravagance, — and heard Kate humorously relate the adventures of the afternoon.

"I have brought," she said, "a bottle of old Mrs. Slawson's bitters. I feel guilty in not having any of the many diseases they are warranted to cure, but I shall give the bottle to our cook, who is always complaining and keeps a dozen bottles sitting on the kitchen mantelpiece. You know about Mrs. Slawson, don't you, Ben?"

"Oh, she's the old person who made so much money out of a patent medicine."

"Yes, and then married a 'light-skinned darky,' as she called him, who ran away with it all. It is great fun to

hear her tell of the large numbers of people she has cured. Why, the greatest ladies in Boston, she says, used to drive up in their carriages to patronize her."

"Why doesn't she keep up her business now?"

"Well, she is too old to continue it herself, and she does not wish any one else to have her receipts. She has just enough money to live on; and once in a while she has a few bottles put up to give away to her friends. My visits to her are purely social, not charitable; and this is my reward," — and Kate displayed a clumsy package in yellow wrappings.

Then Ernest came in, — now a tall lad looking younger than Kate, though a year older, — and welcomed Ben, and begged him to spend the evening. But Ben, resolute, though reluctant to leave the pleasant group clustered around Miss Theodora's fire, hurried off just as the clock struck six.

VIII.

Ben's father opened the door for him when he reached home, — his father in his shirt-sleeves, encircled with an odor of tobacco. With an eye keener than usual, the boy noted particularly, as if seen for the first time, things to which he had been accustomed all his life — the well-worn oil-cloth on the hall, the kerosene lamp flaring dismally in its bracket. How different it all was from the refinement of Miss Theodora's home, — for although Miss Theodora's carpets were worn and even threadbare, and, except in the hall, she was as sparing of gas as Mr. Bruce himself, the odor of cooking never escaped from Diantha's domain. The indefinable difference between comfort and discomfort made the Bruces' economy very unlike that practised by Miss Theodora.

"You are late," said Mrs. Bruce querulously as Ben entered the dining-room.

"Am I? I met Miss Theodora and Miss Digby on the hill, and walked home with them."

"Yes, and went into the house with them, I dare say!" interrupted Mr. Bruce.

"Why not?" asked Ben.

"You always seem taken up with those people. I don't see how you can be, all so patronizing as they are."

"Patronizing!" repeated Ben to himself. "Miss Theodora patronizing!" How far from the truth this seemed!

"You do not mean Miss Theodora?"



DIANTHA.

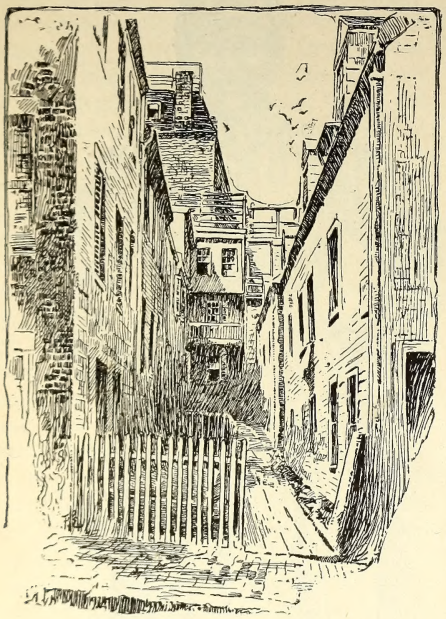
"Why not Miss Theodora? She walks along the street, never looking to the right or left, as if she were quite too good to speak to ordinary people."

"But she is terribly near-sighted. She does not see people unless they are right in front of her."

"I guess she could see well enough if she tried. I've noticed her cross the street almost on a run to speak to some little black boy. She's ready enough to take up with people like that; and she's able to see you, Ben, — but — "

Ben flushed a little. He did not like being put on a level with Miss Theodora's black *protégés*. Nor was this all. Mr. Bruce, taking up his wife's words, continued:

"Yes, it's just as your mother says; all those people think themselves a great way above the rest of us that are just as good as they are. I don't blame Miss Theodora so much, for her father really was a great man. But those Digbys!



"RESTRICTED VISTAS OF FASCINATING ALLEYS."

Who are they? Why, Mrs. Stuart Digby's grandfather they say was a tailor in New York when my grandfather was one of General Washington's staff officers. We didn't have to buy that sword in our parlor second-hand in a Cornhill shop, where some people get their family relics."

"Not the Digbys or Miss Theodora."

"About the Digbys I'm not so sure. Miss Theodora ought to have some good things, if they didn't sell off everything when they went into that little house."

So rapid was Mr. Bruce's flow of language, that Ben and his mother usually kept quiet when he was well launched on any subject. Often, indeed, Ben let his thoughts wander far away until recalled to himself by some direct question.

It was Kate, Kate alone, whom his father's words touched. For the moment he felt that he might be perfectly happy could he see with the bodily eye as small a gulf between the Digby family and his own as his father presented to his mental vision. Seated before Miss Theodora's hospitable fire, watching the color deepen on Kate's sensitive cheeks as the light flickered across them, he forgot everything but her. In Ralph's presence he realized that his world and the Digbys' were very far apart, and that his own awkwardness and roughness must be felt all too strongly by Kate. Then for weeks he would avoid Miss Theodora's house when Kate was there, or would run in for only a moment with Ernest to inspect some wonderful invention by the latter then in process of development in the basement work-room. Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Digby he seldom thought of. But how to bridge the gulf between himself and Kate! The story of his own good ancestry began to have new interest for him. He looked more closely at his little sisters. They had the delicacy of feature which their mother still retained. They had the wax-like color which she had long ago lost. He glanced around the shabby room and felt rebellious. Should they be restricted to the same narrow life as their mother's? Was poverty to keep them down as it kept down so many of their neighbors? No, no! he would devote himself to building up a fortune, and then — even here Kate began to be curiously mixed up with his musings, and then he was called back to earth by his mother's voice.

The claims of his ancestors had never made a very strong impression on Ben. He had classed them with certain other harmless pretences of his mother's, like making a rug in the parlor cover an unmendable hole in the carpet, or putting lace curtains in the front windows of an upper room which in other respects was meagrely furnished. But now his point of view had begun to change, and he could even imagine himself in time bowing to the fetich of family.

"What's the matter, Polly?" he said one afternoon to his youngest sister, whom he found sitting on the doorstep by herself with the traces of tears on her face.

"Oh, Ada Green says that my new winter dress is only an old one because it's made out of one of mother's; and," incoherently, "she had ice-cream for dinner — and why can't we?"

"Who, mother?" laughed Ben.

"No, you know who I mean, Ada, — they have ice-cream every Saturday, and she always comes out and tells me, and asks me what day we have ice-cream, and I have to say 'Never.'"

Ben, though he saw the ludicrous side of the little girl's grief, kissed her as he had many a time before when she had been disturbed by similar things.

"Cheer up," he said, "it won't be so very long before I can give you ice-cream every day, and new dresses not made out of mother's old ones. Then you can walk up and down the sidewalk and tell Ada Green; or you can offer her some of your ice-cream, — heap coals of ice on her head."

He added more of this nonsense until the child's face brightened as she entered the house, clinging to his arm, and mounted the attic stairs to sit near him while he studied.

Ben's plans for the future were definite, and his hopes were not the mere self-confidence of youth. Fortunate in securing one of the state scholarships at the Institute, he had been told by his teachers that a high place in his profession, that of civil engineer, might be his ultimately.

When, therefore, he looked at his little sisters and thought of the probable narrowness of their lives unless he should interpose, he put aside any idle balancing of the merits of his family as compared with that of Stuart Digby.

IX.

Ernest stood leaning against the mantelpiece in his aunt's bedroom. Never enthusiastic about college, he was growing even less so under the shadow of the impending examinations, now but a month away. His preliminaries had given him a hint that only by hard work could he enter college without conditions. Greek was the great stumbling-block, and he dreaded the final test more than he cared to admit.

"Do change your mind, Aunt Teddy," he began imploringly.

His aunt, in a low, straight-backed chair, looked up from her sewing.

"Change my mind about what?"

"Oh, you know — going to Harvard. Why must I go?"

Miss Theodora sighed. Had she waited and saved, pleased by the hope of a distinguished college career for Ernest, only to find college with him a question not of "will" but of "must"? Ernest caught her look of disappointment.

"Of course I am perfectly willing to go to Harvard to please you, but — I wish I could study the things Ben studies."

Miss Theodora's voice had an unwonted note of sternness in it.

"You are going to Harvard, Ernest, not because I wish it, but because your father wished it; because your father, your grandfather, your great-grandfather, five generations, all were graduates. You will be the sixth of our family in direct line to graduate with honor."

"Perhaps it won't be with honor in my case, Aunt Teddy. Remember my Greek."

Miss Theodora smiled. "I have tried to forget it." Then as Ernest leaned down to kiss her, "No, no. I can't be coaxed into saying what I don't think. Of course you will go to Harvard and be an honor to your family."

He loved his aunt, he wished to please her; but oh, if he could only beg off from college! If he could only follow Ben to his scientific school! Ben, no one could deny it, would be a great man, and Ben had not gone to Harvard. Ben and Ralph in contrast presented themselves to Ernest's mind as his aunt spoke of the "honor of the family." Changing his lounging position, he stood in an attitude of direct interrogation before Miss Theodora.

"Now, Aunt Teddy, which is going to be a great man, Ben or Ralph?"

"I am no prophet, Ernest."



THE SLOPING WEST-END STREETS.

"Oh, well, you know what I mean. Would you rather have me grow up like Ben or like Ralph?"

"I am fond of Ben."

"Yes, and you don't like Ralph a bit better than I do. He can write Greek exercises that are nearly perfect, — and Ben don't know Alpha from Omega."

"You seem to believe that Ben's good qualities result from his ignorance of Greek, and Ralph's from his knowledge of the classics."

"I am not so silly as that, Aunt Teddy. But Ralph won't be a great honor to the family even if he should go through Harvard twenty times, and I wouldn't be a disgrace to you even if I didn't know Greek, or law, or any of those things."

As Ernest seldom spoke so bitterly on this subject, Miss Theodora wisely avoided further discussion by turning to her writing-table.

"I have a letter to finish now, Ernest; — why do you not go down to your workroom? Kate is anxious for the table you promised her."

Ernest went off to his work, while Miss Theodora, still sitting before the fire thinking lovingly of the boy, pictured him in the not remote future a worthy wearer of the legal honor of the family. When Miss Theodora said "family," she thought most often of a long line of Massachusetts ancestors of dignified demeanor and studious expression, all resembling in general features the portrait of her grandfather hanging on the library wall. This portrait her own father had had enlarged from a poorly executed miniature. Perhaps it was the painter's fault that the nose had an air of intellectuality — even more exaggerated than that of the high forehead. Ernest as a little boy was so frightened by this portrait, that he did not like to be left alone in the room with it. As he grew older, it overawed him like the rows of sheepskin-covered volumes in the bookcases under it. Miss Theodora, loving the books as she loved the portrait, occasionally would unlock the glass door with its faded red silk curtains to show Ernest the volumes that his grandfather and his great-great-grandfather had studied. As he grew older she solemnly intrusted the key to his care, hoping that he would find the books as pleasant reading as she had found them in her girlhood. But the clumsy type and the old-fashioned style were so forbidding to the boy, that his aunt saw with sorrow that he made no effort to acquire a love for eighteenth-century literature. He managed, to be sure, to read the few "Spectator" and "Tatler" essays which she selected, and he discovered for himself the amusing qualities of Addison's "Rosamond." His "Robinson Crusoe" in modern dress counted of course as a book of to-day rather than as a work of the "age of Anne." Had it been among its sheepskin-covered contemporaries, more than half its charm would have vanished. The Coke, the Blackstone, the Kent, which had been part of his grandfather's professional library, the boy regarded with even less interest than the other books. Miss Theodora had told Ernest that many would be as useful to him as they had been to his grandfather, not realizing that the mere thought of mastering their musty contents increased his distaste for the law.

Strangely enough, too, Ernest found little glamor in the name "Harvard." As a child he had been curious about the

meaning of Class Day, when he heard caterers' carts rumbling through Charles Street on their way to Cambridge, or saw gayly dressed girls with deferential escorts walking toward the horse-cars or driving over the bridge. When he grew older the name of Harvard was associated with boat races and ball games, and it pleased him to think that he might some time count himself among the wearers of the victorious crimson. But the dreaded examinations and a truer knowledge of what the study of law meant had at last made the name of Harvard a bugbear.

While Miss Theodora, therefore, mused before the fire, Ernest in his basement work-shop let his thoughts wander far afield from Harvard and the musty law. He wondered if he could make a dynamo according to the directions laid down in a new book of physics he had lately read. He wondered if he should ever have a chance to go west to the silver mines — for this was about the time when all eyes were turned toward the splendors of Leadville. He wondered if he should ever invent anything like that marvellous telephone of which the world was beginning to talk so much. He knew a fellow whose uncle had been present at the private exhibition of the new invention, and the uncle had been sure that in a short time people a mile apart would be able to exchange actual words over the wire. As to the dynamo, Ernest felt pretty sure that he would make one; as to the mines of the West he was equally confident that he would see them some day; hadn't he always promised when he was a man to take his aunt on a long journey? But as to rivalling the inventor of the telephone, ah, no! what chance would he have to invent anything, when four years, four long years, must be spent at college, and at least two years more in preparing for the bar?

"Alas, Harvard!" sighed Ernest in the basement, while "fair Harvard" formed the burden of Miss Theodora's thoughts as she sat by the fire upstairs.

X.

After all, Ernest entered Harvard creditably. To work off two or three conditions would be a very small matter, — so he thought optimistically at the beginning of the year. On the whole, college had an unexpected charm for him, and he showed a temper in November quite different from that of the spring. Perhaps the summer's tour in Europe, which he had made with Ralph and Ralph's tutor, had changed his point of view. Miss Theodora could not feel grateful enough to Stuart Digby for sending Ernest to Europe. Though she had herself set aside a little sum for this purpose, she was only too glad to accept her cousin's offer.

When the boys came home, their friends noted a change in Ernest. Mrs. Ketchum thought that it was largely in the matter of clothes.

"You couldn't expect but what such stylish clothes would make a difference,



A LITTLE PAWN-SHOP.

at least in appearance, — not but what Ernest himself is just the same as he used to be."

Justice drove Mrs. Ketchum to this admission; for when Ernest, walking up the hill a few days after his home-coming,

caught sight of her as she stood within her half-open door, not only had he stopped to speak to her, but he had run up the steps to shake hands; this too — for it was Sunday — in sight of several neighbors who were passing, and under the very eyes of certain inquisitive faces looking from windows near by, — a most gratifying remembrance to Mrs. Ketchum.

"Ernest looks some different," said Mrs. Ketchum, describing the interview to Mr. Ketchum, "but his heart's in the right place. He said he ain't seen a place he liked better than Boston in all the course of his travels."

Miss Chatterwits, who never agreed with any opinion of her neighbors, declared that Ernest was changed.

"But it isn't his clothes. If I do make dresses, I don't think that clothes is everything. It's his manners. You can see it, Miss Theodora, — just a little more polish. It's perfectly natural, you know, since he's come in contact, so to speak, with foreign courts. Didn't he say that he saw the royal family riding in a procession in London, and didn't he and Ralph go to dinner at the American minister's at The Hague? Those things of course count."

Miss Chatterwits, who usually prided herself on her republicanism, dearly loved to hear about royalty. Ernest, therefore, when he found that she was somewhat disappointed that he could not tell her more about kings and queens, gave her elaborate accounts of the palaces he had visited. Thus did he half solace her for the fact that he had had no personal interviews with princes and other potentates.

Miss Theodora did not find Ernest changed. "Improved, perhaps, but not changed by his summer abroad," she said to herself, seeing in this no real contradiction. He was still the same Ernest, — respectful, kind, yielding to her will, even in the many details connected with the furnishing of his room at Cambridge, — the same Ernest who years ago had clung to her hand dark evenings as they walked home from Stuart Digby's. All the interested relatives — "all," yet few — wondered that Miss Theodora could afford to fit up Ernest's college rooms so handsomely. But was it not for this that she had saved ever since John's death?

So Ernest in Hollis had the counterpart of John's old room; and his aunt, looking from the broad window-seat across the leafy quadrangle, unchanged in aspect through a quarter of a century, felt herself carried back to those early days. Until John's death she had not realized that all her hopes were centred in him. Now she knew only too well that life without Ernest would mean little enough to her.

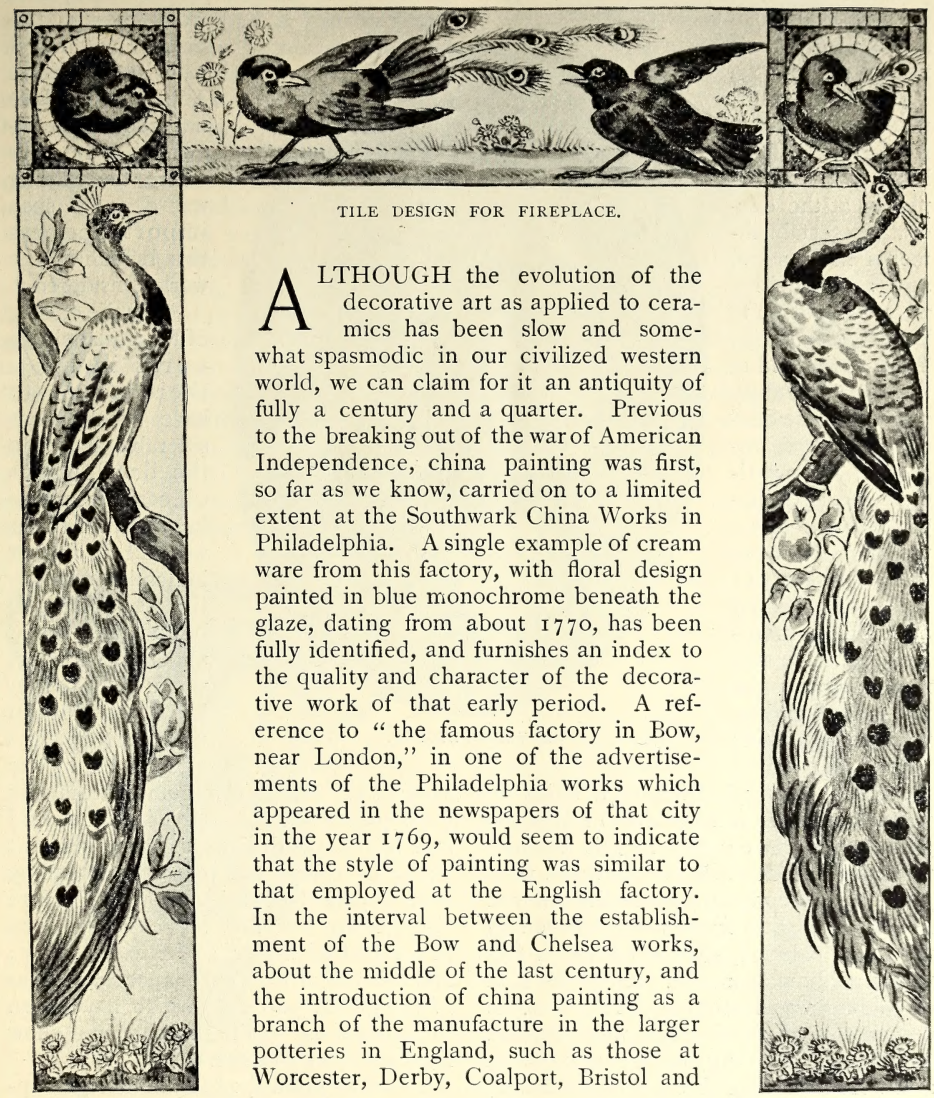
Ernest, appreciating his aunt's devotion, tried to repay it by thorough work — tried, yet failed. For, after all, study is not the only absorbing interest at Cambridge. Sports in the field, practice on the river, these stir the blood and take a young man's time. A good-looking lad with a well-known name, connected with various families of reputed wealth and high position, has every chance for popularity at Harvard. But a popular man with limited means has to pay a price for popularity. Ernest spent his fairly liberal allowance to the last cent. He had to entertain, had to do things that were, though he knew it not, a great strain on his aunt's purse. Though he had entered college without the social advantages of a preparation at one of the large private schools, he soon had many friends. Miss Theodora was pleased with her nephew's success. John had been popular, and it would have been strange indeed had the son not followed in the father's footsteps. She could not conceal from herself, however, a definite uneasiness that Ernest, unlike his father, showed little interest in his studies. He grumbled not a little at the course laid out for him, complained that he would have hardly a wider choice of studies in his sophomore year, and ascribed all his shortcomings in examinations to the fact that he was rigorously held down to uncongenial work.

(*To be continued.*)

THE PIONEER OF CHINA PAINTING IN AMERICA.

By Edwin At Lee Barber.

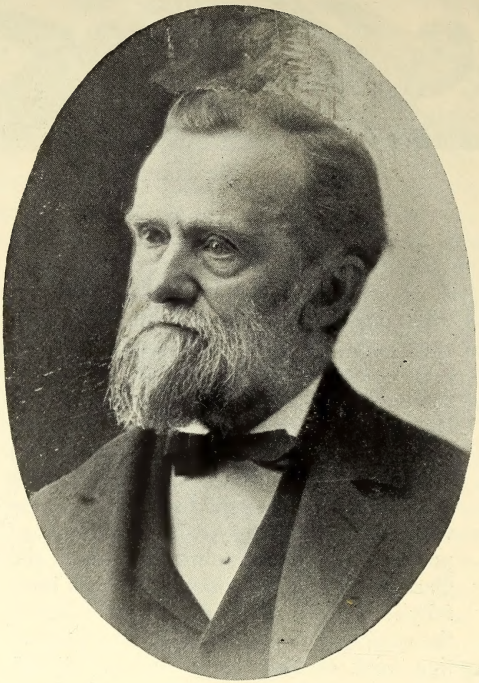
With illustrations from the work of Edward Lycett.



TILE DESIGN FOR FIREPLACE.

ALTHOUGH the evolution of the decorative art as applied to ceramics has been slow and somewhat spasmodic in our civilized western world, we can claim for it an antiquity of fully a century and a quarter. Previous to the breaking out of the war of American Independence, china painting was first, so far as we know, carried on to a limited extent at the Southwark China Works in Philadelphia. A single example of cream ware from this factory, with floral design painted in blue monochrome beneath the glaze, dating from about 1770, has been fully identified, and furnishes an index to the quality and character of the decorative work of that early period. A reference to "the famous factory in Bow, near London," in one of the advertisements of the Philadelphia works which appeared in the newspapers of that city in the year 1769, would seem to indicate that the style of painting was similar to that employed at the English factory. In the interval between the establishment of the Bow and Chelsea works, about the middle of the last century, and the introduction of china painting as a branch of the manufacture in the larger potteries in England, such as those at Worcester, Derby, Coalport, Bristol and

Liverpool, an extensive business was carried on in London, decorating wares made by all of these factories. Chinese porcelain was also imported in plain white or simply decorated in blue, to be further enriched by the London painters, in red, green and gold, a process known to the craft as "clobbering." Ware made in France, before the Sevres works were established, was also painted in the English metropolis, and much of the early soft paste porcelain was deliberately broken up for the purpose of making panels for inlaying in cabinet work, and on these special artists placed their finest paintings. Frenchmen, Germans and painters from Delft in Holland were employed at the decorating establishments in London, and apprentices were brought up to learn the business. Toward the end of the last century many of these decorators were engaged by the various factories to begin decorating on the premises where the wares were made. In the first attempts to transfer gold to the surface of china, the method of gilding with gold leaf was employed, which required the application of a sizing in which borax was introduced to fasten the gold to the glaze; and in this manner the early Dresden and Sevres wares were gilded. In London the method employed in gilding picture frames was followed by the china painters, and by adding a flux to the gold amalgam the present method of gilding was instituted. The ceramic decorators of those days were banded together in a strong trade organization and were a privileged class of workmen, going to their places of business in carriages or on horseback, rigged out in powdered wigs, cocked hats, lace ruffs, knee breeches and silver buckles, carrying their swords by their sides as was the fashion of the time. They belonged to the famous "train bands," the forerunners of the militia, of which Cowper's celebrated John Gilpin was a captain; and the flint-lock muskets with which they drilled, were stored in the closets of their workshops. The gilding was conducted with great care and secresy, and gloves were worn to prevent the pieces from being tarnished by contact with bare hands. The painters were not allowed to enter the rooms where the gilding was done, of such importance was this branch of the work considered.



EDWARD LYCETT.

After the closing of the Philadelphia works in 1773, there seems to have been a considerable hiatus in the development of ceramic painting in America, as we find no further indication of artistic work having been attempted until the year 1825, when the Tucker hard porcelain manufactory was established in the same city. Here polychrome decorations were placed on the glaze, in floral, bird and landscape designs and some portrait work, by competent painters, extending over a period of thirteen years. Here also gilding was first succcessfully done in the United States, so far as we know; and this was of such excellence that pieces of the gilded porcelain which have been in constant use to the present time show little evidence of wear.

From 1838 until 1848 another gap ap-

parently followed; but in the latter year Messrs. Charles Cartlidge & Co. commenced the manufacture of soft paste porcelain at Green Point, Long Island, where a number of clever artists were employed, whose paintings of flowers, birds, landscapes and Watteau scenes were far in advance of anything that had been done in the United States previous to that time.

Among the professional china decorators in America, previous to the Civil War, were, in New York City, Mr. Vaughan, an Englishman and M. Lambert, a Frenchman, who had a kiln in Gold Street, and in Jersey City one Gerardin did an extensive business, chiefly in gold band work, employing many boys, whom he taught to paint and gild, and some of whom afterwards became competent decorators. Previous to 1850, two Englishmen, Thomas Maddock and William Leigh, had a kiln in Carmine Street, New York, afterwards removing to the premises of Messrs. E. V. Haughwout & Co., at the corner of Broome Street and Broadway, where they continued until after the war. From that time, China dealers in several cities employed one or two men on their premises to ornament their wares, and eventually the manufacturers added decorating departments to their factories. About the year 1850 Messrs. Haughwout and Daily were also engaged in the decoration of French china in New York City, and in a few years they succeeded in establishing an extensive business, employing at one time as many as fifty assistants; but the war destroyed their southern trade, which was an important factor in the business. The partnership was dissolved, and Mr. Daily opened an establishment alone and took with him some of the old decorators.



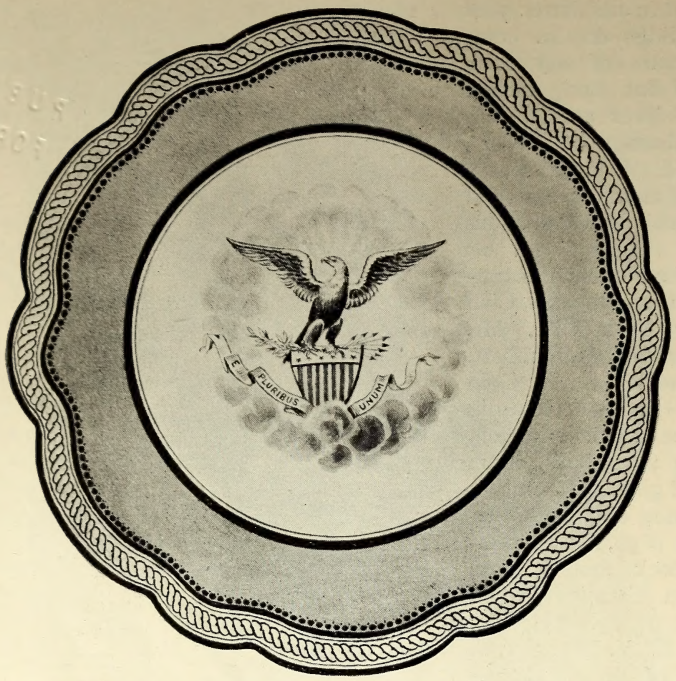
COPY OF GREEK VASE.



DANCING FIGURE. PANEL FOR INLAYING.

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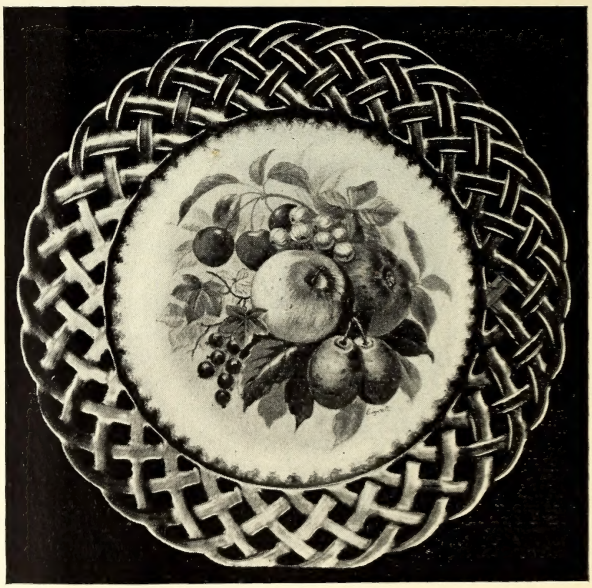
In 1861, Mr. Edward Lycett came to New York from England, and commenced his career in tnis country by associating himself with the artists who had followed Mr. Daily and had built decorating kilns in Greene Street. He was born at Newcastle, near the Staffordshire potteries in 1833, and at an early age was apprenticed to the eminent firm of Copeland & Garrett, of the old Spode pottery at Stoke-upon-Trent. Here for some time he pursued his art studies under Mr. Thomas Battam, F. R. S., who in 1852, introduced him to his father, Mr. Thomas Battam Sr., of London, who had a decorating establishment in John-



THE "LINCOLN PLATE."
PART OF A FRENCH CHINA DINNER SERVICE USED AT THE WHITE HOUSE DURING LINCOLN'S ADMINISTRATION.

bodies decorated with painted medallion heads copied from antique engraved gems in imitation of cameos. Others were in the form of vases with colored figures copied from the frescoes of Pompeii and other famous designs, in the style of the Dancing Girl with tambourine, shown in our illustration. These vases painted on terra-cotta forms, made by Copeland, were such accurate imitations of the original pieces that they have frequently been mistaken for the work of the old Greek potters. Some of the earlier examples of Mr. Lycett's painting were exhibited at the first of the great International Expositions at Hyde Park, London, in 1851,

son's Court, Fleet Street, which had been in existence for a hundred years or more, where the china made at Worcester, Derby, Coalport and other places had been painted before those factories had commenced to decorate their own products. The earlier painters of this venerable house had learned their art at Bow, at Chelsea and some of the continental manufactories, and here for several years Mr. Lycett was engaged in painting fac-simile copies of the Greek vases in the British Museum and in decorating prize pieces to be distributed at the annual drawings of the subscribers to the Art Union at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, of which Mr. Thomas Battam, Jr., was manager. Many of the prizes so distributed were vases of English soft china and opaque



FRUIT PLATE. FRENCH CHINA.

and were reproduced in the illustrations of some of the art journals of that date.

Mr. Lycett's artistic career in America may be said to represent the history of china painting in the United States. Not because he has been the only ceramic artist of ability that we have had, for there have been others, but because he alone has been continuously identified with the development and expansion of the art from the beginning of the late Civil War to the present, covering a period of nearly three and a half decades. During all of this time he has kept fully abreast with the advance in public taste, and, indeed, has been largely instrumental in bringing about the recent remarkable revival of decorative art among the ladies from one end of the land to the other. His work has been so vastly more important than all the work in this field before him, that it is not improper to speak of him as the pioneer of china painting in America. From the beginning he has striven to elevate the popular standard of ceramic ornamentation by the example of his own fine art; and while others were governed in their perfunctory efforts by commercial considerations, he at all times has produced conscientious work of a high order of artistic merit, the influence of which has gradually penetrated into every section of our country.



TABLE TOP, PAINTED FOR MR. E. V. HAUGHWOUT.

TWENTY-NINE INCHES IN DIAMETER.

On his arrival in America, Mr. Lycett ordered some vases to be made at the Williamsburg, Long Island, Terra Cotta Works, from his own drawings, and on these he painted a number of Greek designs after the manner of those he had made in London. One of these, shown in one of our illustrations, represents the



WISDOM. FOLLY. MUSIC. POETRY.

TILE PANELS.

"Victory Cup." The original from which it was copied is of the best period of Greek art and is believed to date from about 450 B. C.

The manufacturers of fine furniture and cabinet work in New York had for sometime been importing painted porcelain panels from Paris for inlaying; but at the breaking out of the Civil War the importation ceased and the best painters on china this side the water found employment in decorating these panels. Many of these were painted by Mr. Lycett. One is a Watteau scene, painted in 1861, and is a beautiful example of harmonious coloring. The white dress of the lady, in contrast with the gorgeous tints in the costume of her escort, against the quiet green of the lawn, produces a most pleasing effect. The panel with the figure of a Dancing Girl has been pronounced by experts the best of his paintings, but the illustration will convey but a faint idea of the beauty of the coloring which, in the floating draperies, is an exquisite shade of yellow. Another of Mr. Lycett's insert designs is a head of Clytie, "with her beautiful low brow, her sweet wan gaze, and the ineffable forward shrug of her dear shoulders," which was executed about the same time, on a flat, china surface, in white on a chocolate ground; and so admirably are the lights and shades brought out that the painting gives the impression of a relief cameo or carved onyx in two colors.



ENAMELLED IRON PLATE FOR ARCHITECTURAL PURPOSES.

Commencing in Greene Street, New York, with only a few assistants, his business rapidly increased, until his corps of decorators had reached the number of forty men and women. The lavish use of gold in heavy bands and solid ground work, so much in vogue before the war, gradually gave place to elaborate designs in fine gold tracery. Services made for the royalty of Europe — Louis XVI. Marie Antoinette, Louis Philippe, Louis Napoleon, and Napoleon the Great were reproduced by Mr. Lycett at different times, for dealers who had imported white china from Sevres and other noted factories for the purpose. The use of monograms on china services became fashionable and furnished employment for the best workmen. The owners of yachts vied with each other in their display of finely decorated table ware, and clubs and hotels procured the best work that could be produced. Eventually, however, the work deteriorated and lost favor by becoming cheapened and vulgarized. The decorating of bar pitchers for the old time taverns was a feature of the business, the gaudiest of colors and heaviest of gilding being considered an evidence of style.

A table service of French china was ordered for the White House, on Mr. Lincoln's election to the Presidency in 1861, and was furnished by Messrs. E. V. Haughwout & Co. of New York. The design, which was the result of much consultation among the officials at Washington, consisted of a spirited rendering of the Arms of the United States, the American Eagle mounted on the national shield, and beneath, the motto *E Pluribus Unum*. The border, a gold guilloche or cable of two strands entwined and so mutually strengthening each other, typified the union of the North and South, and the same idea was meant to be conveyed in the central design, — "Though clouds surround our country the sunlight is breaking through." These pieces were ground laid with heavy bands or borders of lilac color, which tint was selected by Mrs. Lincoln as being a near approach to magenta, so much in favor with the ladies at the time. For Mr. Lincoln's second term, in 1865, a larger set was ordered, through Messrs. John Vogt & Co. of New York, who commissioned Mr. Lycett to paint it. This was in device a duplication of the first Lincoln service, but was more carefully executed, and pieces of the latter can readily be distinguished from the former by an examination of the outlines of the central design, those done by Mr. Lycett having been entirely outlined and painted by hand, while those decorated by Haughwout & Co. were engraved and transferred to the china in outline and afterwards filled in with color. These historical services have been scattered broadcast and numerous pieces have fallen into the hands of appreciative collectors. Only recently a newspaper paragraph described a plate which had been added to the ceramic collection of a public museum in Europe, which, though not recognized by the museum authorities, is evidently a piece of the Lincoln service.

An important branch of the business in the Greene Street shops, about 1863, was the ornamenting of wash basins for dealers in plumbers' supplies, which were imported in large quantities in the white state. Mr. Lycett drew a series of decorative designs for the purpose, which met with a large sale, and, contrary to the usual practice, some of the best known manufacturers of similar goods in England honored him with an order, through a New York house, for the decoration of several crates of their own wares which were sent from England and returned across the Atlantic after being painted. A leading china merchant of New York, who was a frequent visitor to the Greene Street shops,

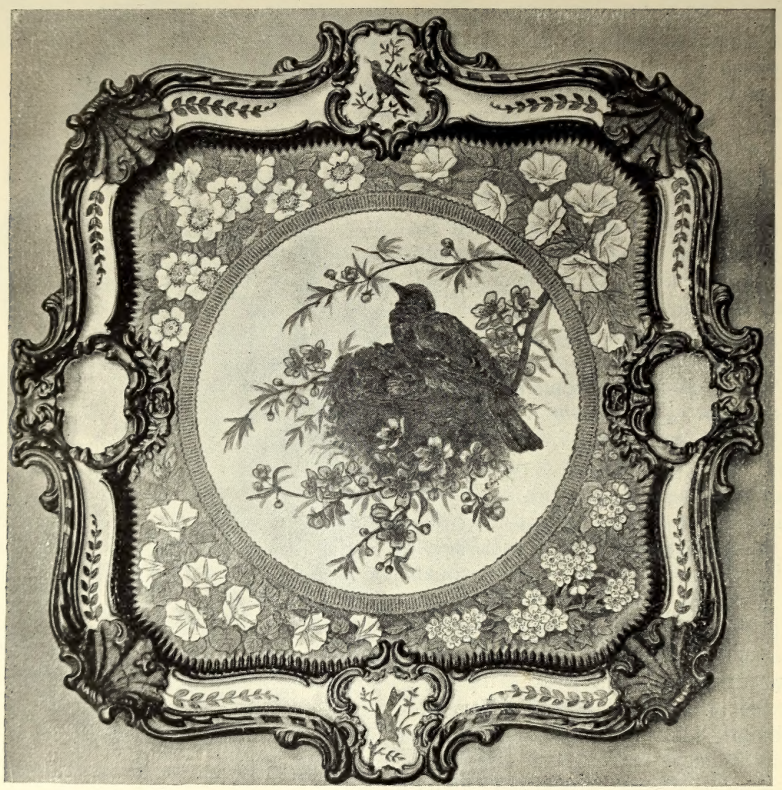


CUPID IN A BOWER OF ROSES. FRENCH CHINA VASE, NINE INCHES HIGH.

IN THE COLLECTION OF MISS SOPHIE H. THORNBURY, ATLANTA, GA.

afterwards recognized some of these in the show rooms of the English manufacturers, and was informed that their own designers were left far behind in this style of decorative work. These patterns, which were afterwards printed in the catalogues of the dealers by chromo-lithography, became widely known, and have since figured prominently among the stock patterns of the trade.

After the war, when travel was again resumed, American women who visited Europe found that painting on china was a fashionable diversion abroad, and on their return they looked around for a competent instructor in the art. The only place where painting of the finer kind was being done as a regular business was at Mr. Lycett's warerooms; and here many ladies resorted to study the methods employed and the materials required.



ROYAL DRESDEN CHINA TRAY.

SIXTEEN INCHES SQUARE.

This was the commencement of the first ceramic art movement in America, and in a short time many wealthy and prominent ladies were engaged in studying under Mr. Lycett's tuition. Some of these students afterwards became prominent as artists, and among Mr. Lycett's pupils have been daughters of many eminent public men, including two presidents of the United States, and a large number of women who later achieved distinction as leaders in ceramic associations in various parts of the country. The founder of the celebrated Rookwood Pottery sent some of her earlier experiments to be fired at the Greene Street kilns, and Mr. George W. Nichols there watched the operations of firing, filling and drawing the kilns, and thus gathered much of the material for his book on "Pottery and How it is Made."

In 1865, an unusual, if not entirely unique, piece of work was executed by Mr. Lycett. This was an enormous plaque of French porcelain, nearly two and a half feet in diameter, with raised rim, designed as a table top, which had been imported by Mr. E. V. Haughwout for his private use. Although he had an efficient staff of decorators in his own establishment, he paid Mr. Lycett the



FROM ONE OF A SET OF PLATES OF NATIVE GAME BIRDS.
PAINTED FROM NATURE.

well-deserved compliment of giving him the commission to decorate it. In the centre was a landscape with game birds,—the American quail and her young. The border was divided into four parts by gold framed panels enclosing groupings of fruit, while between the border and central designs was a wreath of finely painted flowers of natural size. The ground color of the outer border was a celadon or pale sea green, the gilding a fine composition of scroll work with ivy foliage and berries, extending over the spaces between the panels.

A series of four tile panels, six by eight inches in dimensions, were painted by Mr. Lycett in 1875, after the early Italian style. These were figure subjects in brown and white over a gold ground, representing Wisdom, Folly, Poetry and Music.

In the year previous, Mr. R. M. Hunt, president of the Architectural League of New York, and one of the foremost architects of his time, conceived the idea of reproducing, for the front of a four story business structure in Broadway, New York, the decorations of the famed Moorish palace of the Alhambra, from colored drawings which had been prepared especially for this purpose, and Mr. Lycett was selected to do the work. Plain enameled iron plates, some of them measuring three by six feet, were furnished by the Scott Siddons Enameling Company of New York (the head of



ANAMORPHOSIS DESIGN, FROM TEACUP.

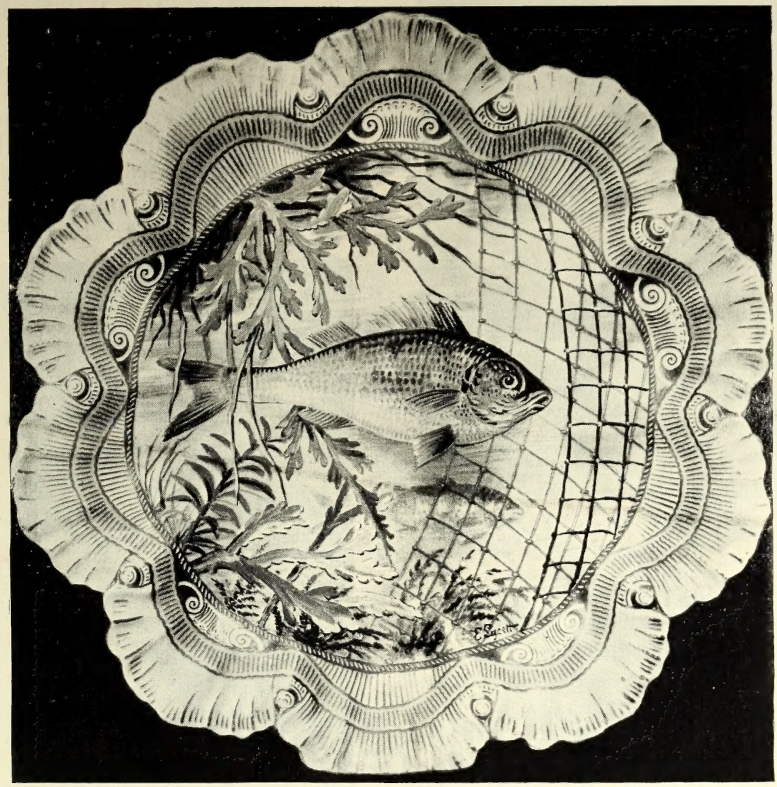


CENTRAL DESIGN FROM A FISH PLATE.

the firm being the husband of the famous actress), on which the designs were painted in primary ceramic colors, mainly red and blue, heavily outlined in black, with details sufficiently large to be readily distinguished from the opposite side of the street. The difficulties of firing these large plates having been overcome, no existing kilns being capacious enough to contain them, the undertaking was carried out with entire success; and one of the side panel designs is here shown. This was the most extensive piece of work ever accomplished by a china painter in this country. In time, however, the corroding action of the elements upon the metal disfigured the surface, which was subsequently painted over with plain stone color in oil. Few who pass the store to-day are aware that a thousand dollars' worth of ceramic embellishment has thus been obliterated. This novel work attracted much attention at the time, and a wealthy manufacturer in Belgium, who was then contemplating the removal of his business to the United States, sent over his manager to negotiate with Mr. Lycett for the purchase of the process of producing colors which would fire to such perfection on enameled metal, the reds in particular having previously eluded all attempts to produce them by disappearing entirely in the decorating kiln. This business, afterwards established in this country, has proved remarkably successful, and at present the method is being applied largely to the manufacture of iron granite ware in kitchen utensils.

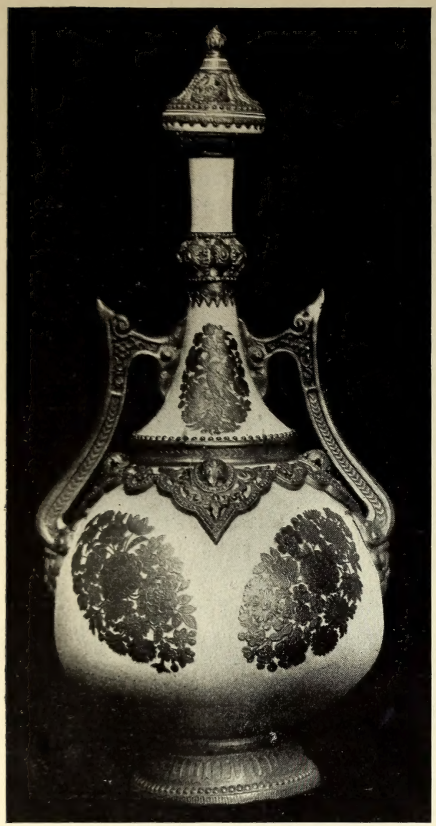
In 1877 the ladies of St. Louis, Missouri, established a School of Design in that city, and invited Mr. Lycett to instruct a class in china painting. This proposition he accepted, leaving his son William, who

had formed a partnership with Mr. George Warrin, under the firm name of Warrin & Lycett, in charge of his business. He remained in St. Louis one year, and had a large and enthusiastic attendance in his classes. After severing his connection with that institution, he accepted a call from the ladies of Cincinnati, where he remained for a few months. Subsequently he commenced a decorating business in East Liverpool, Ohio, and



FISH PLATE, OF FRENCH CHINA.

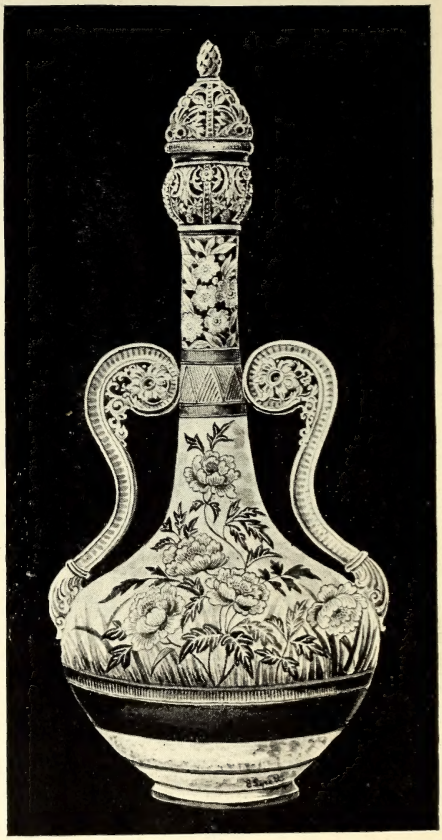
was engaged for some time in preparing samples of decoration on new and improved bodies that were being prepared with a view to the establishment of a large manufactory in Philadelphia. These are said to have been the first examples decorated in this country by the method of painting the blue ground over the glaze and refiring in the glost oven. They were examined critically by one of the New Jersey commissioners on ceramics to the French Exposition of 1879, and were pronounced fully equal to any work of the kind exhibited in Paris. The enterprise to build a factory in Philadelphia was well under way, the ground was selected and a company organized with ample capital, when the main spirit and author of the project, Mr. Shakespeare Laughlin, was suddenly stricken down with fever and died before his plans could be put into operation. Mr. Lycett then returned to New York city, where he resumed the business of china painting, at No. 4 Great Jones Street. In 1884 he joined the New York Faience Manufacturing Co., which had established a manufactory at Green Point, Long Island. Here was made a fine quality of decorated ware largely with hand-modelled flowers applied in the clay state and painted under the glaze. The market, however, became over stocked with these



PORCELAIN BISQUE VASE.

TWENTY-ONE INCHES HIGH.

goods through the importation of large quantities of similar ware from Europe, and the making of white wares was commenced. Overglaze decoration then took the place of underglaze work. After many discouraging attempts to make fine ware and much loss in consequence of the failures of others, Mr. Lycett began a series of experiments in compounding bodies and glazes, and was finally enabled to produce goods of excellent quality, of pure white, hard porcelain, with no vestige of the cream tint that has been so difficult to overcome by potters generally. Parian, bisque and a reliable faience body, suitable for large pieces, were brought to perfection. Mr. Lycett is particularly proud of his dark, oven-fired blue, painted under the hard glaze, or over the fired glaze and refired at the same heat, known as King's Blue or Royal Blue at the Sevres works, or Mazarine Blue in England. One of his larger vases, in this style, twenty-six inches high, was purchased by Messrs. Tiffany & Co. of New York, who exhibited it in their show rooms in juxtaposition with some expensive and elaborate pieces from the Sevres and Minton factories. The coloring of the American piece was pronounced decidedly superior to that of the imported. This blue was used in many of the best pieces produced at the Green Point works, in bands and solid grounds, on which the raised gold work was peculiarly effective. Such entire control has Mr. Lycett obtained over the process of covering evenly and with clean cut edges large zones or entire surfaces with this color, that he is enabled to avoid the "flown" effect, which when accidental, as is so frequently the case in some of the



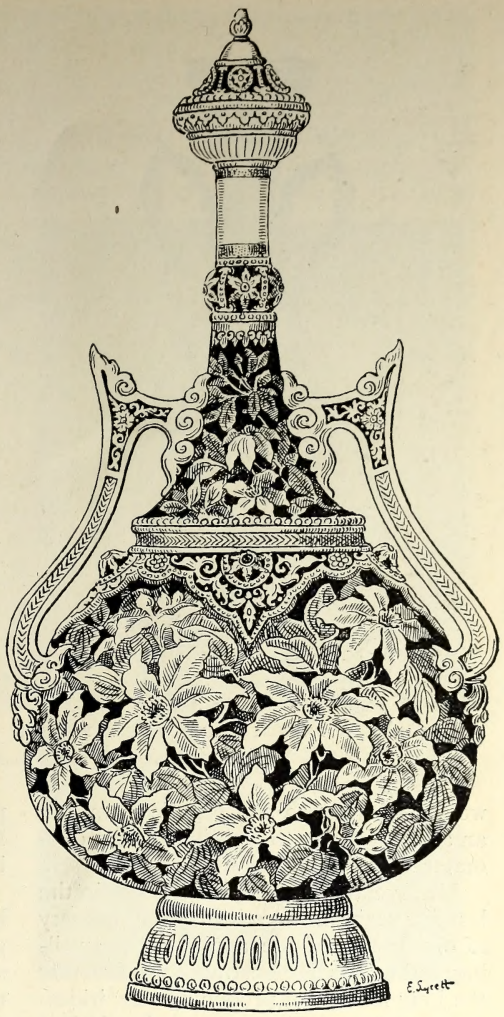
FAIENCE VASE.

THIRTY AND ONE HALF INCHES HIGH.

French wares, on account of the method of firing, appears as a disfiguring stain on the pure white portions.

About twenty-five of the most skilful decorators were employed at the Green Point factory under Mr. Lycett's direction, engaged in painting ornamental ware which surpassed everything previously produced in this country. These pieces were to be found among the choice exhibits of art wares in the foremost jewelry and china stores throughout the United States. At the factory Mr. Lycett continued his classes, and many pupils availed themselves of the benefit of his ripe experience. In 1890 he left the company, and has not since been engaged in active business.

Hundreds of china cabinets throughout the land contain as show pieces examples of Mr. Lycett's work, and his former pupils write him frequently of the pleasure and profit they have derived through their studies under his direction. Perhaps a greater number of competent teachers in this branch of art have received instruction from him and his sons than from all other sources in this country combined. The three sons inherit the artistic temperament of the father and have been accustomed from boyhood to assist their father in his classes. In this manner they have all become remarkably efficient as teachers and have become widely known as professional decorators. They have travelled from Maine to Florida at the call of patrons who desired instruction, and have had the honor of numbering among their pupils many notable persons. At present Mr. Frank Lycett is teaching in Buffalo, N. Y., Mr. Joseph Lycett is engaged in professional work in Nashville, while Mr. William Lycett, the eldest, has an art school and decorating rooms in Atlanta, Georgia, and with him the father makes his home. Here may be seen a rare and representative collection of decorated china, the work of the elder Lycett, illustrative of the art in this country for the past thirty-five years. There are numerous vases of the most



BY PERMISSION OF G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.

LARGE FAIENCE VASE.

GREEN POINT FAIENCE.

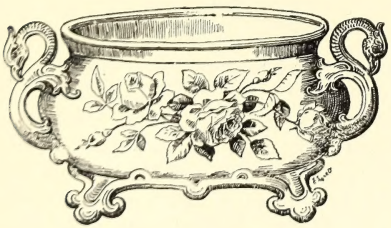
elaborate workmanship, in styles of ornamentation unlike anything to be found in the shops to-day; trays, plaques and plates with exquisite delineations of our native game birds and fishes from life, or with groupings of fruits and flowers in great variety; cameo heads from the antique engraved gems, panels for inlaying in cabinet work, painted mantel facings of tile work with birds and flowers and figure designs, and a varied line of attractive oddities which the European factories are sending over to please the



FRENCH CHINA VASES. PAINTED HEADS FROM ANTIQUE GEMS.
IN COLLECTION OF MRS. WILLIAM LYCETT, ATLANTA, GA.

women of America and beguile them into an attempt to try their skill with the decorator's brush and palette.

Mr. Lycett has occupied himself in the last few years in investigating the mystery of the lustres of the ancient Persian tiling, and he has demonstrated the fact that the long lost art of producing the iridescent *reflets metallique*, so much admired



FRENCH CHINA JARDINIÈRE.
PAINTED BY WILLIAM LYCETT.

in the old tiling, can be applied to our modern substitutes. His latest investigations have been directed to the lustred pottery made by certain Indian tribes in Mexico. These effects he has succeeded in producing at will.

By way of entertainment for children he has decorated cups with distorted or greatly elongated representations of landscapes, animals and written proper names, known as *anamorphosis*, which on a casual glance appear as a confused mass of fine lines, but when held horizontally on a level with the eye, and foreshortened by being viewed from a particular point, are seen in their natural proportions.

Mr. Lycett's raised gold effects, whether in arabesques, in bird or floral designs, have never been excelled, and his use of gold, bronze and silver, on necks, handles and feet of vases, produces rich and artistic contrasts. One of his most fascinating pieces is a fine porcelain vase in Moorish style, nineteen inches in height, which was produced in 1889 at the Green Point works. The shape and the composition of the body and glaze

are his own, and even the firing was accomplished under his supervision. This he decorated in 1894, as a presentation piece, the work throughout being his alone, even to the composition of the relief paste and the gold and silver. The decorations, which are entirely in gold and silver, without color save in the ground of the central medallions, are adapted from the plays of Shakspere. On one side are nightingales with flowers and foliage of a plum tree in raised gold with branches tipped with silver and silver stars in a pale blue sky. The moon and clouds above are in flat gold. Beneath, on a scroll, are Juliet's words of farewell, and at the base another quotation.

"Lady, by yonder blessèd moon I swear,
That tips with silver all these fruit tree tops."

The opposite side is no less artistic. The main design is somewhat similar, but on a branch in the central panel is a peacock with flowing train, in raised gold, while beneath are the lines from Hamlet,—

"And now reigns here
A very, very — peacock."



BY PERMISSION OF G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.

LARGE FAIENCE VASE.

DECORATED BY JOSEPH LYCETT.

Mr. Lycett is now enjoying a well-earned rest after a busy and useful life, nearly half a century of which has been



PORCELAIN VASE, MOORISH SHAPE.

devoted to his chosen art. His hand has lost none of its cunning, and he still sometimes adds a few pieces to the stock for sale in his son's studio, or to the collections of his friends. One of the most recent of his presentation pieces is a French china photograph frame decorated with pink, white and yellow roses and finished in heavy matt gold. This is here shown with a sweet picture of Miss Ethel Lycett, his little granddaughter.

We have endeavored in this article to reproduce a sufficient variety of Mr. Lycett's paintings to show the great range of subjects which he has covered, but the beautiful coloring of the originals is not



AMERICAN CHINA VASE.

EIGHTEEN INCHES HIGH. DECORATED BY FRANK LYCETT.

suggested, and the rich effects of the gold, silver and bronze work are almost entirely lost. Hence, because of the vulgarizing tendency of photography to transform the yellows and reds and some of the more delicate tints into an expressionless black, Mr. Lycett has kindly complied with a request to prepare himself a few pen and ink sketches of examples of his work, which have been selected for illustration. The tile piece at the head of this article was painted by Mr. Lycett after Walter Crane's design of Æsop's "Vain Jackdaw."

It is true that china painting has heretofore been pursued largely as a pastime by the women of America, but Mr. Lycett sees in the near future vast possibilities for ceramic work, when women shall seriously engage in it. The great advantage they possess in their direct sympathy with the artistic instincts of their sex will enable them to work understandingly and in complete touch with comsumers, thus adding a value to their work which the stereotyped decorations from the factory do not possess, — where the principal interest seems to be to reproduce a prescribed and meaningless ornament of exact size and unvarying shades of color. The revival of original, appropriate and artistic work, — the intelligent use of a sentiment, an idea, a quotation; the illustration of an historical event, the faithful transfer of a favorite flower or bird — seems to be reserved for the women of this country. The women decorators in all parts of the land are rapidly elevating the standard of this beautiful art, and much more may be expected of them in the near future.



FRENCH CHINA PHOTOGRAPH FRAME.

OLD-TIME DRINKING HABITS.

By Charles Northend.



THOUGH there is a lamentable amount of intemperance at the present day in New England as well as elsewhere, the evil is less prevalent than it was in the early part of the present century. The number of those who are strictly temperate is very much greater than formerly. The writer can well remember when the habit of drinking intoxicating liquors was not only fashionable and reputable, but was regarded as essential to health. In most houses the sideboard was to be found liberally furnished with well-filled decanters, and almost every one imbibed more or less freely and frequently. The morning, mid-day and evening callers were invited to "take a drink," and no urging was necessary. The minister and the people deemed it right, and honestly thought they were justified in taking a little, not only for "their stomach's sake and often infirmities," but for strength to perform daily duties. At weddings and funerals, at church-raisings and ordinations, at house-raisings and social gatherings, at huskings, in the fields, in the store and in the workshop, a liberal supply of intoxicating drinks was considered proper and helpful. In cold weather liquors were drunk to promote warmth, and in warm weather to help people keep cool. The illustrations here given of the old-time practices are taken almost at random. Hundreds like them could be gleaned from the old records.

At the ordination of the Rev. Mr. Edwards, in Windsor, Connecticut, in 1695, the people contributed money or various articles for the entertainment of ministers and others who composed the council. Among the articles thus contributed were "one and one half bushels of malt, with hops, one gallon of rum, two gallons of wine and a quantity of sidar." The ordination was followed by a ball, with the approval of the newly settled minister; it was called the "Ordination Ball."

In South Reading, now Wakefield, Massachusetts, in 1800, on the occasion of erecting the frame of the Baptist meeting-house, the society appointed a special committee "to provide for the workmen, good beef, well baked potatoes, bread and cheese, and cider and grog enough for each person."

About the year 1825, the people of Wrentham, Massachusetts, turned out to work in improving the public park. The schools were dismissed, and there was a general gathering for work; and at about eleven o'clock the minister, the Rev. Dr. Fiske, passed around among the workers, carrying in one hand a tin pail and in the other a small tin dipper. He was followed by a layman of his church bearing a larger pail and dipper. The minister's pail contained New England rum, and that of the layman cold water.

In 1770, the town of Alfred, Maine, voted "To purchase one barrel of rum, one barrel of pork, four bushels of beans, ten gallons of molasses, ten pounds of coffee, and twenty-eight pounds of sugar, to raise the meeting-house."

About one hundred years ago, the town of Milton, New Hampshire, passed the following: "Voted, That the town provide one barrel of West India rum, five barrels of New England rum, one barrel of good brown sugar, and half a box of good lemons, for framing and raising the meeting-house."

In 1692, the following order was passed in Salem, Massachusetts: "Voted, That Nathaniel Ingersoll be allowed to sell beer and syder by the quart for the tyme while the farmers are building their meeting-house and on Lord's day afterwards."

In 1740, when the people of New Hartford, Connecticut, were about to build a meeting-house, it was "Voted, That the committee make a sutabel prep-

aration of liquor for the raising of the meeting-house."

The following is a correct copy of a bill rendered by the landlord of a public house in Hartford, Connecticut, for entertaining clergymen and others composing the council for the ordination of the Rev. B. Boardman over the Second Church in 1784 : —

"1784 — The South Society in Hartford to I. Seymour Dr.

May 4th To keeping ministers etc. as follows:

		£	s	d
"	" 2 mugs tody	0	2	4
"	" 5 segars	0	5	10
"	" 1 pint of wine	0	3	0
"	" 3 lodgings	0	0	9
May 5th	3 bitters	0	0	9
"	" 3 breakfasts	0	3	6
"	" 15 boles punch	1	10	0
"	" 24 dinners	1	16	0
"	" 11 bottles wine	3	6	0
	5 mugs flip	0	5	10
	3 boles punch	0	6	0
	3 boles tody	0	3	6

Received by me
Israel Seymour."

Yet while dram-drinking was so common, drunkenness was treated as a crime and often punished severely by the fathers. The following record could probably be matched in a score of places : —

"At a cort held at Farmington In hartford county Janerary the 13: 1762 presant Jared Lee Just peace for said county whereas David Culver of Farmington In sd county was atached and brought befouer Jared Lee Just peace to answer unto one sertin Complaint Given In the Name and behalf of our Lord the king by obadiah Andrus Constabel to the sd Jared Lee Just peace the complainant saith that the sd Culver was in the hous of Jonathan Root in Southington on the 20 of october Last past and Did ther Drink Strong licker to Exses that he was Found Drunk in the Lane near Aaron websters and at his one place of abode being bereaved of the eyes of *his Reason and understanding and Lims* the sd David Culver pleads Gilty In cort therefour Find that the said Culver shall pay as a fine to the town tresuar of this town the sum of £0 8*s* 0*d* Lawful Money as Fine and Cost alowed £0 3*s* 6*d* money whearof execution Remains to be don £0 8*s* 0*d*. Fine Febuary the 6 1762 then Execution Granted on £0 3*s* 6*d* cost the above Judgment."

The following extracts from a published history of the town of Weare, New Hampshire, will confirm what has been said about the general use of ardent spirits in the early part of the present century, and also show the favorable results of the temperance reform at a later day. Mr. Little, the historian, says : —

"At the commencement of the present century New England rum was the common drink. No man could run a grocery store without keeping a barrel 'on tap' in the back room, where all customers could help themselves. At all trainings and musters, bridge building and the like, the town furnished the rum. At all ordinations, installations, councils and other great religious meetings, the church provided it. Ministers treated all who called upon them, and apologized for not having more and better liquors. Church members and others treated the minister when he called, and he often went home at night very boozy. The odor of rum was sure to be present at all town meetings, raisings, sheep washings and shearings, huskings and log rollings. It was common at funerals, and the decanter and glasses were often placed on the coffin as a token of the liberality of the mourners. In those old days it was highly commendable to get gloriously 'tight;' as now it is regarded as a great sin, to be repented of in sackcloth and ashes."

In 1784, or a little later, efforts were made to check the evils of intemperance, and by perseverance they proved largely successful. In 1888, Mr. Little says : —

"The temperance agitation has been productive of great good to Weare. It is estimated that at the beginning of the present century the yearly cost of the rum drunk was twenty dollars to each inhabitant, while at the present time it is not more than sixteen cents per individual; and as another good result of the temperance agitation it may be said that for the last forty years the town of Weare has had as few criminals and paupers as any other town of the same size in the state."

The following is quoted from "The Story of Vermont" by Mr. John Heaton : —

"In the early years of the present century the United States was a drunken and dissolute nation. This fact is so enforced upon us by unimpeachable testimony that escape is impossible, no matter how reluctant we may be to give it credit. It was a time of vigorous physical activity, but of low moral standards in many ways. Liquor was plentiful and cheap. Almost every man drank, nor was it accounted shameful to indulge to excess. The host of evil consequences which always follow in the train of drunken habits were everywhere lamented by the few and accepted by the many as inevitable. Brutal and degrading sports flourished, political controversies were waged upon a low level, and the most sordid vices were probably more common, certainly less concealed in the gratification, than is now the case. Nor was Vermont or the United States alone in this unfortunate condition, nor the reformatory impulse which dignified the second

quarter of the present century confined to any one country."

It may be added that Vermont was one of the earliest and most active states in efforts to check the evils of intemperance and advocate the cause of total abstinence. The Rev. Mr. Sanford, in his very faithful and interesting history of Connecticut, says: —

"The sale and use of intoxicating drinks was the source of trouble from the founding of the colony. Drunkenness was a crime punished at the discretion of the court by stocking, fining or, more generally, whipping. Laws were passed forbidding sales to incapable or irresponsible persons, as Indians, minors and drunkards. Such a resort as the modern saloon was unknown. Tavernkeepers were allowed to sell to their guests, and the inhabitants of the town might buy liquor of them for use elsewhere; but they were forbidden to 'sit drinking and tippling' in these public houses. The number of taverns was limited to the needs of travel, and there were seldom more than one or two in a village. At the time of the Revolution, and for many years afterward, the usages of society permitted the general use of ardent spirits in the homes of the people and on festive occasions. Cider and New England rum distilled from molasses were the favorite beverages. Early in this century the disastrous effects of this custom began to attract attention, and well it might. The appetite kindled by the use of intoxicating drink had already brought poverty and misery into multitudes of homes. In many cases the sons of honored sires had become miserable drunkards and their ancestral acres had fallen into the hands of strangers."

In 1818, it is stated that fifty-two hogsheads of new rum were sold in the town of East Haddam, Connecticut, where now the amount of sales would not exceed one tenth as much. At that time the minister, the Rev. Dr. Marsh, being about to build a house, announced that no liquors would be furnished at the raising, as was then customary. He was told that the people would not "turn out" to do the work if this inducement was removed; but the house was well raised notwithstanding the absence of liquors.

In 1684, a new prison was built in Salem, Massachusetts. For a long time it was the custom to allow the keeper of the prison to have the profits for liquor sold to the prisoners. If the revenue from this amounted to much, the class of criminals confined must certainly have had a more liberal supply of funds than the same class have at the present day.

In Orcutt's history of Dorchester, Massachusetts, we find the following: —

"In the days that antedated railroads it was the custom of country ministers from the interior who came to Boston, especially on anniversary week, to put up with the Dorchester minister, who had ample room and was reputed wealthy. Not only did they put themselves up in the house, but they put their horses up in the barn. . . . They were always made welcome, although they frequently abused their privileges. . . . Before the total abstinence period the clergy made large demands for liquor and tobacco. They did not care much for wine and cigars, but their tastes ran to rum and pipes, of which an abundant supply was always kept on hand. The result of this ministerial debauch was anything but agreeable to the pastor's wife. That excellent woman, who was indeed a mother in Israel, was made to be the slave of Israel likewise. When the swarm had passed away there was a grand cleaning up: carpets were taken up and shaken; the fireplace 'jams' were scrubbed with brick-dust solution to efface the tobacco stains."

"In early times," says the historian of Wallingford, Connecticut, "rum was largely consumed. A half pint was given to every day laborer. In all families, rich or poor, it was offered to male visitors as an essential part of hospitality, or even good manners. Women took their schnapps, then called 'Hopkins's Elixir,' which was the most delicious and seductive means of getting tipsy that had been invented. Crying babies were silenced with hot toddy, then esteemed an infallible remedy for wind in the stomach. Every man imbibed his morning dram; and this was regarded as temperance. It is said that a minister talked to his people as follows: 'I say nothing, my beloved brethren, against taking a little bitters before breakfast. What I contend against is this dramming, dramming, dramming, at all hours of the day.' Tavern haunting, especially in winter, was common even with respectable farmers."

In 1804, Dr. Benjamin Rush of Philadelphia published a tract entitled, "An Inquiry into the Effects of Ardent Spirits upon the Human Body and Mind." This tract was extensively circulated, and though no immediate results followed, it undoubtedly had a favorable influence. It awakened thought on the subject in the minds of many clergymen; and yet they hesitated about taking a decided stand, and the people felt that their ministers

had no right to meddle with the subject. They thought that they had a right to eat and drink what they pleased and as they pleased.

In November, 1811, at a meeting of the New York Synod, a sermon was preached in which the doctrine of total abstinence from intoxicating drinks was strongly advocated. A letter was read from Dr. Lyman Beecher, then settled at Litchfield, Connecticut, in which he took a very decided stand in favor of action in the cause of temperance. After some earnest discussion, the following resolution was passed: —

"Resolved, That hereafter ardent spirits and wine shall constitute no part of our entertainment at any of our public meetings, and that it be recommended to churches not to treat Christian brethren or others with alcoholic drink as a part of hospitality in friendly visits."

It was also voted to send a copy of the resolution to all the churches under the care of the synod. The clergyman appointed to perform this duty remarked that, after all, he had very little faith in total abstinence. He said he did not believe there was any great harm in his taking a little when he was exhausted by the labors of the Sabbath, nor did he think it improper to invite a parishioner who called with some token of regard to take some refreshment. But he had occasion soon after to modify his views. One of his parishioners brought him a piece of meat, and took so much of the proffered refreshment that he became intoxicated. This induced the clergyman to resolve never again to offer alcoholic drinks to any one. Another clergyman, who had banished intoxicating drinks from his house, said his feelings were sorely tried by having one of his brethren refuse to dine with him on the ground that no brandy would be on the table. In 1812, the clergymen in Fairfield County, Connecticut, resolved not to use strong drinks as a beverage at their future meetings. A committee was appointed to prepare an address to the people on the subject. The Rev. Heman Humphrey, D. D., afterward president of Amherst College, was a member of the committee.

The earliest modern temperance society was organized in 1789 by two hundred farmers of Litchfield, Connecticut, who pledged themselves not to use any intoxicating drinks in their farm work during the ensuing year.

In 1813, the General Association of Connecticut recommended to the trustees of Yale College not to furnish spirits at the public dinner on Commencement Day, and to the state authorities not to furnish them for the public dinner given to the clergy on election day. The Rev. Lyman Beecher and Dr. Humphrey labored faithfully with voice and pen to promote the temperance reformation, and their influence was extensively felt for good.

A little before 1830, the custom of treating visitors with wine, cordials and brandy began to disappear. The sideboards of the rich and influential, which had previously groaned under a load of decanters, were relieved of their burden, and a very great change in the customs of society became apparent. In 1828, Dr. Hewitt was appointed for three years to an agency for the promotion of temperance in Connecticut, and he labored earnestly and successfully. At the close of 1829, there were more than one thousand temperance societies, with more than a hundred thousand members pledged to total abstinence; fifty distilleries had stopped, four hundred merchants had abandoned the traffic in liquors, and twelve hundred drunkards had been reformed. On the first of May, 1831, it appeared that more than three hundred thousand persons had signed the pledge, and not less than fifty thousand were estimated to have been saved from a drunkard's grave.

While the efforts made by individuals and organizations to suppress the evils of intemperance have not accomplished all that was to be desired, they certainly have been effectual in awakening the public mind and securing highly gratifying results. The work of Neal Dow, of John B. Gough and others is well known. While ministers were at one time in the habit of using intoxicating drinks, they were among the first to realize its evils and to take active part in efforts to check the vicious custom.

LICENSE AND NO-LICENSE IN CAMBRIDGE.

By Frank Foxcroft.



SOME of the towns and cities of Massachusetts show a singular vacillation in their treatment of the liquor question. Called upon by the local option law to vote annually whether licenses for the sale of intoxicating liquor shall be granted, they swing from one system to the other almost with the regularity of a pendulum. Such communities get the worst results of both systems and the advantages of neither. Cambridge illustrates the opposite policy of steady voting. Cambridge voted for license for five years in succession; and for the past nine years has voted steadily for no-license. She is able now to compare the results of five years under the one system with the fruits of eight years under the other, and each of these periods is long enough to make the comparison a fair one. Her position is unique in this particular; no other city of equal size has been carried for no-license for even two years in succession. Lowell voted No in 1889, but reversed her policy the next year; Worcester was carried against the saloons in 1885, 1889 and 1891, but never has been held to that side at the critical second election; Atlanta, Georgia, went "dry" in one memorable contest, but was lost when next the vote was taken. The conditions which explain the course of Cambridge in this matter are of interest from the sociological and economic quite as much as from the reform point of view.

Cambridge is something more than a pleasant suburb of Boston and the seat of Harvard University. It is a city of nearly eighty-five thousand people, more than half of whom are of foreign birth or parentage. It has large industries, — pork factories, brickyards, piano factories, iron foundries, furniture factories, tanneries, and even a distillery. Moreover, it is made up of four communities, Old Cambridge, North Cambridge, Cambridgeport and East Cambridge, each with more or less well-defined characteristics and local interests, and not easily fused by moral or civic enthusiasms for a common object. It would have been thought hazardous to predict, a dozen years ago, that all class and local barriers in Cambridge, all differences of thought, politics and religion would be overthrown or surmounted by the effort to drive the saloons out and to keep them out. Yet this is what has been accomplished; and it is to be explained, in the first place, by the application of practical politics, in the best sense of the term, to a moral movement; and in the second place, by results which have furnished from year to year a more complete demonstration of the wisdom of the plan.

Cambridge was first carried for no-license in December, 1886. In 1884, license had won by a majority of one thousand one hundred and thirty-seven, and in 1885 by a majority of five hundred and thirty. But several things happened to direct public attention to the question. The saloon interests grew more arrogant. They demanded what they wanted of the city government, and usually got it. Saloon-keepers swarmed in the corridors of the City Hall whenever the Board of Aldermen had any license question under consideration. On one occasion, an alderman who had incautiously voted for a proposition to increase the license fee was called out into the lobby by a liquor-seller, publicly berated for his vote, and sent back to change it, which he did. Such manifestations of saloon control stirred the civic pride of Cambridge. Then two saloon murders aroused public indignation. In one case, a saloon-keeper beat a young man to death on the sidewalk in front of

his place of business; in the other, a young man was killed in a gilt-edged saloon on Main Street, as a result of an unprovoked assault by a man who was crazed with drink. But the most potent cause of reaction in the public mind was the course of the Board of Aldermen in granting a saloon license to a man named Dewire on Kirkland Street. This place was directly under the eaves of Harvard University, and near the residences of certain of the professors. When their vehement appeals and remonstrances were treated with contempt, and the chairman of the license committee calmly told them that the committee did not regard the moral interest of the community as a matter which deserved their consideration in the administration of the license system, the whole question appeared in a new light.

A public meeting was called of all who were interested in securing a "No" vote; and a Citizens' No-license Committee of twenty-five, five from each ward, was appointed to conduct the campaign. From that time the semi-political work of this committee was carried forward along parallel lines with the more usual public work of rallies and public appeals. Of the four papers printed in the city there was no one which could then be relied upon to support the no-license movement. Realizing the necessity of reaching the people through other means than public meetings, which usually are attended only by those who are already interested, the committee started a little paper of its own, which was called *The Frozen Truth*. Two issues were printed and were sent by mail to every name on the voting-list, about ten thousand in all. The little organ was given a jocular and confident tone in keeping with its title; but it was edited with a serious purpose, and it stirred the public mind by its fearless but careful and accurate presentation of local facts. The committee organized a canvass of the voters, which was carried out as well as time and means permitted; and the various polling-places were manned with checkers, workers and carriages. Election day dawned upon one of the worst storms of the winter. All day the snow fell and blew and drifted; but at nightfall, when the votes were counted, it was found that every ward but one had been carried against the saloons, and that the no-license cause had a majority of five hundred and sixty-six.

Then ensued a year of uncertainty. Every one saw that the real battle would come the next December. The licenses remained in force until the first day of May, so that there was a period of only seven months in which to test the workings of no-license before the appeal to the voters must again be made. Few of the one hundred and twenty-two saloon-keepers closed their doors after the first of May; some of them honestly limited themselves to the sale of the lighter beverages permitted by law, while others tried to do an illegal business, and figured occasionally in the courts in consequence. The mayor, although not in sympathy with no-license, announced his purpose to enforce it. There was organized a Law Enforcement Association, not for the purpose of doing the work of the authorities, but of assisting them in it. It did not undertake to collect evidence or to make prosecutions; but it offered itself as a means of communication between the people and the police, engaging to sift information brought to its notice and to communicate ascertained facts to the proper officials. Chiefly, it was an organized interrogation point, to find out what was being done and to let the people know, which it did through a little paper called *The Bulletin*. It was conservatively administered, but having a membership of more than a thousand voters, it constituted a useful influence on the side of the enforcement of the law. Often all the pressure is on the side of how-not-to-do-it; this association supplied a strong counteracting pressure.

The no-license committee opened headquarters early; it placed them in charge of a competent man, and supplied him with clerks and canvassers. It made a complete house-to-house canvass of the city, recording every name on the voting-list and the position of the voter upon the question. It contested every inch of ground with the local saloon interests, which were re-enforced with ample funds from the alarmed wholesalers of Boston.

It registered and naturalized new voters and attended to all the details of the canvass with a thoroughness which aroused the admiration of political veterans. It published two issues of *The Frozen Truth*, and in that paper and in the public meetings which were held it based its appeal on the sense of fair play. There had been only seven months of no-license as against five years of license. Some gain was visible here and there. Give the experiment a fair trial, insisted the committee. There are few communities in which such an appeal would have had greater weight. In this campaign and in all that succeeded it, the ministers and churches were organized for co-operating work, this movement widening annually until in last year's campaign it included all the Protestant pastors and six Catholic priests, while of the five Catholic parishes the pastors of all but one were in open sympathy with it. When election day came in 1887, a thing happened which according to the law of chances would scarcely occur once in a million times: the total vote was increased by nearly three thousand, being eight thousand and twenty as compared with five thousand two hundred and fifty-four, and this enormous increase was divided exactly in two so that the no-license majority was five hundred and sixty-six, as at the preceding election.

Practically the same methods have been followed in each campaign. The no-license majorities have ranged between four hundred and eighty-six and eight hundred and forty-three, but never have been large enough to make it safe to relax effort. Each campaign costs from $1,200 to $1,800, but the money is freely contributed; the committee pays its bills from week to week and carries over a surplus each year sufficient to begin the next year's work. The confidence felt in the committee is indicated not only by this generous financial support, but by the fact that each year since 1886 it has been re-elected to do its work, such changes as have taken place in its membership being due to resignations or removals from the city, not to any dissatisfaction.

Four general principles have controlled the work of the committee from the beginning. In the first place, the platform has been made so broad that any one who wants the saloons kept out of Cambridge, no matter what his theories or beliefs or habits, can stand upon it. The committee has recognized no social distinctions. Its membership comprises business men, professional men and mechanics. Political differences are not considered. There are Democrats, Republicans, Prohibitionists and Mugwumps in the committee; but questions of general politics never are considered at its meetings. Religious differences count for as little. About one fourth of the members are Roman Catholics; the others are Protestants. Catholics and Protestants sit on the same platform, they sign the same manifestoes; and when victories are won, Catholic and Protestant church bells answer each other jubilantly.

In the second place, a persistent effort is made to avoid extravagance in statement, promise and, most of all, in denunciation. Those associated in the movement do not waste any of their ammunition on each other. If a man differs from them, they do not call him names, nor treat him as an enemy. They try to gain his support by fair argument and demonstrated facts. They win their campaigns by the aid of moderate men, who would certainly be alienated by extravagance or vituperation; and the wisdom of their policy is attested by the fact that many men who a few years ago were openly opposed to no-license are now ardent in its support.

Again, the movement is kept wholly free from entangling alliances with parties or candidates. Individually the members have their preferences and act in accordance with them; but as a committee they do nothing to prejudice or to favor candidates. The cause is recognized as broader than any party and more lasting than any candidacy; and there is no heritage of personal or political antipathies to be carried over from one campaign to another.

Finally, each campaign is conducted on the idea that the result may turn upon a single vote. In 1881, when this issue

was first submitted to the people, Cambridge was carried for license by a majority of only six votes. The lesson of that close contest has not been forgotten. Rallying appeals are sent out; a record is kept of no-license voters who fail to vote, and they are reminded before the next election that their votes cannot be spared; and energetic workers at the polls look after belated or delinquent voters.

Now, what are some of the results? To begin with, the saloons have been closed. Cambridge may be explored from end to end, including streets where formerly the saloons were most numerous, and the investigator will find no trace anywhere of an open liquor traffic. A majority of the children in the public schools of Cambridge do not know what an open saloon looks like, save as they have seen it outside of Cambridge. That at least is something. Of the one hundred and twenty-two buildings formerly used for saloon purposes, nearly all have been remodelled, either as dwellings or as stores for legitimate business. If the saloons were to come back to Cambridge, they would be at a loss to find locations. Of course the illegal liquor traffic has not been extirpated. No one claims that. There are still kitchen bar-rooms. There were such places, for that matter, under license, and some of the worst of those that existed then have been closed under no-license. There are some drug stores that do an illegal business; this, in Cambridge as elsewhere, is one of the most difficult features of the enforcement problem. But one or two druggists have been sentenced to the House of Correction, and others are headed that way, so that the problem is not to be accounted hopeless. It may fairly be said that each year it has been made more difficult to get liquor and more dangerous to sell it illegally in Cambridge. The Law Enforcement Association long ago ceased its activities, because the city authorities, supported by a strong public sentiment, were equal to the work. For several years the city government has made an appropriation for special counsel to aid the police in their prosecutions.

There are certain practical questions which may fairly be asked regarding the effect of no-license upon the material interests of the city. And first, as regards the valuation. Other conditions remaining the same, if the increase in the valuation of the city during the license period had not been maintained under no-license, it would have been fair to conclude that no-license had retarded the growth of the city. If the old rate of increase had gone on practically unchanged, it could have been said that the change in the policy of the city regarding the regulation of the liquor traffic had not affected the material welfare of the city. If there is observable, from the date of the inauguration of the no-license policy, an accelerated increase in the valuation, it is not unfair to attribute to the new policy so much of this increase as is in excess of the old rate. Prior to the taking effect of no-license, in the six years from 1881 to 1887, the valuation of Cambridge increased from $51,093,000 to $59,703,000, a gain of $8,610,000 in six years. During the next six years, under no-license, the valuation rose from $59,703,000 to $76,282,000, a gain of $16,578,000, or almost exactly twice the rate of gain in the license period. This accelerated rate of gain enables the city to raise each year by taxation $130,000 more than it could have raised if only the old rate of increase had continued. These figures explain why it is that the so-called financial argument in favor of license is so rarely heard in Cambridge. The financial argument there is wholly on the other side. It has been demonstrated that the increased wealth drawn to the city as an incident of the expulsion of the saloons yields annually in taxation more money than the city could realize from license fees.

If the test of the growth of population and the construction of new houses is applied, the result justifies the conclusion that a no-license city is a better place to live in than a license city, and that people find it out and move in. During the five years from 1880 to 1885 the population of Cambridge increased from 52,669 to 59,638, a gain of thirteen per cent, or two and six tenths per cent per annum. During the next eight years, six of them under no-license, the population in-

creased from 59,638 to 82,310, a gain of thirty-eight per cent, or four and seventy-five hundredths per cent per year, or almost twice as fast as in the license period. From 1880 to 1885 there were seven hundred and seventy-five new houses built, an average of one hundred and ninety-three each year. In 1894, under no-license, in spite of the hard times, there were four hundred and ninety-four new houses built, or about two and one half times as many as during the license period. This is a fact of large economic significance. Each new house means more work for carpenters, masons, bricklayers, paper-hangers, plumbers and other mechanics in the building trades; as soon as occupied it means more customers for the butchers, grocers, bakers, boot and shoe dealers, and all the local tradesmen; and it means also more taxable property to add to the city revenue. These considerations are emphasized by the fact that a considerable number of the newly erected dwellings are large apartment houses, each holding eight or ten or twelve families.

The returns of the savings banks supply another test of the prosperity of the city under existing conditions. It is a particularly searching test, if applied with reference to 1894, for that was a year when many wage-earners, being out of employment, were not only unable to add to the money laid by for possible emergencies, but were compelled to draw upon it. If the deposits remained about stationary during that year of panic and privation, it would be all that could be reasonably expected. But there was actually a net increase in the deposits in Cambridge savings banks in the year ending October 31, 1894, amounting to $329,915.47; and the total deposits on that date aggregated $9,358,000.94, the largest total in the history of the city. The deposits were larger in 1894 by more than $600,000 than they were in 1886, the last year of license. In East Cambridge, the chief manufacturing section of the city, the deposits were four times as large in 1894 as in 1882 under license.

To this statistical evidence of the prosperity of the people of Cambridge there may be added a large amount of personal testimony from observers who are in a good position to know the facts. Thirty-three of the leading physicians have signed the following statement: "The undersigned, physicians practising in the city of Cambridge, bear testimony from our observation to the improved condition of the city since the saloons have been closed. The streets are more quiet and freer from intoxicated persons; and so far as our practice leads us to those quarters of the city where the saloons did the most harm, we find much less evidence of the abuse of liquor, and an improved moral tone." Seventy-one large employers of labor, manufacturers and others, make this declaration: "The undersigned, employers of labor in the city of Cambridge, bear testimony to the increased efficiency, regularity and promptness of employees since the closing of the open saloons in Cambridge."

Testimony from Catholic priests, whose pastoral work carries them among the homes of the poor, is of value at this point. In a published letter the Rev. Thomas Scully, pastor of St. Mary's Annunciation Church in Cambridgeport, and for many years one of the most zealous advocates of no-license, presented a comparative statement showing that the South Boston Catholic parishes spend annually for the support of the poor nearly three times as much as is spent by the Cambridge parishes. He added this bit of personal testimony: —

> "The sick-call register of my parish tells the important fact that the sick-list has decreased more than one half since the introduction of the no-license system. In this connection it is very noticeable that now the sick have far better chances of recovery than before, by reason of the absence from the sick-room of a discordant crowd of boozy, stupid women of the 'can-racket' class, wonderfully devoted to sipping, sitting and sleeping. 'Can-racket' nights were especially uncomfortable for the priests. The night sick calls were frequent, and generally in tune with the disorder, improvidence, intemperance and domestic slovenliness. There is nothing like that now. Rum has gone, and these miseries with it. Seldom are we now called out of our beds, and when we are, it is always proper and necessary, making hard duty a real pleasure."

In a similar tone, the Rev. John Flatley, pastor of St. Peter's Church in North Cambridge, wrote: —

"The benefits of no-license are perceptible. There is less drinking and more thrift and self-respect. I cannot but emphasize the blessing of closed bar-rooms. Let them forever remain suppressed. I will vote, as I have always voted, for no-license, and from what I know of the sentiment of my people they will do the same."

The testimony of the Rev. John O'Brien, pastor of the Church of the Sacred Heart in East Cambridge, is of peculiar value, in the first place because his great parish is in the section of the city where the largest industries are located, and in the second place because, although concerned in the moral aspects of the temperance question, and thoroughly alive to the public welfare, it is only of recent years and in consequence of the demonstrated success of the experiment that he has become a warm advocate of no-license. Last December Father O'Brien wrote: —

"I would say that no-license has been a great success in Cambridge. It removes temptation from the path of the young; it saves our innocent children from the demoralizing and often shameful scenes of the open bar-room. Profoundly conscious of my responsibility to God for the advice I offer in this matter, with a firm conviction that the interests of religion, morality and good citizenship are involved, I say to all who may hear my voice, 'Vote no-license.'"

The Chief of Police and each of the three police captains have given public testimony to the improved condition of the streets and the diminution in drunkenness and violence which have resulted from the closing of the saloons; and heads of grammar schools, the principals of the high and Latin schools, and the superintendent of schools agree in saying that under no-license not only has the number of children in the schools largely increased because fewer boys and girls have been withdrawn to eke out the family support, but the children who come from the poorer quarters of the city are more comfortably clothed and obviously better cared for.

Comparing the statistics of Cambridge manufactures in the censuses of 1880, 1885 and 1890, we get valuable corroborative evidence. From 1880 to 1885 the city was under license; for three fifths of the time from 1885 to 1890 the city was under no-license. During the first period the number of persons employed in Cambridge industries increased twenty-six per cent; during the second period it increased forty-eight per cent. During the first period the average yearly wages per employee fell from $453 to $427; while during the second period they rose to $544. These figures are of course not conclusive, because other causes have been at work, and the fact moreover that the intermediate census was a state census, while the others were national, makes exact comparison impossible; but the drift of the comparison is significant, in connection with the cumulative evidence of the data already cited.

What has been the effect of no-license upon local trade? That is a fair question and an important one. It was freely predicted at the beginning that Cambridge tradesmen would suffer by reason of the closing of the saloons. It was argued that many persons would go to Boston for liquor, and while there would buy their family supplies. The assertion seemed plausible, and the matter was regarded with misgivings by some who were ready to try the experiment. Last December there was a good deal of a stir over the announcement that a business men's movement against no-license was being organized. The reports were never very clear as to where the meetings were held or who attended them; but soon a letter written by the promoters of the movement to Boston brewers appealing for funds fell into the hands of the editors of *The Frozen Truth* and was printed in *fac-simile* in that paper. It disclosed the fact that a local politician of dubious affiliations and two men who were in no way identified with business interests were behind the enterprise. When their exertions materialized in a poster denouncing no-license, that appeal was followed by fifty signatures. Of these signers the names of only eighteen could be found in the Cambridge directory, the others being purely fictitious; and of those discoverable in the directory only a few could fairly be described as business men. On the other hand, two hundred and sixty-six business men in all parts of the city, including practically all the representative men in the various depart-

ients of trade and industry, signed this tatement: "The undersigned, business ien of Cambridge, believe that the no-cense policy has promoted the material nterests of the city, and we hope for its ontinuance."

Another point which remains to be con-dered is the record of arrests for drunk-nness. Cambridge is separated from oston by only the length of a bridge. his proximity operates, to a certain egree, as a safety valve. It is hardly to e denied that the problem of voting nd enforcing no-license is simpler in ambridge than it would be in a city of qual size in which all the forces of law-ssness and ruffianism were pent up ithout vent save by explosion. This is omething which must in candor be con-dered in estimating results in Cam-ridge. But this influence works in both irections. If Cambridge citizens fre-uent Boston saloons and figure in the oston courts, there is a reciprocal move-ent. The figures of arrests for drunk-nness in Cambridge are swollen by Bos-n inebriates, who get upon the electric rs in their transit through Boston, and e taken in custody by Cambridge fficers when they become obnoxious. ut of one thousand eight hundred and teen arrests for drunkenness in Cam-ridge in 1894, not less than seven hun-ed and thirty-three were of non-resi-nts. The advocates of no-license in ambridge never have attached much im-rtance to the record of arrests for unkenness. It has been assumed that e difficulty of going to Boston for quor would not be sufficient to deter nfirmed inebriates, who are the men ho chiefly figure in the court records. he aim in view has been to keep the mptation of the open saloon out of the ay of the young, of workingmen, and of en who were trying to reform. But en at this point, if the comparison is made between Cambridge under no-license and cities of approximately the same population under license, the former policy is vindicated. In 1891, for instance, Lowell and Worcester were under license, and Cambridge under no-license. In eleven months of that year there were eight hundred and thirty-two arrests for drunkenness in Cambridge. In five months there were one thousand six hundred and ninety-nine arrests for drunkenness in Worcester, or more than twice as many arrests in less than half the time. In Lowell, in five months of that year, there were two thousand one hundred and ninety-six arrests for this cause, or two and one half times as many arrests in less than half the time.

Incidentally, the effect of no-license upon the number of tramps is worth noticing. In 1886, the last year of license, there were one thousand and eighty-six tramps lodged in Cambridge station-houses. If the number had increased in the same ratio as the population, there should have been more than one thousand four hundred tramps enjoying the hospitality of the city in 1892. Instead of that, there were only one hundred and twenty-six, a change which seems to attest both the thirst and the sagacity of the professional pedestrian.

Mr. Gladstone once said that it is the chief province of government to make it as easy as possible for a man to do right and as hard as possible for a man to do wrong. That is what the no-license policy has done for Cambridge. It has not ushered in the millennium; it has not put an end to drunkenness; it has not abolished the liquor traffic altogether. But it has made the streets safer, quieter and cleaner; it has removed allurements from the young, and pitfalls from the path of the weak and tempted; and it is easier to do right and harder to do wrong by reason of it.

TITLES OF HONOR.

By William Everett.

SUCH is the name of a learned treatise by the most erudite, witty and pious John Selden, the arbiter of learning in his own day, the friend alike of Ben Jonson and John Hampden. "If it please any man, spiritual or temporal," as the advertisement of William Caxton, the printer, says, to peruse this tractate, he shall find it comprehended in nine hundred and seventy-five double-columned folio pages in the edition of Selden's books by the Rev. David Wilkins, — and will doubtless be satisfied.

But for those who have hardly the time for such light reading, there is still certain information, contained in moderate compass, that should not be refused if offered. No child of New England can extend his reading or his observation to the history of Old England without encountering titles and titled personages. Suppose he reads only the history of the Separation — from the Stamp Act to the treaty of peace, — what Englishmen will he inevitably meet? King George III, the Earl of Chatham, Lord North, the Marquis of Rockingham, Viscount Weymouth, Sir William Howe, Lord George Germaine, the Duke of Richmond, Sir Henry Clinton, the Hon. Henry Conway, the Right Hon. Edmund Burke. What do these titles mean? What is their relative rank? If he is told that the secretary of war during the Revolution was called first, Lord George Sackville, then Lord George Germaine, and then Viscount Sackville, what is he to suppose these changes indicated? He finds Sir William Howe commanding on land, at a time when his brother, called sometimes Lord and sometimes Viscount Howe, commanded at sea. Why should two brothers be called so differently? If he encounters the names of the wives and daughters of these notables, he will be still more puzzled. The wife of Mr. William Pitt, was Lady Hester Pitt, and then Baroness Chatham; her husband somehow became Earl of Chatham; she continued to be Lady Chatham, yet no longer Baroness, but Countess. The interesting diarist of Burgoyne's campaign was Lady Harriet Ackland; then her husband was Lord Ackland. No, indeed, in that case she would have been Lady Ackland; but she was Lady Harriet Ackland, quite a different thing, I assure you!

Now, it is open to any good Republican, Democrat or Populist to say all such things are nonsense in the nineteenth century, and will perish in the twentieth; but if the twentieth century is to reap down all titles, it will find a goodly crop of knights and dames in the United States. Or we may confess the truth of Mr. Winslow's good-natured satire in the June number of this magazine, directed at Americans who wish to hitch on to the tail of the caravan of royalty and nobility. But there these titles historically are; and there, as I have said, they will confront us on the pages of English

tory, which from 1607 to 1783 is nerican History; and though it may very ridiculous to employ them at all, is doubly ridiculous to employ them ongly.

The following pages are written neither the exaltation nor the depreciation of glish titles of honor, but solely to set m forth, in the hope to save Americans o will talk about them from blunder- when they do talk. It must have armed Lady Henry Somerset to be lcomed here as she was; it must have t a shudder through her every time she s called "Lady Somerset"; and the re so because in England she undoubt- y gets called so by the very lower ddle classes," who would give their lit- finger to talk to her, yet when they the chance are sure to murder her e.

For it must not be pretended that the tem is simple or easy or philosophical, is the growth of the eight centuries d more of tradition, rudely cast and ast from time to time, by violent acts interpretation and legislation. Now t the very House of Lords itself is on l, and its existence is threatened, dents are beginning to discover that u can hardly write two pages about s venerable part of the English Polity hout falling into doubts and contro- sies. The questions of the power of ngress and the States under our Con- tution are nothing to the endless dis- tes about Barons by Tenure, the great uncil, Writs of Summons, and other ments which enter into the very life the House of Lords.

But practically, there exists in England listinct body of men and women col- tively called the Nobility or the Peer- e, and forming the first of the three es- es of the king's realm of England, which ee estates are the Lords, the Clergy, d the Commons. In a more strict sense, e Nobility, Peerage or Lords is com- sed only of the members of the Upper ouse of Parliament. These are ranked in e degrees, Dukes, Marquises, Earls, Vis- unts and Barons. All except the kes are in general parlance spoken of Lords — thus the Marquis of Queens- rry will generally be called Lord Queens- berry; Viscount Cross, Lord Cross; — and the word Baron is scarcely ever heard as an English title. The active partner of the Rothschilds, having a title from the Emperor of Austria, which has descended to his son, was known as Baron Roths- child. But the latter has received an English barony, in virtue of which he is always known as Lord Rothschild, never Baron.

The wives of these peers are called Duchess, Marchioness, Countess (the old English Earl, and Norman, or rather Ro- man, Count having held like jurisdiction) Viscountess and Baroness; but to all below the highest rank, the title of Lady is more usually given, and always with a Baroness.

These noble persons sign only by their title, "Argyll," "Rosebery" etc; the ladies prefixing the Christian name, as Rosalind Carlisle. There are cases, however, of ladies who are Peeresses *in their own right.* Baroness Kinloss, the daughter of the Duke of Buckingham, having inherited one of her father's lesser titles, would sign simply "Kinloss." A peer who is above the rank of a Baron al- most always holds one or more inferior titles, sometimes conferred with the higher, sometimes at an earlier date, or coming from an ancestor. The great Duke of Marlborough was made at the same time Marquis of Blandford; his daughter's son inherited the Earldom of Sunderland from his father.

When Scotland and Ireland had Parlia- ments of their own, they had their own peers of the five ranks; and though their Parliaments have been merged in the "Imperial" Parliament of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, the Scotch and Irish titles still exist. Many Scotch and Irish noblemen also hold English titles, which give them seats in the House of Lords; of the rest, a certain number sit as representative peers by election, — and an Irish noble- man may represent an English constitu- ency in the House of Commons. The most distinguished instance of this right was the late Viscount Palmerston, whose father had sat in the Irish House of Lords, whereas he himself represented various English constituencies.

The titles of Lord and Lady, given to the above named peers and peeresses, are of right, as those of Duke and Duchess, Earl and Countess, and the rest. But the same titles are given in many cases to members of their families, — but entirely from considerations of usage and courtesy. The peerage of England is a nobility, not a *noblesse*; an order, not a caste. The sons and daughters of a peer are in law only commoners: if in practice they are a little more, the distinction begins to disappear in the next generation, and is absolutely wiped out in the third. The continental principle, by which all the descendants of the original counts are counts and belong to the caste of nobility, does not exist.

Among the actual sons and daughters of a peer, however, there is a little outward sign of nobility preserved in language, as well as in general social consideration. The eldest son of a Duke, Marquis or Earl, receives his father's second title, by courtesy; the eldest son of the Duke of Argyll is Marquis of Lorne; of Earl Stanhope, Viscount Mahon. This is not so hard to remember: but it is when we come to the younger sons and daughters, that foreigners, and many natives, are sadly puzzled to get the names right.

The younger sons of a Duke or Marquis receive the title of Lord before their own Christian and family name. The younger son of the Duke of Beaufort will be Lord Henry Somerset; of the Marquis of Dufferin, Lord Terence Blackwood. The Christian name must be inserted. To speak of Lord Randolph Churchill, a younger son of the Duke of Marlborough, as Lord Churchill, which many Americans did, was to confound him with his distant cousin, who was Baron Churchill, an actual peer of Parliament. The wife of such a courtesy Lord will be Lady Henry Somerset, Lady William Beresford, etc.

The younger sons of an earl and all the sons of the two lower grades of the peerage have the prefix Honorable. The younger son of the Earl of Orford will be the Honorable Mr. Walpole; a younger son of Viscount Gough will be the Honorable Mr. Gough. The title Honorable does not belong to a member of Parliament. When public assemblies in America have voted thanks to the "Hon William E. Gladstone," they made him the son of a peer not of the highest rank.

The daughters of a Duke, Marquis or Earl have the prefix Lady with the Christian and family name. The daughter of a Marquis of Bristol is Lady Mary Hervey. The Christian name must be inserted. The daughters of viscounts and barons have the prefix Honorable. But whereas Lord and Lady must be used in speech as well as in writing, the use of Honorable is confined to writing exclusively, unless in the most formal addresses.

It will be noticed, therefore, that to get these honors correctly one must be familiar with the family names as well as the titles. These are sometimes the same, as when Lord John Russell, a younger son of the Duke of Bedford, was made an earl, he took the title of Earl Russell. Such practice is not uncommon in the lower ranks, but exceedingly rare in the higher.

But the use of titles of honor is by no means confined to the hereditary nobility. There are several orders of knighthood, which is a strictly personal distinction. Every knight is entitled to prefix "Sir" to his Christian and surname, — as Sir Henry Irving. This has proved a terrible stumbling block to continental writers, who are used to such titles of knighthood as "Ritter Glück," "Cavalière Rosa," and cannot understand that "Sir Napier" without the William is utterly ridiculous. It is not, however, much more absurd than our benevolent and social orders calling their members in the third person plural, "The Sir Knights." You might say Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert, speaking either of or to him, and if you did not know his name, address him as "Sir Knight;" but "Sir" is personal and singular always, and with "knight" is always in the vocative case.

The wife of a knight is called Lady, with her husband's surname. Hence it is said ladies covet knighthood for their husbands much more than the husbands themselves, for it gives them the same titular designation as any peeress short of a duchess. The wife of Earl Russell and

f Sir Charles Russell would each be called Lady Russell.

Knighthood is strictly personal, and ies with the knight. This is its charac- er for a thousand years. But King James ., being short of money, invented and old a new rank of hereditary knighthood. The members of this order are called Baronets. They and their wives are esignated exactly as knights: Sir Robert Peel and Lady Peel; but the title de- cends to the eldest son. A baronet, owever, is not a nobleman, and has no eat in the House of Lords. It is said nat a very worthy civil servant had been n the Foreign Office quite as long as any overnment wanted him, and it was pro- osed to remove him gently, sugaring the ill with a title. Accordingly a telegram as written: "I purpose to recommend ou for the rank of baronet." The oper- tor saw fit to drop the last two letters; ne addressee immediately wrote accept- ng the rank of "baron," and the prime inister found himself most unintention- lly committed to the recommendation f a new peer.

Báronet, by the way, is accented like áyonet, and also like Júliet, which so any people, in direct defiance of Shakes- eare's rhythm, will call Juliét.

There are other classes of persons, not elonging to the hereditary nobility, who re called Lords, and entitled to be ldressed as "My Lord," or "Your ordship." The Bishops of the Church f England are peers of Parliament in rder of Seniority, and entitled to all nk and title accordingly. But their ives are plain Mrs., Queen Elizabeth aving positively refused to give full cognition to a married clergy. A ishop signs with his initial and the tle of his diocese, sometimes in a Latin bbreviation. To recognize "W. Ebor"; s meaning Dr. William Thomson, Arch- shop of York, was not easy.

The judges are called "My Lord" nd "Your Lordship," when holding ourt, except the Master of the Rolls, ho is "His Honor;" but they retain eir own names, as Justice Day. Most f them have been knighted; but this ct scarcely ever appears. The judges of ne Highest Court of Scotland on their elevation assume the title of Lord, pre- fixed sometimes to their own name, and sometimes to that of their estate. But their signature remains unchanged. Cer- tain commissioners are called Lords of the Treasury, of the Admiralty, etc., but their individual designations remain the same.

I have said that the "Honorable" does not mean a member of Parliament. The prefix "Right Honorable" is con- sidered to belong to all earls, viscounts, and barons, and is the special designation of such persons, of any rank, as are mem- bers of the Privy Council. As each new ministry generally confers this rank on some of its prominent supporters in Par- liament, those members whom the public are likely to hear most about, Bright, Gladstone, Balfour, etc., are constantly known as the "Right Honorable;" but it designates them as privy councillors, not as members of Parliament. In par- liamentary debates it is courtesy to allude to one another as the "Honorable Mem- ber for Oxford, etc." Any member who is an officer of the army or navy is spoken of as the "honorable and gallant member;" any barrister-at-law, as the "honorable and learned member."

I have said that these fine distinctions and delicacies in the use of titles are constantly lost by persons who are not themselves in the full current of social intercourse with noble families. It may be added that the words "My Lord," or "My Lady," "Your Lordship," and "Your Ladyship" — in the case of a duke or duchess, "His Grace," "Your Grace" — constantly interlarded in con- versation, are considered extremely ple- beian. Good society in England makes very little use of the vocative case of names and titles; it is necessary to know exactly the rank and title of your ac- quaintances, but not to remind them of it. In the same way, it is not usual in addressing the sovereign to say "Your Majesty." "Sir" and "Madam" are the appropriate addresses for royalty, the use of "Sir" having otherwise entirely passed away among well-bred men and women. It may be well here to recall to my dear countrymen that *Madam* is an excellent old English word, so spelt as

far back as Ben Jonson. To speak of the king's daughter as "Princess" is a custom that came in with the house of Hanover. "The Lady Mary," "the Lady Elizabeth," was the ancient English address.

Now if any one, in America or out of it, calls this system of titles artificial and conventional, I should not for a moment dispute him; if he go further and say all titles are absurd in themselves and undemocratic, I can only say that democracies are found exceedingly eager to adopt them. It may be very silly to have Dukes who never led an army and Knights who never mounted a horse; but at least the titles claim to be only titles, and are what they claim to be. In the United States we have Colonels, Judges, and Doctors, with absolutely no right to the title except the flattering good nature of their neighbors, side by side with those who have won the same titles by actual service in war or peace.

And there the system is. It has grown up for at least eight centuries, and become crystallized in the last two. It is involved deeply with the whole history of England; it touches, as I have shown, on our history at a hundred points. It is impossible to avoid dealing with it at times; it can be learned, and to say we will not learn it because it is absurd is in itself no less an absurdity.

And almost every one of these titles reveals some historic secret. That a certain lady was created Countess Temple; that her daughter was called Lady Hester Grenville; that on marrying Mr. William Pitt, she became Lady Hester Pitt; and that on his retirement from office, she was made Baroness Chatham in her own right, while he remained in the House of Commons; that when he returned to office he was made Earl of Chatham; that thereby his eldest son became Viscount Pitt, and his younger, the Honorable William Pitt — all these changes of name and title, rightly studied, will throw infinite light on the career of one of the most fascinating and perplexing of English statesmen and of the friends of America. And this is only one instance out of a hundred. The careers of Buckingham, Strafford, Clarendon, Vane, Shaftesbury, Russell, Sidney, Marlborough, Walpole, Hardwicke, Mansfield, Camden, North, Erskine, Eldon, Wellington, Byron, Peel, Palmerston, to say nothing of such as have lived within the last thirty years, have their whole meaning changed to an American student of history, if he has learned to master the intricacies of titles of honor. When an acute and painstaking historian of Massachusetts calls Henry Vane, not then Sir Henry, "a young nobleman," which he never was, from his cradle to his scaffold; when a Boston newspaper alludes to Sir Henry Irving and Sir Walter Besant, recently knighted, as the "new baronets," and speaks of the latter as made a peer, one recalls the old criticism of President Messer of Brown to ambitious young writers: "Mr. ———, are you quite sure you know what you are talking about?" I heard within a few days, a learned exposition of how a certain American family was descended from the Lords Donne (I intentionally alter the name,) when there never were any Lords of that name in the whole peerage of the three kingdoms.

The study of genealogy is increasing among us. It is fascinating in the pursuit, and honorable and useful in the results. The first days of it among us were disfigured by all sorts of pseudo-pedigrees, descents and affiliations supposed in ignorance or even defiance of all records. Happily we are outgrowing that period, and few persons wish to see foisted into their lineage a noble or royal name that does not belong there. Some such introductions have no doubt been fraudulent. But a good many of them have been simply the result of ignorance, the people who talked loosely of "noblemen," "baronets," "knights," "sir this," or "lady that," having never learned rules as easy to be acquired as the ranks of the army and navy. The first thing in genealogy is accuracy; and it is to assist my countrymen in being accurate that I have re-stated here what many of them of course know perfectly well, but I fear many here do not know, and are in danger of showing their ignorance by blunders they would rather avoid.

THE NEW NORTH-EAST.

by

Winfield M. Thompson.



THE man who goes into the New North-east for even a short stay comes back an enthusiast though he goes a cynic. His blood quickens the moment he leaves Bangor, and by the time Katahdin looms into his vision across South Twin Lake he forgets himself in his contemplation of the incomparable picture of lake, forest and mountain. He begins to chat with the conductor and the porter, and even goes into the vestibule for a few moments' talk with the brakeman about the best places for fishing and shooting. He is informed that from the little station at which the train is slowing up as he talks — Norcross, near the famous North Twin Dam — four hundred deer, six moose and seven caribou were shipped for sportsmen in the shooting season of 1894. He revolves these figures in his mind as the train plunges on through the woods in the gloaming, and smokes in ecstatic reverie until the train arrives at Houlton and he finds himself in the famous farming section of the Aroostook. If he cares to go further, he may ride sixty miles north to Caribou, but he can proceed at leisure if he desires, and he probably decides to stop off and see the country.

Beginning at Houlton one may journey north one hundred and fifteen miles by rail and road, through an almost unbroken belt of splendid farms to Fort Kent, the most northern town in New England. The way lies for the most part through border townships in the fruitful valley of the St. John River. Practically all of Aroostook County's famous farms lie within twenty-five miles of the New Brunswick border, and the fences of many mark the line. The streams all run northeast, and give their waters to the tributaries of the St. John, which join that river a few miles east of the border.

The first impressions of the traveller are most pleasing. There is an open-handed cordiality on the part of the people which wins the stranger at once. They are warm-hearted, hard-working Yankees, without axes to grind, and their greeting is free from guile. They are not "promoting" town sites or starting mortgage loan companies. Chances for investment are to be found in the county in abundance, splendid opportunities for making fortunes in manufacturing, and if capitalists are inclined to come and secure them, the thrifty Aroostook people are certainly ready to meet them half way. The spirit of the pioneer still lives, for the region is yet new, and it is safe to say there are more workers and fewer financiers in Aroostook than in any other newly settled section in the United States.



Most people locate Aroostook vaguely as "down in the Maine woods." To be exact, Aroostook County lies between the forty-fifth and forty-eighth parallels of latitude, not so far north as Belgium and Holland. It is as large as the state of Massachusetts, leaving out Cape Cod, its area being six thousand eight hundred square miles, and that of Massachusetts seven thousand two hundred miles. It is larger than Connecticut and Rhode Island combined. It is one hundred and twenty miles in extreme length and one hundred and five miles wide in its widest part. It contains four million three hundred and fifty-two thousand acres of land, of which three hundred and twenty-five thousand acres, or only about one thirteenth, have been improved. This leaves more than four million acres of unsettled land in the county, or enough to give a homestead plot of about six acres to every person in the state of Maine. The most of this wild land is as well adapted to cultivation as that already settled, and the yielding capacity of the poorest of it, susceptible of cultivation at all, is equal in value of crops to that of the best prairie land in the West. In addition to its vast agricultural resources, Aroostook is immensely rich in lumber, the most of its four million acres of wild land being covered with a heavy growth of spruce, pine, hemlock, cedar and various hard woods, yellow birch, which is a beautiful wood, being especially abundant. The streams of the county afford unlimited water power, which is as yet practically undeveloped, the public attention being absorbed by agriculture.

In Aroostook one instinctively falls into the habit of figuring on the size of crops until he almost finds himself computing the yield of potatoes per acre in his sleep. The potato is the sign and symbol of Aroostook's life and prosperity. It is the staple product of the county, has made the farmers rich, and promises to make the six thousand eight hundred square miles of northern Maine one of the most notable agricultural sections in the United States.



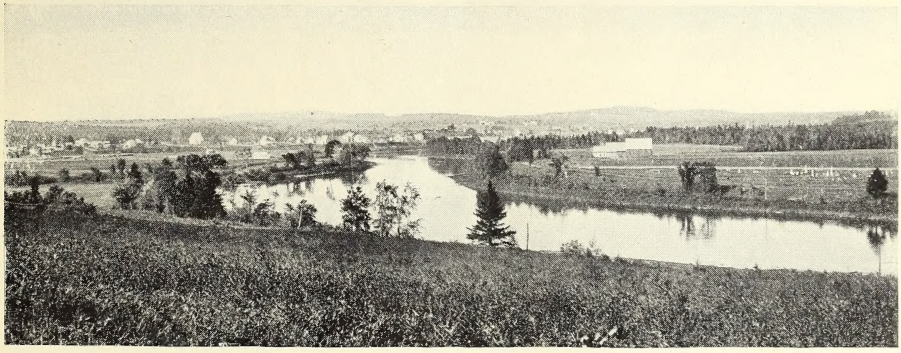
A TYPICAL AROOSTOOK POTATO FIELD.

It has been urged against this far northeastern territory that the winters are so long and cold that the soil is capable of raising nothing but potatoes. Statistics show, however, that from thirty to thirty-five bushels of wheat or sixty bushels of oats to the acre can be raised in Aroostook on the same land now given over to potatoes. Kansas raises but 13.1 bushels of wheat to the acre, as shown by agricultural reports. In sixteen years the yield has decreased from 17.2 bushels to the figure quoted. Aroostook



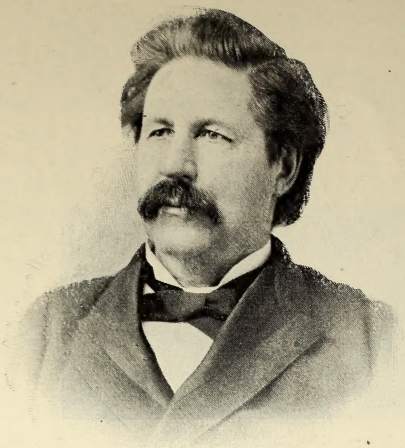
THE GRAIN HARVEST.

land will yield two hundred and fifty bushels of potatoes to the acre. With wheat at forty cents a bushel and potatoes at the same figure, the Kansas farmer gets $5.24 an acre for his crop, while the Aroostook farmer gets $100 an acre for his. The Aroostook farmer raises potatoes instead of wheat, because he cannot afford to waste his time on grain when his land will produce potatoes in such enormous quantities. In Aroostook at least two hundred bushels of potatoes can be looked for to the acre, and often crops run more than three hundred bushels. In some instances more than raised seven hundred and thirty-eight bushels of potatoes on one acre, taking two prizes, one of $500 and one of $600. Fred S. Wiggin and Delano Moore of Presque Isle raised five hundred and thirty-seven and five hundred and twenty-three bushels per acre respectively in the same year. In 1890 Philo Reed in Fort Fairfield raised seven hundred and forty-three bushels and twenty-five pounds on a single acre. The crop of the county last year was about eight million bushels, worth to the farmers about $3,500,000. If the farmer does not want to till his land, he raises hay, two tons to the acre,



THE VALLEY OF THE AROOSTOOK, NEAR NEW BRUNSWICK.

seven hundred bushels have been raised on a single acre, and a yield of five hundred bushels is by no means rare. In 1889 Charles B. Coy of Presque Isle of a quality that brings $2 a ton more in the market than other hay, and in this way he realizes at least $30 an acre from his land. With industry and mod-



HON. LLEWELLYN POWERS.

erate sagacity he can lay aside money even in the poorest years, and that is the reason why the visitor finds him contented.

In keeping with his prosperity, the Aroostook farmer stints himself in nothing that will facilitate his work. He buys the most modern machinery for planting and harvesting, and all the tools used about the place are the best. The stranger from many another section of New England finds pleasure in watching the operation of a machine that makes a furrow, drops fertilizer and a certain amount of seed at given intervals, and covers them all, as a pair of horses walk along, or a machine that hoes a whole row of potatoes in five minutes, or another that digs them at harvest time with equal facility. In his household the farmer is also liberal; his home is always comfortably and often luxuriously furnished; the piano is there, and everything necessary to give his children comfort and education. The bicycle flourishes; and the head of the house indulges his love for horseflesh by the ownership of well-bred driving and work horses. He pays cash for what he buys, he belongs to a grange, he takes the papers, and is up to date.

So much for the farmer. What does the county offer the settler? It offers him quicker and greater returns for his labor, I think, than any other section in the country. Unfortunately for the settler and for the northern section as well, the public lands of Maine have all been given away or sold. Wild land may be had at low figures, however. In Aroostook County land may be bought near the towns from three to five miles out, and in some places along the railroad for from $3 to $5 an acre. It lies just as the woodsman who stripped it of its heavy timber left it when he shouldered his axe and walked out. A good name



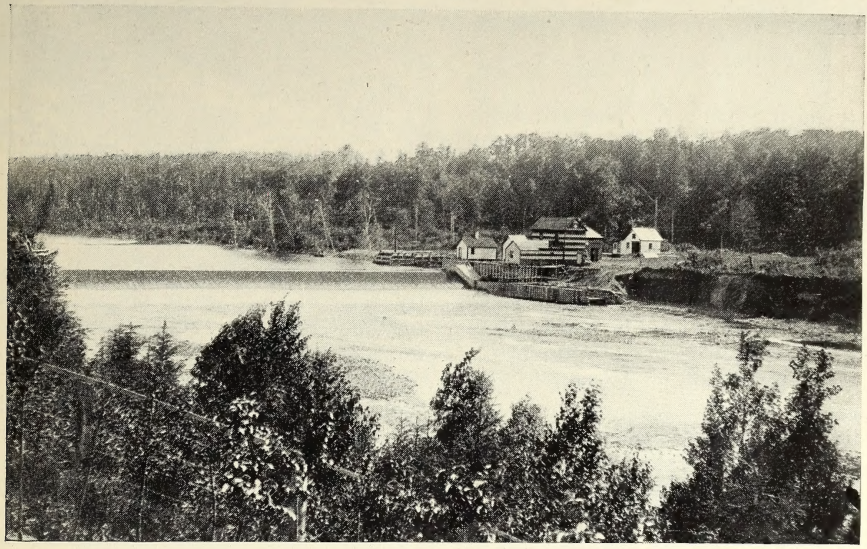
A NORTH AROOSTOOK SCENE.

POTATO FARM, SAW MILL AND STARCH FACTORY ON ONE ESTATE.

and an axe are about all a smart man needs to make his way on this wild land. A few hundred dollars will certainly help him, but he need not give up so long as he has simply health and backbone. Land-owners are willing to sell to settlers with twenty-five per cent of the price paid down, and wait for the crops to pay the balance. It costs $10 an acre to clear the land, and ten acres may be cleared and planted with potatoes the first year. The wood on the land, sold for lumber, spools and last blocks, will often pay the purchase price. In four years the settler, by industry and thrift, can pay for a good farm and buildings, and become comfortably established. Aroostook is still such a new country that the poor settler may live in a log house within five miles of a village, and nobody will think it strange. The most of his more prosperous neighbors started that way.

We dwell on these particulars because we believe many in New England will be interested to know that right here among us is a new, rich, undeveloped country as promising as any in the great West.

Suppose the crops were to fail the first year! some anxious intending settler might exclaim. The crops in Aroostook do not fail. Drought does not affect them owing to the nature of the soil. The chief cause of diminution in the yield is rust, caused by hot, moist weather in August, but this is seldom serious enough to destroy a crop. The soil of Aroostook County is a rich vegetable loam, free from stones, which lies from two to three feet deep over a stratum of calcareous limestone and slate. This formation lies on edge, so to speak, and is full of fissures which absorb the moisture in wet weather, and give it up again when the ground becomes dry and heated by the sun. As the rock formation contains a great quantity of lime, the land of Aroostook never "runs out." Fertilizers are freely used, however. In its general characteristics the soil is the same as that in the famous Genesee and Shenandoah valleys.



WATER WORKS AND ELECTRIC LIGHT PLANT, CARIBOU.

The surface of Aroostook County rolls gently in beautiful dome-shaped hills, which give a pleasing diversity to the scenery, and afford warm, productive slopes. The highest elevation is Mars Hill, eighteen hundred feet high, about midway up the border range of townships.

All the farms of Aroostook are marked at intervals with elm trees standing alone or in groups, which add much to the



ON THE CARIBOU TOWN FARM.

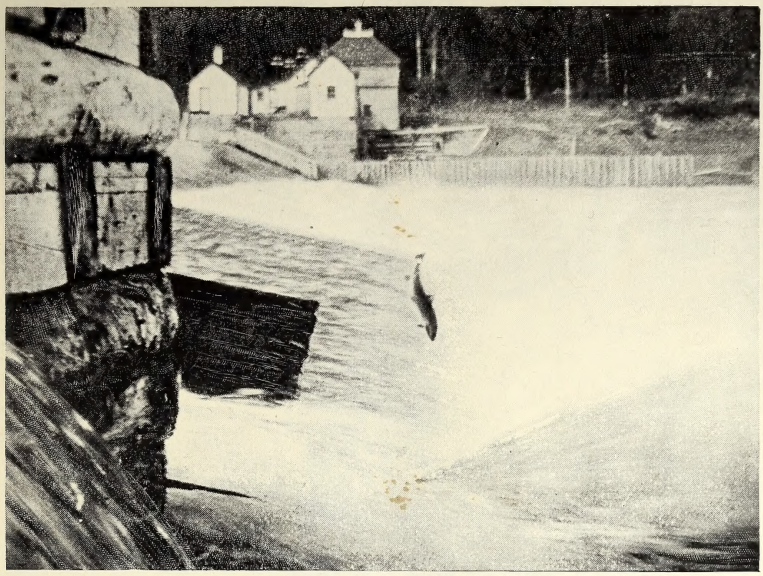
beauty of the scenery. The elm is the distinctive tree of the settled portions of Aroostook, and seems to attain a greater height there than in other parts of the state. Its beautiful slim trunk and graceful branches are seen in chaste and exquisite outlines all the way from Wytopitlock to Madawaska. It is with a sense of delight that one looks out on a bright summer morning over a stretch of undulating Aroostook farm land, marked off in great squares by straight fences, the neat farm buildings telling of peace and plenty, the hardy green of the potato fields giving a softer color to the grass, the slim branches of the elms waving gently in the breeze, and soft clouds floating lazily out of the north, casting shadows over the country as they sail along.

One observes in the New Northeast three modes of life, distinct yet blending naturally, and without sharply drawn social lines. There is the life of the woods and streams, that of the farms, and that of the towns. Aroostook County has a quartet of large towns, Houlton, Presque Isle, Caribou and Fort Fairfield, which are as progressive as any in the East, and most attractive places to live in. Since the opening of the Bangor and Aroostook Railroad the growth of the towns has taken on new impetus, and the time is not far away when one, and perhaps two of them, will secure a city charter. Before the building of the new railroad these towns, with the country back of them, were obliged to look to the Canadian Pacific Railroad for transportation. The road operated from its New Brunswick division a branch to Houlton and another to Fort Fairfield, Presque Isle and Caribou. A roundabout route through New Brunswick was the best offered the Aroostook people who desired to go down the state; and all their potatoes, general produce and manufactured lumber had to be shipped in bond under manifest over this foreign road. Rates were high, owing to the absence of competition. It was therefore with manifestations of delight that the building of the new railroad was hailed.

Houlton, which is the county seat, is the sixth town in the border range, and is one hundred and forty miles from Bangor by the Bangor and Aroostook Railroad. The population of the town in 1890 was four thousand and fifteen. At the present time it is probably five thousand. Houlton was the principal military station in the "bloodless Aroostook war" over the boundary question, and the parade ground constructed there during the

trouble is still to be seen. By the treaty of 1783 our northeast border was not satisfactorily defined. New Brunswick laid claim to territory that lay in Maine, and for many years the few residents there were much disturbed by the indignities put upon them by marauders who cut off the timber, and the petty officials in the provincial towns. The lower half of what is now the town of Houlton was granted by the legislature of Massachusetts in 1799 to the trustees of New Salem Academy, Massachusetts, for the use of the academy. The north half of the present town was in a tract granted to

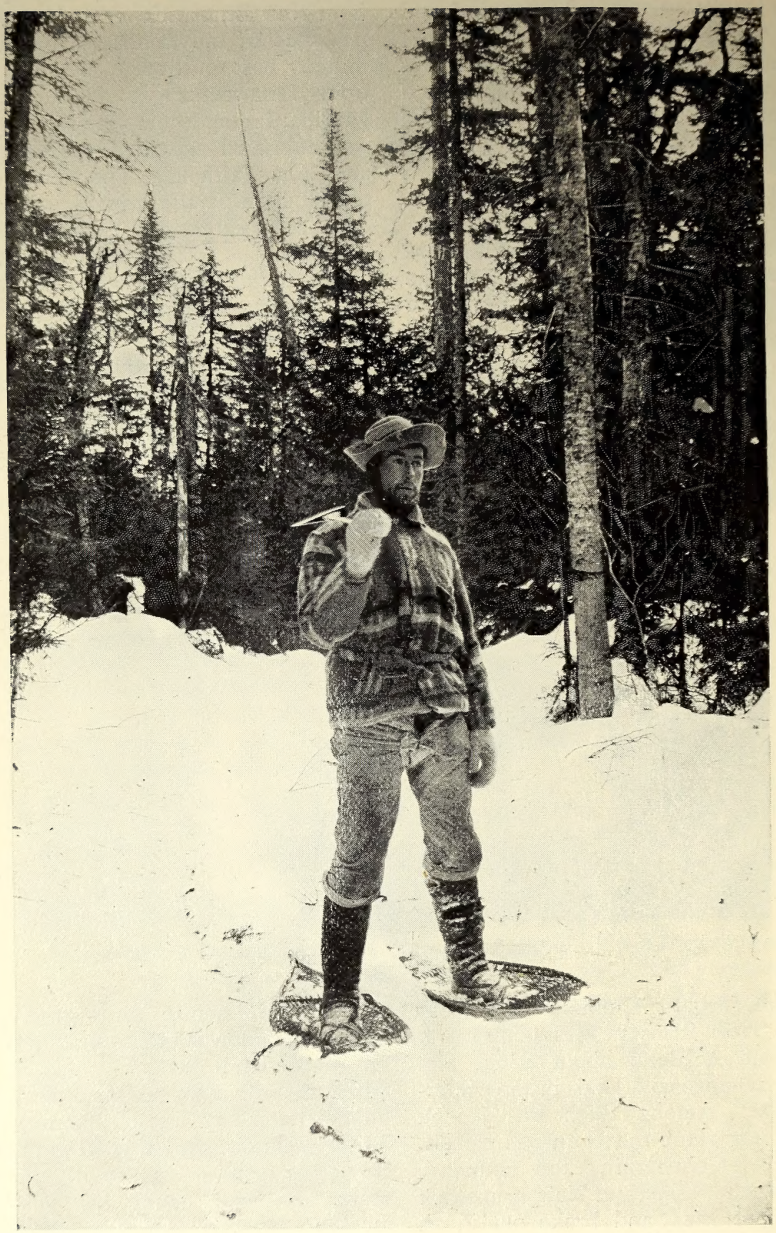
called Hancock Barracks, and was under the immediate command of Major N. S. Clarke. All marauding and pilfering from New Brunswick ceased on the appearance of the troops. Houlton was a military post until 1845. A military road from Mattawamkeag to Houlton was begun in 1829 and completed in 1832. It was afterward extended to Presque Isle and Fort Fairfield. The view from the old Houlton parade ground is locally unequalled in extent and beauty. The state has established here a meridian line, and all surveys of the state lands in Aroostook are based on this line.



SALMON JUMPING AT CARIBOU DAM.

Williams College. A number of persons gave up their farms in Massachusetts to New Salem Academy about 1804, and took in exchange wild lands in the wilderness grant. Among them was Joseph Houlton, for whom the town was named. The troubles concerning the boundary line between Maine and New Brunswick began about 1825, and broke out in an intensified manner in 1827. In 1828 Company C of the Second Regiment of United States Infantry was encamped on what is now known as Garrison Hill, Houlton. Three other companies afterward joined Company C. The camp was

The trade centre for a great lumber region, Houlton is the home of a number of timber-land owners. One at least, Hon. Llewellyn Powers, may be entitled to the latter-day title of "lumber king." Mr. Powers owns more good timber than any other man in Houlton, if not in the state. He can count his possessions by the township, and they aggregate no less than one hundred and ninety thousand acres. The holdings of himself and his brother, Hon. Frederick A. Powers, attorney-general of Maine, amount to a quarter of a million acres. Mr. Powers was born in a log house, is a self-made



A NORTH AROOSTOOK GUIDE.



A BATTEAU PARTY.

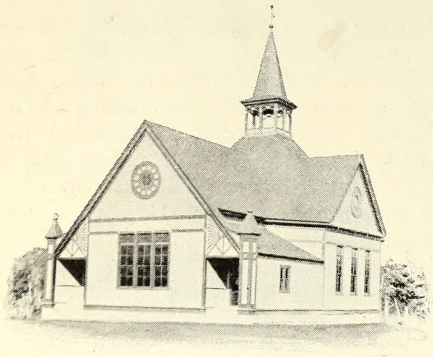
man, and his varied experience as collector of customs, county attorney, speaker of the Maine House of Representatives, and member of Congress, has given him a thorough political training, fitting him for any office which his countrymen may call upon him to accept.

Houlton was incorporated March 8, 1831. It is a handsome town, lying on the east bank of the Meduxnekeag stream, a tributary of the St. John River. Its streets are broad, lined with handsome elms, and bordered with well-kept lawns surrounding neat and in some instances pretentious residences. There are several small streams and lakes within the border of the town. Nickerson Lake, four miles from the village, is Houlton's summer resort, and several cottages are built there. The town has a fine system of water works, electric light plant, sewers, and ample telegraph and telephone facilities. It has two national banks, a savings bank and a loan and building association, handsome business blocks and a $75,000 government building containing custom-house and post office. There are several excellent school buildings, and the church-goers are well supplied with comfortable houses of worship, the Congregational, Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, Free Baptist, Episcopal, Unitarian and Catholic denominations having each erected a fine church. The leading educational institution in the county, the Ricker Classical Institute, is in Houlton. It was established in 1848 as Houlton Academy. In 1877 it was made a fitting-school for Colby University. In 1886 Mrs. Catherine Wording of Grand Forks, Dakota, donated $30,000 toward the erection of a new building in memory of her husband, William E. Wording. The new school was named in honor of Rev. Joseph Ricker, D. D., who raised the endowment fund to the sum of $40,000. The new building is of brick with freestone trimmings, and is a handsome structure. There is a dormitory four stories high, which has twenty rooms for students. Houlton has always been a trading centre. There are more than a hundred mercantile establishments in the town. There are a number of manufacturing industries, including a foundry and machine shop, lumber and shingle mills, planing and wood-working mills, a woollen mill, starch factories, corn and flour mills, brickyards, etc. The town has two good hotels, and a third one is being built.



ON THE AROOSTOOK.

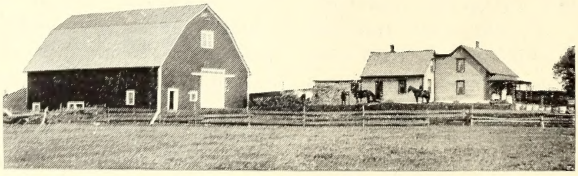
Presque Isle is pleasantly situated on Presque Isle stream, a mile and a half from the Aroostook River, which flows through the northern part of the township. The country around the village is a little more rolling than further south. The fertile farms and diversity of scenery delight the eye, while the Aroostook climate,



THE CHURCH AT NEW SWEDEN.

rare and invigorating, seems here at its best. Fogs and protracted periods of dampness are not known in Aroostook; the air is surprisingly clear and fresh, and summer or winter there is a uniformity of temperature not noticeable in other parts of New England. This steadiness in the temperature makes the winters delightful, though they are long and cold. Snow comes before the ground is frozen and stays until spring, affording good sleighing and a trackless highway through the woods and over the lakes and streams. As soon as the snow disappears in the spring, the farmers put in their seeds, and summer activity at once begins.

Presque Isle has been twice destroyed by fire since 1860, the last time in 1884. It has made headway in spite of adversity, however, and is now a prosperous and inviting village, with a population of four thousand. The town was settled in 1828. In 1860 its population was about seven hundred. In 1883 it was united with the town of Maysville, and in 1890 its population was about three thousand. The part of the town which retains the name of Maysville contains some of the finest farms in Aroostook. A few years ago, seven hundred and twenty-eight bushels of potatoes were raised on a single acre in this town. St. John's English and Classical School is located here, and the town has a fine high school in a new $21,000 building. It



BUILDINGS OF A SWEDISH IMMIGRANT WHO MADE HIS START IN 1870.

has six churches, a national bank, a trust company, admirable stores for an interior town, a good hotel, an electric light system, water works, and excellent water power, from which are operated saw and grist mills and starch factories. The town is a shipping point for thousands of barrels of potatoes and tons of starch. Mr. T. H. Phair, who is said to be the leading starch manufacturer in the world, resides in Presque Isle. He owns six starch factories in different parts of the county, as well as four lumber mills and several farms. He is also one of the leading shippers of potatoes in the county. Mr. Phair came to Aroostook when a lad, from the state of New York, and he worked himself upward from the humble place of boy in a general store.

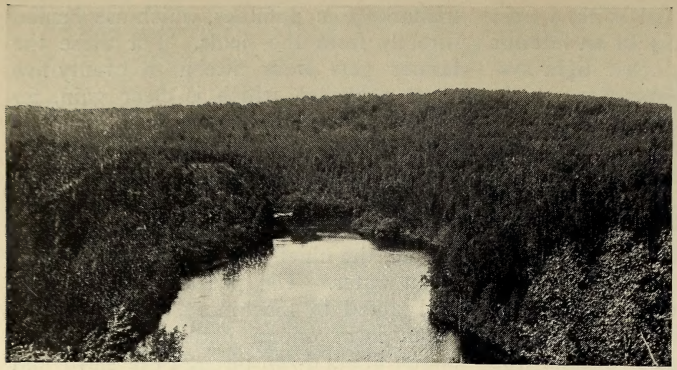


FORT KENT, THE MOST NORTHERLY TOWN IN NEW ENGLAND.

Aroostook supplies fully two thirds of the potato starch manufactured in the United States, its annual output being from five thousand to eight thousand tons. Last year Mr. Phair manufactured fifteen hundred tons in his six factories. The starch is sold principally in cotton-manufacturing centres, being used for sizing cotton goods. It is the best made, being much stronger than that made elsewhere. There are between forty and fifty starch factories in Aroostook County, and they grind up from a million to two million bushels of potatoes a year. The factories run six weeks in the fall, and use the small and otherwise unmarketable potatoes, which are hauled directly from the fields. For these the farmer gets from fifteen to twenty-five cents a bushel, which is clear gain, for without the starch factories he could do nothing with the small potatoes in his crop. A bushel of small potatoes will yield about eight pounds of starch.

The process of making starch is very simple, the chief essential being plenty of clean water. The potatoes are washed and grated by machinery, and the waste taken away on an endless sieve. The starch filters down through the sieve and is washed along to vats, where it is allowed to settle. When it is settled, the water is drawn off and the starch shovelled out and put into a dry-house, where, after the drying has been done by steam heat, it is finally shovelled into casks for shipment. It then contains about fifteen per cent of moisture, is of a silver-white color, and is in kernels about the size of sago. The casks in which it is shipped hold from six hundred and fifty to seven hundred pounds each. The largest starch factory in the United States is situated at Monticello, the second town north of Houlton on the Bangor and Aroostook Railroad.

Fort Fairfield, reached by a thirteen-mile branch from the main line of the Bangor and Aroostook road below Presque Isle, is charmingly situated on the Aroostook River, where the stream slips over



FISH RIVER, NEAR FORT KENT.

the border and into the St. John. The town is full of reminiscences of the border difficulties, for during the trouble it was a garrison post. In the winter of 1838–39, the state troops, striking the Aroostook River at Masardis, after marching through the wilderness from Bangor, came down on the ice, and built here the fort which was named Fort Fairfield in honor of John Fairfield, governor of Maine at that time. From this fort the town derived its name. The town was incorporated in 1858. In 1850 its population was four hundred. In 1890 it was over thirty-five hundred. Now it is about four thousand. The town has a fine system of water works, and is lighted by electricity generated at Caribou, twelve miles away. The falls of the Aroostook are only three miles from the village, and a splendid water power is idle there. Fort Fairfield has six churches, a high school, two hotels, a national bank, and commodious stores. It was in this town that the biggest crop of potatoes ever raised on a single acre in Maine was harvested.

From Fort Fairfield the trip to Caribou may be made either by the Bangor and Aroostook or Canadian Pacific Railroad. Caribou is the present terminus of the Bangor and Aroostook road, and the end of the most northern feeder which the Canadian Pacific operates in Maine. An extension of the Bangor and Aroostook road to Van Buren on the St. John, twenty-two miles, is projected, the preliminary survey having been made. This will open up a fine farming and lumber country. Between Caribou and Houlton there exists a friendly rivalry, the business men of one seeking to outstrip in enterprise their brethren in the other. As Houlton is the distributing point for the south part of the county, Caribou is for the north, and the same causes have contributed to the growth of both towns. The stranger finds it hard to decide which is the more attractive town. The scenery at Caribou is perhaps a little bolder than further south, the surface of the region swelling into splendid ridges or stretching away into beautiful valleys. The Aroostook River, the only highway of the early settlers, courses through the town to the north, then makes a sharp curve to the southeast, making the triangle at the points of which the three large northern Aroostook towns are situated. A big dam was built across the river in 1889, and enough power is generated there to run a score of mills. The only power now used from the dam is that which operates the Caribou water works pumping station and electric light plant. At the foot of the dam there is a fine salmon pool, which is attracting the attention of sportsmen far and wide.



RESIDENCE OF HON. WILLIAM DICKEY, FORT KENT.

The settlement of Caribou, which until 1877 was known as Lyndon, was due to the border trouble. Ivory Hardiston of

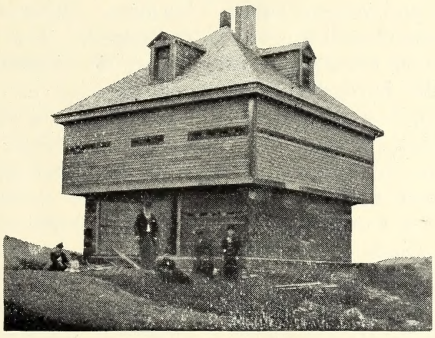
China, Maine, came up from the Kennebec valley in the winter of 1838–39 with a wagon load of soldiers for the Fort Fairfield garrison. He remained a year in the wilderness of township H, and was so pleased with it that he returned home and got his family to settle there. In 1842 he built a house of hewn timber and harvested his first crop. The house is still standing in the bustling town of Caribou. The town has all the "go" of a western place, and its residents claim for it the largest population in the county. It has a high school and excellent lower grade schools. It has fifty stores, excellent hotels, six prosperous churches, a library association, a banking institution, starch factories, and mills of various sorts. A large seed warehouse, from which seed potatoes are shipped all over the country, is located here. The first starch factory established in Aroostook was built here about 1874 by Albe Holmes, who came from New Hampshire. In Caribou may be found a model country newspaper office, the home of the *Aroostook Republican*. Aroostook has a number of good weekly newspapers, led by the *Republican* and the *Aroostook Pioneer*, the latter published at Houlton. Both papers recently issued handsome souvenir editions, descriptive of the region and its resources, to which the writer is much indebted.



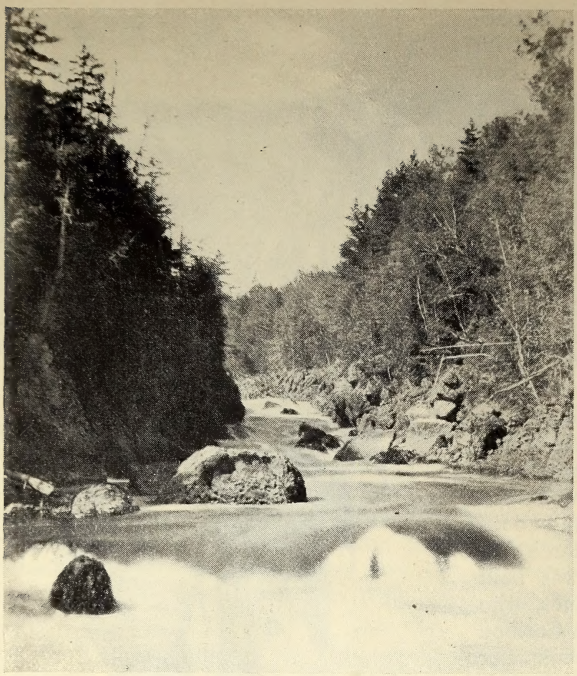
ONE DAY'S CATCH.

LARGEST TROUT, TWENTY-TWO INCHES LONG.

There is a cosmopolitan flavor about Caribou not noticed in the towns further south. Here one comes in contact with the French, descendants of the Acadians who were expelled from their homes "on the shores of the basin of Minas" by the English about 1763. Their story, moulded into a classic by Longfellow, will always stir the sympathetic heart, while their descendants thrive and multiply in the fertile valleys of the far northeast. About twenty miles north of Caribou are a number of settlements of the Acadian French, which extend along the St. John River from Van Buren fifty miles to the northwest border, and are collectively known as the Madawaska settlements. A corresponding strip of country on the New Brunswick side of the river is also taken up by these children of the Acadians. They sprang from about two hundred refugees who made their way into the country after 1783, when they were driven from near Woodstock, further down the St. John, whither they had fled twenty years before when first turned out of their homes. The present representatives of the race preserve the tongue and



BLOCK-HOUSE AT FORT KENT.



NEAR CHESUNCOOK.

many of the customs of their fathers, and live in peaceful ease. They are a prolific race, families of twenty children not being unusual among them. On one occasion recently a visitor stopped at a small cabin in which there was but one room, where the happy head of the family could call around him twenty-three children. He counted fifteen houses near each other occupied by families which averaged twelve children each. The number of these people on the American side is about five thousand, and on the British side about two thousand. Those on the southern and western banks of the St. John became American citizens in 1843 by virtue of the Ashburton treaty, which settled the border trouble, and the title to their lands was confirmed to them by the same instrument.

Adjoining Caribou on the northwest is a town which is in many ways the most interesting in Aroostook County. It is called New Sweden, and is settled entirely by immigrants from Sweden who were brought here in 1870 by the state, under the direction of Hon. W. W. Thomas of Portland, who first went to Sweden as consul to Gothenburg in 1863, and twice since has been our minister to Sweden. In 1869 he was appointed one of the commissioners to settle the public lands of the state, the other commissioners being Hon. Parker P. Burleigh and Hon. William Small. Mr. Thomas went to Gothenburg, got together fifty-one persons, — twenty-two men, eleven women and eighteen children, — came to Halifax and up the St. John, and July 23, 1870, arrived with them at the spot in the forest six miles from Caribou where they were to settle. The state had cut a road through the woods, had made a clearing of one hundred and twenty-five acres, and had built six log houses for the settlers. Each house had a good cooking-stove in it. To each man the state gave one hundred acres of forest land, and in the centre of the town fifty acres were reserved, where the state constructed a building for public use. It was two stories high, and thirty by forty feet. The basement was frost proof for storing crops. The upper part was a hall, to be used as a schoolhouse and church. The settlers were so pleased with their reception that they sent for their friends, and before winter thirty-two others came. The cost of getting the colonists here and establishing them was $4,000. This was all repaid by the settlers in labor on the roads and in other ways. Not a colonist abandoned his farm. Others followed, and the colony prospered. The state erected in all twenty-six houses for the immigrants. The Swedes erected one hundred and fourteen houses up to 1876, and an equal number of barns. There are at present about one hundred and forty voters in the town. The children are all taught English, and there are no illiterate children in the town. The population of New Sweden is now more than one thousand. There are not less than sixteen hundred Swedes in the state. They have all paid their own passage, and have brought with

them $100,000 in coin. New Sweden is now one of the handsomest farming towns in the state. The former immigrants live in fine houses, where they entertain all comers with open-handed hospitality, no visitor being allowed to depart without partaking of cake and coffee. They are a very religious people, Protestants, and have three neat and commodious churches, the denominations being Baptist and Lutheran. No better example is to be found of what a state may do in settling its wild lands, or what the poor man may do for himself in Aroostook, than in the prosperous farming town of New Sweden.

A good carriage road has been recently built through New Sweden from Caribou to Fort Kent, the most northern town in Maine and in New England. The drive over this road, about fifty miles, is one of the finest in the state, taking one past beautiful lakes, over purling streams alive with trout, and through sweet and silent stretches of hardwood and evergreen forest, which in winter resounds with the music of the lumberman's axe. The logging camps are silent in summer, and the sinewy and fleet-footed guide, who on snow-shoes in winter tends his traps in the woods, is not now to be seen. He is doubtless plying the paddle on some lake or stream, finding the haunts of the biggest and gamiest trout. Everywhere the influence of the north is felt, — in the air, the cool blue of the sky, and even in the sturdy build and bronzed skin of occasional batteau men whom one sees in the streams and lakes on the way. The batteau is itself a boat of the north, designed to shoot any rapid that a log will float through, a strange toothpick of a craft, like a dory stretched to twice its proper length, yet buoyant and of great carrying capacity. You find them everywhere north of Bangor where lumbering operations are carried on, and the more you learn of their qualities the better you like them. They are to the lumberman what the canoe is to the guide and fisherman, — his home, vehicle and best friend.



BIG GAME — NORTH TWIN DAM.



A LUMBER CAMP AT HEAD WATERS OF THE AROOSTOOK.

In Fort Kent one finds himself in the heart of the Acadian region. The town was founded by a handful of French refugees; but though the atmosphere around it is strange and a bit foreign, the true Yankee patriotism is found there as strong and undefiled as if the town were not tucked off in the farthest northern corner of the land. Here one finds a unique personage in Hon. William Dickey, jocosely known as "The Duke of Fort Kent," who has represented the district in the state legislature for more than thirty years, and — what is more, perhaps, than any other representative in the United States can say — for fifteen years by a unanimous vote. When he went into the Madawaska region it was a wilderness without a road or bridge within fifty miles, and he has done more toward obtaining for the section the common conveniences of civilization, such as roads, bridges and general public works, than any other man. He is now eighty-five years old. The house in which he resides is in a way as interesting as himself; it was the headquarters of officers stationed on the frontier during the boundary troubles, and sheltered men who afterward became famous, including McClellan, Ricketts, McDowell and Fighting Joe Hooker. The block-house erected as part of the town's defences in 1841 still stands. The fort was named in honor of Governor Kent, and from it the town took its name. The town has communication with the outside world by way of the Temiscouta Railroad of Canada, which has its terminus at Edmundston, in New Brunswick, opposite Fort Kent, and connects with the Canadian Pacific seventy-five miles down the border. When the projected Ashland division of the Bangor and Aroostook road is extended north to its terminus, Fort Kent will have direct communication with the lower part of the state in a direct line and over American soil.

Riding down from Caribou, in a comfortable railway car of the latest pattern, the enthusiast finds himself wondering why a railroad was not built into the northeast country years ago. He looks out at the beautiful Aroostook River, which the track skirts for ten miles below Caribou, and over the smiling country on either side, and sees in the charming prospect a promise of rich reward for the corporation which has at last given easy access to this fruitful land. Others saw this promise long ago, but it took men of eloquence and energy to make people go down into their pockets to render the fulfilment possible. Those men were Hon. A. A. Burleigh and Mr. Franklin W. Cram, who are now the president and the vice-president of the railroad company. Mr. Cram is general manager of the road, and his achievement in getting the system into successful operation in a time so unpropitious as the period of depression in 1893 has drawn to him and his road the attention of railway men, and hoisted him several rounds on the ladder of fame and fortune. He worked his way up from the position of newsboy in the old Bangor station, and has lived in an atmosphere of steam and cinders all his life. He resigned as manager of the New Brunswick railway to take his present position. Aroostook County issued its own bonds to the extent of $500,000 to help start the road, and with the mortgage bonds placed in New York and money derived from stock subscriptions the money required to build and equip the road was secured. There were about one hundred and seventy miles of track laid in 1893–94, the road being completed to Caribou in December, 1894. The new road had leased the old Bangor and Piscataquis road to Moosehead Lake and Katahdin Iron Works, and it was at Brownville, on the Iron Works branch of the old road, that track-laying through the wilderness was begun. The distance from Bangor to Caribou is two hundred and seven miles, and to Houlton one hundred and forty miles. In the Fort Fairfield branch there are thirteen miles. The Ashland division will leave the main line about twenty miles west of Houlton and extend north through an unbroken wilderness to Masardis and Ashland, about forty miles, opening a new and rich country for settlement.

The Bangor and Aroostook road is the longest railroad ever chartered in Maine

at one time. It is built for the heaviest traffic, with seventy-pound steel rails, and its roadbed is as good as that of any trunk line in the country. Its equipment is in every respect first-class, with cars of latest pattern and one-hundred-ton engines to draw them.

Crossing the lower part of Aroostook County, the upper part of Penobscot, and a strip of Piscataquis, the new railroad skirts some of the most beautiful lakes in the Maine wilderness, including Mattawamkeag Lake in Aroostook, South Twin Lake in Penobscot, and Seboeis and Schoodic Lakes in Piscataquis. It also crosses the east and west branches of the Penobscot River, the former at Grindstone and the latter below North Twin Dam. It is a rare sight to see the pent-up waters of the mighty West Branch come tearing over the dam and roaring down the gorge below it, as the train runs slowly over the bridge across the torrent, and one feels an irresistible desire to make a stand here and become acquainted with the region of which sportsmen have told so much. There is a famous camp near North Twin Dam, kept by Luther Gerrish, and in front of it the accommodating conductor will bring the train to a stop for passengers to alight. A low log structure is the camp, but roomy and comfortable, standing on an elevation overlooking South Twin Lake, with Katahdin looming up in the northwest. Its guide-proprietor will greet you with a friendly shake of the hand and a twinkling eye. He has bidden many people welcome to his forest home; and now that the railroad passes his door he begins to feel the need of enlarging his quarters. Often in the fall, passengers on the trains see the front of the camp fairly covered with deer hung up around the piazza awaiting shipment. The camp is in the centre of the most famous region for big game in New England. What luck sportsmen had here in the shooting season of last year — October, November and December — is indicated by the shipment of carcasses from Norcross, the shipping point for the region. From all the stations on the Bangor and Aroostook road there were shipped in the three months named one thousand and one deer, fifty caribou and forty-five moose, and these did not represent fifty per cent of the number killed or one hundredth part of one per cent of the number running wild in the district. In fact, big game seems to be increasing there, in spite of sportsmen. Deer are so plenty and so tame, that a number have been killed on the tracks this year by the engines; and hardly a day passes but passengers on the trains catch glimpses of them in the woods. Not long ago a buck brought a train to a standstill by rushing under a car platform and setting the brakes by getting entangled in the air-hose. His carcass was hoisted into the baggage car, and the train proceeded.

The fisherman finds no less delight than the hunter in this region of the woods. Trout fill the streams and lakes, and seem waiting to be caught. There is no end to the devious waterways one may enter in quest of fish or in pursuit of the exhilarating sport of canoeing in that wonderful land of lakes and streams. The famous Bangor canoes, light, buoyant, tight craft, made of canvas and light wood and finished with some sort of enamel that makes them snag-proof, are found everywhere here. The sportsman is indebted to E. H. Gerrish, a brother of Luther Gerrish, and no less skilled than he as a guide, for these remarkable boats. In twenty years' experience as hunter, trapper and guide in the Maine woods, Mr. Gerrish formed the ideas which resulted in the production of the canoe which is now found in all the lakes and streams of northern Maine, and is becoming known all over the country.

One may enter a canoe at North Twin Dam, or at Grindstone, on the East Branch, and paddle a month in this land of lakes and streams without going out of sight of Katahdin or turning on his course. The whole northern part of Maine may be traversed by canoe with short carries. The head waters of the St. John, the Penobscot and the Kennebec almost touch each other in the region north of Moosehead Lake; and the skilled canoeist may make a summer trip from Kineo to the Bay of Fundy if so inclined.

The dominant influence of Maine's mighty mountain, Katahdin, in this northern region, is thus described by a canoeist who took a trip down the West Branch, starting at Northeast Carry, Moosehead Lake: "Old Katahdin, first seen from Moosehead Lake, then from Lobster Lake, loomed up before us continually as we came down Chesuncook. When the moon came up that evening we stood on the beach, awed by the view — the old mountain towering grandly in the night, with the sheen of the bright moon on his sides and his brow capped by clouds. There was no day on the trip that the mountain was not in sight, sometimes nearer, at others more remote; sometimes bright, then gloomy and threatening; sometimes clearly outlined, and at other times thrusting his head out of sight in the clouds. In one aspect or another old Katahdin is the presiding genius and ever-present guardian of the West Branch region."

And so, with Katahdin looming darkly over his shoulder, mysterious, immutable, grand, one swings his grip aboard the cars at Norcross, shakes hands with his hospitable guide, casts a look up the track in the direction of that wonderful valley of the north which he has traversed and marvelled at, and with a sigh of regret at leaving, drops into his cushioned seat and is whisked out of the New Northeast.

THEN AND NOW.

By Alice D'Alcho.

OVER the downs in the morning light,
While scarce a sound doth break the calm; —
The gorse in its golden robe bedight,
The wild thyme breathing its fragrant balm,
Along the cliffs, a scarlet line
Of poppies that dance as they greet the sun;
And purple shadows across the sea
Are passing swiftly, one by one.

Such is the picture that I can see
Hidden back in the far-off years, —
Fairest of all in my memory,
And fairer seen through the mist of tears.
For one stood with me that summer morn,
Whose voice, whose smile to me were heaven;
And I live again in the golden hour
When love was sought, when love was given.

Still blooms the gorse on the sunny downs;
Still dance the poppies in bright array;
But my love is sleeping a dreamless sleep,
And I am a thousand leagues away.
And that is all — Ah, no! — Ah, no! —
Love, hope and faith such thought forbid;
There is a picture — fairer yet —
And thin the veil by which it is hid.

HE SERVED THE KING.

By David Lowry.



ROM this hour you are no kinsman of mine."

"Nor you of mine."

"But what can be expected from a mob of drunken, dissolute men. It was a dastardly — "

"Soft now. No man shall say that. Unsay the word."

"What! A man cannot have a mind of his own! Matters have come to a pretty pass!"

"So you do not insult others by proclaiming it, it matters little what you think. Your insolence will not be borne. If you were my kinsman ten times over, I will not let the word pass. You shall not say I or my associates are dastards. If you do — "

"You would serve me as you have Elias Brooks."

"Or worse. Unsay it."

"You are ten to one, or — "

"If we were less than you can count on your side, I would choke the lie in your throat. There is no one near to let or hinder. We are face to face; you had best be quick or there will be no doubt which is the dastard here."

"I did not say you were."

"That will not suffice. I stand for my friends as well — for all."

"The word slipped out unthinkingly."

There was a brief silence, during which the disputants noted each other warily, while each fancied the other could hear his heart beating. They were marvellously alike, these two, and yet unlike. They were of about one age; were of the same height and shape; both had dark eyes, and their complexions were one. It was difficult for strangers to distinguish one from the other seen apart; their intimates saw less resemblance; to those who knew their traits the confusion resulting from the frequency with which strangers misplaced the cousins was a constant source of surprise.

"It was well you had the forethought to dissolve the relationship before you yielded. A true Randolph would be beaten twice before he would confess himself in the wrong after charging another with it. And what is it that excites your anger?"

"Did they not knock him down like a bullock at his own door?"

"What did he there, standing armed? What said he? No epithet so base but it might fit us. If he had displayed half — aye, a tenth as much wisdom as of zeal for King George, he would have remained indoors instead of defying us; or, having come out, the crack-brain must bring his gun and apply abusive epithets to us and threaten us with the King's vengeance. If he had spoken us fair— "

"A mob of drunken men! You cannot say that they were duly sober. No one will gainsay that there was rum and brandy too. A mob assembling around his house. Speak of reason then, when he was at their mercy, to lay him like a calf across the horse's back, tie him to a tree, strip and cover him with tar and feathers! It is worthy of Indians."

"So it seems to you? I like your plain speech; but I will speak plainer. Were it not for his wife and children, I alone, if no other man in Middlesex county dared do it, would have hanged him. Elias Brooks has from the first opposed all who favor justice and fair representation. He has employed all arts to inspire fear of the King's displeasure and of the ill will of the King's miserable creatures. Himself a conscienceless tool, he would make every man a tool like himself. When his threats were given back to him with interest, he wheedled and cajoled this one, while harassing that and the other one; made lying promises no man can fulfil if he were the King's privy councillor; and when this was brought home to him his insolence exceeded that of the King's officers,

whose pride swells them until 'tis like to burst their red coats. Elias Brooks is more offensive than all the strutting turkey-cocks that swear by King George. He merits death. He has been bold, but he is brainless. We have spared his life, and sent him to keep company with those who serve the King. Let me tell you more. This matter has come to such a pass that all who love liberty must stand on one side, and all who excuse and vaunt king-craft must stand on the other."

"Is this a warning?' Caleb Randolph's face (he of Middlebush) was white with suppressed wrath. "Or is it a proof that all who prate of liberty must first forswear all natural obligations?"

"Meaning ties of kindred." Ronald of Piscataway contemplated his cousin calmly, then slowly replied, "If you were my brother, you would not be permitted to remain in the midst of those you would betray to the King's followers. A year ago I would have said a man's first obligation is to his kindred."

"And now?"

"Now," replied Ronald Randoph in a voice tense with feeling as he leaned forward suddenly, "manhood demands first of all redress for the grievous losses we have sustained at the hands of the King's agents and officers and the insults put upon us by the King's minions great and small. The King's adherents are our enemies. If that be a warning —"

"'Tis enough." He averted his eyes. The light that now blazed steadily in his cousin's seemed to penetrate his soul. He turned and strode away, and did not look back once. His cousin looked after him with a wistful expression, and passed a hand wearily over his eyes.

The heart of Caleb of Middlebush was the seat of revengeful thoughts and hatred of the Whigs, — for these English terms were not uncommon here in the beginning of the struggle, — whom he inwardly characterized as a "rabble led by designing and ignorant men whose chief aim was to subvert all law," and whose success meant the destruction not only of the entire political, but the social fabric as well. The Tory in 1776 regarded the Whig with much more aversion than the most conservative to-day regards the anarchist. On one side lay security in all things to those who adhered to the King; on the other the rule of the rabble.

"My cousin will rue his brave speech. I will take his advice — because 'tis all that's left me. I am driven; but if I am driven" — there was a sinister flash in his handsome eyes — "others will be driven too. He is a fool who does not serve the King now. The rebels are fleeing before the King's men. It behooves me — I have no choice in the matter — to make sure of my welcome among the King's officers — if I can find a way."

The chill November air pulsed with war's alarms. Washington's army, compelled to give way before the King's, retreated across New Jersey. From the day that Washington retreated from Long Island, disaster attended every movement the patriots made. The battle of White Plains in the latter part of October chilled their hopes. The fall of Fort Washington, followed by the capture of Fort Lee by Cornwallis two days later, stupefied the people. When the patriot army, reduced to three thousand men, retreated across the Hudson to Newark, with Cornwallis and Knyphausen following hard after them, the patriots could scarcely maintain a running fight for lack of ammunition. Washington retreated to New Brunswick, where he hoped to make a stand; but his stay in New Brunswick was brief. A large portion of his forces were half fed and poorly clad. The British officers referred to them as "tatterdemalions." The ability of Congress to insure them their pay was doubted. It was widely rumored that Congress itself was about to disperse. Many of the troops, realizing that their families would be subjected to the rigors of a severe winter, and deeming the cause lost, refused to participate longer in a losing campaign. Their time having expired at this momentous crisis, they availed themselves of their privilege to return home despite the personal appeals of Washington. It is a pitiful page to look back on. The records tell us that thousands of the troops aban-

doned the cause at this most critical juncture in the history of the country. The loss of these troops crippled the reduced forces under Washington to such an extent as to render it almost impossible for him to flee from his pursuers.

The inhabitants of New Brunswick viewed Washington's entrance with mixed feelings. They welcomed the defenders of the country. No state gave greater proof of patriotism than New Jersey, and in no county of the state was the proportion of patriots as great as in Middlesex. The journals of the Committee of Safety give the names of over one thousand persons in New Jersey who were disaffected and were required to give bonds and take the oath of allegiance to the Revolutionary authorities; out of this number, notwithstanding the overshadowing influence of the British army, which was quartered on it nearly seven months, only twenty-six were inhabitants of Middlesex county. New Brunswick especially was the home of true patriots, as was demonstrated to all the world when, at the close of the war, the people of New Jersey assembled there to strew flowers before Washington. Yet the approach of the Continental army was regarded with forebodings of evil; its presence deepened the gloom that was rapidly enveloping the whole land. The advance guard could not fail to note the soberness of the inhabitants. When, on the evening of the twenty-eighth of November, the entire force under Washington camped at New Brunswick, dismay rather than joy reigned throughout the town. That same evening a soldier on guard near the bridge was accosted by a man who desired to see Captain Tirl.

"Captain Tirl is in our regiment. You will see him near the mill half a mile above. But stay," said the guard; "not so fast. Who are you that wants speech with Captain Tirl?"

"My name is Ronald Randolph. Although you see me here in New Brunswick, my home is in Piscataway."

"Hold. Our first corporal is from Piscataway. It will be well for him to speak with you first."

"What is his name?"

"That he will answer for himself," said the guard dryly. "You may tell the truth, but in these times no one knows who may be friend or foe. Besides there may be Randolphs who favor the King if the truth is told."

The guard raised his voice. The corporal's response was tardy. The stranger's efforts to engage the guard in further conversation proved ineffectual. When the corporal came up the stranger extended a hand.

"You surely know me."

"Surely, Mr. Randolph." The corporal shook his hand warmly.

"And you are —"

"Peter Force. You should know me well."

The stranger laughed as he answered, "No better than you should know me, Peter. Your comrade here has heard of my cousin Caleb, methinks."

"Be sure you are right," said the guard to the corporal with a warning look.

"At least I am not coming into the town. You find me here," Caleb replied boldly.

"For that matter, I'll be bound I can find a score in every town we enter that ought to be hanged, and scant justice dealt them."

The stranger laughed again; but the corporal interrupted, saying, "I'll chance the worst that befalls through Mr. Randolph's presence. How can I serve you?"

"If I could have speech with Captain Tirl."

"Nothing easier. I can send a man with you. But I am going that way myself presently. Come with me."

Captain Tirl was bending over a table, pen in hand, an iron candlestick on his left hand, a pewter tankard half full of cider on his right. The logs freshly cast on the fire cast a ruddy glow upon the walls and rafters of the room that served as an office for the mill. Flour lying thick on the wooden framework of the building intensified the shadows; shifting lines of white and black met the visitor's eyes in every direction as he looked around him. The murmur of many voices and the metallic rattle of accoutrements betrayed the presence of a good

portion of Captain Tirl's company in the mill.

A gentleman with a velvet vest, plush breeches, silver knee and shoe buckles, fine broadcloth top coat and velvet hat sat opposite Captain Tirl. Both turned when the corporal, in answer to the captain's "Come in," entered the mill.

"This is Ronald Randoph of Piscataway, who desires speech with Captain Tirl."

"With me!" said the captain. "Unless the matter is pressing — "

The stranger waved his hand, saying, "At your leisure, sir. I can wait."

"I will not detain you long. We are short of seats here, — luckily there is a bench." The captain turned to the elderly gentleman on the opposite side of the table, while Caleb seated himself on a bench covered with furs, and the corporal retired, leaving the three together.

"I will read the list carefully, and if by chance anything has been omitted you may add it." The captain cleared his throat, and read slowly:

"The undersigned, Josiah Dunham, desires to respectfully submit to the Committee of Safety the following, which is a true statement of his losses sustained at the hands of divers persons prejudiced against the Continental authorities, and for which he has not received any satisfaction, and to which his affidavit is appended: 1 Dutch bible silver-mounted, the whole volumes of the Spectator, 1 large silver bowl (2 quarts), 1 large silver tankard 20 pounds, 1 silver knitting sheath, 1 silver whistle for a child, 1 negro man 80 pounds. 60 gals. Madeira Wine, 3 horses, 3 flannel petticoats, 2 damask petticoats new, 2 aprons new, flowered lawn, 8 caps of cambric and lawn all new, 1 stout negro man 30 years of age 100 pounds, 3 shifts of 5 hundred linen, 1 pair of stays as good as new, 1 hogshead of cider, 20 gals. Jamaica Spirits, half a barrel of Cherry Rum, 1 large looking glass, 2 good rifles, 2 silver and five brass candlesticks, 24 pewter plates, 4 large pewter dishes, 5 fluted brass candlesticks, 5 feather beds with bolsters and pillows, 1 iron chain for smoke-jack and trammels appertaining, 1 dozen shirts, 6 pair Ankeen and drilling breeches, 6 waistcoats of Ankeen and striped silk, 1 pair velvet breeches, 1 silver watch 8 pounds, $1,000 Continental money appraised at 15 pounds, 13, 4. There — I think that is all."

The captain paused. The gentleman lifted his gaze from the floor as he said: "I omitted one dozen teaspoons, three pairs of blankets, and other things, which will make the total eight hundred and nine pounds, thirteen shillings and three pence. But I am better off than my next neighbor, Mathew Guilford; they did not leave him so much as a bed or a gridiron."

The captain added the omitted articles to the list. As his pen scratched the paper, and the sound of voices at intervals rose in the mill, Caleb Randolph scrutinized the gentleman who was despoiled by the King's adherents. He was a man of middle age, rather stout, with a firmly set head. When he looked straight at Caleb the latter avoided his steady gaze.

"It is complete now," said the captain as he held out the paper; "I have witnessed it. In case you do not meet the town clerk, and must pursue your journey immediately, my name will serve for the present, the more that it is in my hand."

The gentleman rose. "I trust I may have opportunity to serve you, Captain Tirl, in return for the favor you have done me," he said. Then he looked at Caleb. "I have heard of you, Mr. Randolph, and it gratifies me greatly to meet you here, where your presence is needed. Although you have not taken up arms, the King's followers and your cousin Caleb of Middlebush, I have no doubt, would rather by a thousand pounds you were in the army — they would experience less opposition in Middlesex, I am sure. But I must away, for I have much to do before I sleep."

As he walked out of the mill with the captain, Caleb said to himself, "So that is that arch rebel, Josiah Dunham, who lives near Woodbridge." The captain reentered. "A fine example that to men who have not lost so much as a piggin, yet bewail the unwisdom of taking up arms against the King. His household swept away by foragers, chiefly Hessians, — yet he does not complain, but gives an hundred pounds this night to the cause. He makes a list to prove how much a king may cost an honest gentleman. And now, Mr. Randolph, how can I serve you? Have you supped? I see you have not. You are not of New Brunswick, so it matters little where or how you

eat, so you fare tolerably. A lighter larder than mine has been this past six weeks is seldom known; scarce enough to eat to make good runners of us, — which is all the enemy accords us now. But there is a savory smell outside, — the first pot of veal my nose has sniffed in weeks; and there is plenty of cider and tobacco. The gentleman who is accorded such praises as Josiah Dunham gives you does me honor by sharing it with me — and we will talk business while we eat."

"I have no special business with you further than to ask you to assist me in observing with my own eyes the needs of those who are bearing arms against great odds. But if a word of encouragement can avail — "

The captain grasped his hand suddenly, and turned his head to an inner door in a listening attitude, to assure himself no one was near. "I fear it will not. Things have come to such a pass, what with rumors of Congress dispersing and the lukewarmness of men in whom the people reposed great trust, that I fear worse is coming."

"It is not possible the army believes the reports of Congress. 'Tis past belief," said Caleb.

"Aye — but that is the least of it." Captain Tirl shook his head as he poured out a mug of cider and handed it to his guest, saying he wished it were wine or rum, adding in a low tone: "Yes, much worse is to come. Sixteen hundred of our men are leaving us. Their time is up."

"Surely they will not — they dare not desert the cause now."

"'Tis rumored Washington himself cannot induce them to remain a day longer; and others are demanding their discharge likewise unless they are paid. If you have any influence with any here, your visit is well timed. It is feared that every man who has served his time will go home. What can the officers do then? What use does a hoop serve if there are no staves?"

"I did not dream such a thing possible." Caleb Randolph sighed as he swallowed the cider.

"You can judge for yourself to-morrow. You will sleep with me. I will introduce you to the colonel, who will give you opportunity to speak to any one you know."

"Nay — I cannot promise to remain to-night. But I will avail myself of the opportunity to call on you to-morrow. I must discharge an obligation at the inn before I sleep."

"I warn you you will find everything in an uproar at the inn, — neither quiet nor room. 'Twas that made my father's old friend, Josiah Dunham, seek me out to compose the paper you heard me read. Neither paper nor ink could he get at the inn; and as for a place to write, unless 'twere on the roof— But it is time we were served. I am half starved."

The captain disappeared as he spoke. The sound of many voices filled the room as the captain passed into the mill. Caleb Randolph rose and looked after the captain. As his glance swept the interior of the mill every detail was impressed upon his memory. The soldiers were seated here and there, some in groups, some singly, all talking and eating at once. There were a few rush lights; the chief light, however, was made in an iron pot, which swung from one of the heavy mill beams on a chain — a lamp devised by some of the practical-minded in Captain Tirl's company. The pot was filled with fat, and a great bunch of rags was thrust into it. The flame was irregular, shooting up at intervals, illuminating the interior of the mill so that one could distinguish the soldiers' features, the light then growing dim as a cloud of smoke floated around the pot, in which the fat sputtered. It was a picturesque scene, full of shifting lights falling upon battered soldiers' hats, torn, soiled and discolored uniforms, shining bayonets and dull gun-barrels. But Caleb had no mind for the picturesque at that moment — he was counting the men in the mill. There were thirty-nine; allowing that six or eight might be detailed for guard duty, here was a company of a little over forty men. So it was not a difficult matter to estimate the number of men in a regiment — three to four hundred at the most.

When the captain re-entered the room followed by a servant bearing a small copper kettle, his guest was standing with

his back to the log fire. The captain sniffed the odors from the pot. He brewed with his own hands a pot of tea in a great pewter pot, which he bore triumphantly to the table. "This pot has served me well. For it and these" — he produced two pewter cups and saucers from a dark recess as he spoke — "I am indebted to the grace of a lady who lives near. And I would let her, she would have showered her entire household fixtures upon me, thinking they belong of rights to the country's defenders. But it behooves us who are in command to give no cause for remark. My men cannot say I have avoided any hardships, or fared better than themselves. It has been share and share alike ever since we left Long Island."

The visitor addressed himself to the homely fare in a manner that won the favor of his host, who as he poured the third cup of tea grew more loquacious in his effort to make his unexpected guest feel at ease. Supper ended, he handed him a pipe, lit one himself, and continued to discuss the events that many feared presaged the total destruction of the Continental forces. Then they sallied out to pay their respects to the commander of the regiment and to several officers of the regiment near by. Caleb was also given opportunity to speak again to Peter Force and several of his comrades. It was well on to nine o'clock when he bade Captain Tirl good night and hastened away to keep his appointment. The captain returned to his quarters in the mill. Arduous service and lack of comforts in a losing campaign made the great bench in the mill office, with its covering of furs, very inviting. As he stretched himself upon the bench, drew over him the bear-skins, and gazed dreamily at the blazing log fire, the weary soldier's last thought was given to the patriot from Piscataway who held converse with Corporal Force, counselling patience. He slept soundly until early dawn. The fire was very low, the room cold. The captain rose, threw on a fresh log, raked up the embers, and lay down again. He was composing himself for another nap, when a soldier, sent in by a guard, roused him.

"What is it, Blake?"

"A message from the colonel."

Captain Tirl sat up and extended a hand; then noting that the fire was slow in burning, he stirred the logs afresh, opened the note and scanned it hastily by the flickering blaze. The first glance affected him strangely. He straightened himself suddenly, and his brow was knit as he read on.

"CAPT. PHINEAS TIRL:

"If so be yt yr compn staid with you over night, ye which I very much doubt, see to it yt he does not elude you. Bring him at once — deliver him with yr own hands into General Washington's presence. I am under express obligations to ye Gen'l to use due diligence and circumspection in this grave matter, and enjoin the same on you, lest sd Ronald Randolph escape us, the which I dread. Rept promptly to Gen'l Washington concerning this matter. Randolph is a spy."

Captain Tirl's flesh crept as he read this note. To be summoned into Washington's presence; to feel his cold, clear eyes fixed upon him — he would rather brave a volley of musketry. Yet he asked himself again and again as he donned his clothes wherein he had been remiss. As he recalled the manner and words of his guest of the previous evening, his misgivings increased. He made his way speedily to the colonel. There his worst forebodings were realized.

"'Tis a bad business, a most unpromising business altogether," said the colonel. "It is to explain how he had the privilege of the camp, but more especially of your quarters, that General Washington demands knowledge of you."

When Captain Tirl was ushered into Washington's presence his failing courage was restored. The first glance at the calm face and inquiring eyes of the general put him at his ease. He learned that Washington derived his information from Josiah Dunham, who had despatched a messenger to him at midnight advising him of the presence of Caleb Randolph of Middlebush, a rank Tory, who represented himself to be Ronald of Piscataway, a zealous Whig. Dunham encountered the Whig after leaving New Brunswick, and immediately strove to prevent mischief being done by the spy. Captain Tirl's statement, re-enforced by

that of Corporal Force, made matters very plain.

There was running to and fro — a thorough search was made in the camp, in the town and country around it; but no trace of the spy was discovered.

At the same hour that Captain Tirl received the note from his colonel, a squad of cavalry (a portion of the British advance guard) were preparing their breakfast on the roadside near Woodbridge, when a horseman approached them at a gallop. In the dim morning light the figures around the bivouac fire multiplied in the vision of the horseman, until he imagined he was nearing a company. A sharp command brought him to an abrupt halt. He was looking in the resolute face of a man whose eyes were murderous.

"I am a friend. If you are what you seem, one of King George's servants, your captain will welcome me for the news I bring him. Let me pass — do not delay me, but take me to your captain quickly."

"Who are you to give orders? First and foremost — come off your horse."

"I tell you 'twere best you directed me to your captain. The matter is urgent."

"Aye, aye. Never was man so halted but told the same story," said the soldier surlily.

"I tell you I have ridden hard and fast to get speech with your captain."

"It may be you rode fast." The trooper looked at the flakes of foam spattered on the horse's neck and shoulders, and at his nostrils dilating and contracting, and smiled grimly. "So have I ridden hard and fast to get away from disagreeable company — harder and faster, seeing my horse died. As for seeing the captain — a sergeant is the best we can find you this morning."

"I demand to be brought into the captain's presence. I want no underling."

Unfortunately for the traveller, the sergeant was within earshot. He advanced and confronted the traveller and scanned him scornfully from head to foot before speaking.

"So! What great matter is this that calls for a captain — no less?"

By this time the prisoner (for such he was now) found himself the centre of a dozen troopers.

"Where's that braggart guide?" exclaimed the sergeant. "This way, Lantern-jaw. Open your eyes and tell us if you know this fellow."

The guide, pushed rudely into the centre of the group, recoiled suddenly with open mouth upon seeing the prisoner.

"I know him well. A bolder or viler rebel is not to be found in New Jersey."

"You belie me!" exclaimed the prisoner hotly. "Listen, sergeant."

"A little while ago nothing short of a captain would do you — you wanted no underlings — I heard you."

"I tell you this man confounds me with another."

"A relative, I dare say — a twin brother."

"No, but my full cousin. I came from Middlebush; the man he mistakes me for lives in Piscataway, as I can easily prove and you will give me opportunity. My name is Caleb Randolph. I am a true servant of the King. He confounds me with my cousin Ronald."

"A brazen lie," said the guide. "I can swear on my father's grave that this same man knocked the gun out of Elias Brooks's hands — aye, and were you not foremost tossing him like a sack across the horse's back, and did you not frighten me and those that stood by into silence when they covered him with tar and feathers?"

"'Tis enough," said the sergeant grimly. "Elias Brooks is the stanchest adherent the King had in all Jersey — that is common talk. Strip him."

"I tell you I am Caleb Randolph of Middlebush. I risked my life entering the rebel camp under my cousin's name. I bring important news from New Brunswick concerning Washington's army. Half his men will leave him ere two days pass. Cornwallis has the arch traitor in his grasp — has but to close his hand on him in New Brunswick — the way is clear. 'Twas for this I demanded speech of your captain. I have been at great personal

discomfort — subjected myself to great risk to serve the King."

"You will presently experience great personal discomfort here — as for the risk, you can speak better by and by. Take off his coat and vest. A liar confessed. In the rebel camp you were a rebel. And here you are a stanch Tory!"

When he felt their hands on him the prisoner's wrath blazed up. His rage choked his utterance.

"Every indignity — I suffer — you shall pay for tenfold — you will — rue to your dying day — this outrage."

The sergeant lifted a fresh-peeled branch cut from a tree. He weighted it very deliberately in his right hand, as a driver handles a new whip. He noted the prisoner's terror as they tied his arms around a tree. The flexible wattle whistled through the cold morning air as the sergeant said: "You called for a captain. Take the best a sergeant may do for you, you lying rebel. That is in remembrance of the loss of Elias Brooks's gun; there is one for the way you laid him across the horse; four for the horse's legs; two for his ears. I'll not stop to count the teeth, but guess at them."

About noon on the same day two horsemen galloped up to the guard stationed at the bridge, their horses flecked with foam. The guard barred the way resolutely, elevating his bayonet as he scrutinized the horsemen closely.

"Who rides so free here? What is your business?"

"Our business is urgent. We must see the commander immediately."

The speaker was an elderly man, well favored and attired like a gentleman, but his hair was dishevelled and his clothes were travel-stained. His companion, a young man with resolution stamped upon his face, irritated by the delay, suddenly addressed the guard.

"Summon the officer in charge. We have no time to waste."

The guard called loudly to the corporal.

The corporal started when his eyes rested on the younger traveller. He looked from the younger to the older with open mouth. When the first accosted him, the blood rushed to the corporal's cheeks.

"What! 'Tis Peter Force I see here," said the young horseman sharply, adding in a stern tone, "Surely you should know me well."

Two or three soldiers from near at hand now stood beside the corporal.

"Tell this man who I am, and let us pass; and it would be well and you send some one with us, or point out the nearest way to the commander's quarters."

There was no indecision in Peter Force's voice or manner when he turned to the guard, saying: "This is Mr. Randolph who lives in Piscataway. Pass on, gentlemen. The other gentleman has been here before. I remember him well."

"It may be you remember him," said one of the soldiers, "seeing it was only the other day; but when I stood here yesterday you shook hands with another Randolph who called himself Ronald of Piscataway, — his very words, — and yet I warned you there were Randolphs enemies to the cause."

"How long must we be delayed here?" exclaimed Randolph. "Mr. Dunham, lead the way to Captain Tirl's quarters — we are losing time." He gave his horse his head as he spoke; his companion did the same; and they speedily disappeared in the direction of the mill.

Ronald Randolph submitted to Washington the advices showing the purposes of the British generals and the disposition of their forces.

That the information imparted influenced Washington's subsequent actions there is little doubt. He intrusted Randolph and Dunham with important communications to tried patriots. An hour later, mounted on fresh steeds, they were on their way to Trenton.

The inhabitants of New Brunswick related years afterward how their slumbers were broken that night by the thud of horses' hoofs in the streets. There was much riding to and fro. The early risers discerned the glitter of steel and the scarlet of the King's troops on the opposite side of the river. They were in

plain view; a squadron of cavalry, — the British advance guard. That same day Washington perfected the arrangements which enabled him to retreat to Trenton unhindered, and to place the Delaware between his army and the enemy.

THE UNFATHOMABLE.

By Laura Spencer Portor.

CONTRITE to God I came, in sore distress.
"I know," I cried, "that 'twas but yester-eve
This selfsame fault I asked thee to forgive,
And promised to renounce all sinfulness.
Yet I would even ask again thy grace,
Save that I fear I've drained forgiveness dry,
And reached thy mercy's utmost boundary!"
Then spake God's mighty voice, and filled the place:

"With thy poor human tape, child, dost thou think
To measure my vast mercy's outer bound?
With thy short plummet at Forgiveness' brink
Dost think that thou canst test its depth of ground?
Drop in thy weightiest sin, and bid it sink
To strike the bottom; — there comes back no sound."

WHAT AWOKE HANS ZEIBENSTROOTHER.

By Charles Burr Todd.

"THE only survivor of this ship's company," said the little old man, striking his cane against the barnacled wreck, "was one Hans Zeibenstroother, a very stout Dutchman from the Zuyder Zee, so fat, indeed, that it was recorded that the tape-line after measuring his height did stop at the same figure in spanning his girth."

Some beach-combers found him unconscious on the sands as day broke on the wreck, and after incredible exertions succeeded in hoisting him upon the shoulders of six men, who bore him to the nearest house, the case being urgent and the man's life in jeopardy.

Now this house, as fate would have it, was the house of Mistress Rebecca Rose, a maiden lady who had arrived at that age that she had pasted a slip over the date of her birth in the family Bible. Still she was a weapon Cupid would not have disdained, being trim, round and rosy, — the possessor withal of a good farm and of a comfortable bank account.

The lady, roused from her morning slumber, threw on a wrapper and came down.

"For the land's sake, men," said she, "what have you there?"

"Something the sea has brought you, Mistress," they answered.

She bade them lay the dripping form on the bed in the second best room over the lean-to, sent one man for the doctor, called Mahala, the tall, angular, serving-woman, raked open the coals on the hearth, heated woollen sheets and undergarments, made hot sling, and by the time the men put the patient in bed and the doctor arrived, had all things in readiness.

The doctor soon restored the half-drowned man to consciousness.

"He will be all right by morning," he said on leaving; and so it proved.

At the breakfast-table Rebecca heard his story. He had been a cutter of gems in Amsterdam, had embarked with all his savings for the New World, intending to engage in trade in New York, and had lost all in the wreck.

Rebecca pitied him, and made him man-of-all-work on the farm until he should hear of some better way of retrieving his fortunes. And Hans proved himself a treasure, endearing himself both to his mistress and to Mahala, her vicegerent. In his slow, methodical Dutch way he kept everything in apple-pie order. If the brindle cow strayed into the home lot, she was driven out and the fence repaired. The wood-pile was kept replenished, and the box in Mahala's kitchen always full. The cow stables and horse stables were not only swept, but scrubbed every Saturday with mop and soapsuds. Hans was the perfection of neatness. And then the wonderful flower-beds and borders he constructed! The wide lawn and garden grew into a perfect bower of tulips, roses, pansies, dahlias and all manner of flowers and foliage plants.

Womanly pity, no doubt, at first led Mistress Rose to bestow more attention on her serving-man than was usually accorded the class in that Puritan community. She had a passion for music; he had a fine bass voice; and nothing was more natural than that she should have him in the parlor of an evening to sing a duet with her. Then, as the long autumn evenings came on, how pleasant it was to sit by the glowing fire on the wide hearth and listen to his stories of strange foreign parts and men and customs! If a thrill shot through her when her black eyes chanced to meet his merry blue ones, one is not to suppose that it lessened the music of his voice or the interest of his narrative.

Still I think nothing would have come of it if the Perkinses could have been kept out of the affair. You see, they were the aunts and cousins of Rebecca on her mother's side, — her next of kin and presumptive heirs. Aunt Melinda Perkins expressed the general opinion when she said:

"To hev that furrin critter a-sittin' at table with her, an' a-singin' duets in the keepin' room like company — did anybody ever hear o' such goin's on?"

Rebecca heard of this. It was borne straight to her, and next Sunday, when Hans drove her to church, she told him he might as well sit in her pew — there was plenty of room. Of course that exasperated the Perkinses the more, and all agreed that it was a "shameless proceedin'." The next sewing society also took it up and remarked upon it.

Well, to make a long story short, Rebecca was pretty high strung, and the upshot of it was that come Saturday week she and Hans rode down to old Squire Baxter's and were quietly married.

"I'm of age," says she, "and can marry without asking the Perkinses, I guess."

But, dear me, ladies, it's always better to summer and winter a man before marrying him. You see, a lover usually promises more — much more — than a husband is apt to perform. Hans, now, no sooner was possessor of Rebecca and her broad acres, than he developed traits and habits which she had never suspected in him. He brought out from somewhere a huge brier-wood pipe, and loved nothing so well as to sit on a summer day in the back porch, under the wistaria vine, with a flagon of schnapps beside him, and drink and puff until he was enveloped in a thick cloud of smoke. Thus until dinner; and after dinner he would do nothing but sit in his great arm-chair and sleep and snore like the seven sleepers, until tea time. The brindle cow feasted in the home lot unmolested; the fences went unrepaired; the flower-beds were unsown. Rebecca expostulated, wept, scolded by turns without avail. In vain she represented that a judgment would surely fall upon him for his ingratitude to her.

"Mine goot frau," Hans would answer, "we has enuf to eat and to drink. What wants we of more?"

Things went on from bad to worse. As Mahala said, her mistress "might as well have a log for a husband." What added to Rebecca's distress and made her more vinegary was the Perkinses, who went by wagging the head and say-

ing, "We told you so." No wonder that she became sharp of tongue and scolded the fallen idol in such wise that by the second summer he was fain to seek refuge in the fields. He would push back his chair from the breakfast-table, fill his can of schnapps, stuff a long pipe and a paper of shorts in each pocket, and betake himself to the dunes and beaches, where he passed his mornings in smoking and drinking, and his afternoons in a dreamless slumber, which only his wife's sharp strident voice could break.

But the stars in their courses fought for Rebecca, and she triumphed over her enemies. The time of the harvest moon in 184– was memorable for a tremendously high tide — not a tidal wave falling with the swoop of a hurricane upon the land, but a high tide that crept up slowly but surely over the seaweed and wrecks and all the flotsam and jetsam of the sea, up and still up until it had blotted out every sand ripple and drift line left by preceding tides, and ran even with the foothills — aye, more, poured through the gaps between and entered upon the cultivated fields which rested upon their inner bases. Such was the high tide of 184–.

It came to the flood at five o'clock in the afternoon. Hans Zeibenstroother had then been five hours peacefully sleeping on the sand of the beach, his head pillowed on a pile of gunny bags and seaweed which had drifted against the barnacled keelson of a wrecked bark, which had been thrown far above ordinary high-water mark. When he lay down the tide was at ebb, and the breakers booming far out on the smooth ocean floor; but scarcely had he fallen asleep lying on his back, his head pillowed on the gunny bags and his mouth wide open, snoring with all his might, when the tide began to make. A ripple from the huge breaker that fell and broke in foam on the bar pushed inland an inch beyond low-water mark; another and another followed; and soon whole schools were riding in upon the sands, flecking them with foam argosies, each rising a little higher than the last, and each increasing in volume and height and power with the increasing tide. They made lakes and "sea pooses" of the hollows and channels behind the banks, caught up the driftwood, seaweed, empty crates, bottles and boxes, and led them a merry dance on their crests, laughed and gurgled and foamed around the wrecks firmly embedded in the sand.

By and by a ripple struck the hob-nailed sole of Hans's shoe, and played and bubbled about the wreck timber. Another, more bold, wet his huge legs up to the knee; but the half-drunken sleeper awoke not. A few moments more and his body was all awash. Hans dreamed that he was cast away on an iceberg, and that the seas were breaking over him; but still he slumbered. Ten minutes more and his head and protuberant stomach formed little islands amid the breakers — the sea had swept beyond him. But now, as if enraged at the sleeper's indifference, a mightier wave gathered itself far out at sea, rolled grandly in and, breaking near the sleeper, overwhelmed him in its smother.

Simultaneously two women, bare-headed, bedraggled, appeared on the summit of the nearest dune — Rebecca and Mahala, who had come in search of the delinquent; for the sea had overflowed its bounds, and the meadows behind the dunes were already covered.

Rebecca caught sight of the sleeper as the wave fell upon him, and raised a loud and bitter cry: "Hans! Oh, H-a-n-s!" That cry, or the deluge of water — they who tell the tale differ on this point — awoke the sleeper. He sprang to his feet, crying for help, stumbled and fell over the timber; and as he did so a still heavier sea struck him amidships, tumbled him, pounded him, kneaded him, rolled him over and over, and was carrying him to sea in its undertow, when the two women rushed into the milky flood, and with incredible exertion managed to roll and drag him to a safe place on the dune.

It was a terrible experience, and Hans profited by it. From that day it is said there was a marked change in his habits and living. He became as temperate and industrious as he had once been slothful and inebriate; and Rebecca and he lived long and happily under the old roof-tree.

THE RECOMPENSE.

By Ellen Sherman Corson.

BEFORE his finished work the sculptor stands
Silent and sick at heart, though all extol.
This lifeless image chiselled by his hands
Is not that radiant vision of his soul.
That was a being of diviner frame,
Whose parted lips would seem to bid men stay
To think upon the heaven whence she came ;
But now they idly praise, then go their way.
Then one day comes a man of keener sight,
Who looks below the lines by chisel wrought,
And sees beneath the marble's polished white
The radiant angel of the sculptor's thought.
He bears its message to the world outside ; —
And lo ! the sculptor's dream is satisfied.

IN THE MIDDLE TOWN OF WHITEFIELD.

By Helen Marshall North.

IV. The Mills.



T cannot be said with truth that we have much to boast of in the way of architecture in the middle town of Whitefield. Our forbears came into this wilderness with little gold or silver, but with strong hearts and willing, determined hands. The Squire's house on the hill is the only brick building in the place. Nearly all the houses are painted white, and the blinds are green. On the lower street, where the houses are newer, you may find some modern yellows, buffs and browns, not half as pretty as the colors laid on by the artistic hand of nature herself, but doubtless giving evidence of greater thrift, — as if man scorned waiting the slow process by which wood tints are perfected as no painter could do it.

Of all the buildings on either street, none so fills the eye of the beauty lover as does the Old Mill under the hill, "Warren's Mill," as it has been called since the early days of its pioneer builder. We reach it from the upper street by a rather delusive road whose steepness is disguised by the smoothness of the slope. On one side the bank is well shaded by a dozen hoary apple trees from the parsonage grounds which reach over their sheltering, interlacing branches and writhe on their sturdy trunks as if forever in pain. They show fewer graceful curves than sharp angles, but from these latter issue vigorous young twigs, straight and green. In spring-time their fair blossoms make a bower of loveliness over the heads of passing travellers, and many birds twitter lovingly in the depths of the fresh foliage. A compact stone wall protects the roots of the trees, and sweet clusters of light green ferns trim the little bank in very precise and interesting fashion.

The opposite bank is steep and sandy, and in autumn days glorious with golden-rod growing sharply out into space, striving, after the manner of all growing things on the steep slopes of this town, to maintain its centre of gravity. Occasional clusters of rich clover and a stray shrub of conventional sumach vary the color. But the chief product of the little bank is stones, stones many and scattering, little and big, wide and narrow, oval, flat, gray, brown, yellow, cobble and pebble, sharp and nondescript, just as the retreating ice sheet left them.

In autumn the apple trees roll their treasures down the hill by the roadside for the children to gather, and in fruitful years the apples lie with their smooth red and yellow cheeks pressed cosily to each other in close groups. The air is sweet with the wine of the crushed fruit.

Near the base of the hill is a little plateau from which one descends by another slopelet to the lower street, and on this plateau stands the fine Old Mill, interesting alike from an æsthetic and an historic point of view. Not every place of business is capable of inspiring pure sentiment; yet every one loves an old mill, — and this is the most lovable of its kind. First you are delighted with its color; such an altogether satisfactory diversity and commingling of pure grays you may hardly find outside the studio of an impressionist. The rough boards of which it was built so long ago have softened and deepened and blended their tints together for nearly one hundred years. There is the rich, velvety gray black which now predominates, the cool yet harmonious slate, the lighter grays, and even a pure pearl. Through many a knot-hole like the thumb-hole of a palette, blackened by the hand of the great artist Time, the old boards look out on the mountains where once they grew, and at their points of meeting there are ragged, sharp-toothed edges and many a wide gap. No doubt it was a model of security and thoroughness in those days, one hundred years ago, when it was reported as a matter of universal interest in all the farmhouses on the hill that Squire Warren's mill was done. But to-day a gray board here and there has fallen in and others are loose; the cracks have widened and threaten still further separation, and the many-shingled roof tells a plain story of age.

The windows and doors are an especially interesting feature of the old mill. Had an architect arranged them with a particular design for picturesque effect, he could scarcely have placed them more effectively. On one side are a half dozen wide and generous openings with the tiny panes of the early days and heavily puttied sashes. Many panes have been thriftily mended with a glass patch and more putty, about half and half. Scattered about on the walls, at intervals selected no doubt to meet the varying convenience of the millwright, are now a miniature window of proportions similar to its larger neighbor, now a little English window with its two sashes opening outward, now a door half way up the side of the mill, whose purpose is not apparent. Up under the gable a nice wide window peeps out like an eye on the beautiful valley to the south, while another, low down toward the ground, is almost buried in the growth of willows from the bank.

With all its pleasant charm of color and form, the gray Old Mill owes much to the little river which has graciously submitted to imprisonment in a canal at this point and thus serves the miller's use. Its waters are luxuriously bordered with sumac, wild white ageratum, and other wild things fine and green which do not scorn to gaze upon their pretty fresh faces in this artificial mirror under the protection of the arching willows overhead. The canal flows with a softly hushed musical murmur, as if its secrets were those of the long dead and forgotten days when the mill was yet new, and as though loud speaking would vex their silence in the old burying-ground on the slope of the hill.

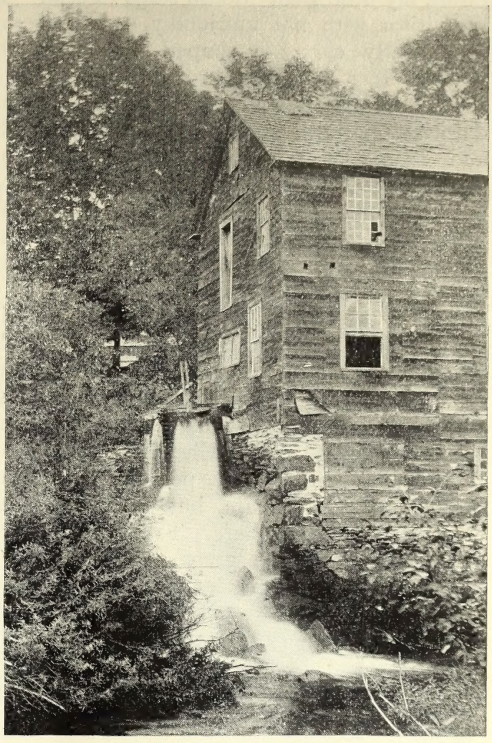
Over the race-way the water falls leaping in pretty, fleeting white waves of foam upon the great stones at its feet, stones so long washed but never losing their pleasant brown, and yearly nourishing a fine growth of green moss of the sort that best loves the pure mountain water and will not thrive if deprived of its gracious influence. With the help of

the stones a brave series of tiny cascades is formed. Now, well over the race, the truant canal joins the mother river again, and goes on in her cosey company, forgetting the trivial separation, over the stones in swift hastening to keep its appointment with the distant sea in whose mighty waters all traces of the mountain stream, with its stories of mills and millers, shall presently be extinguished.

By the river side orange jewel flower, daintily depending from its silken stalk, loves to nod and whisper in the summer air; thistles tower above, and great clusters of wild purple asters and fertile clumps of willow join in a fine scheme of color against the grayness of the Old Mill's mortared under-stones. A gorgeous spray of crimson maple, early donning its fall gala dress, leans over to say good-by to the fast-flying water which will not stay even to furnish a reflection to its brilliant beauty. Here and there a stray crimson leaf has fallen and holds its place well among the stones, gaining brilliancy from its watery coverlid; and, lying among the greens that cluster around the stream, is a dainty pile of white birch logs with the silvery silk bark still encasing the interrupted sap.

You enter the mill by some primitive steps. Within an interesting story of to-day and history of the past unfold. Look at the old door, with its scars and seams and carvings, so many and so deep that you shall scarcely find a square inch of the original surface. Here is a quaint pair of hinges reaching nearly across the door, and so strongly wrought and with such reckless disregard of a possible rise in the price of iron, that they are quite likely to outlast this and following generations. All the walls are gray, but sturdy, firm and true, made by a faithful New England hand not so many generations from the Old England, where all builded things are substantial and regarded as still in their infancy, though a couple of centuries may have tested their worth.

The overshot wheel once helped the river to provide power for many industries. All sorts of useful things have been made here. Great trees from the mountain side have been shaped to build the houses and barns scattered all over the hills and valleys. Here the Squire taught his apprentices the same ways of thoroughness which he himself exercised. Here the young men, learning the honest art of labor, discussed their future and wondered what it should bring to them. Here they carved name and initial on the rough partitions, and here apprentice succeeded master once and again,



as the old church bell tolled out the age and departure of the lately busy worker.

The names represented here, if you could call them all in one long list, and if those to whom the names once belonged could answer, would make a noble company. In those good days mechanical skill was held in high esteem, and many of the names carved on the gray mill walls have been successfully graven in records more enduring.

To-day the mill has no welcome for the mountain logs. Its interior is fragrant with the odor of healthy corn and

wheat. Great white bags filled to bursting are on every side. The greedy hopper slowly devours the sweet grains and transforms them for the uses of the people of Whitefield middle town. A fine white dust lies everywhere, but it is clean and sweet, and brings a remembrance of the days of ripening in the broad fields on the hillside. Even the tiniest cobweb has appropriated its little layer of the wholesome dust and become a fairy-like white lace. Overhead, on a convenient rafter, my little Lady Mouse stops to scan the visitor with not unfriendly curiosity. Her pretty ears are shaped like rose petals. Her dark eyes are as bright as stars; her hands and feet are of the daintiest pattern, and she is as plump and happy as a grain-loving creature might expect to be, living in a mill with bags and bins of excellent food all ready to hand when darkness shuts out the miller and leaves her free to banquet on the delicacies of the season.

This is the Old Mill. Down the lower street a little way, this same useful river, aided on occasion by steam, turns the New Mill, which the friendly neighbors, who have known the young owner since he was a baby, call "Charlie's Mill." It is but a tenth as old, perhaps, as its brother up the stream, but the picturesque is not lacking here. The buildings are still in the lighter grays and browns. Great stores of pleasant-smelling logs are lying about among the summer greens, awaiting their turn at the musical saw. Boards of many shapes and much loose wood are scattered in the neighborhood, while golden-rod and purple asters and sumacs are endeavoring to assert their right to the soil once their exclusive domain, but now thus rudely invaded, and peep out from under the logs with blossoms and foliage and bended stalks, poor things of a season. Circumstances may necessitate a change in their customary manner of living, but they hold their own bravely.

It is a busy spot. Here a solid plank, not so long from its home on the hill, bound fast to the carriage, glides slowly up to the whirling, singing metal, and with many a pure musical note is transformed into a new shape. Shingles and floors, doors and windows, and all manner of homely needs are here supplied.

And behind the New Mill rise the living, ever lovely mountains, with a white homestead glancing out from among the trees of the foreground, and the white stones of the "New Burying-Ground" rising sharply against the foliage. Some day, perhaps, when the hands of this chronicler are silently folded, another pen shall record the history and the old-age aspect of this which we now call the "New Mill."



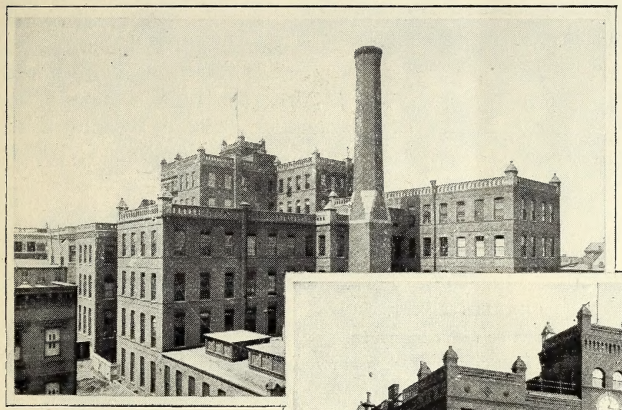
THE PRATT INSTITUTE.

By J. Frederick Hopkins.

ONE hundred years ago, a Swiss schoolmaster, struggling to educate a few homeless children in an abandoned chapel on the shores of Lake Lucerne, set forth a new educational idea. Taking the principles which underlie the teachings of Comenius and Rousseau, Pestalozzi arranged them in a manner wholly his own, and, throwing around them the warmth of his large-hearted, sympathetic personality, produced a standard of education planned to develop the whole man. Here and there, throughout the century, attempts had been made by farsighted individuals to bring about educational methods which should be in keeping with this reformer's ideals; but only in a few instances had their efforts been successful. Meanwhile industrial and economical conditions developed rapidly, leaving education stuck hard and fast in the ruts of prejudice and conservatism, until in far too many instances the elaborate theories of the schoolmen were wholly out of joint with the times.

Ten years ago the educational conditions presented by this country were very different from those of to-day. Science had become a regular part of the courses of the colleges and higher institutions of learning, and great technical schools had been established from which specialists went out equipped to meet the scientific details of industrial enterprises. Secondary education, however, stood in much the same position as in the earlier part of the century; and nowhere throughout this broad land was there a school wherein the sympathetic spirit of a Pestalozzi beckoned to the all-round development of our young men and women.

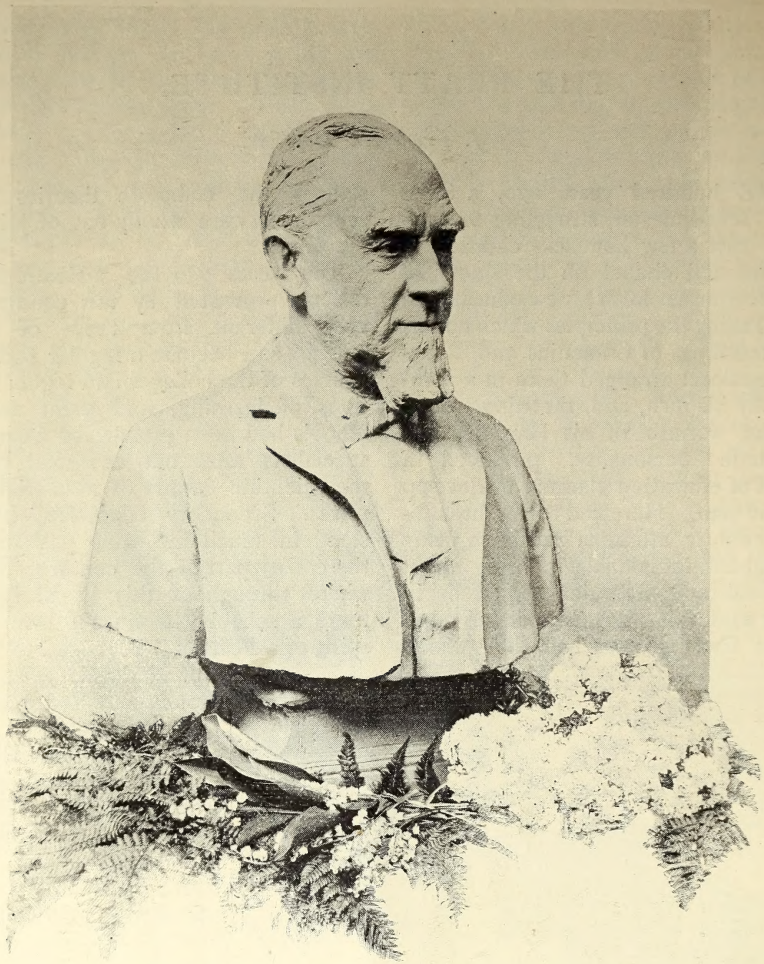
Such were the educational conditions when Mr. Charles Pratt of Brooklyn surprised his fellow-citizens by introducing into the Legislature at Albany, through Senator Worth, in the early months of 1887,



REAR VIEW OF MAIN BUILDING, WITH SCIENCE, TECHNOLOGY, HIGH SCHOOL AND LIBRARY BUILDINGS.



MAIN BUILDING, PRATT INSTITUTE.



CHARLES PRATT.

FOUNDER OF PRATT INSTITUTE.

FROM THE SKETCH IN CLAY BY S. HERBERT ADAMS.

a bill providing for the establishment in their city of an institution for the education of young men and women. The special aim of this new departure was "to afford opportunities for persons to become acquainted with what is best in manufactured materials, fabrics, wares, and arts, . . . to educate the eye and the hand in the practical use of tools and machinery, that students may be encouraged to emulate the best models and be enabled to accomplish the best possible work in one or more branches of art or manufacture, either useful or ornamental."

"A leading object shall be to teach those [branches] having reference to the construction of healthy and comfortable homes, to the furnishing and adornment thereof, to matters of household economy and home management, the preparation of clothing, useful and ornamental, of economic and wholesome foods, and such instruction in sanitary laws and the laws of hygiene as shall tend to secure comfortable and healthy homes at the least expense, and also a careful regard to bodily health. It shall also be an aim of the institution to afford such instruction

as shall best enable men and women to earn their own living by applied knowledge and skilful use of their hands in the various mercantile, mechanical, mining and manufacturing establishments of our country; also in all branches of architecture; also by painting, decorating, music, book-keeping, stenography, typewriting, and kindred industries;" also "to establish and maintain . . . a free public circulating library and reading-room, with one or more branches, and . . . to promote mental improvement by means of lectures, discourses, collections of objects of art and science, and other suitable means."

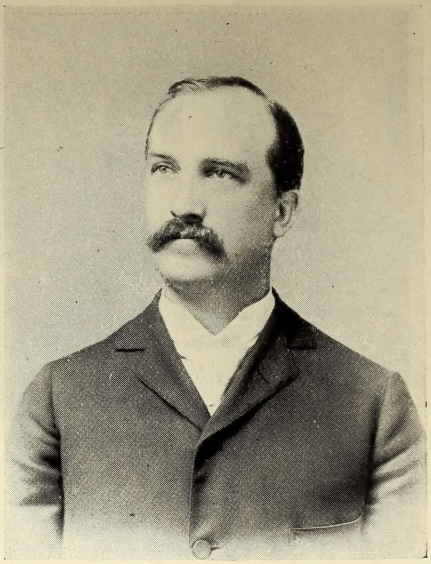


ARCHITECTURAL DRAUGHTING CLASS, DEPARTMENT OF FINE ARTS.

Mr. Pratt's fellow-citizens had long known him as a most generous contributor to many educational and philanthropic enterprises. They had seen him enlarge the Adelphi Academy to twice its original dimensions, and later erect, at the cost of $160,000, its great collegiate department, giving an institution in which more than a thousand students receive preparation for higher literary education. They knew him as the zealous church member who had come to the front so nobly and assumed one half the expense of erecting the stately Emmanuel Baptist Church. They knew of his philanthropic expenditure of $275,000 in building the little community of small apartment houses known as the Astral Flats; and some of his fellow-citizens knew dimly of his endowments in connection with several colleges and libraries, not to mention the many charities in his adopted city.



SKETCH CLASS, DEPARTMENT OF FINE ARTS.



WALTER S. PERRY.
SENIOR DIRECTOR, DEPARTMENT OF FINE ARTS.

Early in the spring of 1886, a permit had been granted by the city of Brooklyn for a stately six-story brick and terra-cotta building, to be erected for "factory purposes" on Ryerson Street, on land belonging to Mr. Pratt. The permit did not specify whether the structure was to become another of the many industrial establishments in which its owner was interested; nor was there the least hint or suggestion of the great educational institution which now bears his name. As the walls grew in height, with their wide, high windows and massive and imposing doorway, it soon became evident that it must be a new kind of "factory" which was rising to alter the sky-line of the "Hill." Not until the bill of incorporation had been introduced into the legislature was the true purpose of "Mr. Pratt's mystery," as the uncompleted buildings were called, shown to the city and the world. Not until that time would Mr. Pratt give even an outline of his plans for publication.

He had been interested, since his own early struggles to acquire an education, in the problems presented in the training of the young. He had noted for a long time how small a percentage of the young men graduated from the public schools were able to avail themselves of a college or higher scientific education. Therefore he conceived the idea of an institution which should bridge the gap between the public school and the demands of modern life, by providing a place in which young men and women could equip themselves for an active, useful career in manufactures or in arts. He had personally made a careful study of almost all the technical schools of this country and Europe, and had united in his prospective Institute the good points of all, — arranged with an originality characteristic of the man. The plan of the school was therefore from its first conception the direct result of the many influences which had surrounded his long and successful career.

He had purchased land for the buildings which were to house his school in the centre of the city, early in 1884; and plans were prepared in order that the contracts might be let a year later. In July of the same year the work began, and went steadily forward through the following two years. Four buildings, connected by bridges and covered passages, stand between Ryerson Street and Grand Avenue, while across the street and occupying the block west to Hall Street stands the new



NORMAL ART CLASS, DEPARTMENT OF FINE ARTS.

Library, which is the first of a series of three buildings which will also house the now overcrowded Art School and the Museum. One by one the departments were organized, each one pledged to carry on a section of the great educational scheme. Time and experience arranged these efforts under four distinct heads, which taken collectively represent the clearly defined aims of the Institute.

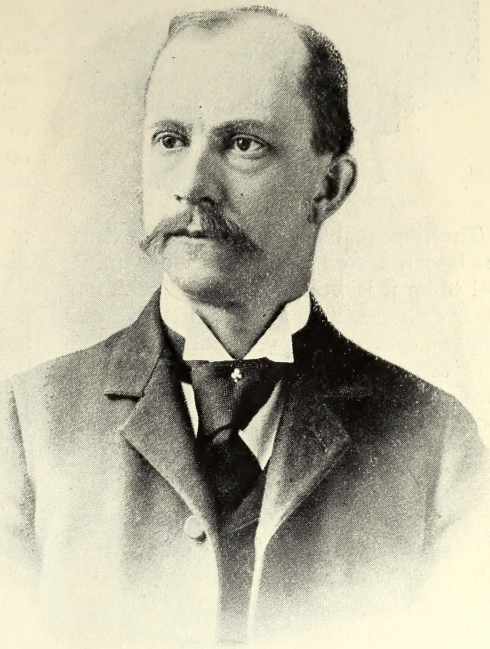
1. Educational, pure and simple; the purpose being the harmonious development of the faculties. This is best illustrated in the work of the High School.

2. Normal; the ultimate aim being the preparation of teachers. Normal training is at present given in the departments of Fine Arts, Domestic Science, Science and Technology, and Kindergarten.

3. Technical; or special training to secure practical skill in the various branches of industrial and domestic art, the handicrafts, the applied sciences, and the mechanical trades.

4. Supplementary and special; intended for the benefit of those who wish to supplement the training of school or college by attention to special subjects conducing to more intelligent direction of domestic, financial, social or philanthropic interests.

The most striking feature of the Institute is its unity. A oneness of purpose, of ideas and of methods binds the departments of this great school into a more harmonious relationship than exists in most other institutions. Its courses of study play into each other so intimately that no one department exists without the others. What is so strikingly true of its courses of study is equally true of its organization. The Institute is made up of nine different departments: High School, Fine Arts, Domestic Art, Domestic Science, Science and Technology, Commerce, Kindergartens, Libraries, and Museums, each of which is presided over by a director who organizes and superintends the work of the teachers and students enrolled in that department. These departments are divided into classes, each one of which is in charge of a certain teacher, or committee of teachers, who meet those particular students in the various branches of their course. Every student is thus responsible to certain teachers; these teachers look to their director for general departmental supervision; while each director is a member of the Institute Faculty, at whose meeting the Secretary of the Institute, Mr. F. B. Pratt, presides. The Faculty make recommendations to the Board of Trustees, composed of Mr. Charles M. Pratt, President, Mr. George D. Pratt, and Mr. Frederic B. Pratt, Secretary and Treasurer. The Trustees, in turn, express their desires to the Faculty; and thus from the President to the youngest student the relation is close, helpful and practical.

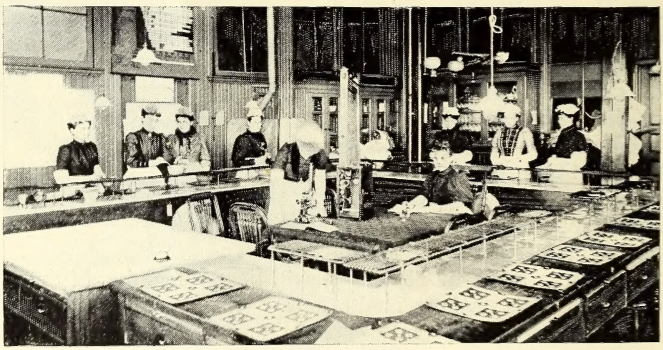


CHARLES M. PRATT.
PRESIDENT BOARD OF TRUSTEES.



BIOLOGICAL WORK.

The remarkable success of the Institute has largely rested upon this close unity; and when it is borne in mind that there are over one hundred and thirty-five employees, more than one hundred of whom are instructors, meeting a total yearly enrolment of between three thousand seven hundred and fifty and four thousand students, the wisdom and strength of the founder's forethought in arranging this scheme become apparent. While a university in its scope, its breadth of field has not affected in the least the quality of the work accomplished. Every detail of the vast machinery is carefully considered, elaborated and administrated: for no chain, however extended, is stronger than its weakest link.



NORMAL CLASS IN DOMESTIC SCIENCE.

The Department of Fine Arts holds the honor of enrolling the first students, — the advance guard of that earnest army which has gone out into the world during the last seven years. Like all great undertakings, the Institute had its small beginning; and from that one class of twelve have grown the many which now people the classrooms on every floor and which have raised the enrolment of the Institute to such a large number. The early work on the fourth floor was then planned for only classes in elementary freehand and mechanical drawing; and there was little to indicate outside of the mind of the director the outlines of the great art school which to-day occupies all of the fourth floor, the best portion of the fifth, and the large studio hall on the southern half of the sixth floor.

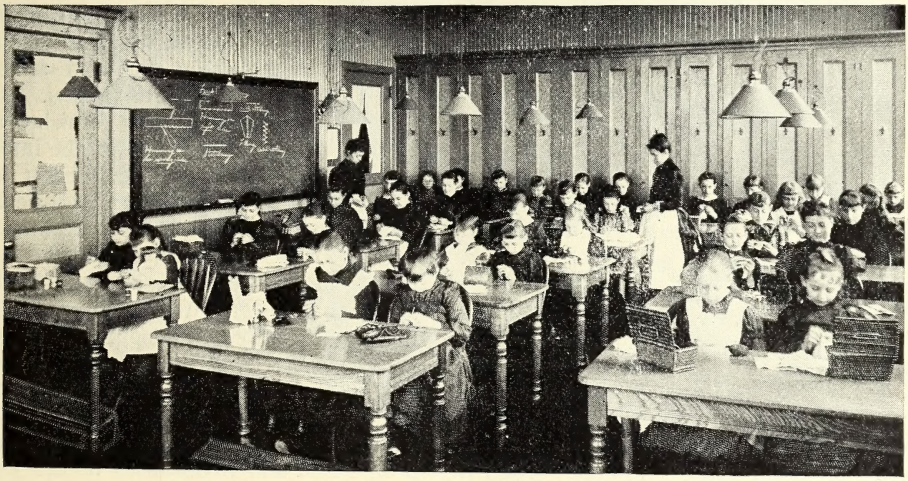
First and foremost in the work of this department is the four-years' course known as the Regular Art Course. This embraces drawing from the antique, freehand, perspective, sketching, color, both in water and oil, anatomy, portrait and figure composition, clay-modelling, and the history of art. Second to this is the Normal Art Course, which is planned for those students who have already had experience in teaching and considerable



DRESSMAKING CLASS, DOMESTIC ART DEPARTMENT.

art training as well, and which fits its graduates for positions as supervisors of art instruction in common, high, and normal schools. This second division drops some of the elementary work of the regular art course, and omits as well the anatomy, life, portrait and composition, taking instead much of the theory of education, practical teaching, and additional work of a special nature to fit the student to fill important positions. Around these two main divisions are grouped the two-years' courses in clay-modelling, design, wood carving and needlework. Wholly outside of these, but dependent upon them for artistic training, is the two-years' course in architecture, aiming to fit young men and women for positions of responsibility in architects' offices.

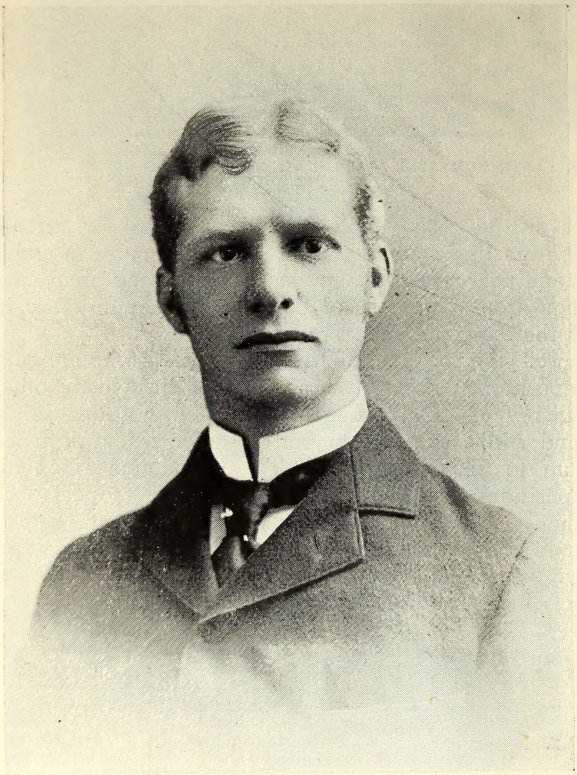
One of the many visitors who are constantly passing through this and the other departments commented, not long since, on the number of students at work in the class-rooms. To this a companion replied: "The number of students does not in any way surprise me; but what has impressed me most forcibly is the fact that so many courses of study, in almost every instance new in themselves and



CHILDREN'S CLASS, DEPARTMENT OF DOMESTIC ART.

mutually helpful one to another, could have been planned and developed in so short a time, and have been productive of so great results. For," said the visitor, "the students of every department are scattered throughout the country, filling positions of importance and responsibility."

This statement is the key to the success of the Institute, and applies particularly to the work of the Art School.



FREDERIC B. PRATT.

SECRETARY AND TREASURER OF THE PRATT INSTITUTE.

Realizing the sacrifices which many of the students make to undertake the work, and appreciating how short is the time at the disposal of many, a series of outlines was planned by the teachers who knew so well the hard path to be trodden. They serve as guides set up beside the pathway, and tend to keep the student on the right road in his chase after that fleeting spirit, artistic success. Thus it is by such economy of time and by the opportunities presented by studios open almost constantly from nine in the morning to ten at night, that a persevering student with good health and strength and a fair start may accomplish so much. Two years packed full of earnest work, varied as much as possible throughout morning, afternoon and evening sessions, in classes watched over by a sufficient number of teachers ready at all times to give help, counsel and encouragement, will produce greater results than twice the time spent in half-hearted study carried on through only a portion of a day.

Much skilful planning has made these courses conducive to the development of broad thought and searching insight; and among the many features introduced there is none capable of greater results than the twenty or thirty lectures on the History of Art, given each year by the director and illustrated by the stereopticon. The history of art is the history of civilization, and the study of this broadening influence brings reality into the composition studies of the advanced students, gives a point to the educational history of the normal pupils, adds inspiration to the work of the wood-carvers and sculptors, and furnishes the *motif* for many a thoughtful study by the young men and women of the architectural class.

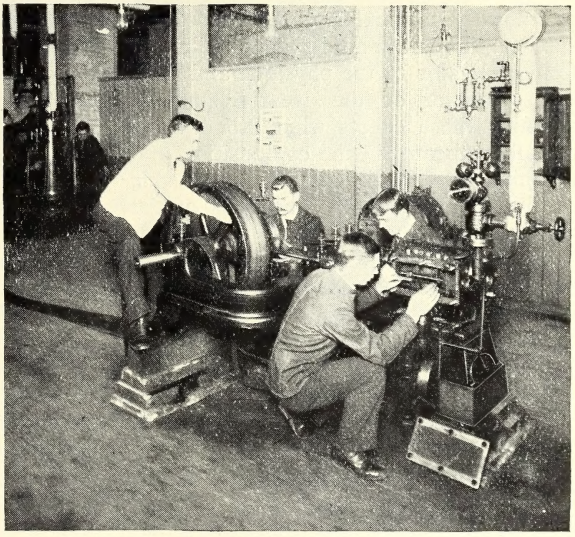
This last class furnishes as good an example of the interrelationship of the different departments of the Institute as can be shown. These embryo architects receive their constructive and artistic training in their own department, go to the Library and the photographs of the Museum for help and inspiration, recite their geometry and mathematics in the class-rooms of another department, and take their wood-working, house-building, plumbing and tests of building material in the shops and laboratories of the Department of Science and Technology.



NORMAL MANUAL TRAINING. LADIES' CLASS.

The Department of Fine Arts enrolls more students who give their entire time to study than any of the other divisions of the Institute; but these figures are eclipsed by the total enrolment of the many classes of the Department of Domestic Art, whose students, however, in almost all instances, are enrolled for only a fraction of the full time. This is a woman's department, planned without a precedent in any part of the world, and directed and instructed wholly by women. It would be exceedingly interesting to know where Mr. Pratt received the first inspiration which led him to establish what was then an almost unique feature of the general scheme of the Institute, and which has since proved so successful and been so extensively copied. The department stands for the cultivation of taste and economy, based upon an artistic and hygienic study of all those elements which relate to healthful and beautiful clothing. This training is undertaken in courses of physical culture, sewing, dressmaking and millinery, and is carried on by means of logically arranged and carefully graded methods, which not only give a thorough knowledge of the subject, but also leave their impress upon the students in an appreciation of the value of order, accuracy, economy and adaptation to purpose.

In accordance with the general scheme of the Institute in the organization of classes to fit all sorts and conditions of students, we find the doors of this section open for morning, afternoon and evening classes. This gives the opportunity for the girl already equipped with some experience and wishing to give her whole time for a year, to prepare herself for the life of a professional dressmaker or milliner. Here may come the girl who wishes to apply her instruction to the regular work of the home, or the girl who, busy with daily work, finds these well-lighted class-rooms a pleasant place to take an evening course to enable her to fashion her own gowns. Saturday morning the elevator to this



VALVE-SETTING, DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY.



BOOK-KEEPING CLASS, DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE.

third floor is loaded with bright-faced children who, doll in hand, come to learn the elements of simple sewing and the more extended efforts of cutting, fitting and making clothes for their waxen-faced charges.

Because the studies pursued are based upon most artistic and scientific courses, one finds a certain reasonableness and tolerance of existing fashions when the gowns and millinery of the students are put on exhibition. The reason of this lies in the fact that each student is led to study the particular conditions of the subject in hand and its adaptability in form and color to the physique and general character of the wearer, studying carefully those effects which shall bring out all the beauty in the composition, and planning the details of color and style to fit the climate or conditions of the season.

Breadth of thought is made an element of all these courses by giving the students an opportunity to follow the lectures on Art History given by the Department of Fine Arts; and special courses on the history of costume, on the manufacture of textiles and of color, fitness and combinations are annually given.

Parallel with all the work of this department are its courses in drawing and color carried on by each student. Practice from simple models leads to the study of drapery, the effects of light and shade and color. Study of historic statues and the human figure gives ideas of proportion and balance; while the crowning work, which follows wonderfully soon in these well-graded courses, is the sketches for designs in millinery and gowns, carried out in the harmonious schemes of color which later appear in the finished dresses, bonnets or hats.

When art joins hands with science in the preparation of healthful and beautiful clothing, great results are sure to be accomplished. Equal success is assured when these helpful agents are called in to assist in the question of home-building and management and the proper preparation of food. This is the field of effort of the Department of Domestic Science.

It has been said that the courses of this department present the greatest variety, and extend all the way from two hours to two years. From the two hours' private lesson given to a lady who desires to learn the scientific cleansing of laces, or the proper method of making bread, to the full two years' course of its normal students, the work is broad and varied. This training of teachers is the most important and far-reaching of the efforts of the department, and is sure to obtain support and appreciation from the educators of the country; for the demand for trained specialists capable of introducing Domestic Science into the variously graded schools is far in excess of the supply. This normal class is limited to twelve students; and the requirements for admission are such that only those who have had the necessary training can expect to become members. The entering student looks down a long perspective of arduous effort, including the study of German as the investigator's language, physics, chemistry, biology, bacteriology, physiology, the chemistry of cooking and of foods, the calculation of dietaries, hygiene and home-nursing, and house sanitation. The instruction is by lectures and text-books; while sewing, laundry work, normal

methods, practice teaching and field-work in the form of visits to manufactories round out the programme.

Well-equipped chemical and physical laboratories, sunny kitchens, an admirable laundry, valuable models and charts, together with most complete apparatus, have been provided; while everything possible is done by the Library staff to place helpful literature before the earnest students who seek instruction here.

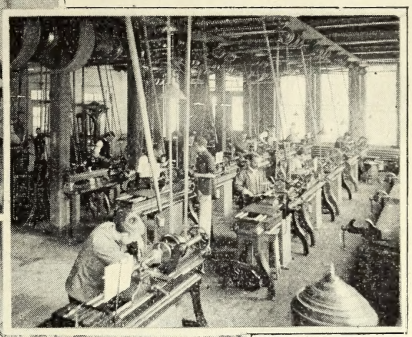
Household science, as well as public hygiene, receives proper attention in special courses, which occupy a considerable portion of the year. The first comprises the evolution of the house and home and the principles of household art and decoration, as well as the sanitation of the home and wise economy in all that pertains to it. Emergencies and home-nursing also receive their proper attention; for what is more important to our home-managers than that they should know at least the rudimentary principles of care for the sick and the rendering of intelligent aid to the injured?

These special courses offer opportunities for both day and evening instruction, and are greatly appreciated, especially by those whose daily tasks prevent their studying in morning classes. The cooking-classes are many, and one finds the white-capped students at work during almost every hour of the day. Saturday morning is devoted to the school-girls, and at stated times during the week the housekeepers' classes are in session; while the remainder of the weekly programme is filled by the nurses' class, the chafing-dish lessons, the fancy course, and maids' classes or special lessons. A series of lessons in practical laundry-work under scientific instruction and with modern appliances completes the courses of this interesting department.

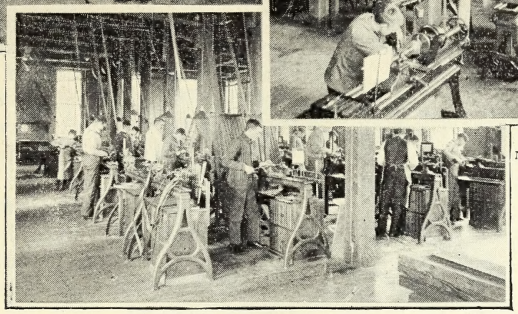
The Department of Science and Technology, with its class and lecture rooms, laboratories, shops and testing-plants, has a very broad duty to perform in carrying out its part in Institute economy. Besides furnishing instructions in science, mathematics and manual training to the students of the High School, it gives instruction in the practical subjects connected with the work of the architectural classes, and carries on as well a similar course wholly under its own supervision in its classes in machine design. In the well-planned evening courses provision is made for the best kind of university extension, — not the extension consisting of brief series of lectures, but that which offers comprehensive training with all the advantages of lectures, recitations and individual laboratory practice. Besides these purely educational efforts, it carries on practical instruction in certain of the mechanical



FORGE SHOP.



AT THE MACHINE TOOLS.



WOOD TURNING.

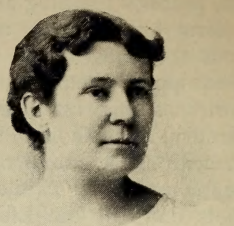
HIGH SCHOOL CLASS.

trades, offering efficient substitutes for the old-fashioned apprenticeship system, in the proper teaching of carpentry, machine-work, plumbing and house, sign and fresco painting.

In its work in connection with the High School it is the aim to present those courses which shall develop the reasoning powers, the control of the will, the executive faculties and the power of observation — in short, to develop power rather than knowledge in the students who come under its care.

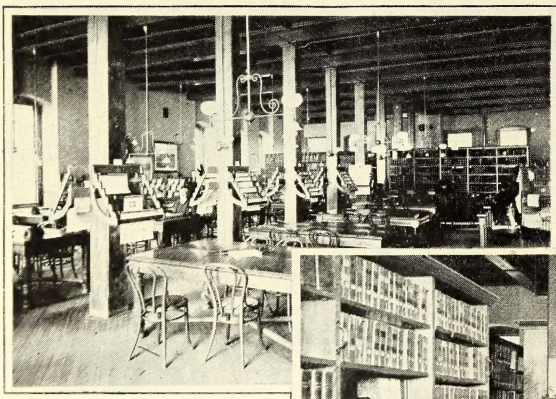
Practical and mathematical instruction to supplement the theory and drawing of the architectural courses is the incentive which brings the students within its precincts. The shop and laboratory training of its classes in machine design is planned with a similar purpose in view, although with the difference that all the subjects of this many-sided course are supervised by its own instructors.

Its evening science classes are wonderfully interesting and productive of good results. The fact that its rooms are crowded, and by men who are steadily engaged in arduous daily effort, is sufficient proof of the need of such opportunities and the great appreciation which has marked their introduction. More mature faces than those of the day classes greet the evening visitor; but no less thorough work is accomplished at the end of the day.

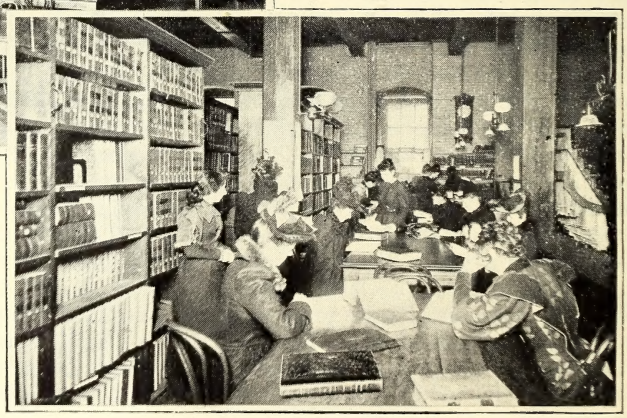


MARGARET HEALY.
DIRECTOR OF LIBRARIES.

These classes, which offer instruction in chemistry, physics, electrical construction, steam and steam-engines, strength of materials, machine design and drawing, minister to a demand for technical instruction which thus far has been only partly met by the long, arduous courses of the great scientific schools. The tremendous strides which have been made in recent years in the practice of almost all these subjects have made it very difficult for many young men without scientific knowledge to keep abreast of the times and to secure or hold the positions which they would desire. These evening classes aim to meet the



READING-ROOM.



REFERENCE LIBRARY.

needs of just such a class of earnest workers. The methods pursued are identical in the various classes. Lectures and discussions take place in the lecture-room, where the various experiments are performed by the instructors; the students then proceed to the laboratories, where they find their individual apparatus and work out the various problems, applying or verifying principles as the subject demands.

The trade classes, both day and evening, aim to equip the student for practical work in the shortest possible time. The courses of instruction are reduced to the most systematic form, and each exercise brought forward is designed to represent some important principle. Thus time is economized; for when the student has learned to do one thing well, he is passed on to the next and more difficult operation. Each principle is thoroughly explained, materials are carefully studied, and practical methods and rules are introduced wherever time may be saved.

It is pleasant to note the interest of the Journeymen Plumbers' Association of Brooklyn in their coöperation with the Institute concerning this particular trade. Besides lending their advice and encouragement, they appoint each year a committee to examine the graduates from these classes; and the certificate awarded jointly by the committee and the Institute is accepted in place of the examination usually held for admission to the Association. This speaks well for the progressive character of the Brooklyn plumber, as this is the only instance known to the writer of the coöperation of a labor association with a trade school.

An especially interesting feature of these trade classes is the instruction in fresco-painting and design. The first year gives practice in the technical operations of the trade; the second year offers its course in design and the study of historic ornament; while the third year is devoted to the study of composition and the decoration of panels, frieze and ceilings.

The latest attempt of this ambitious department has been directed toward the organization of a normal class in manual training, to meet the demand for trained teachers in this most valuable feature of modern education. A class of exceedingly earnest young men is now pursuing this course, studying grammar and high school methods of manual training, methods of teaching, and the history of pedagogy. After a period spent in practice teaching, these young men will go out to reproduce abroad the thorough work and honest effort which form the hall-mark of the Institute.

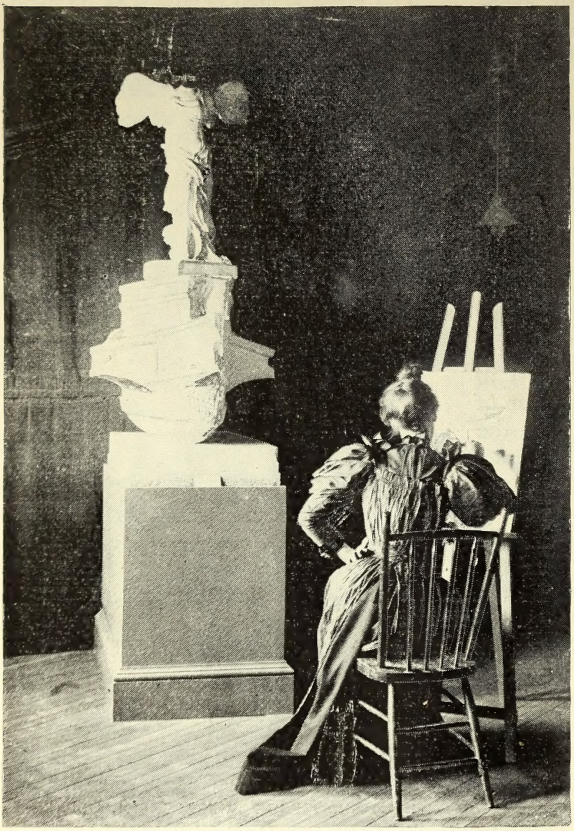
The High School occupies as its headquarters the three-story brick and brown-



PHOTOGRAPH REFERENCE ROOM, DEPARTMENT OF MUSEUMS.

stone structure at the right of the main building. There the boys and girls gather for their class-room exercises and their drawing; but they overflow, on the one hand, toward the laboratories and shops of Science and Technology, and, on the other, to the kitchens and laboratories of the Department of Domestic Science. It is an all-round education which is furnished in the school; and when, after three years of hard study, the graduating

class gathers upon the platform, — the girls in all the dainty sweetness of gowns designed and fashioned by themselves, while the boys are ready to demonstrate the results of some mental or manual problem, — one realizes what modern secondary education at the Pratt Institute can accomplish. In founding this department, Mr. Pratt proposed "to educate boys and girls to work patiently, systematically and constantly with the hand, eye and brain; to give them such a combined training, in all their powers, that they may be able to decide for themselves in what life work they are best adapted to succeed." The trust imposed upon the members of the executive force of the school has been most nobly carried out. They have selected from all the studies usual or possible to a high school those which seemed best fitted to cultivate the powers of the mind, and then assigned to each what seemed a just proportion of the student's time. Each subject was selected with a view to cultivate, by direct and definite means, specific and significant powers. Many visitors to the department misunderstand its purpose, translating what they happen to see going on in the class-rooms into their notions of education. The High School does not teach trades, neither does it distort nor magnify the importance of manual training. It offers courses in wood-work, sewing or cooking, as it does courses in algebra, drawing or chemistry, with the design of training mental power, thus developing character, executive ability and honesty of purpose, — in short, of producing broad-minded men and women, whatever vocation they may afterward choose.



IN THE MUSEUM.

One of the unique features of this school makes itself felt at the beginning of the day's work. After the devotional exercises have taken place, a number of students rise from their seats and take their places at the back of the room. These are the editors of the *Pratt Institute Daily News*, the largest, longest and most rapidly published daily in the world — largest, because set in columns three feet wide and six feet high; longest, because it extends the length of the wide Assembly Hall; and most rapidly published, because it is scarcely twenty minutes from the arrival of the first editor until the time when the blackboards upon which this remarkable journal is written are ready for the sponge of the janitress. Each week a new set of editors is required to take charge of the news items. These young people search the newspapers which are delivered each morning at the Hall, extract the important items of news, look

up any details of pronunciation or location, and then, in large bold script, write the paragraphs upon their respective blackboards. The editing is directed by a teacher, who makes his corrections here and suggestions there, until everything is complete. Then, at the proper time, the principal orders the editors to the back of the room, from which point, in clear, fresh voices, they give their news. Woe to the unlucky editor who mispronounces his words or fails to verify his statements, thereby laying himself open to the prying questions of the principal!

From the standpoint of the practical educator there can be no wiser provision than the organization of a department for the training of kindergartners. A high school may throw its doors wide open to the seekers for secondary training, domestic art or science may be prepared for students of mature minds, and studio or laboratory be administered for special culture; but such educational effort can never reach its broadest or finest results unless the entering students have received the mental training provided by proper direction during early childhood. To provide general or special training for those who may have the care of children and who desire to study Froebel's educational theory, and to further a deeper, truer insight into the nature of the child, is the aim of the Department of Kindergartens. Its classes are open to students of mature thought and thorough preparation, who desire to give two years of earnest study to the special subjects necessary to qualify them for successful kindergartners; to teachers who wish to study the educational principles of Froebel; to mothers who desire deeper insight in the training of their children; and to young women who seek the general culture which a kindergartner's training affords. The ideal kindergartner is an ideal teacher, a living example of the great theory of the founder of this child-study, that feeling, thinking and doing must be developed to form a harmonious teacher. This is the keynote of a department which has already accomplished such elevating results. Watch the children who play about the streets near the free kindergartens established by the Institute in the lower districts of the city, and see the changes which patient effort and constant sympathy have introduced. There children are instructed, not only by a regular teacher, but also by the members of the normal training class, who go about to their several posts of missionary duty. Practical as well as theoretical education is thus provided, and students are graduated who are not only enthusiastic to pursue their chosen profession, but are also strong in the confidence and power which comes from a constant practical experience. Everything is provided to further the efforts of this department. In the spacious yard attached to the home kindergarten can be found the flower-gardens which the children plant and cultivate, thus absorbing elementary botanical science; while chickens, pigeons, puppies, kittens and rabbits are there to be domiciled, giving active life for further study in this happy family.

Mr. Pratt amassed his fortune and achieved success in an earnest and active business life. It is therefore not surprising that in his dreams for a great institution the idea of a school for business training should be incorporated. Such is the Department of Commerce, organized to meet the demand for thoroughly trained assistants in great business enterprises. Its course provides instruction in phonography and typewriting, book-keeping, arithmetic and penmanship, English correspondence and composition, and Spanish.

No modern business education is complete without a practical knowledge of shorthand and typewriting. Within a comparatively few years there has grown up so great a demand for competent amanuenses that a new profession has been created. This demand, as well as the lack of information concerning the general educational qualifications necessary, has induced many persons to undertake the study who were not qualified to become successful in its practical application. In connection with this course a special feature is made of intelligent revision of badly expressed sentences, as also of punctuation, capitalization, paragraphing, itemizing, and the special

dictation of matter bearing upon stenographic work, as regards neatness, proficiency, perseverance, intelligence and common-sense business ways and courtesy. In fact, stenography and typewriting comprise but about two thirds of the intelligent work of the course, and careful students find opportunity to broaden their knowledge of many subjects in which they may have been deficient on entering the department. Book-keeping is studied in sunny class-rooms where the blackboards are ruled in journal, ledger, and cash-book form, and the desks are fitted with all the conveniences for good work. Arithmetic and penmanship, dealing with the interest, percentage, discount, calculation and short methods, are studied in connection with the acquirement of a rapid commercial hand and a familiarity with business forms. The classes in English and Spanish are conducted in a manner to secure the best results from a business standpoint. No examinations are required at entrance, but careful tests are introduced at the close of each term. Business correspondence and composition make up the greater work of these classes.

At the right and left of the main entrance of the Institute, and on the main floor, as is proper for a department to which all other departments, as well as the public, come for help, are the Reference and Delivery rooms of the Department of Libraries. The Library of the Pratt Institute holds a unique position in the general scheme of this great school. Originally founded for the exclusive use of the students of the Institute, it shortly outgrew its early plan, and soon expanded into the present helpful, far-reaching establishment, now standing as the second public library in the city. Over 25,000 people draw books upon their cards, 175,000 volumes are annually circulated, and over 41,000 visitors entered the doors of the reading-room during the past year. It has now outgrown its original quarters, and before another year it will be installed in a new building across the street.

As a feeder and helper for the departments of the Institute, the Library is unequalled; and few other schools have so large, so sympathetic, or so thoroughly trained a staff of assistants to cater to the wants of the readers who enter its doors. Unlike many of the greater public libraries, its reference section seems always open; and it did not take very long for the professional men, artists, journalists and specialists of many kinds, whose faces have now become so familiar to the staff, to find out and appreciate its advantages. All visitors have free access to the shelves in this section, where are stored the nine hundred or more reference books, besides a full set of the many periodicals to which Poole's Index makes so valuable reference. It is as easy to work in this pleasant section as in the familiar companionship of the books on one's home shelves.

The loan department is thoroughly systematized, and runs with a clockwork regularity wonderful to see. Indeed, it is only by such excellent methods that the red tape so necessary in even the smallest library is kept from protruding itself before the borrowing public. The staff workers are fortunate indeed; for not only all the latest books and the best are placed at their disposal by the generous trustees, but the best of appliances are given them to aid in their efforts. Staff meetings, reading clubs, and regular instruction in library methods, as well as excursions to other libraries, form a part of the programme of a Pratt Library attendant.

In connection with this helpful department is a library school, founded not for comparative library study, as is the case with the great head school at Albany, but rather as a medium for the study of Pratt Library methods. It is a severe and searching course, entrance to which is possible only through the medium of good scholarship. It consists of instruction in all the details of library economy, from the registration of borrowers, through all the round of daily duties, to reference work and the preparation of statistics. Cataloguing in all its details receives the attention which it deserves, and courses in English composition, current topics, English and American literature, with German, round out the work. Typewriting, stenography and

book-keeping complete this branch of library training.

The enlargement of the field for workers thus trained has been very great during the past few years, and demands are constantly made for trained assistants for professors, scholars, writers and editors, who shall not only have the qualifications of a literary education, but who shall be trained as well in the literary methods. This assistance is necessary in order to file and classify the many data of professional life, to look up references and compile statistics for writing or speaking, to conduct social and business correspondence, or to take shorthand notes of lectures or conversation.

Hanging on the walls of almost every stairway, hall and class-room, extending pleasant greeting to all who come and go, are the decorations of the Department of Museums. The headquarters of this branch of Institute work is upon the fifth floor, where is located the large hall for the exhibition of the collection of reproductive art, pottery and metals. There are also an exhibition room and a pleasantly lighted reference room, where students are always at liberty to consult and study the photographs stored in the portfolios. Under the care of this department are also the casts which are on permanent loan to the Department of Fine Arts, the collection of lantern-slides which illustrate the various lines of study pursued in the school, and the pictures which hang upon the walls of the building. These are framed photographs of large size, which illustrate the history of art in its various phases, and which are systematically moved from place to place during the school year. A magnificent collection of architectural subjects is hung upon the main stairway, and the visitor who prefers walking to taking the elevator finds himself pleasantly entertained as he passes in review the examples of the ages, from the Egyptian Temple in the basement to the beauties of the "White City," which fittingly crown the collection on the landing of the sixth floor.

The Department of Museums undertakes associate work with all the other departments of the Institute, and its material is so arranged that it can be loaned upon a short notice to any class-room in the building.

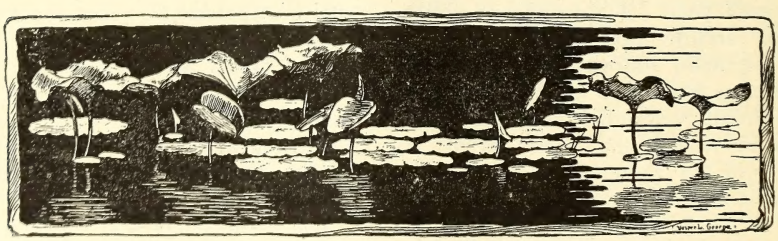
The banking interests of the patrons of the Institute are cared for by "The Thrift," founded by Mr. Pratt in 1889 as a practical illustration of the advantages of systematic saving and as a help to all who might avail themselves of its advantages. It does business in three independent lines, combining under one management an Investment, a Deposit, and a Loan Branch, all of which are open to citizens of Brooklyn. Investments may be made in instalment shares or paid-up shares. An instalment share is payable at the rate of one dollar a month for ten years, at the end of which time the payments, with interest and premium, amount to $156. $150 in one payment secures a paid-up share, which, besides drawing interest, is entitled to the regular premium at the end of its tenth year on deposit. The Deposit Branch is much used by students who come to the Institute from a distance. Deposits in this branch have always drawn four per cent interest. The Loan Branch advances sums of any amount upon improved real estate within the city of Brooklyn. The special object of the founder in establishing this branch was to loan moderate sums to persons of small means to aid them in the purchase of a house. These loans are made payable in monthly instalments, covering a term of years, the payments totally extinguishing principal and interest. The management points with pride to the quarter of a million dollars successfully loaned in this way during the six years of its existence. The Thrift has deposits exceeding $225,000, has a total membership of about fourteen hundred, and is increasing its deposits at a rate of about $6,000 a month. Simple methods and careful management have their excellent results, and absolute safety is guaranteed to all who do business with any branch by the firm of Charles Pratt and Company.

The Gymnasium and outdoor classes, as well as the sports and games of the fall and spring terms, are presided over by the Athletic Association. Regular indoor classes are carried on by an instructor in the basement of the High School, which

is fitted up with apparatus, lockers and bath-rooms. Across Grand Avenue are ten tennis-courts of hard rolled gravel, while across the next street is the athletic field with its baseball diamond, running-track and grand stand. During the base-ball games, which bring out all the rivalry of the many classes and departments, the benches are bright with fluttering ribbons and bright parasols, while upon the Spring Field Day the gates have to be closed to all except ticket holders, so great is the interest in this annual event. The school is a member of the Long Island Interscholastic League, and supports its regular baseball and football teams, also entering individual athletes in the competitive games held each year.

The social festivities of the school are given under the auspices of a most elastic organization known as the Neighborship Association. This is the outgrowth of the Alumni Association, organized, as its name indicates, by the graduates of the school. The extension came about through a desire on the part of many of the members to do something more than meet together, hear lectures, or attend teas. This Neighborship Association has undertaken and is successfully carrying out many forms of helpful education among the poor of the crowded sections of Brooklyn, and, having thus realized the bond of sympathy which philanthropic work calls forth, has set itself about making the daily life of the Institute students happy and bright through neighborliness. Each department has its chapter, working for some definite aim.

One cannot write the history of the Pratt Institute, for it has only just begun to make history; but when the records of the end of the nineteenth century shall have been posted, the true relationship of its pioneer work and the courage of its founder will be apparent. His was the spirit which, seeing the need, dared to go forth upon untried roads to provide the remedy, and to him should always be given the credit for having placed higher education for the masses on the solid foundation upon which it rests to-day. The Pratt Institute succeeded because endowed with the spirit of this modern Pestalozzi; and to its inspiring success are due the similar philanthropic endowments of Mr. Anthony J. Drexel of Philadelphia, Mr. Philip Armour of Chicago, and Mr. Jacob Tome of Fort Deposit, in establishing the institutions which bear their names, and toward which many smaller schools look for guidance and inspiration. Nobly Mr. Pratt worked and nobly died; and what was written on the wall of St. Paul's Cathedral of Sir Christopher Wren applies as well to him and would be as appropriate on the walls of the Institute: "If thou askest for his monument, look around thee."



WAIT.

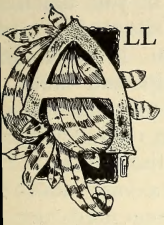
By Lydia Avery Coonley.

ALL Nature waits the appointed hour, —
The seed to start, the bud to flower;
But man, impatient, hurries on,
To lose the cause that might be won.

Calm wisdom ever counsels — Wait!
Time solves the problems of the state.
When seed of righteous cause is sown,
Trust time to show its flower full blown.

PROUD MISS FULLER.

By Ada Marie Peck.



LL the houses on the street, except Miss Fuller's, were in a line. As there had been an epidemic of painting in the village, they wore spick and span new coats of drab, dun-color, white or brown, ccording to their owners' fancies. Miss uller's cottage, however, stood well ack, as if it had withdrawn from the ne out of shame, and as if fully aware hat its paint was peeling off in patches, iving it an aspect of dinginess. The ct that its chimney had been lately laid p, that there were new boards at the oor-step, and that the brass knocker and oor-knob shone like gold, only accent-ated its shabbiness; it reminded one of threadbare person keeping up appear-nces with a well-brushed hat, neat oes, and a bit of old-fashioned jewelry. he steps led up to a small porch draped ith bitter-sweet. The red berries clung the vine the season through, as did e white ones to the wax-ball bush in e little front yard. They were all the inter fruit Miss Fuller had, although ere had been a time when the acres of rchard on Judge Fuller's great landed property would have been counted a small part of her inheritance. By some inscrutable working of fate, or providence, or whatever you may be pleased to call it, there came a year when one disaster followed another, and Miss Fuller found herself without father or mother, and with only the little house and a small sum of money for her support.

It was hard for her to have the fine old mansion pass into other hands, and to see its substantial oak and mahogany furniture put up at auction. But it did the common folks good. The household gods of the Fullers had always been secluded from the vulgar gaze, and now the public feasted its eyes upon them and bought with frantic eagerness, and set themselves up heirlooms. "It was my great-grandmother's, you know," unblushingly said, in after years, one and another who had become possessed of the mahogany tables with claw feet, of the Chippendale chairs and the cherry high-boys with ornate brass handles.

The proceeds from the sale did not swell Miss Fuller's patrimony to a very large sum, and before a year had passed it became evident to her that it would

not suffice for her support. She had already encroached upon her capital, and something must be done. Her future, like some dreaded object seen in the distance, had heretofore only given her momentary uneasiness. Now it seemed suddenly to loom nearer and nearer, and to stare her in the face with frightful, distorted visage. Her living-room, with its glowing fire and touches of yellow in the canary birds and chrysanthemums at the windows and the ribbons with which the curtains were tied back, was too cheerful to be in accord with the occasion. So she threw a shawl around her and went into the little parlor, which was cold and sombre, to think it over. If she had been less proud and independent, she would have gone to ask advice of her father's old friends. As it was, she only looked with mute appeal to the portraits on the wall. They were portraits of her father and mother, and had been brought from the great east parlor of the old mansion to the little front room of the cottage. They entirely filled one side of it, and in the dull light of the gray winter day took on an aspect of reality which was for the moment a consolation to Miss Fuller. Her father seemed especially life-like. He smiled down upon her with gracious dignity, and she was conscious of noting, in a vague sort of way, every detail, — the fine full ruffles of the shirt front, the precision of the cravat, and the firmness with which his hand rested upon the back of the carved chair. He seemed born to command and be served, just as she felt she was. He was erect, just as she was; and there was a kindly look in his proud dark eyes so like her own, — a kindly look and that was all. She rose and went close to the picture and laid her cheek against his hand. The canvas was so cold that it made her recoil. Then a feeling of rebellion filled her heart.

"I am so alone!" she cried. "I cannot understand or have it so. It is his very similitude. It has his every feature; it is father, — and yet it is not. He would have said, 'Annis, tell me what troubles you;' and this says — nothing."

She sat down by a little table at the other side of the room, folded her arms upon it, dropped her head upon them and smothered a sob, trying to think instead. She had such a difficult problem to solve. She had been carefully but not practically educated. She could not compete in the bread-winning race with the graduates of college and normal school; and who, in all the little town, would care for her musical knowledge, when there were good conservatories so near?

Just then the only streak of sunlight in the whole gray day shot through the window and lingered for a moment on her mother's picture. The countenance was so benign, so gentle; the round white throat rose so swan-like from its draperies of lace. A sudden wave of memory swept across Miss Fuller's mind and — just as trivial things will intrude themselves in the momentous occasions of our lives — she remembered that her mother once said, "You have wonderfully deft fingers in the arrangement of lace and ribbons, Annis; if you touch them they fall into graceful shapes."

The thought grew upon her. The next day she engaged help and went quietly to work, and one morning the passers-by were electrified to read, "Miss Fuller" on a sign just over the porch.

"For all the world like a vast door-plate out of place!" commented the inhabitants of the little village. Then they went on to say: "But Miss Fuller, what? If she means to do dressmaking or millinery, why not put it so? That is the Fuller pride. The old Judge used to boast that none of his family had ever been in trade."

Led by curiosity, one after another of them called and found that the tiny front room had been cleared out and that there were a counter, some ribbons in a case and a couple of tastefully trimmed hats, while a half dozen caps hung on a "tree." The general verdict was in their favor; and soon Miss Fuller's hats, but more especially her caps, were all the rage. Old ladies nodded from under the latter at weddings and funerals, at tea-parties and sewing-circles; while babies in their perambulators laughed and cooed from beneath the full ruches.

"There is a great deal of feelin' in Miss Fuller's caps," remarked Mrs. Trow-

bridge. "She expresses grief with a twist of ribbon or a roll of tulle. Look at her widows' caps! Go over to Mis' Deacon Sweet's in the mornin' when she ain't dressed up and she seems chipper as can be. But in the afternoon, when she gets her cap on, she looks struck with grief."

"And we all know she ain't over and above sorry after the Deacon," repeated Mrs. Foote. "He was always naggin' and frettin' around, and left her comfort'ble off."

"An' she must be brimful of sympathy," continued Mrs. Trowbridge, "or she wouldn't put half-mournin' into a cap the way she does. Folks begin to look as if the world was made for the livin', the minit they get on one of her lavender and blacks. But she hain't no need to hold herself so aloof from us all, if she *was* Jedge Fuller's daughter."

"She says she can't accept our invitations because she can't return them in sort. Just as if people wanted to be paid biscuit for biscuit and sass for sass!"

Mrs. Trowbridge shook her head with indignant protest. "I, for one, don't invite for the sake of being invited back. It don't follow that I want to eat Miss Fuller's riz biscuit and plum preserves because she eats mine."

But Miss Fuller continued to decline proffers of hospitality, yet with such affability that no serious offence was taken. Occasionally she went to an adjoining town to replenish her stock; aside from that, her comings and goings were chiefly to church, where she occupied, all alone, the great square Fuller pew. Her grandfather built and endowed the church, and the pew was her heritage. She was too proud to give it up, and yet it was her crucifixion to sit in it alone and shabby, — for as time went by she realized that her simple black garments were becoming sadly worn, and she had no means with which to replace them. The times were different, she thought. Either women ceased to grow old, or they were very careful of their best caps; she had so few orders. A few years before, dozens of babies were her customers, while now scarcely one out of a dozen wore a cap. As her income lessened, her taxes and the cost of living seemed to increase. After a little, one whispered to another that they did not believe that poor Miss Fuller had enough for her maintenance.

"Do you know," said Jane Foote at the Young Ladies' Relief Society, "I really don't believe she has enough to eat. Then how rusty her black is getting! She is just as proud as ever for all that."

"Isn't it a picture of shabby genteel, to see her sail in and take her seat in the old Fuller pew, with her jacket brushed threadbare and her gloves carefully inked?" remarked another.

"Now girls," remonstrated Kitty Trowbridge, "I don't think it is nice to talk about her in this way. We might any one of us be glad if we could 'sail in' as she does, or if we had her complexion and lovely eyes. I am desperately sorry for her."

"Let's give her ten dollars, then."

"Will you take it to her?"

"I'd just as soon."

So Jane Foote, as president of the society, called on Miss Fuller in its behalf.

"I have come," she said, "as representative of our society to — to —" Somehow, confronted with Miss Fuller's stately smile and grand air, she could get no further. "To —" she resumed, then stopped again.

"Oh, yes, I quite understand," said Miss Fuller quietly. "You wish to ask me for a contribution."

"And then," related Jane at the next meeting, "she went and got her purse and gave me a quarter of a dollar. It might have been twenty-five dollars instead, from the way in which she gave it. She even laughed and said that it was the spinster's instead of the widow's mite, and that she would be glad to make some pretty things for our fair. She is too proud to live."

"She mustn't starve for all that," commented kind Mrs. Trowbridge, when Kitty went home and told her. So at Christmas she sent her a great basket of provisions; and Miss Fuller, meeting her on the street a few days after, said:

"I am taking back your basket. It was so good in you to let me be your almoner. I left the different articles

where I thought they would be appreciated."

Then she turned and walked back to Mrs. Trowbridge's gate, giving her the basket and a smile and a firm little pressure of the fingers when they parted.

"I was that dumfounded that I couldn't say a word," Mrs. Trowbridge confided to the minister's wife. "And now a half dozen people I never meant 'em for are thankin' me for cakes and pies."

Miss Fuller had been careful to explain, "This is from Mrs. Trowbridge." But one woman had said, "Well, I remember the Christmas turkey the old Jedge used to send, God rest his soul." Then Miss Fuller went home and ate her baked potato and cracker and tea with a certain satisfaction. It was not much of a holiday dinner, but it was of her own providing, and her perturbed spirit was somewhat soothed to know that her father and his deeds of kindness were remembered.

Her meal was frugal because she was practising closer economy than ever. She must replace the two shillings which she had taken from her burial fund, as she grimly called the little reserve she had put away in the old cherry desk; and by and by her annual dues to the missionary society must be paid. It was so hard to get these small sums together — now they meant self-denial in food.

When spring came it would be different, she thought. There would be a few hats to remodel for Easter. There were only a few, and she had them all done and delivered and her own little bonnet freshened and its ribbon replaced long before Easter eve, which was dark and foggy.

"It will be brighter to-morrow," she said to herself. "Easter always dawns clear."

Then she fell to thinking of the past, and that she used to make good resolutions on that day instead of on New Year's — that somehow her year seemed to begin then. She had it in mind the next morning when she saw how brightly the sun shone and how blue the sky was, with little flocks of clouds, like snowy doves, lightly blowing across it, and how sweet was the subtle odor of spring that filled the air. She had already heard one Easter hymn; it was from the heart and throat of a red-breasted robin. Surely the day was beginning auspiciously. She prayed very earnestly, and added: "Help me to conquer my besetting sin of pride; help me to be more humble." She set out for church determined not to think how shabby she was; yet as she went up the steps she could not help feeling that she was a sombre, dingy figure among all the delicate grays and light browns and flower-trimmed hats that formed the costumes of the rest of the congregation. But she stifled the thought and went bravely in to the slow swelling notes of the organ. Once in her pew, she too would be clad in spring tints; for the sun would shine down upon her through the stained glass windows and touch her with yellow, amethystine and pale green rays. She had learned to move a little from time to time and keep pace with the long slanting lines of color which so kindly transformed her threadbare jacket into a garment of cloth-of-gold with royal purple sleeves.

She was scarcely seated when the sexton showed a stranger into her pew. She did not look at him save furtively enough to feel that he had an air of distinction and was fashionably dressed. He found the hymn and handed her the book. She could do no less than share it with him, trying to keep bitter thoughts from her heart when she saw the contrast between the carefully mended glove on her slender thumb and the fresh one that held the opposite corner. When she sat down a blush tinged her delicate cheek; for in order to still be clad in purple and gold she was obliged to sit a little nearer to him. If only the lines of color slanted the other way! Then the deacons passed the plate for the Easter offering, and Miss Fuller became painfully conscious of the smallness of the coin she had tucked into her glove before starting for church. It was more than she could afford to spare; but should she, or should she not, place it on the plate for this keen-eyed stranger to pass judgment upon? He could not help thinking her either parsimonious or as poverty-stricken as she really was. The

gift was brought in the name of the risen Saviour; should she, from pride, withhold it? Miss Fuller fought a brief battle, one of those silent contests of which the world is so full, contests in which no blood is spilled, but which cut to the quick. Having won the fight, she worked the coin down to the opening of her glove, placed it upon the plate, and then straightened herself as if it had been a gold eagle.

Victory does not always bring peace; but Miss Fuller's did. The sermon took on new meaning; the things of earth seemed of little account; she did not even think of her old gloves during the closing hymn, or of the back of her rusty garment. When the stranger stood politely aside to let her pass from the pew, she had a feeling as if he waited expectant; but she did not raise her eyes. She hastened out of the church and home, while other people sauntered along in the sunshine; but she carried with her the earnest words of the sermon, the full notes of the organ and the fragrance of the flowers.

She stirred the fire in the little parlor cook stove before she laid aside her hat and jacket, then set the tea-kettle over and put up the leaf of the table which stood against the wall, and spread the cloth. But all the time she seemed preoccupied; and finally she went to a bookcase and took out a photograph album and looked it through.

"It was so long ago," she said, pausing at one of the pictures. "I was so proud and foolish. Twenty years ago today. I was nineteen then."

A few plants were on a stand by the south window. There was a genista in full bloom. She broke off a fragrant yellow spray, tucked the stem in beside the photograph, and closed the book. Then she looked over letters and scraps of verse, until a rap at the door made her thrust them hurriedly back into the drawer.

"Does Miss Fuller live here?" asked the tall stranger.

"I am Miss Fuller."

"You do not recognize me?"

"Oh, Mr. Winchester, now I do."

"Am I changed so much that I could sit by you through a church service and you not know me?"

"You? Was it you? I scarcely looked at you," she replied, placing a chair for him. "But now I see the old expression."

"Is this all the greeting you have for me after twenty years? Will you not even offer me your hand?"

"Pardon me," she said. "I was too astonished to be courteous."

"You have not changed at all," he said, retaining the slender hand, and looking down into the dark eyes.

A wave of color swept over her face, leaving it paler than before and with a look of pride and bitterness about the mouth.

"You are polite to say so," — and she smiled in a stately, frigid fashion. "My mirror is more truthful."

"Oh, Annis," he exclaimed, "why do you treat me in this way? It is hard to come back after years of battling with the world to see my old friends, and be received so coldly, to find myself forgotten."

"Forgotten!" she repeated. "You should not say so. We have not kept pace with you, that is all. You have grown beyond us."

He walked over to the window and stood for a moment looking out between the vines and blossoms; then he suddenly turned.

"Annis, may I stay to dinner with you? I am sensitive enough to be boyishly disappointed that no one has asked me to break bread with them today."

The contents of Miss Fuller's meagre larder passed rapidly through her mind: one egg, the end of a loaf of bread, and two drawings of tea. None of the work she had taken home had been paid for, and hence she had been unable to replenish her scant store.

She stood facing her father's portrait — for the pictures had been removed from the parlor when that room was given over to trade. The Fuller hospitality had been proverbial. Should she belie the old tradition? Perhaps she had never looked so much like the old Judge as she did at that moment.

"Certainly," she said. "I shall be delighted to have you. We can then talk over old times. By the by, what has become of that pretty cousin of yours? Did she not marry a western politician?" And all the time Miss Fuller, sick at heart, felt an all-consuming desire that the floor should open and engulf her.

"Excuse me a moment," she said after she had listened with apparent interest to his answer; "there is some one at the back door."

Mrs. Trowbridge stood there, with a shawl over her head and her dress gathered up over her petticoat, to which clusters of burdocks were clinging. She had a covered basket in one hand and a pail in the other.

"I come across," she said, "and I'm all stuck up with burs. My Kitty said she saw a stranger come here. We reckoned it was Senator Winchester, and that as he didn't go back he meant to stay to dinner."

Miss Fuller made no reply, but stood with her head haughtily thrown back, and a look in her dark eyes before which Mrs. Trowbridge quailed.

"Deacon said you'd be mad," the latter went on, with a deprecating air. "But I knew you hadn't any more appetite than a chippin' bird, and that you wouldn't be prepared to feed a hungry man. My girl was dishin' up dinner, and so I put in a little of everythin' and run over with it."

Then she drew a long breath, folded her arms over her portly figure, and stood with a look of good-natured defiance on her rosy face.

Miss Fuller could never account for the sudden revulsion of feeling that came over her. The first thing she knew she had laid her head on the good woman's shoulder and was folded to her motherly bosom.

"There, there, don't, dear," Mrs. Trowbridge said soothingly, as to a child, when Miss Fuller murmured, "You have been so patient and kind, while I have been so hard and proud."

"I understand all about it, you poor, lonely girl. Now we'll just have things ready in no time."

Then she kindled the fire, and set the pail of chocolate on the stove, and put plates in the oven to warm.

"Here is fried chicken and jelly and biscuit and a pat of butter," she said, as she emptied the basket.

When Miss Fuller came back into the room, Winchester detected a subtle change, — a softening in her face. She was more like the Annis he used to know. He could not help watching her as she deftly arranged the meal. It was like a bit of the past — with the sprigged china, the silver cream pitcher and sugar bowl he remembered so well.

"You have been very good to let me stay," he said as they rose from the table. "It has been the first hour of home life I have known for years."

She went again to the kitchen. When presently she rejoined him he was turning the leaves of the album on the little table. "Do the old faces seem familiar?" she asked.

"Yes. I have lingered over each one. This was the pretty soprano, who sang in the old choir, when you sang alto. And this is — " He paused, for he had turned to his own boyish face surrounded by the flower spray.

Miss Fuller's face crimsoned. "I had forgotten," she murmured.

He seized her hands and looked straight into her eyes.

"Then you loved me all the time."

"Yes."

"Why did you send me away?"

"I was too proud to marry you."

"I know," he said sadly. "I was poor and obscure. I have prospered since. I have been what people call a successful man. I have come — "

"Do you think I have not known of your success?" she interrupted. "Do you think there has been a speech of yours which I have not heard."

"You did not let me finish, Annis. I have come again to lay my love at your feet."

"It is like you!" she exclaimed, drawing back and looking at him with a wonderful light in her dark eyes. "It is like you. You were always chivalrous. You find me poor and alone; you remember that my father assisted you; but — I can-

not take what you offer." The color faded from her face, while she quietly resumed her seat. "Tell me more about your past, if you care to tell me," she said.

"You are my past, Annis, as you are my future. The one thought of my life has been to win you, to have something to offer you. Will you make my success a failure?"

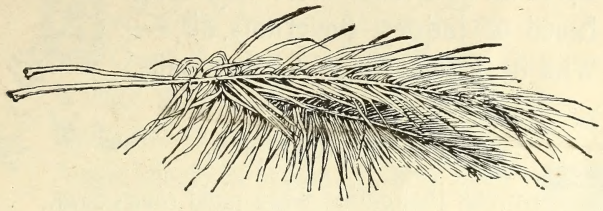
"I ought to be too proud to give myself to you, now when I am not worth taking. I am too proud," she added with decision. "I will not accept charity."

"Annis!" he said with a flash in his gray eyes. "You need some one to rule you. If I had asserted myself years ago, we should have gone up life's hill together; as we will now, God willing, go down its farther side. We will start on the journey next week."

"Impossible!" said proud Miss Fuller with her head on his shoulder and her face dyed with blushes. "I could not be ready."

"You must be."

So she took her burial fund and bought a silver gray dress with it; and there was a simple morning wedding in the old church, to which all the villagers were invited — for Senator Winchester would have it so. Deacon Trowbridge gave the bride away. His good wife and Kitty wept over her, and nearly every one said that she looked lovely; although Jane Foote, who had not lived long enough to know that hearts never grow old, remarked that the Senator displayed singular taste in selecting an old maid like that, when there was a town full of pretty girls to choose from.

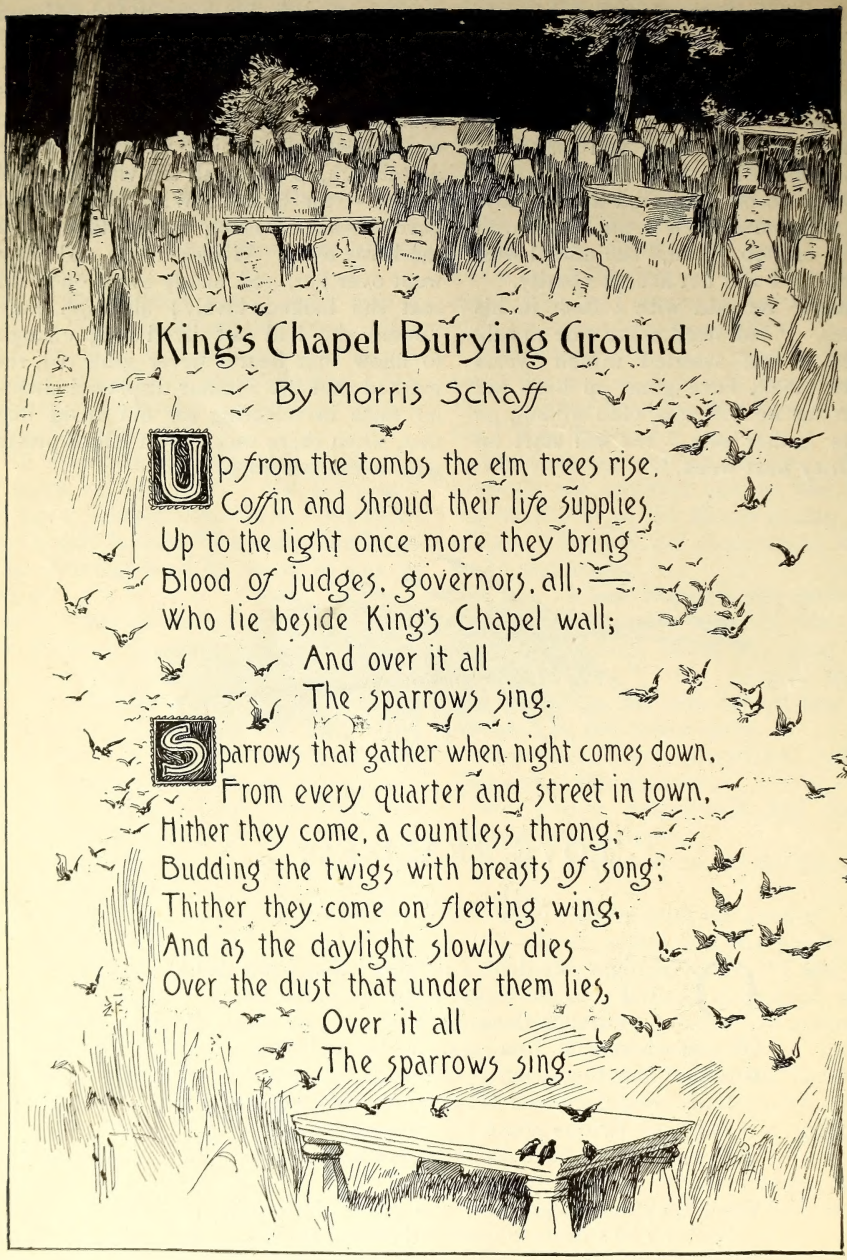


LOVE REALIZED.

By Vincent F. Howard.

ONE night, my dear, I dreamed that I was dead,
And cold and calm within my coffin lay,
And friends there came who kindly words did say
Of him whose soul from its poor clay had fled.
Recalled they then each gentle word I'd said,
Each good deed that I'd done in life's bright day;
Then one by one above my coffined head
They sadly bent, then slowly passed away.

When they were gone, you, who in life I'd loved,
But who had been so cold and distant then,
Bent weeping o'er me and on my lips proved
The love to me denied time and again.
In that one kiss your heart to me was given,
And thus I knew my soul had reached its heaven.

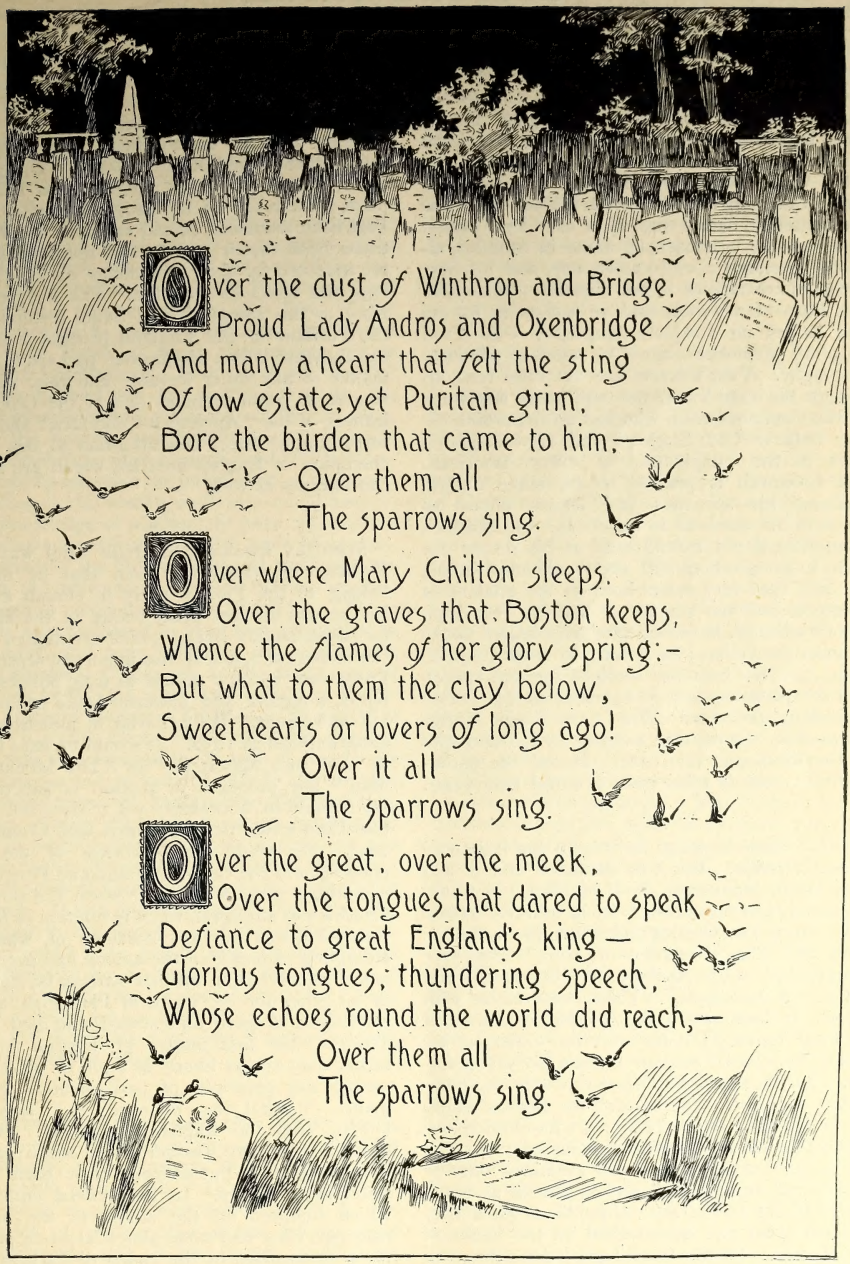


King's Chapel Burying Ground

By Morris Schaff

Up from the tombs the elm trees rise,
Coffin and shroud their life supplies,
Up to the light once more they bring
Blood of judges, governors, all,—
Who lie beside King's Chapel wall;
And over it all
The sparrows sing.

Sparrows that gather when night comes down,
From every quarter and street in town,
Hither they come, a countless throng,
Budding the twigs with breasts of song;
Thither they come on fleeting wing,
And as the daylight slowly dies
Over the dust that under them lies,
Over it all
The sparrows sing.



Over the dust of Winthrop and Bridge,
Proud Lady Andros and Oxenbridge
And many a heart that felt the sting
Of low estate, yet Puritan grim,
Bore the burden that came to him,—
Over them all
The sparrows sing.

Over where Mary Chilton sleeps,
Over the graves that Boston keeps,
Whence the flames of her glory spring:—
But what to them the clay below,
Sweethearts or lovers of long ago!
Over it all
The sparrows sing.

Over the great, over the meek,
Over the tongues that dared to speak
Defiance to great England's king—
Glorious tongues, thundering speech,
Whose echoes round the world did reach,—
Over them all
The sparrows sing.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

SIR JOHN ELIOT is less known to the majority of Americans than any other of the great leaders in the struggle against the tyranny of Charles the First. There is no period of English history more important or more interesting to Americans than the period of the Puritan revolution, no other with which most Americans are so familiar. Hampden and Cromwell, Milton and Vane are household names with all of us. Pym cannot be said to be a household name in America, although certainly a well-known one, and his fiery speeches are rarities in our libraries. Hampden was little of a writer, and he suffers in having had as yet no adequate biography — for Lord Nugent's Memorials cannot be called an adequate biography. Vane's tracts are but little read, although the man Vane, the one great statesman of the Commonwealth who had an important career both in Old England and New England, lives in the imagination of every American. But Cromwell is present to us, since Carlyle gathered his speeches and letters, almost as much in his words as in his deeds; and Milton's pamphlets, if not indeed read as his poems are read, in every school and every cultivated home, are still read very much both by the student of literature and the student of history. Sir John Eliot's writings, however, have been sealed books to most Americans, as indeed to most Englishmen; and his immense services for free speech and for parliamentary government in the period preceding the Civil War have been largely eclipsed for the popular memory by the activities of the illustrious men who directed the parliamentary cause in those more eventful later years.

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THAT Eliot's writings have been but little read is not strange. For two centuries and a half they lay in manuscript at Port Eliot, practically forgotten and unknown. It is scarcely fifteen years since Dr. Grosart published the complete texts of "The Monarchy of Man," "De Jure Majestatis," "An Apology for Socrates," and Eliot's "Letter-book." These were edited with infinite industry and accuracy, and accompanied by most thorough notes and introductions, for which the special student is certainly very grateful. But they were published privately and luxuriously, in archaic type, with all the curious usages of the old manuscripts retained, a hundred copies only in the editions, each copy numbered — with the result that they have been examined only by the special student, and remain almost as much sealed books to the general public as when they reposed quiet and undisturbed on the banks of the Tamar. Of the "Apology," the volume in our hands at the moment, seven copies only found their way to America — one each to the Boston Public Library, the Boston Athenæum, the library of Harvard University, the Peabody Institute at Baltimore, the library of the State Department at Washington, and two private collections; and the other volumes have had substantially the same limited distribution here. For the mass of the people therefore we say Eliot's writings are still unpublished. A popular edition of them would be a real boon. Thirty years ago Forster's admirable biography of Eliot appeared, the result of indefatigable studies of the Port Eliot manuscripts, and enriched by many extracts from these; and to this noble work most are indebted for their knowledge of Eliot's writings and character and life. The lecture upon Eliot in this summer's Old South lectures upon the Puritans in Old England brought matter to the audience which was fresher perhaps than the matter of any other lecture; and this, with the reprint in connection, as one of the Old South leaflets, of the "Apology for Socrates," should do something to direct new attention to this heroic champion of English liberties, which are American liberties as well.

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STRICTLY speaking, Sir John Eliot was not a Puritan; by which we mean that he did not belong to the Puritan party in church matters. But he was the first great leader in the struggle for parliamentary liberty which eventuated in the Commonwealth, and in this important sense, since Puritanism became almost as truly politics as religion, a regular and powerful figure in the Puritan movement. He believed in monarchy — as Cromwell did in 1632. It would be hard to find in "De Jure Majestatis" or "The Monarchy of Man" any prophecy or support or sanction for the scaffold in Whitehall; yet it does not follow that Eliot would not have voted with Cromwell in 1649. He made the overthrow of the King possible, and the Commonwealth and Protectorate possible, because at the time when the power of Charles was strongest, when revolution or forcible resistance was not yet dreamed of, when the struggling elements in the nation had not yet arrayed themselves in distinct parties, he stood out as no other for the rights of Parliament and of the nation as there represented, and died in the Tower, "the first martyr of English liberty," rather than accept liberty as a gift or by compromising any principle of parliamentary government. "What he believed in," says Mr. Green, "was the English Parliament. He saw in it the collective wisdom of the realm; and in that wisdom he put a firmer trust than in the statecraft of kings. In the general enthusiasm which followed on the failure of the Spanish marriage, Eliot had stood almost alone in pressing for a recognition of the rights of Parliament as a preliminary to any real reconciliation with the Crown. He fixed, from the very outset of his career, on the responsibility of the royal ministers to Parliament as the one critical point for English liberty." It was for representative govern-

ment, as against the royal prerogative which was ever asserting itself more and more imperiously, that Eliot fought during his whole parliamentary career. Of a vehement, impulsive nature, which showed itself often in the fire and passion of his speeches, he developed and showed in all the great exigencies of that stormy time a self-control and a care for law and precedent which were exemplary, along with a courage and self-forgetfulness which were absolute; more than once before his final imprisonment did he go to the Tower for his bold words in the House of Commons; his last speech in the House was a protest against Charles's assumptions in the matter of tonnage and poundage and an assertion of the ancient English law that no tax should be imposed but by common consent in Parliament; and he declared prophetically in the face of the King's purpose to dissolve Parliament, that "none have gone about to break parliaments but in the end parliaments have broken them!" Brought to trial for his participation in the stormy proceedings of the second of March, 1629, when the speaker was held in his chair while Eliot's resolutions were read, he would defend himself only by denying the jurisdiction of the court. The King — this was his position — could have no legal knowledge of what might have taken place in Parliament until such should have been communicated by the House itself, and it did not appear in the information that the matters charged had been so communicated to the King. These matters were supposed to have been committed in Parliament, and were therefore only examinable in the House of Commons; and he might not and ought not to disclose what was spoken in Parliament, unless by consent of the House. In a word, as Forster has said, Eliot "raised the great question which was to determine the power of the House of Commons and to settle finally for future ages the constitution of England," — the question, namely, whether Parliament was an independent body, its members free in their speech and acts subject only to the rules of Parliament itself, or a body dependent upon the Crown and subject to its pleasure. It was for this principle that Eliot died a prisoner in the Tower — for the slightest concession would have gained him his liberty; and his "Apology for Socrates" is his defence of himself for refusing to plead before the King's Bench and thus acknowledge its jurisdiction in the case. Of this noble "Apology," now reprinted, Forster writes as follows:

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"AMONG the papers found after Eliot's death, in his room in the Tower, was one bearing the indorsement, 'An Apology for Socrates,' with these words underneath, 'An recte fecerit Socrates, quod accusatus non responderit.' It was the piece of writing that seems last to have occupied him; and, if his friends could have doubted his design in raising and answering such a question in those last hours, the words written within the paper removed all doubt, 'Upon a Judgment in ye Court of King's Bench against ye privilege of Parlt on a *nihil dicit.* 5th Car.' The Socrates as to whom inquiry was to be made whether he had acted rightly in not replying to his accusers was not an Athenian, but an English philosopher. The name was a mask, which there was no attempt to disguise or conceal. The design was to ask from a later age, when the writer should be no longer accessible to praise or blame, the justice denied in his own. No immodest comparison, we may be sure, was intended by the choice of a name so illustrious. It was taken simply as that of a man who had been the subject of an unjust accusation, who, on being called to plead or defend himself, told his accusers that, so far from having offended against the laws, he had done nothing for which he did not think himself entitled to be rewarded by them; who took his sentence with uncomplaining calmness, and to whose memory a succeeding time offered late but repentant homage by decree of a statue to himself and of ignominy to his accusers.

"There can be no doubt that in the early months of 1632 a great pressure had been put upon Eliot by some of his friends to induce him to make such concession on the point of good behavior as might render possible a compromise of his fine, and open some way to his release. At this time all who had shared his imprisonment, whether by order of the King at the dissolution of Parliament or by sentence of the judges subsequently, were at large, under various pleas and pretences, some consideration having been extended to all. Even Walter Long, who before had been let loose to attend his wife's deathbed, and afterwards, upon his own petition, to visit his 'motherless, fatherless, friendless children,' was at length released. Very opportunely also there had befallen Heath's resignation of the attorney-generalship, and the appointment to it of Noye, who, having taken as strong a part as either Selden or Eliot in the events that led to the scene of the second of March, appears to have been really anxious to promote the release of those quondam fellow-agitators. But, though Selden consented to go free upon his personal guarantee to appear when called upon, though Valentine showed no indisposition at last, as Eliot expressed it, to knock at the 'back door of the court,' and though the hangers-on of the court, noticing the rumor of an approaching parliament, were fain to speak of it as no unpleasant probability, 'now that Noye and Selden are come on our side, and the rest of the rebels will be glad of worse conditions,' the person who comprised in himself that 'rest of the rebels' still steadily refused every form of compromise involving a concession to his judges. Also believing that a parliament would come, he would suffer no point of its privilege to be in his person surrendered or betrayed. In these circumstances the 'Apology' was written; and we learn from it that what in connection with them had caused most pain to the writer was the tone taken by old associates against this continued refusal. It was difficult to bear such reproach, because impossible to answer it without assuming in turn the censor's office, not merely against renegades he despised, but against friends whom he esteemed. And it was this which seems to have determined him, in drawing up a final statement of his case, to divest it in outward seeming of any directness of personal allusion, by writing as if in defence of one

who belonged to another country and a distant time. But the mask was not for concealment, and was worn so that any might uplift it."

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If Eliot was great as a man of action, he appears still greater in his imprisonment. In Parliament a hero, in the Tower he was a saint. History furnishes no instance of nobler and loftier character than that displayed by Eliot in these last two years of his life. A man of most active and energetic nature, with rare love of outdoor life, so fond of exercise that his letters on the subject might well be put into the hands of our young students as the best incitement to train the sound body for the sound mind, imprisonment and inaction must have been peculiarly irksome and torturous to him. He went to the Tower too with the feeling of one who, in the faithful discharge of high duty, was the object of wickedest tyranny — a tyranny so persistent and so mean, that when at last death came, and Eliot's son desired to carry his father's remains to Port Eliot, to lie with those of his ancestors, the King replied to his petition, "Let Sir John Eliot's body be buried in the church of that parish where he died," — namely, within the precincts of the Tower. There was everything to make a man — especially as consumption, brought on by the unwholesome prison conditions, and then certain death, approached — wrathful, revengeful, complaining, despairing. We find in Eliot only fortitude, patience, dignity, sweetness and strength. A single word of apology or compromise would have secured his release; but that word he would not speak, because faith was more to him than freedom. He devoted himself unremittingly to study and to writing. He was permitted correspondence with his friends; and his letters to and from Hampden especially are of the greatest interest and value. To us here in New England they are peculiarly valuable, for some of them relate to the Massachusetts colony, in whose founding at that very time both Hampden and Eliot were so deeply interested. A copy of Winthrop's "Conclusions for the Plantation in New England" went from Hampden's hands to Eliot in the Tower, and came back with careful notes. Many New England scholars have not failed to remark the resemblance between the portrait of Eliot painted in 1628, given in Forster's first volume, and the well-known portrait of Winthrop.

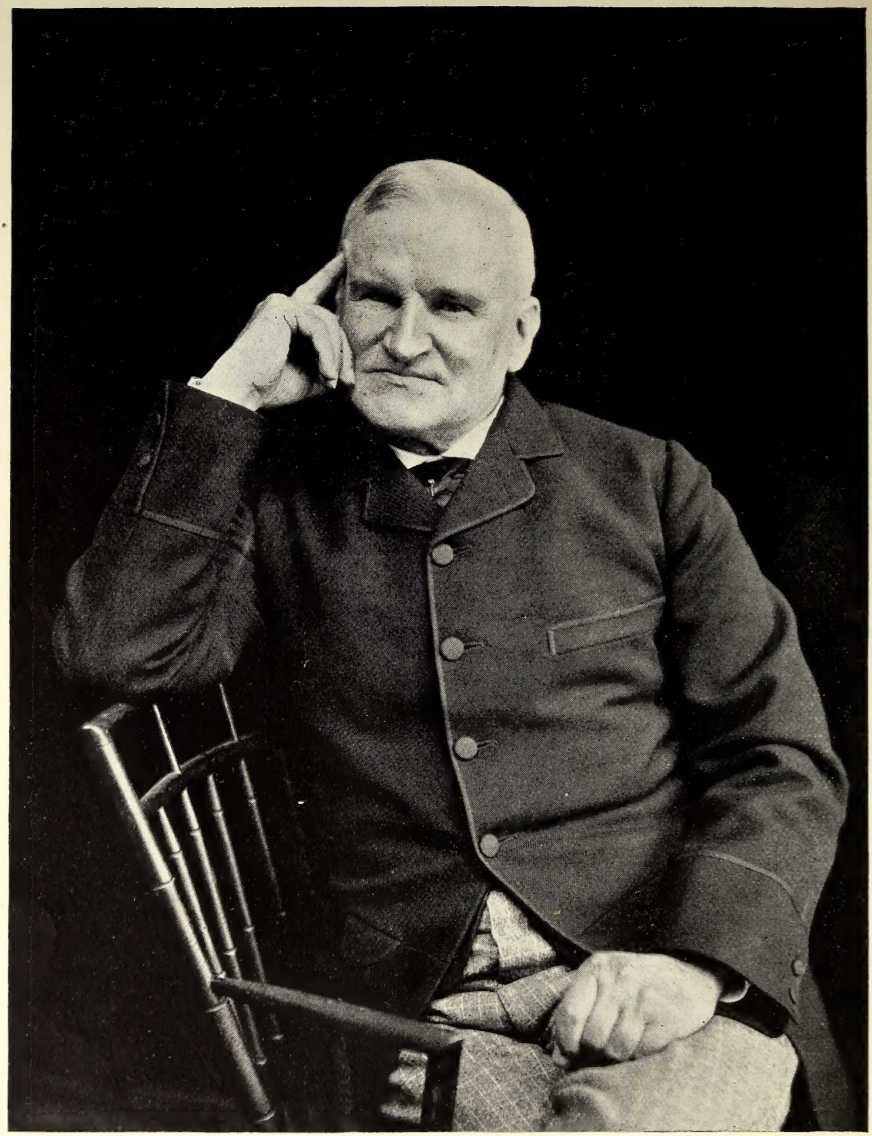
But Eliot's chief work during these two years in the Tower was the preparation of the writings which have come down to us and in our own time been given to the world, — most important, the "Negotium Posterorum," a history of the first Parliament of Charles the First, begun probably in 1628, but now completed, and "The Monarchy of Man." All that he wrote under these hard conditions is written with a thoroughness and finish and freedom which suggest the leisure of Oxford rather than the stone walls of the Tower.

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Of all the great company of patriots and statesmen of the Puritan age, it seems fair to call Eliot pre-eminently the philosopher. Never was a great movement more emphatically led by scholars than the Puritan movement. This is true whether we look at Puritanism in New England or in Old. Never was a colony planted in which there were so many university men as the Massachusetts colony. Cotton and Hooker and Eliot and Harvard were only the greatest in a great group of Cambridge divines who came to New England. Cambridge was pre-eminently the Puritan university. Cromwell and Milton were Cambridge men, like hundreds of Puritans from Cartwright's time on. Yet among the conspicuous leaders the number of Oxford men is notable. John Hooper, "the first Puritan," was an Oxford man; so were Hampden and Vane; and so was Sir John Eliot. He entered Exeter College at the age of seventeen, and the atmosphere of the university hung about him all his life. "From nature," as Forster says, "he had a fervid imagination; and when this found expression in the House of Commons, it was under the chastening influence of the ancient learning. For quickness and completeness of classical allusion, Eliot had no rival in Parliament. Nor had he strengthened himself for great duties only, by the priceless treasures of language and thought so mastered in his youth; for his resource under great calamities was also to be derived from them. Thus early familiar with the school philosophy of Greece and Rome, he carried its hopes and aspirations, even its sublime abstractions and reveries, through all the busy activity of his life, into the enforced solitude that closed it; and Plato, Aristotle and Seneca were friends that remained accessible to him, when his prison excluded every other."

It is in the spirit of Plato and Seneca, in the spirit of Sir Thomas More, that "The Monarchy of Man" is written. It is more than a disquisition on politics and the state; it is a meditation upon ethics, upon justice, upon the high wisdom, upon human life. It is the completest revelation of the mind of Sir John Eliot; and as such, as well as for its intrinsic nobleness and value, it deserves a recognition and a study such as it has never received from ourselves, whose laws and liberties the heroic martyr contributed so largely to purchase and establish.

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FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BENJAMIN KIMBALL.

FRANCIS PARKMAN.

THE

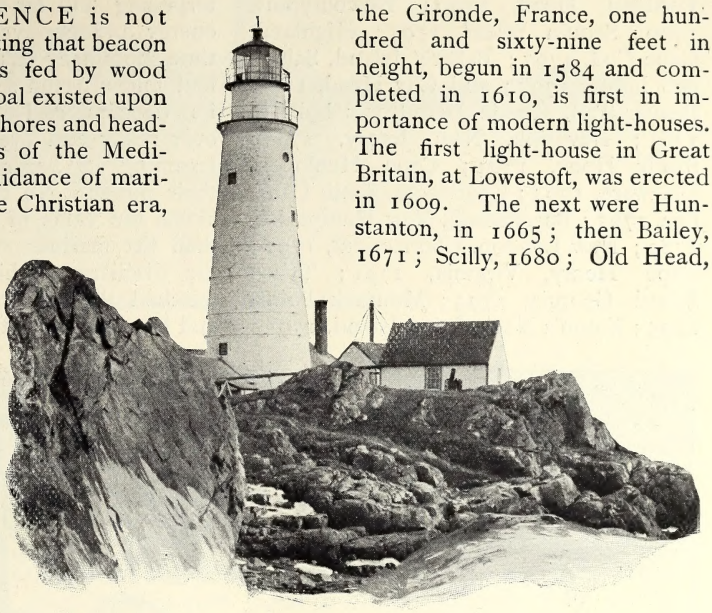
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BOSTON LIGHT AND THE BREWSTERS.

By R. G. F. Candage.

EVIDENCE is not wanting that beacon lights fed by wood or coal existed upon the shores and headlands of the Mediterranean for the guidance of mariners earlier than the Christian era, and later in Spain, France and England; yet the light-house as known to us is comparatively modern. The Pharos of Alexandria, erected 300 B. C., was regarded as one of the wonders of the world, and it gave its name to its successors. Light-house in Latin is *pharus;* in Italian and Spanish, *faros;* in French, *phare;* and *pharo* was once used in English, though now obsolete. The Pharos of Meloria was built by the Pisans in 1154; the light-house at Leghorn, which still exists, was built in 1304; that at Genoa, called Torre del Capo, was originally built in 1139, and first lighted in 1326.* The Cordouan, at the mouth of the Gironde, France, one hundred and sixty-nine feet in height, begun in 1584 and completed in 1610, is first in importance of modern light-houses. The first light-house in Great Britain, at Lowestoft, was erected in 1609. The next were Hunstanton, in 1665; then Bailey, 1671; Scilly, 1680; Old Head, Kinsale, 1683; Eddystone, 1703; St. Ann's Point, 1714; and the Skerries, 1714, — eight before the erection of Boston Light in 1716, the first in America.† These light-houses, as probably those on the American coast until the Revolutionary War, were lighted by candles. The Eddystone was lighted by twenty-four candles, weighing two and a half pounds each.



* "Ancient and Modern Light-Houses," by Major D. P. Heap, 1889.

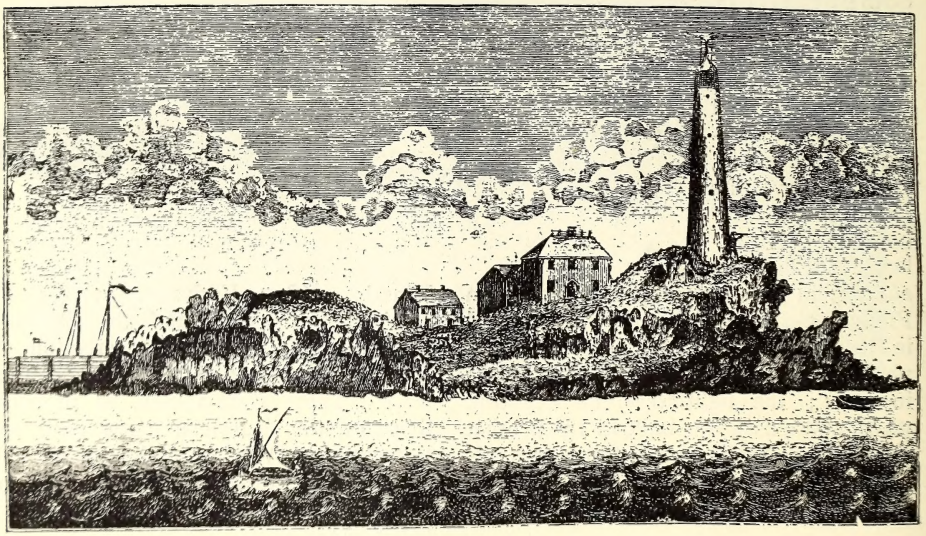
† Adams's "Light-Houses and Light Ships," 1870.



AN EARLY CUT OF BOSTON LIGHT.

Of the eight hundred and sixty-three light-stations on the Atlantic and Gulf coasts of the United States in 1894, twenty-seven were erected previous to the year 1800; and of the twenty-seven, thirteen were erected in the province and state of Massachusetts. They were: Boston Light, 1716; Brant Point, Nantucket, 1746; Gurnet, Plymouth, 1769; Nantucket Great Point, 1784; Thatcher's Island, two lights, 1790; Portland Head, 1790; Newburyport, 1790; Sequin Island, 1795; Highland, Cape Cod, 1797; Baker's Island, Salem, two lights, 1797; and Gay Head, 1799. Beaver Tail, Rhode Island, was built in 1761; Navesink, New Jersey, 1762; Sandy Hook, 1764; Cape Henlopen, Delaware, 1764; Charleston, South Carolina, 1767; Portsmouth, New Hampshire, 1789; New London, Connecticut, 1790; Cape Henry, Virginia, 1791; Tybee Island, Georgia, 1793; Montauk Point, 1795; Eaton's Neck, Long Island, 1798; and Cape Hatteras in 1798.

From a commercial and maritime point of view, Massachusetts at the beginning of the eighteenth century was the most prosperous, progressive and important of the American colonies. Boston, her largest seaport, had a trade with the other colonies and with foreign ports more important and lucrative than that enjoyed by any other American port. Her merchants and shipowners were bold, enterprising and far-seeing; and to their energy and perseverance Boston's maritime supremacy was due. Many of them had followed the sea in early life, knew its dangers and hardships, and were ever ready and even anxious to aid in lessening its hazards by all means in their power. No one more fully appreciates the value of guides to navigation than the mariner and navigator who in the discharge of his duty has anxiously watched through the darkness of night and has waited for the dawn to reveal to



BOSTON LIGHT IN 1789.

FROM THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE, FEBRUARY, 1789.

im the entrance to his desired haven. Many of Boston's energetic citizens had ad that experience; in their enthusistic efforts others joined, and as a result he first light-house on the American continent was erected at the entrance of Boston harbor. Forty-four years — nearly alf a century — afterward, New York ucceeded in having a light-house established as a guide to ships seeking her harbor. We cannot understand why she agged so many years behind her then reat rival, Boston, in this improvement; ut so it was. The inhabitants of Boston early in the last century agitated the ubject of erecting a light-house at the



THE PRESENT BOSTON LIGHT.

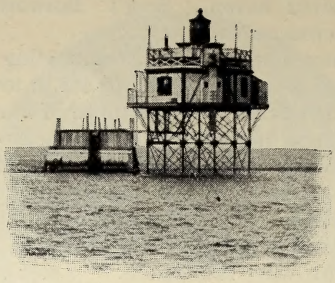
ntrance of the harbor, believing that heir large coasting and foreign trade ould prosper and be made more safe hereby.

"There is no doubt," says Shurtff, "but that early in the settlement f the colony a beacon and watchouse were erected on Beacon Island, — ence its name, — as well as on Point llerton Hill, by the town of Nantasket Hull), to look out for and warn an nemy's approach." The Massachusetts rchives contain the following: "Hull, Iarch 9, 1673–74 A true copy of the harges of the town of Hull hath been at out the Beacon, with the persons that arded the said Beacon, with an account f corne that was spoyled by carting over he said corne, and what was pluct up to t up the Beacon. The ward was first, enj. Bosworth, Sen'r, 17 days, and other ames, 66 days. In the name of Towne Serg't Bosworth, Nathaniel Bosworth, etc."

At a meeting of the inhabitants qualified to act in town affairs, called and held the ninth of March, 1712 or 1713, among other business questions introduced was that of providing for a light-house; and it was "Voted: That the consideration of what is proper for the town to do ab't a Light Hous, be referred to the select men." Later the subject was introduced into the meetings of the General Court, the town of Boston proposing to erect the building and maintain the light, by levying rates or light-money upon shipping. In a town meeting held May 13, 1713, it was "Voted: That in case the Gen'll Court shall see cause to proceed to the establishment of a Light-House for the accommodation of vessels passing in and out of this harbour, — that then the selectmen or the Representatives of the town be desired to move to the s'd Court that the Town of Boston may have the preference before any perticuler persons in being concerned in the charge of erecting & maintaining the same, and being Intitled to the Proffits and Income there-of."

The General Court on June 9, 1715, "Ordered: That a Light-House be erected at the charge of the Province, at the Entrance of the Harbour of Boston, on the same Place and Rates proposed in a Bill projected for the Town of Boston's doing it, accompanying this vote, and that a Bill be drawn accordingly." On the fourteenth of the same month the

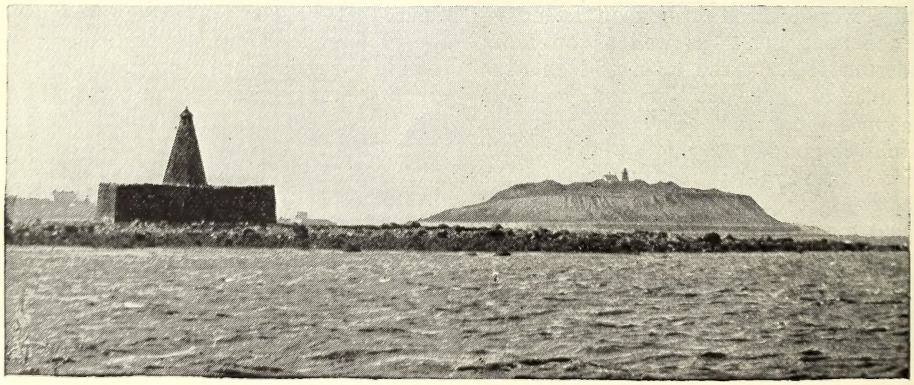
House of Representatives "Ordered: That Mr. William Payne, Col. Samuel Thaxter, Col. Adam Winthrop, with such as the Honorable Board shall joyn, be a Committee to Build a Light House at the Entrance of the Harbour of Boston pursuant to the Votes of this Court." The order was sent to the Council for concurrence; Hon. William Tailer and Addington Davenport were added from that body, and the order was then approved by Governor Joseph Dudley. A bill was introduced into the House on the seventeenth day of the same month, entitled "An act for Building and Maintaining a Light-house upon the Great Brewster, called Beacon Island, at the entrance of the Harbour of Boston;" and this was passed through its various stages to its final enactment in July, 1715. The preamble and act were as follows:



BUG LIGHT.

"Whereas, the want of a Light-house at the entrance to the Harbour of Boston hath been a great discouragement to navigation, by the loss of the lives and estates of several of His Majesty's subjects, — for prevention whereof: Be it enacted by His Excellency the Governor, Council and Representatives in General Court assembled, and by authority of the same, that there be a light-house erected at the Charge of the Province, on the southermost part of the Great Brewster, called Beacon Island, to be kept lighted from sunsetting to sun-rising. That from and after the building of the said light-house, and kindling a light in it, useful for shipping coming into or going out of the Harbour of Boston, or any other Harbour within the Massachusetts Bay, there shall be paid to the receiver of impost, by the master of all ships and vessels, except coasters, the duty of one penny per tun, inwards, and also one penny per tun, outwards, and no more, for every tun of the burthen of the said vessel, before they load or unload the goods therein."

Coasters under that act were to be "vessels which imported provisions, tar, pitch, turpentine and lumber, belonging to Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, Jerseys, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina and Nova Scotia," and that were "bound *bona fide* to some of the forementioned governments;" all such to pay two shillings each time they clear out. "All fishing vessels, wood sloops, &c. imployed in bringing of fish, wood, stones, sand, lime or lumber, from any of the parts within this Province coming into said Harbour of Boston, &c. pay five shillings at their first coming in or going out, and no further payment to be demanded of them by the space of one year next following. And no ships or vessels shall be cleared by the Naval Officer



NIX'S MATE.

ıntil a certificate be produced that the duty of the Light-house be paid." The act further states how vessels shall be measured for their light dues, and that the keeper of the light should be appointed by the General Court, — "who should carefully and diligently attend to this duty at all times in kindling the lights, from sun-setting to sun-rising, and placing them so as they may be most seen by vessels coming in or going out."



CAPTAIN THOMAS BATES.

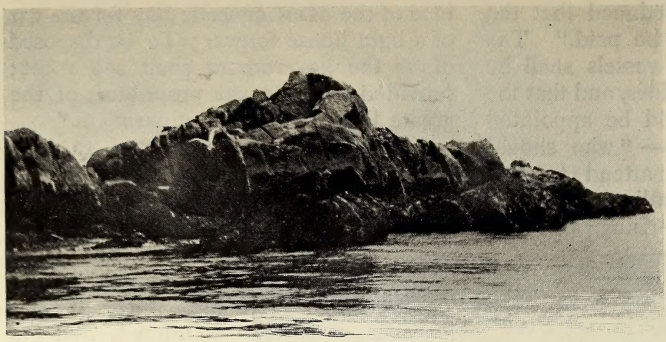
FOR TWENTY-NINE YEARS KEEPER OF BOSTON LIGHT.

This act was passed July 23, 1715, the first year of the reign of George the First. "In consequence of the determination to build the light-house," says Shurtleff, "application was made to the proprietors of the undivided lands of Hull, for a grant of the Little Brewster (or Beacon Island) for the purpose." The result of the request may be seen in the following extracts from the Hull Proprietary Records, as determined upon on the first of August, 1715, and entered upon the records by Mr. Joseph Benson, the clerk:

"At a legal meeting of the proprietors of the undivided land in Township of Hull held on munday the first day of August; Lieutenant Goold Seenior was chosen Moderator for the work of the daye. At the s'd meeting Co'll Samuel Thaxter applied himself to the s'd proprietors in the name of the Committee appointed by the great and ganarall corte in their session in June 1715, for the building of a light house on Beacken Island so caled adioyning to the greate Brewsters northerly from the town of Hull and being part of their township the s'd proprietors being sensable that it will be a ganarall benifit to Trade and that thay in perticuler shall have a greate benifite thereby have at the said meeting Unanimus voate given and granted the s'd Becan Island to the province of the Massachusetts Bay for the use of a light house forever; To be disposed of as the government shall see meet; provided that the s'd proprietors of the greate Brewsters be keept harmless."

"The committee appointed to take care of the building of the light-house" not having leisure (as the General Court records state on the twenty-fifth of December, 1715) to oversee and direct the work, it was "Ordered, that the oversight of that work be committed to Mr. William Payne, and Capt. Zachariah Tuthill, to carry on and finish the same agreeable to the Advice and Direction they shall from Time to Time receive from the said Committee, and that the sum of Sixty Pounds be allowed them for the whole of that service when it shall be compleated." This House order was concurred in by the Council, and consented to by Lieutenant-Governor William Tailer, who had been previously appointed chairman of the committee on the part of the Council.

A competent keeper of the light-house was found in the person of Mr. George Worthylake, whom, on June 25, 1716, the commissioners were empowered to employ at a salary of fifty pounds per year, "to begin when the lights are set up." Drake says that Hayes was the first light-keeper, but that is an error; Hayes was the second keeper, as we shall see later. Shurtleff says: "George Worthylake, the first keeper of Boston Light-House, was a husbandman, forty-three years of age, who had been brought up in the harbor; for his father, who bore the same name, had been for many years previous a resident of Pemberton Island, now called George's Island. He himself appears to have dwelt upon Lovell's Island at the time, where



THE GRAVES.

his farm was, and where his son resided after his death."

This statement is not very clear, and it is necessary to state that George Worthylake, Sr., died in 1693. An engrossed copy of his will, mistaken for that of his son, the light-keeper, who died in 1718, hangs upon the walls of the Certificate Room of the Bostonian Society at the Old State House.

The light-keeper was to receive for his first year's salary, as already stated, fifty pounds; but the second year seventy pounds, the increase having been made on his petition to the General Court, "on account of the loss of fifty-nine sheep, which were drowned during the winter of 1716–17, they having been driven into the sea by a storm through want of his care of them when obliged to attend the light-house."

The commissioners, on November 7, 1716, presented to the General Court an account of money expended in building the light-house, "£2385 17*s.* 8*d.* half penny, whereof £1900 had been paid." The report was referred to a committee, who reported favorably thereon on the seventeenth of the same month, and the account was allowed and the balance ordered to be paid.

Mr. Worthylake kept the light for two years, up to the time of his death. He and his wife and daughter were unfortunately drowned on November 3, 1718, while sailing from the light-house to Noddle's Island. Their bodies were recovered and buried in Copp's Hill burying-ground, in the centre, a few feet south of the tool-house. Over their graves was placed a triple stone marked, "George, in his forty-fifth year, Ann in her fortieth, and Ruth, their daughter." This incident was the origin of the ballad called "The Light-House Tragedy," which Benjamin Franklin, then twelve years of age, was induced by his brother to write, print and sell about the streets, and which he said "sold prodigiously, though it was wretched stuff." This was said to be Franklin's earliest poetic effusion; but not a word of it has been handed down to our time.

The body of Mr. Worthylake had scarcely been placed in the grave before petitions were presented to the General Court requesting the appointment of his successor. The petition of John Hayes, a mariner, recommended by the merchants of Boston, on November 6, 1718, as an experienced mariner and pilot in the harbor and an able-bodied and discreet person, prevailed, and he was appointed on the eighteenth of the same month.

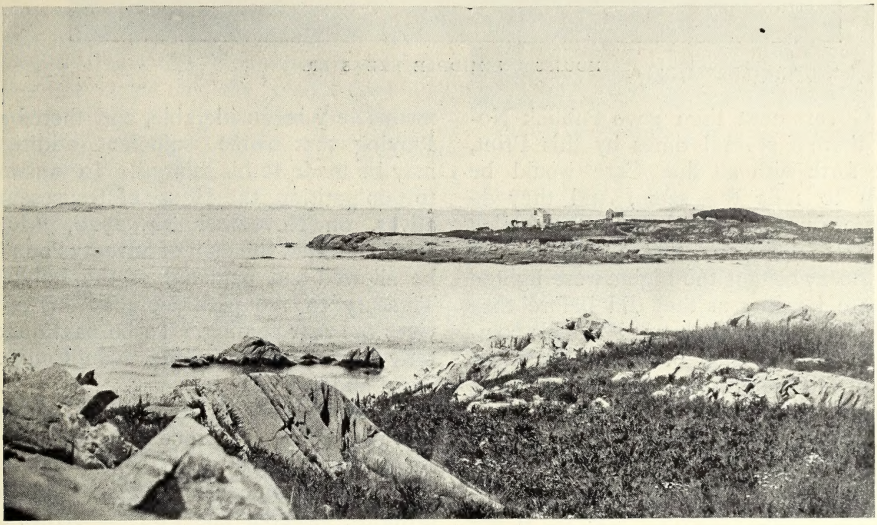
The duties of a light-house keeper were arduous, as, in addition to his attention to the lights, he was to pilot vessels in and out of the harbor, act as health officer in case of sickness on board of incoming



THREE-MASTER PASSING POINT ALLERTON IN MIDWINTER.

vessels and order them into quarantine, and as an entertainer at his house of such persons from town or elsewhere as sought his hospitality; answer by signal gun signals from vessels in the offing in distress or otherwise, etc.

Keal, in 1719, says: "The Light-house was built on a rock above water, 2 leagues from Boston, where, in time of war, a signal is made to the castle & by the castle to the town, by hoisting and lowering the Union flag so many times as there are ships approaching. If they exceed a certain number, the castle fires 3 guns to warn the town of Boston, & the Gov'r if needs be, orders the Beacon



LOOKING UP THE HARBOR FROM THE MIDDLE BREWSTER.

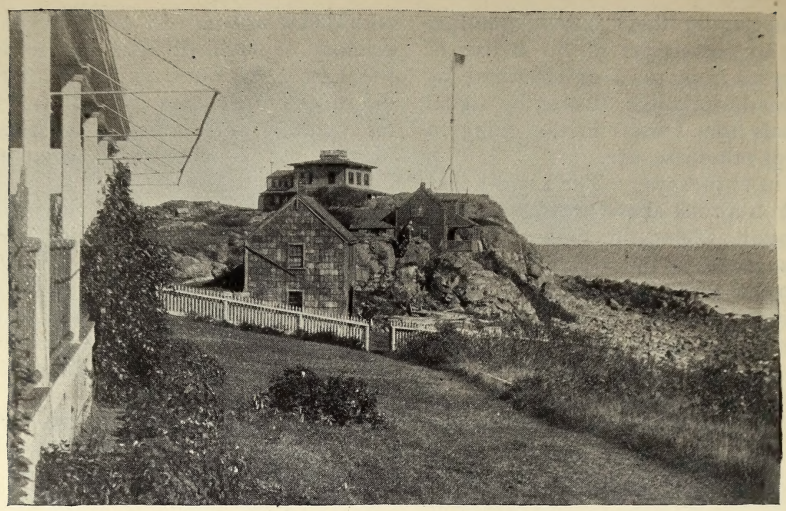
fires, which alarms the adjacent country, and gives 6 or more hours to prepare for their reception."

Shaw's "History of Boston" (Pemberton's account), 1817, says: "Light-House Island is a high rock of 2 or 3 acres, ¼ of an acre of it good soil; a bar, dry at low water, connects it with Great Brewster; a stone light-house shows one light; it is 8¼ miles from Long Wharf, Boston, and was formerly known as Beacon Island, &c. Pilots here have a piece of artillery to answer signal guns." This island and all the islands, as well as Nantasket, including its beaches, were on the settlement of the colony covered with dense woods. In 1676–77 the proprietors of Hull divided the wood on the Lesser Brewster, as they afterward did on the other Brewsters, to clear them for planting and grass, to be done by May 1, 1679, — the land and lots to be divided by lot.

The light-house burned down and was rebuilt in 1720. The following account was inserted in the Boston *News Letter* at the time: "On Wednesday night last, the 13 Instant, an unhappy accident fell out that the Light-House was burned and the Government has Ordered the following advertisement:

"'At a Council held at the Council Chamber in Boston on Friday the 15 day of January, 1720. That an advertisement be put in the Newspaper giving notice of the fire lately happening at the Light-House, and that care will be taken to refit the same with all possible Expedition; and that in the mean time there will be set up at the said Light-House as good a light as conveniently can be projected to serve for the Present. J. Willard, Secr.'"

This was in the issue for January 18. In the issue for February 22 there followed another notice: "Whereas the Light-House by an Unhappy Accident was burnt down the 13 of Jan. past, and



HOUSES ON MIDDLE BREWSTER.

the Government then gave Publick Notice thereof several times by this Print, that forth-with all due Care would be taken to refit the same, And they do therefore now Also Order the like Publick Notice to be given, that on Wednesday last the 17 instant the Lights were lighted and are burning as they did before they were burned down; and all vessels coming in may depend of seeing the Light to the full height from the surface, as they did the former." *

A petition from John Hayes, keeper of the light-house on Beacon Island, was sent to the General Court, November 22, 1720, "showing that he is necessitated for the faithful Discharge of his office to Hire two men constantly to attend that Service as well as himself, So that after Men's wages are paid & Provisions are supplied them the Petitioner's allowance is not sufficient to give himself and family a support, and in-as-much as it may have been Represented that his Profits are considerable by Giving Entertainment for the last Twelve Months, And that for the Affair of Pilotage, In the Summer Season almost every Fisher-Man or Boat Man they meet with in the Bay, Pilot the Ships in, And that his Benefit by Pilotage is by that means very inconsiderable, and therefore Praying that some sufficient addition may be made to his salary." In answer to this petition, the House of Representatives, on November 24, 1720, "Resolved — That the sum of Seventy Pounds be allowed and paid out of the Publick Treasury to the petitioner for his services the year coming. To be paid quarterly as it becomes due. In Council Read and concurred."

I find no further mention of Captain Hayes in the Province records until August 22, 1733, when he sent in his resignation, "on account of age and infirmities," to take effect on the eighth of November following. The merchants of Boston recommended for the vacancy Mr. Robert Ball, an Englishman, a mariner and pilot, who was selected for the place on August 23, 1733, the day following the receipt of Captain Hayes's resignation. Captain Ball married Mrs. Martha King of Charlestown, whose daughter married Adam Knox, a pilot. The Boston Committee of Correspondence gave Mr. Knox a certificate of "friendly behavior" on June 18, 1776, as follows: "Mr. Adam Knox, of this Town having applied to this committee, for a certificate of his friendly behavior, with respects to the Rights and Liberties of his country — the following was given him signed by nine of the Committee. 'This may certify whom it

* I am indebted to Colonel William R. Livermore, Corps of Light-House Engineers, for this item, — he having received it in a letter from Dr. Samuel A. Green of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

may concern, that Mr. Adam Knox who has long been improved in this Town as a Pilot, has ever appeared to us as a person friendly to the Rights and Liberties of Americans.' " *

Captain Ball, in the early years of his keepership of Beacon Light-House, requested appropriations to be made for repairs upon the light-house, and also upon the dwelling-house, — and these were granted. The following singular account rendered by John Fayerweather, a Boston merchant, for hospitality at the light-house in June, 1746, under Captain Ball's administration, explains itself: "Charged to the Town of Boston 50*s.* cash paid ye Light-House Tavern for meetings held there with ye Committee to measure ye rocks from ye lower middle ground, for order to sink hulks, if occasion, & 8*s.* 6*d*, more for drink for the boat's crew in April — total £5-19-8. Henry King to receive it. King credited with having paid over £2-19-8."

In 1751 Boston Light-House was again destroyed by fire, and on June 22 of that year an act to repair it was passed, as follows:

"An Act In Addition To An Act Made And Passed In The First Year Of The Reign Of His Majesty King George The First, Intitled An Act For Building And Maintaining A Light House Upon The Great Brewster (Called Beacon Island) At The Entrance Of The Harbour Of Boston.

"Whereas the light-house at the entrance to the harbour of Boston hath been greatly damaged by fire, and it hath been



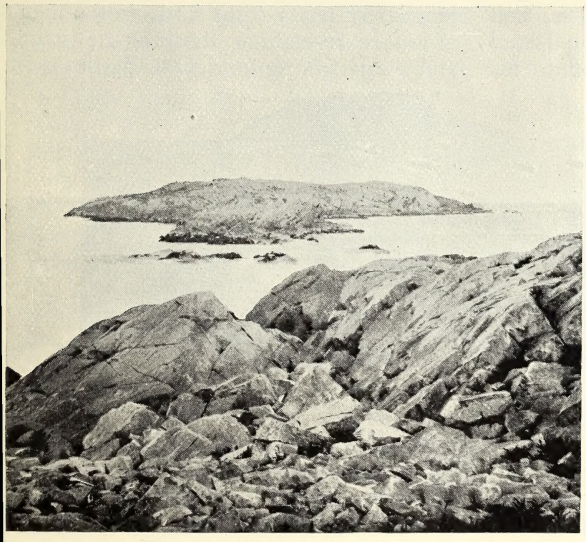
"RUFFIANS" FISHING, MIDDLE BREWSTER.

ordered by this Court that it should be repaired; and it being reasonable that the Charge of such repairs should be born by those who receive the immediate benefit thereof: —

"Be it therefore enacted by the Lieutenant Governour, Council, and House of Representatives: That the Commissioner of import be and hereby is directed, by himself and his deputies, to demand and receive of the master of every vessel (which within the space of two years from the publication of this act, shall clear out from any port within this province, being bound to any port within this province) over and above what is already by law provided the following rates at each time of clearance: For every vessel of less than one hundred tons, two shillings; for every vessel of above one hundred tons and not exceeding two hundred tons, three shillings; and for every vessel of above two hundred tons, four shillings."

Robert Ball, Sr., was light-

*New England Historical Genealogical Register, July, 1876.



MIDDLE BREWSTER, LOOKING TOWARD OUTER BREWSTER.



MINOT'S LIGHT.

house keeper from 1733, under the Royal Government, up to or after 1766, and one account thinks until after the British fleet left Boston harbor in the Revolution. Captain Ball's son, Robert Ball, a sea captain, willed, in 1772 or 1782, Calf Island, Boston harbor, and Green Island in Hull, to his son John; and to his daughter Sarah, the Outer Brewster, which in 1794 was sold for £50.

"The light-house standing at the entrance to the harbor," says Shurtleff, "was the original structure of 1716, modified somewhat by repairs after the fire of 1751. It became early in the siege [of Boston] an object of concern for both sides; and more than one expedition conducted by the Provincials destroyed the destructible parts of it; the tower being of brick was allowed to stand. While it was in possession of the British, a party under Major Vose, of Heath's regiment, in whale-boats, landed on Nantasket Point, before day, and set fire to the light-house. At daylight the men-of-war discovered them, and fired upon them. An eye-witness says, 'I ascended an eminence at a distance, and saw the flames of the light-house ascending up to Heaven, like grateful incense, and the ships waisting their powder.'" Major Vose returned the next day, burnt the wooden portions of the light-house, brought off its furniture, lamps, etc., and the boats. The enemy had commenced rebuilding the light-house, and on July 31, 1775, Major Tupper, with three hundred men, was despatched to disperse the working party. The enemy prepared to receive them in a hostile manner. Major Tupper landed in good order on the island, marched to the works, killed ten or twelve men on the spot, and took the remainder prisoners. Having demolished the work, the party were ready to embark; but the tide leaving them, they were obliged to remain until its return. Meantime a number of boats came up from the men-of-war to re-enforce those at the island, and a smart firing from both parties took place. A field-piece under charge of Major Crane, planted on Nantasket Point to cover a retreat, sunk one of the boats and killed several of the crew. Major Tupper brought his party off with the loss



GREAT BREWSTER.



GREAT BREWSTER IN WINTER.

of one man killed and two or three wounded. He killed and captured fifty-three of the enemy. Washington, in general orders, August 1, 1775, thanked Major Tupper and his men "for gallant and soldier-like behavior in possessing themselves of the enemy's post at the light-house."

The British were compelled to evacuate Boston in March, 1776, but did not immediately leave the harbor, contenting themselves for a time in doing all the mischief they could upon the several islands within it. On the thirteenth of June, three months after they took refuge on board their ships, the Continentals brought their guns to bear upon them, and on the fourteenth the cannon from Long Island began to play upon the ships, which obliged them to weigh their anchors and make the best of their way out of the harbor. As they passed Nantasket and the light-house, they sent their boats on shore and brought off a party of regulars and blew up the light-house; and then the fleet made all sail and went to sea, steering their course easterly for Halifax.

"The commander of the ship *Renown*, Captain Bangs," says Shurtleff, "who sent his boats to the light-house to take his men from the island, left powder so arranged that it took fire an hour afterward and blew up the brick tower. The Light-House Island, was therefore the last stop occupied by a hostile force in Boston harbor."

On November 8, 1780, Governor Hancock sent a message to the Massachusetts legislature, recommending the building of a light-house at the entrance of Boston harbor, upon the site of the old one, which had been in ruins more than four years. The legislature appointed a committee, which reported upon the subject, the result of which was the building and completion of the new light-house in November, 1783, and the passage of an act relating to light-houses. This new building was made of stone, seventy-five feet in height, including the lantern, fifteen feet. The diameter at its base was twenty-five feet, and at the top fifteen feet. The wall at the bottom was seven and a half feet in thickness, and at the top two and a half feet, with a cylindrical opening in the centre of ten feet for stairs, etc. The lantern was octagonal, fifteen feet high, and eight and a half feet in diameter. It had four lamps, holding each a gallon of oil, with four burners to each lamp.

On November 28, 1783, Captain Thomas Knox, a pilot, was appointed keeper of the light by Governor Hancock. Captain Knox's father, Adam, who has been mentioned, and his mother, Martha

Knox, resided at the light-house with him. The latter died there in January, 1790, and Adam died there in December of the same year, aged eighty-one.

On June 10, 1790, under an act of Congress passed August 7, 1789, the island and light-house were ceded to the United States. When the United States government assumed control of the light-house stations of the country, Massachusetts ceded three, Boston Light, the Gurnet at Plymouth and Brant Point at Nantucket; New Jersey ceded two, Navesink and Sandy Hook; New Hampshire, Portsmouth Light; Rhode Island, the Beaver Tail; Delaware, Cape Henlopen; and South Carolina, Charleston.



ON THE OUTER BREWSTER.

Until the United States assumed jurisdiction of the light-houses on the coast, Boston Light was under the control of the Governor and Council, and its expenses were defrayed by a duty on vessels, called "light money," which was a shilling a ton on all foreign vessels and twopence halfpenny on American vessels clearing from the custom house.

On March 23, 1797, Thomas Knox (the light-keeper), Charles Cole and Robert Knox, probably a brother of Thomas, were recommended to the Governor and Council by the Boston Marine Society to be pilots, — the former doubtless for reappointment, as he was a pilot when appointed light-house keeper in 1783. In 1803 Thomas Knox was owner of the island in the harbor called Nix's Mate, "once of more than three miles in circumference, but now reduced to a small heap of sand with a few rods of the original surface continually decreasing and undermined by the sea, which he is willing to cede to the United States for the purpose, if Congress in its wisdom shall think fit to appropriate a sum of money adequate for the building a sufficiently strong stone wall round the remains of said island and for placing thereon a beacon." *



OUTER BREWSTER.

Thomas Knox was the light-keeper for many years; but when he resigned, or who was his successor, I have not been able to ascertain.

The naval encounter between the frigates *Chesapeake* and *Shannon*, June 1, 1813, which resulted in the capture of the *Chesapeake* with the loss of forty-seven of her crew killed, including Lawrence, her commander, — the *Shannon* losing twenty-

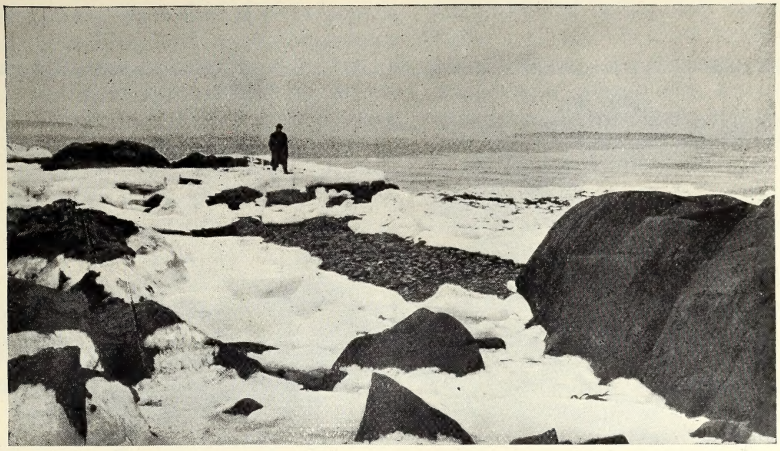
* Petition of the Boston Marine Society to Congress in 1803, on "the necessity of preserving an ancient Landmark of the greatest importance to the navigation of Boston."

three killed and over fifty wounded, including Broke, her commander, — an engagement which lasted but fifteen minutes, took place twelve miles outside of Boston Light.

In 1815 the Boston Marine Society petitioned the government "to have the light-house lit." It had probably been closed during the War of 1812. In 1829 Jonathan H. Bruce, a pilot, was keeper of the light, he having been recommended for the place by the Boston Marine Society. The same year he was recommended by the Marine Society to the Governor and Council as a pilot, probably a reappointment. He held the office of light-keeper for many years. He died in Boston, February 15, 1868, aged seventy-six. His son Jonathan, brought up on the island when his father was light-keeper, was for many years a Boston pilot. He died a few years ago, aged seventy-two.

The light-keepers succeeding Bruce were David Tower of Cohasset, Captain Cook, Captain Long of Charlestown, Mr. Small, Mr. Douglass of Swampscott, Captain Babson of Gloucester, and Captain Thomas Bates of Cohasset. Captain Bates was appointed July 18, 1864, and served until April 6, 1893, dying in office. Mr. Albert M. Harte was the successor of Captain Bates, serving one year. On May 1, 1894, the present incumbent, Mr. Henry L. Pingree, was appointed to succeed Mr. Harte.

Since the erection of Boston Light-House in 1783 the present building has been altered and refitted. In 1856 the lighting apparatus was renewed, the new apparatus consisting of fourteen twenty-one-inch reflectors, fitted in the best manner to illumine when lighted an area of sixteen square miles at each revolution; and the light was considered by ship-masters one of the best lights on the American coast. In January, 1860, the tower was raised in height to ninety-eight feet, and the lantern was newly equipped with revolving illuminating apparatus. The light can be seen in clear weather at a distance of sixteen nautical miles. The tall white tower surmounted with the black lantern is an imposing object when seen from vessels entering or leaving the harbor.



BEACH OF GREAT BREWSTER IN WINTER.

Life at Boston Light is tame and commonplace as compared with that at more exposed places on our coast and on the light-ships far out from land. It has more or less of the character of a long sea voyage, each succeeding day entailing duties exactly like those of the days which have passed. The thrilling experiences met with by the keepers at Minot's, Boon Island, Wooden Ball, Mount Desert Rock, and on the light-ships at Pollock Rip and Nantucket South Shoal, are unknown here; and yet there are many incidents which give variety to and enrich the life of the light-keeper on Little Brewster.

His duty is to tend carefully the light, keep it burning brightly and steadily from sunset to sunrise, and in thick weather to sound the fog whistle. He must keep the lenses of his lamps and the glass of the lantern scrupulously clean in order to throw the utmost power of the light over the sea. He must, with diligent care, watch it through the night to see that it does not grow dim or go out.

When a heavy storm comes on, and the drift strikes the lantern, and the waves dash with fury against the rocks below, with anxious gaze he peers out into the darkness for the sail of the tempest-tossed mariner, and listens intently for the cry of the shipwrecked ones. These are anxious and trying times for the light-keeper, and the nerve tension is so great as oftentimes to seem unendurable. After a storm he finds sea-fowl, which in bewilderment have dashed themselves against the lantern and fallen dead at the foot of the tower.



Although not of frequent occurrence, there have been wrecks near the light-house, and of course at such times the keeper's aid is invaluable, having often been the means of saving lives.

There is also a cheerful and pleasant side to life at the light-house. The steamers with their human freight, the coasting and fishing schooners, the tug boats and yachts with their gay flags, and all manner of craft pass under the keeper's eyes by day, and their lights often make the harbor a veritable fairy-land by night. Ships bound for all parts of the world he sees as he stands at the gateway of Boston harbor. The drudgery and sense of imprisonment are forgotten as he feels the responsibility of a calling which makes him of service to all who "go down to the sea in ships and do business in great waters." These owe a debt of gratitude to the light-keeper who faithfully performs his duties, whose name is perhaps almost unknown, but who is nevertheless an important factor in their lives.

Boston Light, the first in America, erected in 1716, as stated in the preamble to the act of its establishment, for "the prevention of the loss of lives and estates," has been of incalculable service, notwithstanding many "lives and estates" have been lost near it, in thick and stormy weather, against which it could not avail. Let us hope that in the future, as in the past, Boston Light may shine on to illumine at night the channel entrance to our harbor, a "protection to lives and estates," until ships shall cease to enter and depart, and "the sea shall be no more."

As one approaches Boston from the sea through Light-House Channel, one of the first objects that meets his eye on the left is the projecting promontory of Point Allerton. It was named in honor of Isaac Allerton, one of the passengers in the *Mayflower*. Tradition informs us that a company of the Plymouth Pilgrims, on one of their voyages northward, put into Bos-

ton harbor, landed upon the islands at the entrance and upon the headland opposite, naming the headland Point Allerton, and the islands the "Brewsters," in respect for Allerton's wife's brothers and sisters, the children of Elder Brewster.

The Brewsters were granted to Hull in 1641, and in 1652 to Captain John Leverett, afterward Governor of Massachusetts, in return for money his father put "into the common stocke in the beginning of the plantation, for which he neuer had any consideration." Later the General Court gave Captain Leverett a better domain, and restored the islands to the town of Hull. In 1686 Mr. Coomes of Hull, a mariner, sold the group to John Loring for £4.

The Great Brewster, the innermost island, is a high bluff, containing some twenty-five acres, a considerable part of which has been eaten away by the sea, — further encroachment upon it having been checked by a massive sea-wall, built by the United States government at great expense. The projection, Little Hill, has been so worn away by the sea that it now contains but an acre and a half. The view from the crest is grand, and presents a pleasant prospect of the whole group. A curving ridge of gravelly beach, a mile and a half in length, covered at high tide, stretches away to the Bug Light, and a short bar, bare at low water, leads to Light-House or Little Brewster Island. The Great Brewster was purchased by the city of Boston in 1848 for $4,000, except the part of it adjoining the sea-walls, which is owned by the United States. Some years ago Hon. Benjamin Dean leased the island from the city, and there erected a dwelling in which he has spent a part of his summers. A family lives upon the island the year through.

The Middle Brewster is high, with rocky shores, with some ten acres of soil hidden behind its cliffs. Twenty odd years ago it was owned by three fishermen; but the greater part of it was purchased, leaving to them a corner, by Mr. Augustus Russ, a prominent Boston lawyer. He built upon its highest part a large summer house, in sight of all who sail in and out of the harbor, where he entertained his friends. Since his death a few years ago it has been owned by Mr. Melvin O. Adams, also a well-known lawyer and a warm personal friend of the former owner. Here yachtsmen, painters, photographers and other friends of the proprietors have spent cool and comfortable dog-days, far removed from the din and heat of the city, where the sea and the whole scenery are truly enchanting. On the southerly side of the island is a fairly good landing, made good by the removal of the surface rocks, and leaving a part of the beach sheltered by an outlying reef. The view from the highest point on the island takes in a great sweep of the horizon seaward, the adjacent islands rugged and grand, the inland hills of Saugus and the Middlesex Fells, and the channels leading to and from the city, the highway of nations, dotted with a hundred vessels passing and repassing. The geological structure of the islands is of great interest to scientific persons, as it has little in common with the mainland; its dark granites and porphyries represent a different epoch in the history of the world.

Between the Middle and Outer Brewster there is a narrow and difficult passage called the Flying Place, which boils and foams like a caldron when the sea is high. The brig *Jachin*, bound in from Santa Martha, in 1828, was forced among these rocks in winter, and was wrecked on the Middle Brewster, with the loss of part of her crew.

The Outer Brewster is a frowning pile of rocks, upon which are several acres of fertile soil and a spring of fine, fresh water. Shurtleff says: "This island is one of the most romantic places near Boston, far surpassing Nahant in its wild rocks, chasms, caves and overhanging cliffs. Attempts have been made to use the stone from the Outer Brewster for building purposes; and the walls of an edifice erected on City Square, Charlestown, were of this stone. About the year 1840, General Austin owned this island, and took from it the stone used for macadamizing Warren Bridge. There is a pond upon the island, which in rainy weather is said to attain to very respectable dimensions. On the right-hand

side of the western cove there is a singular rock formation, called the pulpit, from which the Reverend East Wind delivers powerful addresses. In the northern cove are the remains of an unfinished canal, cut through the rock by General Austin, with the idea of forming an artificial harbor. It once had a gate at its entrance, and made quite a secure dock. In 1840 there were two or three inhabitants on the island, with six head of cattle and fifty sheep. The house was afterward burned by rowdies from the city. In 1861 a fisherman named Jeffers, with his wife and children, came to the island, and built a dwelling near Rocky Beach. On a stormy night in November, with two men from the Middle Brewster, in trying to get home in a dory, he was wrecked near the mouth of the canal, and he and one of his companions were drowned. The grief-stricken widow soon after left the island, and the house was burned down. This is the most inaccessible of the Brewsters, and many lives have been lost in trying to land upon it. It has no shelter nor anchorage. The lonely island has been called the home of the east wind, a scourge in winter and spring, but delightful in summer.

The Shag Rocks are a group of rocks south of the Brewsters, dangerous to mariners, upon which many lives have been lost. In December, 1861, the ship *Maritana*, laden with a cargo of rice, struck at midnight upon Shag Rocks, and held fast, her stern being in deep water. There was a severe snow-storm, and it was very cold. In the morning the vessel went to pieces, and twenty-five persons of her crew and passengers, women and children among them, were drowned. Thirteen persons clung to the rocks until the next day, when they were rescued by Samuel James of Hull, who put off to them in a dory and placed them on board a Boston pilot-boat. Other vessels and other lives have been lost upon Shag Rocks.

Calf Island, once known as the Northern Brewster, lies north of the Great Brewster, and contains ten acres and some small houses. Among the rugged ledges which front the sea there are several bits of beach where landings can be made. In former years this was a favorite spot for Sunday tourists from the city; and it is thought by some that the art of pugilism had here a shrine. The island is inhabited by lobstermen and fishermen. A hundred feet or so northward, and connected at low tide, is Little Calf Island, a barren rock surrounded by ledges covered with sea-weed. North of this is Hypocrite Passage, a narrow strait through which boats and small vessels pass.

Green Island is the most northerly of the group. It has a small area of grassy earth upon it, in a bowl of rock, and a long gravelly point extending southward. In 1841 an ancient mariner, fifty years of age, Samuel Choate by name, settled upon this islet, built a rude hut, and there resided alone for twenty or more years, subsisting upon fish, mussels, and what he gathered about its shores. During the famous storm in 1851, which destroyed Minot's Ledge Light-House, this marine hermit was taken off by one of the pilot-boats, his house being submerged by the unusually high tide; and in 1865, when old and feeble, he was removed to a charitable home, where he ended his days in peace.

Northeast of the Brewsters lie the black and frowning ledges known as the Graves, over which the sea surges in heavy weather with terrible effect. Off their eastern end is a large whistling buoy, automatically worked by the waves to warn mariners of their approach to this dangerous point at night or in thick weather. The wild moan it sends over the water can be heard for miles when the air is still. Shurtleff says the Graves were named for the British Admiral Graves, who made himself so disagreeable to Americans during the Revolution and is said to have touched his ship upon these rocks. This cannot be correct, however, for upon a chart published in 1689, a century earlier, they bore their present name. The fishermen and residents upon the adjacent islands believe that the resemblance of the rocks to tombstones, rising in irregular form from the sea, and whitened by bird-lime, gave rise to the name. It is said also that they were named in honor of

Thomas Graves, who came over in command of the *Talbot*, the vice-admiral of Winthrop's fleet. This is more likely to have been the origin of the name. In 1643–44 Thomas Graves commanded the *Trial*, the first large vessel built in Boston, in her voyages to Bilboa and Malaga. The *Trial* was built by Nehemiah Bourne, who, after some years' residence at Boston, returned to England and became rear-admiral in the Parliament's navy.

The islands in and about Boston harbor are not only of historic interest, but they reveal to the gaze of those who sail out and in among them delightful bits of natural scenery adorning the waters of one of the most superb and picturesque ports in America.

NEW ENGLAND IN NEW YORK.

By E. P. Powell.



EW ENGLAND conquered the whole of the territory west of her by peaceable settlement. She planted her theology and her township as coincidents everywhere, until states rose up to copy her constitutions and creeds, adopt her holidays, and respect her traditional opinions. Her sons carried the habits and manners, the wooden clocks and spinning-wheels and the indomitable thrift of the little land forever to be known as "mother." Step by step the most eager spirits moved forward to spy out the rich spots of the wilderness and take possession as best they might. Although ever moving forward, they never lost the homing instinct, but built New England farmhouses and villages, with whitewashed fences, raised New England beans and planted New England orchards. They generally got on peaceably with the Indians, many of whom to this day live along the lakes of central New York. There was this difference between Connecticut and Virginia pioneers: the former took the plough in preference to the gun; the latter were found in Tennessee and Kentucky as hunters.

It is my fortune to have my home where I overlook the very first settlements ever made by New England in her westward march. There is not in New York state a more delightful valley than this Oriskany, which extends from the Mohawk southward to Binghamton. The range that drains one way into the Delaware, to the north drains, through several creeks, down toward the great river which flows eastward into the Hudson. New York state is characterized by these deep lateral valleys, from the Genesee, at the mouth of which lies Rochester, to the Oriskany, in which Utica holds the same position. The hills, running north and south, look down into a garden-like valley, with a stream that ever winds in and out among the willow groves and scattered elms. There is seldom anywhere a rough rocky outline or unfertile acre. It is as rich in vegetable growth as a prairie. Asa Gray, born at Paris, high up on Oriskany's eastern slope, used to say that the whole botany of the state was found here within a radius of a few miles. The north opening of the valley rests upon the oldest geological formation of the continent, the Utica slate and Trenton limestone. Here Trenton Falls pours its floods over the petrified life of millions of years ago.

The Oneidas fully appreciated the beauty and fertility of this garden spot of the land. They always claimed that they were owners of the choicest part of the territory held by the Five Nations. Kirkland came on his mission to the Iroquois as early as 1764, going first to settle among the Senecas; but after one year and a half he turned for his residence to the Oneidas, who he always asserted were the noblest of the six confederated tribes. Here he began the work which ended in the civilization of

central New York. From my study windows I see apple trees raised by this remarkable man from seed brought from Connecticut and planted in rows along the hillside now crowned by Hamilton College. Of these superb trees, several hundred in number, at least a dozen still stand, over a century old. A section of one which had fallen is preserved in the museum of the Oneida County Historical Society. One variety of these seedling apples proved unusually large and fine, and is now grafted all over the country as the Kirkland apple. Some of these trees are six feet in circumference and nearly forty feet in height. The land on which the orchard stood was part of a two-thousand-acre tract presented to Mr. Kirkland by his friends the Oneidas. The orchard tract was afterward bought by John Powell, a Connecticut pioneer, who grafted the trees full of the choicest New England apples.

The home of Kirkland still stands preserved on the college campus, where it was moved from its position in the orchard. Near by it in the college cemetery is a monument erected to his memory. To the south of where I write, rising above the range of hills, stands a curious bluff with a grove of hemlocks. Several of these have been shattered by lightning, but a few still stand pointing skyward with impressive majesty. It is supposed that the noble chief Skonondoah pointed to these when he made his notable speech: "I am an aged hemlock; the winds of a hundred winters have whistled through my boughs." Converted very early to Christianity by the labors of Kirkland, he was his fast friend through life. There are few finer characters in Indian history. His ability was equally great as an orator, as a general and as a statesman. Magnificently built, with a vigorous intellect and great originality of genius, this man ruled his tribe with sagacity and firmness. He was much older than Kirkland, but their friendship was pronounced. Their walks and talks along the hillside where the orchard was planted resulted in an agreement to found an academy to educate Indian youths. In 1792 Kirkland visited Alexander Hamilton, to seek counsel and aid in establishing what became the Hamilton Oneida Academy. Kirkland gave it a valuable tract of land. The subscriptions that created the endowment were quaint and simple. The white settlers gave time and labor, for lack of money. Kirkland's subscription reads: "Sam Kirkland, £10. 0. 0 and 15 days' work. Also three hundred acres of land for the use of the Academy, to be leased, and the product applied towards the support of an able instructor." In 1812 this institution became Hamilton College.

Meanwhile New England was taking possession of this valley in other ways. The Mohawk valley was almost wholly occupied by Dutch from New York and Albany. But they did not go farther west than Herkimer. As early as 1776, seven pairs of brothers are said to have been enlisted from Plymouth, Connecticut, under command of Captain David Smith, and stationed in some of the Mohawk valley forts. They visited the surrounding country, and noted its beauty and fertility. The war had hardly closed when Hugh White, from Middletown, Connecticut, came with his family and purchased fifteen hundred acres, on which he settled. Several other families followed him in 1785, and formed Whitestown, at the head of the valley, a few miles from where Utica now stands. In 1787 seven or eight families from Plymouth, Connecticut, came to what is now the town of Kirkland, a little to the south of Whitestown. These were soon increased to twenty households, all of the purest New England stock. These built log houses, not one of which could boast of floors, doors or windows. Solomon Hovey's wife was the first white woman to step foot in the valley. Her presence probably accounts for the fact that the Hoveys were more luxurious in style than the rest. He felled a large hollow basswood tree and cut off a piece, which with some hewing he made into a shapely wardrobe. Another section constituted a good substitute for a cupboard.

General Washington, as well as George Clinton, owned tracts of land in this section; and some of the early deeds are

directly from Washington himself. But the settlement was named from DeWitt Clinton. It took the form of a straight street, on each side of which two-acre lots were laid out for each family. Then began corn planting and pumpkin growing — much after the Indian fashion. It is remembered that the perfect art of making pumpkin pies was held in the village of Clinton as a direct inheritance from Connecticut. Gradually ground was broken with oxen or cows, and agriculture of a slightly improved sort was introduced.

The two most important matters to be attended to were the establishment of a church and the building of a mill. These were the indispensable marks of New England origin. The first mill was a small building on the banks of the Oriskany. Enlarged, it still stands where it was first built. Before that the settlers, as well as their neighbors at Whitestown, had been compelled to carry grist on their backs forty miles to a mill in the Dutch settlements to the east.

The first church was an enclosure of logs, without even chinking or a floor. They had prayer, singing, and a sermon read by a layman. New settlers came in rapidly. Word went back to New England that the land was indeed goodly.

The first death occurred by drowning. There being as yet no bridge over the Oriskany, and women being fond of whitening their hair with mill dust after the hair-powder style, they were obliged to walk a couple of logs that had been felled side by side. Anna Foot and Mabel Tuttle having enjoyed themselves in girl fashion at the mill, undertook to walk the log bridge. Miss Tuttle fell, and it was impossible to rescue her. A fine stone bridge now spans the stream at this calamitous spot. There was no cemetery as yet, and the body when recovered was placed in a spot afterward known as the Burying Ground. It is still in occasional use.

Weddings began almost as early as the building of houses. In 1790 William Stebbins and Lydia Branch were married by Samuel Occam, an Indian minister from Connecticut. So rapidly did Christianity secure a hold upon the Oneidas.

This early settlement had not only the usual trials of pioneers, but the Indians were by no means unanimously favorable. The Oneidas were divided into those who followed Skonondoah and those who considered Saucy Nick as the true Indian. The last named was a drunken fellow of savage temper, a huge, powerful, ugly scamp. He was a thief, as well as a good fighter; and the white settlers soon found they must count on his deviltries and his enmity. Theodore Monross, who had driven a few fine cattle all the way from Connecticut, missed a fat steer. Captain Foot, who was the Standish of the settlement, led a company on the trail. It led them by a circuitous route to what is now New Hartford. Here they came on a file of Indians. "Stop," said Foot to Beechtree, the leader. "You have stolen and killed the white man's steer." "Indian has not," replied Beechtree, drawing his belt knife. Captain Foot brought down a solid hickory cane over the Indian's head; and a search followed. The hide and bell of the missing animal were found in the pack of Saucy Nick. They confessed the theft, and were marched back and shut up till Skonondoah could be summoned. Saucy Nick was surly, and never forgave his captors. He even tried to assassinate Kirkland. An uncle of the writer kept a hostelry at a somewhat later date. Saucy Nick and some roisterers, already full of whiskey, came in and demanded more. This young Johnson refused to give them. A fight ensued, and one Indian had his head laid open with a loaded whip. Johnson had to keep in hiding until a powwow could be held and peace made by ample presents.

The first frame building was erected in 1789, by Colonel Timothy Tuttle: Colonels and Majors abounded. This house still stands and is used, or lately was, as a coal office, adjacent to coal sheds. The second frame building was erected by Ebenezer Butler, Jr., and was used for a store. The third followed soon after, in the fall of the same year. Snow began to fall in the latter part of October; but Jesse Curtiss, who was builder, did not check his labors. His hands were glazed with handling iron

bars; but he finished before Christmas, and moved in. This house also stands and is used as a shed. The original log houses survived for the most part until about 1820. By 1840 all were pulled down or burned but two or three. The last one, near Hamilton College, was the victim of a raid of the boys about 1850. It was not appreciated by them as an old landmark.

The settlers had been almost altogether from Connecticut; but after a few years others came from Massachusetts and from Vermont. A handful of Dutch got mixed in; but it was practically the first western outpost of New England. Kirkland, born at Norwich, Connecticut, gave the strongest impress to the whole movement. He occasionally left his work among the Indians to minister to the whites. The Congregational church was the only one thought of for many years. A regular church organization was formed in 1791. The first pastor called was Rev. Asahel Strong Norton, from Chatham, Connecticut. He was ordained in September, 1793. He remained in charge until 1833, or full forty years. Meanwhile the single street had opened at one end upon a park, enclosing a charming low knoll. This park is now the centre of a large population, and one of the most beautiful to be found in the state of New York. The first church services after regular organization were held in this public "green" and in the open air. A pulpit was constructed under a canopy of green boughs, and a few seats were erected for the women and the infirm. The forest stretched away in all directions, with openings where the axe had hewed the clearing for a homestead. As soon as possible a log house was put on the Common; and in 1796 was erected the first framed church. This was the typical New England church building, plain to excess and painted white. It stood until 1833, when it was replaced by a stone church, and this, unfortunately burned down about thirty years ago, has been rebuilt in handsome style.

Kirkland's academy was intended to educate Indians. It was his hope to civilize the Oneidas, and his expectation was that they would remain in possession of central New York for unlimited time. It turned out that no Indians were ever educated in the academy. It became, however, a valuable school for the whites. The corner stone had been laid with some ceremony by Baron Steuben; and a graduate of Yale College, Mr. John Niles, was placed in charge as principal. I believe the principals were without exception sons of Yale; and so the academy, as afterward the college, was held to be peculiarly a child of Yale. As early as 1812 a charter was granted by the state, raising Hamilton Oneida Academy into the rank of college, with the title of Hamilton College.

The first president was Azel Backus, D. D., of Bethlehem, Connecticut. Dr. Backus was a New Englander of the largest type, a wit as well as a scholar, and a most marvellous man to influence the young men. He died after four years' service, and was followed by Rev. Henry Davis, D. D., also a graduate of Yale. The third incumbent was Rev. Sereno Edwards Dwight, son of the venerable Timothy Dwight. After a short incumbency of Rev. Dr. Penny, Rev. Simeon North, also of Yale, held the presidency for eighteen years. So it was justly said that Hamilton was a child of the old Connecticut college. The effort was to follow in the tracks of that institution and rival the mother in classical scholarship.

In the first faculty occurs the name of Josiah Noyes as professor of chemistry. No greater genius ever graced the rolls of this institution. A classmate of Daniel Webster, they remained warm friends till death. Noyes was half a century ahead of his time in natural science, and his investigations anticipated by many years much that has since been noised abroad as original discovery. It was by his skill that the state salt industries became profitable; and for the rest of his life the state sent him annually a barrel of salt.

This frontier post of New England at once became an educational centre. It was a case of natural heredity. In 1815 a joint stock company built an academy building, which with Yankee thrift they

expected would pay a fine dividend. It was for a long while under the almost paternal care of Rev. Salmon Strong, familiarly known as "Pop Strong." Here he reigned with kindly zeal and easy originality, fitting boys for the other academy, now a college. No dividends, however, were ever declared. The building still stands, and has been occupied until lately as "Best's Academy." Among the pupils of this school in the fifties was Grover Cleveland, then a bashful boy, who had not dreamed of being President. As a scholar Grover was not by any means the equal of his brother. He was rotund, good-natured, honest and plucky. Another notable pupil was the eminent jurist Theodore W. Dwight, afterward professor in Hamilton College, and later the head of the Columbia College Law School. One brother of Timothy Dwight, father of Theodore, had located in Clinton, and was treasurer of the college. I have before me the saddle bags of Timothy, presented to my father by his son, Sereno E. Dwight, while president of the college. Some ruthless lad, lacking reverence, has cut a piece of leather from one side of the bags to cover his ball.

Another school was organized in a private house over a cabinet shop, and taught by another New England minister, Rev. Comfort Williams. This school was notable for having had as one of its first pupils Mark Hopkins, the prince of New England college presidents. The two schools were afterward incorporated together. Later a girls' department was added. But the history of these schools soon outgrew the tutelage of New England; and I find in the list of preceptors not only New Yorkers, but others born in Michigan and Ohio. Houghton Seminary, named from the family of the celebrated Boston publisher, is now the lineal descendant of the girls' department; while a town graded union school elbows out of existence both the boys' schools.

Almost coincident with the origin of the forementioned schools began the celebrated Royce Seminary. Another New England woman, always an invalid, but a marvel of energy, the head of this school, held for many years the very foremost rank among educators. The very spirit of the *Mayflower* brooded over this Royce establishment, and kept Puritan sentiment alive here as long as it flourished in the Canaans of the older colonies.

But this outpost of New England was destined to feel the waves of liberalism and heresy. It soon became the very headquarters of Universalism. These believers held many a public debate with the orthodox, but the question was never finally settled whether any could be saved after death. However, the doctrine of future salvation grew in the number of its followers; and a very large Universalist institute was founded about 1830, with a girls' department in another building. In the course of a few years splendid buildings were erected and placed in charge of the ablest teachers. The most famous among these were Rev. T. J. Sawyer, later president of Tufts College, and his wife, known favorably for both prose and poetical writings.

Clinton was early reacting on her parents, those who gave her birth. She not only sent out Mark Hopkins to Williams; but it was owing to a visit of Mary Lyon to the Young Ladies' Domestic Seminary, founded at Clinton in 1832 by Rev. Hiram H. Kellogg, that Mount Holyoke Seminary was founded. She was so profoundly affected by this noble institution, that she resolved to found another in Massachusetts. The whole expense for board and tuition at Mr. Kellogg's school was only one hundred and twenty dollars a year. Edward Robinson, who married the youngest daughter of Dominie Kirkland, was given by Clinton to Andover Seminary, afterward to Union.

This sketch does not give even a complete list of the educational enterprise which burst into bloom in the Oriskany. Clinton was famous as the school town of New York state until the whole state was well settled and cities and villages dotted fifty counties. District schools were organized at the first, and some of the little roadside buildings remained until within the last ten years; the last one was dragged off in 1886 to be transformed into a dwelling house.

The homes of Asa Gray and of Robert Ingersoll both open to me from the

opposite side of the valley to the south-east. I am inclined to think that both were made by their surroundings. The Gray homestead is near the famous Paris Hill swamp, a place renowned for more botanical treasures than any other spot in the state. Here Gray and Oren Root, Sr., had many a tramp, and the lamented Root took his death heat. Ingersoll's father was a Calvinist of Calvinists. But the valley was a battleground. Thomas Paine had warm defenders here in the last century. The local struggle began between liberalism and stringent uncompromising orthodoxy when the first churches were organized. The famous "Half-Way Covenant," originating in Connecticut, was first used. It was a somewhat broad basis of union, admitting all persons of good morals and a general belief in Christianity to fellowship and the sacraments. This was rejected by some, and the majority soon adopted the creed and covenant of the church of New Haven. It was not easy to transfer New England quarrels to new ground without creating considerable reaction of sentiment. Ingersoll was by no means the only son of a believing father who became a pronounced disbeliever. Unfortunately temperance, anti-slavery and other reforms were not readily taken up by the church party, and were therefore all the more strenuously advocated by their opponents. So there came about the by no means novel position of churches opposing "mere morality," and moralists antagonizing religion as worthless and theology as false. I remember that the first frame church was said to have been raised with a bottle of whiskey thrown from the rafters. Certainly a deacon owned a groggery, and a church member sold whiskey to all comers, including schoolboys. After the temperance sermons of Dr. Beecher the fight waxed hot; and from 1820 to 1840 there was no peace in Zion. The abolition issue added fuel to the fire; and as a rule the anti-slavery and anti-whiskey Christians were identical.

Indians were plentiful until 1840. They came into our homes unannounced and without knocking. They then sat down with a grunt. "Me hungry," or "Me sell basket." The bucks were fond of scaring the children in the streets by raising a war whoop and then laughing with great glee. The blankets wrapped about their shoulders were often very clean and beautiful. If it was near night, they asked permission to sleep in our long kitchens, which was always allowed. They stretched their feet to the huge fireplace, wrapped their blankets about them, and slept soundly. They were early risers. A little fellow of a dozen years, opening our kitchen door one morning, saw a weasel. In a moment he had transfixed it with an arrow. Running for him, he came in holding him up while he shouted, "Me kill 'im, me shoot 'im." It is impossible to conceive the noiseless way in which these dusky people came upon us in their moccasins.

It is not to be wondered at that the influx of settlers went on with great rapidity. The region was the garden of the state. The Tuscaroras, coming from North Carolina, had brought with them seeds of apples, and there was already at least one large orchard before Kirkland planted his. The Indian Rareripe from that orchard is an apple of fine quality, still largely grown. Gardens became a specialty, and in them were grown currants, herbs and a good list of vegetables. Seth Hastings, Rev. Dr. Norton, Naaman Goodsell, Professor Noyes and John Powell became the leading fruit growers, introducing by grafts the finest known varieties from Connecticut, including peaches and sweetwater grapes. The last named person combined with fruit growing the keeping of bees. As the hamlets grew, boys would go on foot of a night ten miles to purloin a few apples from his trees.

While meat was scarce, there was still abundance of fish and game. Pigeons went north every spring in enormous flocks, sometimes reaching from horizon to horizon and darkening day. The immense numbers of these birds, which continued to fly for a full week, it is impossible for any to conceive who have not seen them.

The settlers found plenty of pottery clay, and made their own brick. The ex-

tensive iron mines which run under the eastern hills were not utilized till after a lapse of forty or fifty years; but almost at once factories began to spring up, fulling mills, sawmills, and a trip-hammer shop for making farm tools. Cotton and woollen mills followed, and ultimately iron furnaces, which bridged the way down to cheese factories and creameries.

In this way New England moved westward, carrying her whole household with her, — her churches, schools, customs, laws, industries. An Oriskany household was an exact pattern of a household in Connecticut. Every boy was brought up to know not only agriculture but also at least one trade. My father had on his farm his own little tannery and his own shoe-shop. He tanned his own leather and made his own shoes, and mended those of his neighbors. In the household we carded our own wool, spun our own rolls, wove our own yarn or knit it, dipped our own candles, made our own soap, sewed our own rag carpets, and had a dozen other industries now stolen by the factories and "protected" by taxation. There never was another such perfect family organization as that of New England and her colonies to the west.

A visit to the old home took six weeks, and must be performed on foot or with oxen. Horses were too scarce to be used for travelling; and as for carriages, the only vehicles were home-made carts. During the first three years but one horse was owned in the settlement; and that one was stolen by the Indians. Not even the Erie Canal existed before 1825. A pitcher commemorative of the completion of the canal reminds us that at that time Utica "is a village in the western part of the state." A trip to the old homestead now takes six hours, and we can touch Boston in eight.

The centennial of the settling of the township of Kirkland was celebrated in 1887. President Cleveland came back to his boyhood home and made a conspicuous figure in the festivities. The names of the original pioneers then recognized were, Pond, Mrs. Hovey, Sherman, Blodgett, Foot, Bronson. The granddaughter of the last named has held the office of postmistress through three administrations.

The settlement of western New York shows no startling features. It followed the Indian trail from Albany to Niagara, which was afterward the line of the Great Turnpike, and later very nearly that of the Erie Canal. It was one of nature's thoroughfares. Along the lakes there were trading posts at Oswego, Buffalo, Cleveland, all of them on a strip of land sixty miles wide, ceded to the English for the accommodation of the fur trade. Beyond these were Detroit and Mackinaw. Chicago was not occupied by whites until 1804. I have before me a letter, written as late as 1839, showing how remote from Buffalo that post then was. It says: "I arrived in Buffalo day before yesterday. I came from Chicago in the short space of seven days and six nights. I had but ten and one half hours of sleep in that time, except what I got in the stage, or in a coach, or as at other times I rode in an open wagon or in a sleigh. I mailed a paper to you while in Chicago; but as I am twenty-four hours ahead of the mail, I presume you will get this before you do the paper. I need stockings, and wish you to hire some one to knit me several pair." This is a good comment on both mail and travel as well as more domestic affairs.

Western New York was secured by treaty from the Indians and opened gradually to white settlers. Massachusetts, in lieu of certain claims, received from New York in 1786 pre-emptive right to two hundred and thirty thousand acres near Oswego, and to six million acres near Seneca Lake and in the Genesee valley. This grant fell into the hands of a Holland company; yet a good many Massachusetts people found their way before the close of the century into those sections. There was a steady filling in, but not rapid until the completion of the Great Turnpike from Albany to Buffalo made it possible to move with more celerity if not also more safety and comfort. The turnpike was really as great an undertaking for the times as the Pacific Railroad was for a much later date. This was unfortunately about the only great effort made to improve dirt roads in New

York. Plank roads followed, and then, about 1830, railroads absorbed public attention.

Illustrative of the comparative spirit of the Mohawk Dutch and the New England colonists, it is laughingly told that the commissioners to locate the turnpike from Albany to Buffalo undertook to survey as nearly as possible a straight line along the valley routes. But west of Clinton they passed through the Dutch town of Camillus. Here no one seemed to care whether there was a turnpike or not. They were left to get a wretched dinner at a wretched hostelry. But quite up the hill lay Marcellus, a genuine New England village, settled almost as early as Clinton. Here was the western-most church spire in America. The people enthusiastically sent for the commissioners, prepared a splendid dinner, and did all possible to aid and encourage. The result was that the Great Turnpike at this point turned out of its course, made a deep bow to New England enterprise, climbed a high range of hills, and then dipping back to the valley, marched on westward. So much for the Yankee element that never lost a good chance and put the best foot foremost.

The Erie Canal began the great scheme of a western transportation system by water. It was of the greatest importance in enabling the colonists to bring along household furniture and farm tools. Heretofore most of the migration had been on foot or on horseback or ox-back. As late as 1820 a wheeled vehicle could scarcely cross the state in any direction. The canal was the great event of the century before railroads. It was completed in 1825. This opened the way to an increased influx of settlers. I have before me a pitcher on one side of which appears:

"THE
GRAND ERIE CANAL!
A SPLENDID MONUMENT OF THE
ENTERPRISE AND RESOURCES
OF THE STATE OF
NEW YORK."

It is otherwise covered with a tribute to Governor DeWitt Clinton, to whose enlightened policy and pre-eminent abilities the conception of the canal was due.

A curious note to the New York *Evening Post*, dated Albany, March 9, 1795, says: "It is estimated that upwards of twelve hundred sleighs, loaded with women and children and furniture, coming from the east and following the course of the sun, passed through this city within three days while the late snow was on the ground; five hundred were counted from sun to sun on the twenty-eighth, besides what passed in the evening. In short, the current of emigration flows incessantly through this city; and estimating only an equal number to pass the Hudson in various quarters, besides the migration from the Jerseys and Pennsylvania, we may safely pronounce that the western counties of this state will receive an acquisition of at least twenty thousand inhabitants during the present winter." Yet Jefferson predicted that it would take a thousand years to populate thickly the lands as far as the Mississippi.

Stages began to run very early. They were rude structures, but covered. Jason Parker in 1795 ran a stage from Whitestown to Canajoharie, where his route connected with that from Albany to Cooperstown. He carried the Albany mail also to Fort Schuyler (or Utica). When one day he reported six letters, it seemed incredible. The stage route from Albany to Utica was made in seventeen or eighteen hours in good weather. About 1798 a series of improvements in the Mohawk River, with some short canals, was expected to expedite travel westward; but the expense proved fruitless.

President Timothy Dwight made a pleasure trip into central New York in 1799. He finally concluded that "travelling is not only uncomfortable and discouraging, but an herculean labor." It was a rainy, muddy time, and the horses could barely pull the vehicle. The travellers were compelled to walk much of the way, and the horses were drenched to their shoulders in mire. "To have continued a journey in such circumstances," he concluded, "would be madness." In 1804 he tried the experiment once more. He now found the "Great Western Turn-

pike " a fine road, and the aspect of the country immensely improved. But before reaching Buffalo the condition of affairs was beyond endurance. Mud was knee deep for the horse. The road was simply a cut through the forest and full of stumps and roots. At one point he allows he had a choice of two roads, one eighteen miles in length with thirteen of them mud, the other twenty-three miles in length and only nine mud. Here was a chance for free will as against predestination, and the doctor chose the longer road.

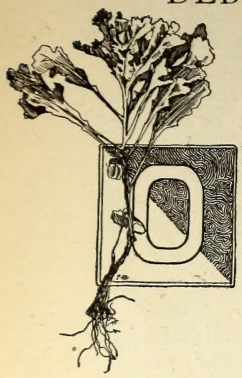
Taking possession of central New York had, up to 1800, been almost wholly the work of Connecticut. But Vermont had soon crept around the Adirondack forests on both sides and planted stations in what is now Jefferson County. The Vermonters were a bold, daring, sturdy lot, with a very diluted Puritanism. Not a few of them were of the Ethan Allen type, and could swear as stoutly as they could fight. Shortly after the opening of the century, the two lines of settlers began to coalesce and intermarry. Vermont and Connecticut made a splendid cross, and soon had possession of all the western part of the state. Vermonters for the most part were of Connecticut blood at the outset.

The migrants came in groups of families and neighbors. There were Connecticut towns, and Massachusetts towns, and Vermont towns, each characterized by some distinctive traits; but all these and other streams crossed each other and intermingled. They were specially fond of seeking their mates from their neighbors' villages. The story of Deacon Goodsell's wooing is still told gleefully by some of the oldest inhabitants. The deacon was a Connecticut pioneer, who had a good farm in Oneida County, where the widowers were either in the majority or unpopular. There seems, on the other hand, to have been a superfluity of widows in Jefferson County. The deacon saddled his yellowish-white horse for a quest. After several visits he settled his choice on a buxom and roguish Widow Ellis. But the widow did not reciprocate the selection, or possibly she preferred fun to a husband. On the day when he was expected for a declaration, she had assembled all the widows of that region — not less than nine or ten. The deacon found a merry group, who guyed him unmercifully. Finding there was little opportunity for his suit, he asked for a few moments' private conference. "What?" asked the widow, with professed hardness of hearing. "A few moments' private conference," the deacon whispered. "Oh, well," said the widow, "I ain't ashamed of anything *I've* got to say; but if it must be alone, here, come here, behind the door." Quick as thought she whisked him up behind the door, that swung so as to make a triangular space against the wall. Here the deacon popped the question as well as he could. But the widow shouted her replies. The private conference wound up with the widow's "Marry you? I wouldn't marry the best man on God's airth." The disappointed courtier backed out, and as quickly as possible got on to old Whitey, and out of sight and hearing of the merry widows of Ellisburgh.

Oswego and Buffalo were built up into promising forwarding posts. Cleveland came next, but it was a peculiarly Boston settlement; while a little farther west, in Michigan, the dominant element at the outset was from New Hampshire and the Berkshire Hills, with a young element from New York. This second generation of pioneers was a restless, pushing lot, constantly selling out to colonize further in the wilderness. So westward the star of Puritan institutions took its way.

DEBORAH SAMPSON, A HEROINE OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

By Kate Gannett Wells.



ONE of the most remarkable dreams which presaged the dawn of the American Revolution was that of Deborah Sampson, four days before the battle of Lexington. She dreamt that she saw farmers seeking refuge and a hideous serpent unrolling itself from the ocean. As the monster came to her, she struck it till its joints fell apart, immediately reuniting in the form of an ox and beating her until through exhaustion it became "a gelly."

This imaginary encounter gratified Deborah's restlessness, ambition and patriotism; for she had begun to regard herself as a possible future defender of her country, her ancestry and the changing circumstances of her girlhood naturally leading her to become a "heroine of the American Revolution." She was the grand-daughter of Elisha Bradford of Plymouth and Bathsheba Le Broche; but her father, Jonathan Sampson, Jr., seems to have been an unlucky fellow, or at least to have made others unlucky, for soon after his marriage to Miss Bradford he was unfortunate in business and went to Europe and was never heard of again, conjecture alone deciding that he perished in a shipwreck. "Indigent circumstances" therefore compelled the mother to part with little Deborah when the child was scarcely five years old. "The affectionate and prudent parent can best describe the emotions experienced by the mother and her daughter on this occasion," said her biographer.

At first Deborah lived with a Mrs. Thacher, but was soon passed over to a Mr. Thomas of Middleborough, in whose family she was very happy, contracting while there a "taste for the study of Nature or Natural Philosophy," which taught her "regular ideas of Deity." She was granted "many domestic privileges," such as the use of a number of fowls, sheep, etc., on condition that she would appropriate the profit arising from them to the "attainments of objects useful and ornamental;" "so she accumulated a small stock, which was appropriated agreeably to her notion, perfectly coincident to the injunction," to the poor people of Boston, after the passing of the Port Bill.

Having come of age, she wondered: "Must I forever counteract inclination and stay within the compass of the smoke of my own chimney?" Necessity compelled her to teach school, and to take part in a religious revival. She joined the church, but in less than two years "renounced her covenant with the church and learned to speak lightly of experimental religion." Then she took heart of a fortune-teller, who so encouraged her that she decided to do something — at least to travel — that she might be "instrumental in the cause of liberty." But in order to do that or anything else she concluded she must be clad in masculine attire. Therefore under various pretexts she bought hat, shoes and other articles, and then retiring to a secluded grove contrived to make for herself "a genteel coat, waistcoat and breeches, without any other assistance than the uncouth patterns belonging to her former master's family."

When her uniform was complete she found she had not enough money for travelling expenses, and consequently concluded to follow the cheaper plan of enlisting. Thus she successfully escaped the addresses of a young man whom her mother wished her to marry, but who, says Deborah, "on a certain parade day came to me with all the *sang-froid* of a Frenchman and the silliness of a ba-

boon, intoxicated not with love but with rum. From that moment I set him down a fool or in a fair way to be one."

A possibly more credible but a less pleasant account explains her adoption of male attire as due to a frolic and her desire for money; for having enlisted under an assumed name she received the usual bounty. The next morning after her escapade she resumed her female dress and continued her work as usual. But the recruiting officer could not find Timothy Taylor — for such was the name under which she had enlisted. Fortunately an old lady, who was present when the supposed Timothy signed the paper, had noticed that he held the pen in the same manner as did Deborah, who had lost the proper use of her forefinger owing to a felon. So her identity was discovered, and she was obliged to refund that part of the bounty money which she had not spent. The owner of the clothes she had borrowed never used them again, as he was shocked that they had been worn by a woman.

However, at one or another time she did secretly make unto herself a suit of clothes, which may have aided her in her mental struggles on the occasion of her second enlistment; for it cost her severe pangs to leave her mother and Deacon Thomas's family, when she made up her mind to walk to Bedford (New Bedford). There she engaged to go on board of a privateer; but when she heard how the captain treated his men, she cunningly asked him for permission to go ashore, leaving with him her month's advance in wages, and carefully kept out of his way. Hearing nothing of herself, she walked in a roundabout route toward Boston, but in Bellingham, near Uxbridge, she met a recruiting officer and, having no money, enlisted as a soldier, May 20, 1782, under the cognomen of Robert Shurtleffe, the name of her elder brother, and was mustered into the service at Worcester. And now "Columbia's daughter treads the field of Mars."

She learnt the "manual exercises with facility and despatch, albeit she lost her appetite; but she soon regained it, and performed the duties of a soldier with more than ordinary alertness, gallantry and fortitude." Her first experience of a skirmish was near White Plains. She declared herself more tired and heated than frightened. It is said that with her company she was ordered to Yorktown, and there took part in the siege; but it is impossible that she should have been present there, for she herself said nothing about the battle of Yorktown — and the annotator of her biography even puts her enlistment a year later than 1782.

The story that she preferred the risk of taking small-pox rather than be inoculated lest her sex should be discovered is also doubtful. Through the lover whom she disliked, and who still sought her, she heard of her home and its excitement over her disappearance; but she never revealed herself to him, though it is said she wrote home that she was "in a large but well-regulated family." She was often alluded to as "the blooming boy," and as Molly, because she had no beard. She greatly enjoyed a raid and the capturing of Tory horses. On one of her adventures, when riding after the enemy on his own steed, she was wounded by a bullet in the left leg, and was inclined to kill herself to hide the fact of her being a woman; but she did not do it owing to the "interposition of divine mercy." One of her comrades took her on his horse and rode with her six miles to the hospital of the French encampment. On her arrival, under pretext of changing her clothing, she immediately retired, and after three attempts extracted the ball herself, — which she ever after preserved as a sacred relic. Then she put on a wrapper, and the surgeon, finding her "regimentals stiff enough with blood to stand alone," was puzzled. Before the wound was half healed she rejoined the army.

After two weeks she received permission to stop and nurse a sick soldier at Collebarack, and thus had time to grow better herself. When the sick man died, Deborah, who had discovered that the people in the house where she had nursed him were Tories, led a party against them and surprised and captured them. In another raid she and her party fell into an ambuscade, and only saved their lives by fording a river. In November,

1782, she went with a party to "the head waters of the Hudson to repress the incursions of the Indians;" and in consequence of her achievements was called "hero, champion, victor."

At another time she was lost for five days with an Indian boy in a wilderness, and finally married an Indian girl to save herself from the penalty of death, which she had incurred on account of disobedience. This act of chivalry was followed by Deborah's disappearance, which must have been the only effectual way of saving the poor girl's life.

The most romantic of Deborah's affairs of the heart — and she had many — is perhaps doubtful, though the story had credence among her admirers. It concerned the devoted attachment to her of a rich young lady, who would not consent to be refused by the handsome soldier, but offered Deborah money if she (he) would only marry her. Deborah declined the honor. Then the wealthy damsel sent her six fine linen shirts which she had made with her own hands, and a watch and money. This was too much for the womanly military conscience of Deborah. She could not sleep after receiving such a tender gift, and the next day sought her lover and told her that she too was a woman. What then happened is not known.

To return to more authentic facts. After Deborah's return to headquarters from her various raids, she became waiter and aide-de-camp to General Patterson, and went to Philadelphia. There she grew sick and was sent to the hospital, and soon supposed to be dead. The physician who came to her to make sure of her death put his hand inside her coat to feel the heart, and in this way her sex was discovered. He called the matron and told her the truth, but bade her tell no one, not even Deborah that her secret had been revealed to them. Of course she recovered, for the circumstances entitled her to extra attentions. When she was well enough to be discharged, the doctor gave her a letter to General Patterson, and she started for New York by boat. On the way a storm came up and the vessel filled with water and sank. Deborah caught on to a bed of rushes and was saved. Then she gave up her letter, nearly fainted, and owned:

"I am a female."

"Can it be so!" exclaimed the general in courtly manner.

"Procure for me, if you can, a female dress, an elegant one," was her reported reply.

She knew the worth of a woman's dress as well as of a soldier's coat. When clad in woman's attire the general believed her, and there was "a panic of surprise with every soldier."

She received an honorable discharge from General Knox at West Point, and about November 1, 1783, reached Stoughton, Massachusetts, after eighteen months' absence. She continued for a while to wear her uniform, and under its guise became acquainted with Benjamin Gannett, her future husband, without his knowing who she was.

Deborah had enlisted for three years as a Continental soldier, but she served not quite half that time, — for which service in January, 1792, it was resolved in the General Court that she should receive the sum of £34, "bearing interest from October 23, 1783." The resolve stated that Deborah "exhibited an extraordinary instance of female heroism by discharging the duties of a faithful, gallant soldier, and at the same time preserved the virtue and chastity of her sex, unsuspected and unblemished, and was discharged from the service with a fair and honorable character."

In 1797 an extraordinary book was published, called "The Female Review, or the Memoirs of an American Young Lady." Its author was Hermann Mann, who obtained much of his material from Deborah herself. Both became dissatisfied with it, and it was rewritten and revised by Deborah, who forbade its publication until after her death. Then Mr. Mann died, and his son undertook to remodel the book, completing it in 1850, although it was not published. Long afterward (1866) all that was valuable in it was incorporated into a volume prepared and printed by subscription by John Adams Vinton (published by Wiggins & Lunt, Boston), who inserted additional information from various sources.

HENRY OSCAR HOUGHTON, PUBLISHER.

By Julius H. Ward.

THE northern states of New England, where life is cramped within narrow limits and where young men thrown upon their own resources development, have been fruitful in n who have later distinguished themves as representatives of what is most rked in American life. Where the ial and personal opportunities are st, nature often works to the best adtage; and when Henry Oscar Hough was born in the little town of Sutton, ril 30, 1823, the narrowness of the ans of a Vermont farmer threw upon children the burden of educating mselves. His ancestors were among early New England colonists, coming this country about 1630, and settling er in Lancaster, Massachusetts. When boy was about ten years old, his family ved to Bradford, and after a few terms he academy in that town he became an prentice, at the age of thirteen, in the ce of the Burlington *Free Press*. His older brother had graduated at University of Vermont, and inspired to obtain a college education. Few ths have ever pursued their studies er greater difficulties. Young Hough carried on his work of preparation ing the hours which might have been n to recreation; and with the assist e of his brother, the apprentice in setting was ready for college. In 9 his parents removed to Portage, New k, and here he completed his private ies. He had managed to save from earnings eighty dollars, and with this he proposed to return to Burlington begin his college career. But at the moment the sudden failure of his loyer led to the loss of all he had d, and he started for a four years' se in college in 1842 with only a ng in his pocket. Two incidents ng his first and second periods of lence in Burlington he well remem d. The first was when a slim and pale young man entered the printing office and told him to spell the word *theatre* as *theater*, and the word *centre* as *center*. The visitor was the famous lexicographer, whose life he was to publish in later years, and whose dictionary he was to print at the Riverside Press by hundreds of tons. The other incident was the way in which he worked his passage through college. It was his following of the printer's trade that enabled him to use every spare hour in earning his living; and often he went without food because he was too poor to buy it. When he was graduated he was three hundred dollars in debt, yet few men in his class had received an education more thorough or valuable. He had learned the art of applying himself both to studies and to practical work, and he had found out the value of a dollar by what it cost him to earn it.

When in 1846 he started out to begin life for himself, he determined to teach school; but unable to find a place where he was wanted, he drifted, penniless but not hopeless, to Boston, where he entered the office of the *Traveller* in the capacity of typesetter, proof-reader and reporter. Here he was able to earn $5 a week, and made his mark as a reporter by the gift of being able to remember a speech so well that he could write it out accurately after hearing it. The outlook for a college graduate who was knocking about in search of a position where he could earn a living, and who was saddled with a debt which he could not pay with this scanty income, was not good. He had not yet found his life-work as a master printer. But in January, 1849, the opportunity came to him, if he could raise $1,500 to purchase the interest of Mr. Freeman, of the firm of Freeman & Bolles, then established in a printing office in Cambridge. It was the critical time in his career; but his character as a man of energy, industry and integrity had

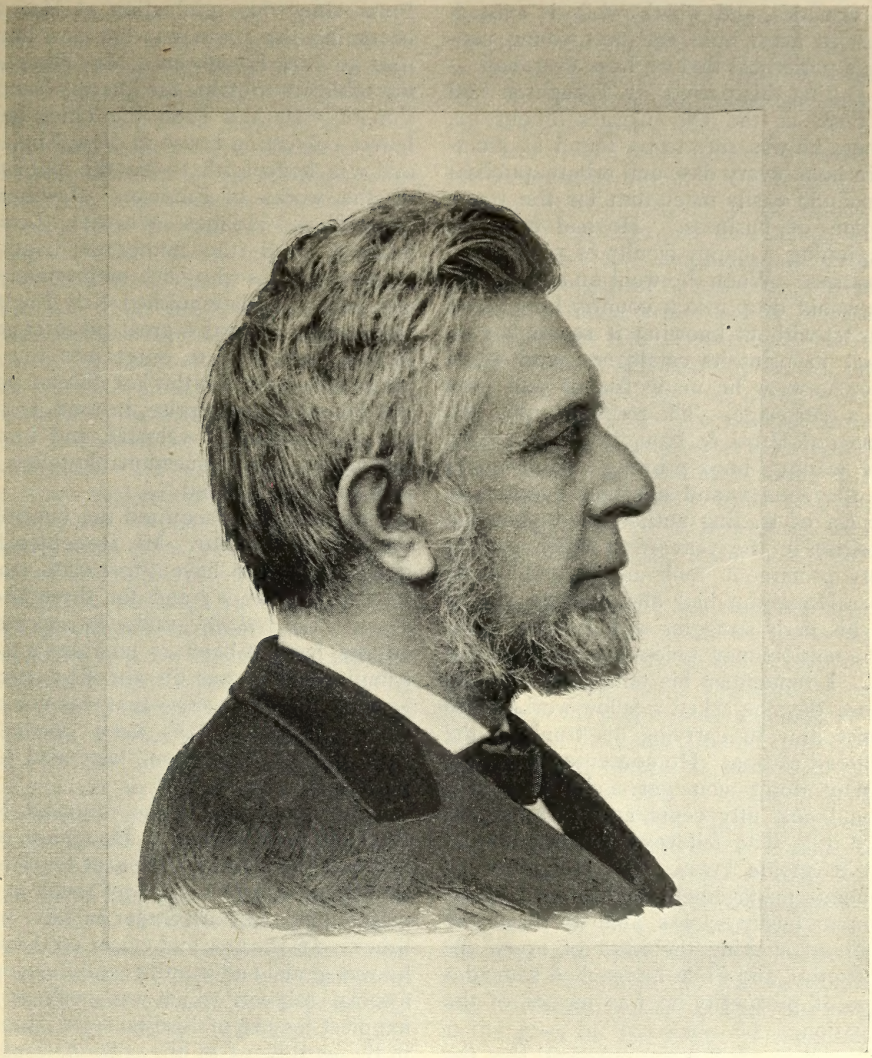
been so well established, that he was able to raise this sum through three parties in amounts of $500, — and he never ceased to honor and bless those who befriended him at that turning point in his life. Three years later Mr. Bolles withdrew from the firm and sold out his interest to Mr. Houghton. An almshouse, erected by the city of Cambridge on the banks of the Charles River and abandoned for a larger building, was bought by him as the starting point of what he called the Riverside Press. The firm title became H. O. Houghton & Company; and from that beginning in an old almshouse in 1852 has sprung one of the foremost printing establishments in the country or in the world.

There was an opportunity at that time for an immense improvement in the manufacture of American books. They had heretofore been printed on poor paper, with poor ink, and with little attention paid to the details of manufacture. Mr. Houghton early adopted the legend, *Tout bien ou rien*, Do it well or not at all, — which was later on used on the title-pages of books published by Houghton, Mifflin & Company, and it was this motto lived up to which at once raised his work to a position that gave it unrivalled precedence in the country. He soon secured much of the printing of Little, Brown & Company and Ticknor & Fields; and the first number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, begun in 1857, was set up at the Riverside Press. The determination that nothing short of the very best that could be done should characterize his work as a printer speedily gave him the reputation which he desired; and the printer boy, who had served as an apprentice in Burlington and then used the compositor's stick as the means by which he worked his way through college, unconsciously emphasizing what was to be his future distinction, was now in a position to realize an ambition that had long slumbered but was ready to come forth when an opportunity was given.

Mr. Houghton made his mark in the next ten years as the foremost printer of books in the United States. He procured inks from England, and was careful to obtain a better quality of paper than had heretofore been used. A Boston gentleman, Mr. William Veazie, who was as fond of good books as Mr. Houghton was, employed him to bring out editions of Carlyle, Disraeli, and Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy;" and another house undertook the republication of Lord Bacon's works, then just appearing in the famous complete London edition. The law books published by Little, Brown & Company and printed at the Riverside Press brought Mr. Houghton into familiar relations with many leading lawyers and led to his subsequently doing a large amount of work for them. In those days Mr. Houghton was his own chief proof-reader, and every effort was made to secure accuracy, perfection of work and a result which should be a model of good taste. I well remember admiring, when in college, the beauty of the first number of the *Atlantic Monthly*. About the same time Mr. Veazie's editions of the great English writers referred to were issued, and had the same beauty of typography, the same careful adaptation of means to ends, and the same unique effect. I determined to own those books as soon as I could afford to buy them; and to-day there are no volumes in my library which are superior to them in all the points which go to make good book-making.

It was not possible for Mr. Houghton to do his work without rivalry. The effect of the Riverside Press was to raise the grade of printing to a high mark in Cambridge. Welch, Bigelow & Company at the University Press were soon turning out work that was equal to that done at Riverside; and John Wilson, himself a veteran printer, was not far behind these great rivals, if behind at all, — and since he has succeeded to the University Press has done work that excited the envy of every book-maker in the country.

The position which Mr. Houghton took at the beginning resulted in obtaining for the Riverside Press the best work of the great publishers. But as time went on it became necessary for him to become a publisher himself. In 1864 Mr. Melancthon M. Hurd, then a young and enterprising bookseller in New York, united with Mr. Houghton under the firm name of Hurd & Houghton, for the publication



HENRY OSCAR HOUGHTON.

of books. They began with a remarkable list, composed of the works of Dickens, Bacon, Carlyle, Macaulay, Hallam and others; and they also undertook the publication of the *Riverside Magazine*, which was conceived and edited by Mr. Horace E. Scudder, and which, while it existed, was, as many hold, the best young people's periodical that we have ever had.

During this period Mr. Houghton had a desk at the Old Corner Bookstore, where he was sure to be found at a certain hour every day, and where publishers could easily meet him for the transaction of business. He had from the beginning a happy faculty of picking up business. When he went on a vacation, he would drop into a country library and almost without knowing it secure a contract to print its catalogue; and wherever he went he made friends and built up a patronage. The result was that the house of Hurd & Houghton, controlling the leading book-printing establishment in the country and constantly adding to its list of leading authors, had gained a position in the year 1878 which gave it very prominent rank among publishers. Mr. Houghton had always been careful in his early struggles with poverty never to spend money unless he was obliged to. I remember his telling me that in those days he asked a fellow-workman to assist him in carrying his trunk to the railroad station. He consented, but said, "Why don't you get a hack?" "It would cost fifty cents, and I cannot afford it." The fellow-workman is now at the Riverside Press. Mr. Houghton, by prudent management and shrewd attention to business, was able to form the habit of making the most of every opportunity, and when he reached some degree of prosperity he was master of the situation.

When in 1878 it was proposed that the houses of Hurd & Houghton and James R. Osgood & Company should unite, Mr. Houghton first realized the ambition of his life,—if to be a publisher can be said to have been with him a higher aspiration than to be a foremost printer. The new firm was entitled Houghton, Osgood & Company; and it became at once the most powerful and important publishing house in New England. It was not altogether a happy combination; and in 1880 Mr. Osgood retired from this new partnership, and the new firm was Houghton, Mifflin & Company, — Mr. Mifflin, who had been connected with the Riverside Press since his graduation at Harvard, becoming the partner in the new house, next to Mr. Houghton Mr. Houghton was obliged to take the literary succession of what had been the chief belles lettres publishing house in New England, and was henceforth to be the publisher of the works of Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier, Lowell, Thoreau and the numerous band of younger writers who have maintained the succession of distinguished New England authorship. It was a great piece of good fortune to be able to enter into this inheritance; and for the last fifteen years this house, in enterprise, in tone, and in the publication of valuable and important books, has unquestionably taken the lead in New England.

The house had acquired the control of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Mr. Houghton had always wished to have a first-class magazine in his hands; and for these fifteen years, if the *Atlantic*, under its successive editors, has not been as notable in contributions as it was in the first twenty years of its existence,— that was not possible, — it has always been conducted with dignity, discretion, taste and high purpose.

In this new *rôle* of the foremost New England publisher, Mr. Houghton, who had met the leading authors at the Riverside Press, was able to meet them in his private office at Park Street as their publisher. In the new and closer connection he was genial and winning, and developed a social relation which was perhaps the happiest feature of his life. Dr. Holmes in the early days of the *Atlantic* used to launch his cockleshell on the Charles and row to the Riverside Press to correct the proofs of the "Autocrat;" in later years he was constantly in the habit of lounging in at the Park Street office and spending a chatty half hour with Mr. Houghton. Mr. Lowell always liked to drop in, in the last years of his life. Mr. Aldrich, while editor of the *Atlantic* and afterward,

made this place his headquarters, and it was a common and pleasant thing to hear him and his publisher joking together. The women authors of the house were greatly attached to Mr. Houghton. They believed in his judgment and usually followed his advice. In the "pow-wows," which were the business meetings of the firm, Mr. Houghton, while listening cordially to the suggestions of others, was not unlikely in important matters to follow his own judgment. While not an autocrat and never arbitrary in his relations to his partners, he sometimes saw farther than they did into the intricacies of publishing. He had always been a man who had worked hard, and a very short time before his death he had attended the regular business meeting of the house because he felt that it was important for him to be present. He chafed when he could not attend to business, and what he exacted of himself he expected from his subordinates. He was not unapproachable when suggestions should be made, but it was not easy to make him change his mind when it was once made up. He expected from his employees the same thoroughness and high standard of work which he exacted of himself, and he regarded this as a matter of duty and not as entitled to special praise. Perhaps he was more apt to recognize good service in persons outside of the business than in it; but the loyalty of the Riverside Press workers to him was something out of common. They attended his funeral in large numbers, and they believed in him implicitly. An affection existed between them and their employer such as is not often manifested under the same circumstances. He inspired them with his own sense of loyalty and ambition, and strikes were almost an impossibility at Cambridge during his lifetime.

Mr. George H. Mifflin, who succeeds him as the head of the firm, has been associated with Mr. Houghton for twenty-eight years; and when at their last meeting in North Andover Mr. Houghton said, as they parted, "God bless you," it terminated a relationship marked by the most steadfast loyalty on the one hand and the strongest confidence on the other.

Mr. Houghton had been gradually failing for some months, and all efforts to regain his health had been unsuccessful. His buoyant and hopeful spirit led him to look on the bright side; but at the age of seventy-two one cannot count upon the future. Active as he had been in all his life, he could not bear to think that his work was done; but the end was nearer than he expected, and on Sunday, August 25, 1895, he passed away.

While he had been actively devoted to his business for nearly half a century, he had impressed himself upon the community at large not only as a strong man, but as a wise and large-minded citizen. He was recognized in Cambridge in that capacity; and as mayor and as a trusted public servant his services were in constant demand. He was one of the foremost men in securing our present international copyright. He was an earnest, religious man, a member of the Methodist church, and one who maintained in his own family the same open and high-minded life which he illustrated in his business and in the wider relations of life.

His gatherings of American authors on three or four anniversary occasions were red-letter days in American literary history; and there was a largeness of conception in his relations as a publisher to literature which was keenly appreciated by those who shared it with him. His receptions given to Dr. Holmes, to Mr. Whittier and to Mrs. Stowe will always be remembered in American letters; and his position as a publisher and as a printer was unique and distinguished. Few men in New England have begun life at greater disadvantages, developing as they were needed the sinewy qualities which lead to success, and not narrowing as life goes on the range of sympathies and the interest in wider things which constitute public usefulness. The boy who dared to enter college with but a shilling in his pocket and who closed his life, full of years and of happiness, as the foremost publisher in New England, will long be honored and remembered as a representative New England citizen.

MISS THEODORA: A WEST-END STORY.

By Helen Leah Reed.

With illustrations by Florence P. England.

(Begun in August Number.)

XI.

ONE Sunday afternoon in the early May of his freshman year, after the service at Trinity, Ernest took his way toward the Digbys' house. Since midwinter many things had tended to make him regard life less hopefully than before. Just as his own shortcomings at college were growing so evident that he could not conceal them either from himself or his aunt, the death of Stuart Digby cast a cloud over him which made other shadows dwindle. For he had been very fond of his cousin, and he sympathized to the full with Kate in her grief.

"Cut off in his prime!" said all the friends of Stuart Digby. "So much to live for!" "His life hardly half finished!" But, after all, death is as inscrutable a mystery as life itself. Stuart Digby had had his chance. He knew long before he died that his life, even if rounded out to the full three-score and ten, could never be full and complete. He knew, as nobody else could, how far short he fell of the standard which he had once set for himself. He knew with a knowledge which cut him to the quick, that, poor slave of habit that he had become, no length of life would place him again in the ranks of those whose faces ever look upward. He had had his chance. Why had he let it slip away from him? His life, so far as life means progress, was finished long before. He had not even accomplished the few definite tasks which he had set for himself. Among these was the making of some provision for Ernest. He had meant to give the boy a few thousands to smooth his path after graduating, or to leave him something by will. But death came so suddenly that this, like many other good intentions, was unfulfilled. Ernest, knowing nothing of these unfulfilled intentions, felt only a deep sense of personal loss in the death of his cousin.

A decorator had lately done over in the latest French style the room where Kate received Ernest. The high white wainscoting, the satiny sheen of the large-patterned yellow paper, the slender-legged gilded chairs, with here and there a lounging-chair covered in pale green brocade, harmonized well with the sunshine that streamed in. Kate in her black gown, seated at the old-fashioned inlaid desk in the bay window, but for her fair hair and glowing color would have been the one discordant note in the room. The solemn man-servant had hardly announced Ernest, when Kate rushed forward to meet him.

"Why, Ernest, I am delighted to see you. We were speaking of you to-day. Mamma was saying that it seemed a long, long time since you had been here. She is out now, and will be sorry to miss you."

"Well, it is longer than I meant it to be; but you know that I've really been very busy, especially since the mid-year. I've been trying to decide several difficult questions."

"Oh, yes, I know. How times have changed, Ernest, since you used to play hopscotch with the Ketchum children, while I sat, a mournful umpire, at Cousin Theodora's door! You used to say that I was the best possible judge; and I thought that you were always going to let me help you decide difficult questions."

"It's just the same now, Kate. I'd be only too glad to have you help me out of a good many things, if—"

"If what?"



"ERNEST THOUGHT AT ONCE OF ST. CECILIA."

Now, however, Ernest dropped his serious tone. "If we were younger. Tell me, Kate, can you remember how you felt when you first realized that you weren't a child any more? I was thinking about myself the other day, and wondering why I feel so much older now than I did a year or two ago."



"THE CHIMES FROM THE CHURCH ON THE CORNER ABOVE RANG OUT 'OLD HUNDRED.'"

"Oh, it's going into college that is chiefly to answer for it. But I do think it's strange sometimes all in an instant we realize that we are older or different from what we were before. I really can't account for it."

"Yes, — I understand what you mean. You know those stone buildings that we pass on our way to the Nahant boat. Well, they used to seem to me mountain high, not only when I looked up at them, but when I thought about them. But one summer, years ago, I looked up and saw that they were not very high, nor very imposing. They were small buildings, compared with a good many up town; and then I felt that I must have changed."

Kate smiled. "Yes, I've been through just such things myself." And the conversation of the two cousins drifted on for a time, with reminiscences of the past.

"Ernest," at length said Kate somewhat abruptly to the young man, "after all you are more or less of a disappointment to me."

So far as appearances went, it was hard to see wherein Ernest fell short of the ideal of even so rigid a critic as Kate. He was well-formed, muscular, with a clear gray eye. He seemed at this particular moment a little restless and uneasy as he fingered an ivory paper-knife.

"How do I disappoint you, Kate?" he asked.

"Oh, in many ways. I used to think that you would be an inventor, or — something. But now —"

"I am nothing but a Harvard freshman," he broke in, laughing.

"Yes, that is just it. You don't seem to be ambitious; you aren't trying to work off your entrance conditions; and you didn't do well at the mid-years. You spend very little time with Cousin Theodora. I'm sure I ought to feel complimented that you've come here to-day." As Ernest did not reply, she continued: "Your aunt has always made such sacrifices for you that you ought to try to do your best. Cousin Richard says —" There she stopped.

"Well, what does Cousin Richard say?" asked Ernest impatiently. But Kate, remembering that Richard Somerset might object to being quoted, was silent.

"Go to him yourself," she said at length. "He will tell you." Then their conversation passed to less personal things, until it was time for Ernest to go.

Ernest, taking what Kate had said in good part, pondered over it as he walked homeward. The afternoon was drawing to a close. Long afterward he recalled that walk among the flower-beds, glowing with tulips and hyacinths, with the last rays of the sun reflected from the little fountain, while the chimes from the church on the corner above rang out "Old Hundred." As he left the Garden and entered Charles Street, all this cheerfulness was at an end. The houses cast shadows so heavy in the narrow street that he felt as if in another world. Somewhat depressed he went up the hill to his aunt's house. From the parlor came the unwonted sound of music. Some one was playing on the old piano. There sat Miss Theodora. He saw her through a half-opened door, playing with a fervor that he could not have believed possible had he not seen it for himself. For a moment he watched her, and although he was not a learned young man,

he thought at once of St. Cecilia. There was indeed more than a mere suggestion of saintliness in Miss Theodora, with her pale face, with her black hair smoothly brushed away and gathered in a coil behind, and her patient expression.

"Why, Aunt Teddy," at length exclaimed Ernest, entering the room. "I didn't know that you were such a performer. I knew you could play, but I didn't know you could play like that."

"Thank you, Ernest," replied his aunt. "I don't play well now, but when your grandfather was living I had the very best instruction; but my style is so old-fashioned that I never play to any one now."

In truth Miss Theodora had played well in her day, and it was one of the sorrows of her later life that she could not profit by the fine teachers and the concerts of music-loving Boston. Diantha, whose thirty years' devotion to the family gave her privileges, would sometimes come to her as she sat alone by the front window in the twilight, and say:

"Why don't you never play no music now, Miss Theodora? I ain't forgot how you used to practise all the time; and Mr. John and Mr. William would come into the parlor in the evenings and listen to you, and you used to look so pretty sitting at that very piano that you won't never touch now."

Yet Ernest, although he had often heard Diantha thus remonstrate with his aunt, now first realized perhaps that there was undue self-denial in his aunt's life. What Kate had said about "sacrifices" became significant to him. With as little delay as possible he would talk with Richard Somerset.

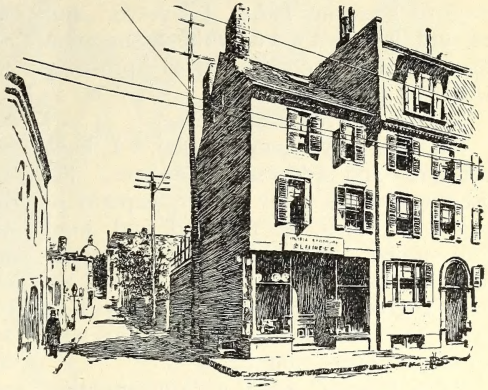
XII.

"Now, Ernest, I don't know what Theodora would do if she knew that I had told you; but since you insist I will say that your father left you nothing, absolutely nothing. He invested his small share of your grandfather's property badly, and when we came to settle things there wasn't a cent for you." So said Richard Somerset in the interview which Ernest soon sought.

"So all that I have is just that much less for Aunt Teddy?"

"Yes, — if you put it that way. But she has told me many a time that whatever she has is yours, Just you do your best at college, and become a clever lawyer like your father and your grandfather, and she'll be satisfied. You see you are all she has in the world. Of course, if she had married, —" but here the good man grew silent, and Ernest never heard from him the story of Miss Theodora's one love affair.

It was just as well that he stopped where he did; for with an indiscretion worthy a younger man, he had already gone far beyond Miss Theodora's instructions. He knew that it was her one desire that Ernest should not know that he had no money of his own. When Ernest had heard the truth, much that previously he had not quite understood



"IN ANOTHER WORLD."

in his aunt's management of affairs was explained.

"It's all very well to talk about being a lawyer," he cried. "It's all very well to talk; but I have found out that I cannot possibly be one. It's been worrying me lately. Of course I might go through college in a sort of way; but after what you tell me I can't see the sense in wasting time or money."

Richard Somerset looked aghast. Was this the effect of his words? What would Miss Theodora say?

"Why — why, you wouldn't disappoint your aunt like that, would you? What in

the world would you do if you left college?"

"Well, I don't know exactly, but I'm pretty sure that I'd take a course like Ben Bruce has had at the Technology. Then I'd go west and make some money. One thing I've found out since I went to college, — and that is that I don't want to be poor the rest of my life."

"Everybody who goes west doesn't make money."

"Maybe not, but I met a man crossing on the *Etruria* this summer, who told me that mining engineers have the best possible chance now. He's a large stockholder in the 'Wampum and Etna,' and he said if only my profession were something in his line he could do a lot for me."

"Rather presuming for a stranger," said Richard Somerset with the true Boston manner.

"He didn't seem like a stranger. He used to know my father, I believe. But he said it wasn't worth while to mention him to Aunt Theodora, as she probably wouldn't remember him."

"What was his name?"

"Easton — William Easton. I have his card and address somewhere. He used to be an army officer, captain of engineers, then he resigned and went into mining. He worked like everything until he made a lucky find. He was his own engineer for a time, but now he's given up active work. He and his wife go abroad every summer."

"No, it wasn't worth while to mention him to your aunt," said Richard Somerset as Ernest left him. The older man gazed abstractedly after the boy, while his heart went out in sympathy with Miss Theodora.

Between Miss Theodora and William Easton there had once been an engagement, known only to their most intimate friends. John's classmate and comrade in the war, he had never concealed his admiration for John's sister. It was just after Dorothy's death, when Ernest demanded all Miss Theodora's time, that William Easton was ordered to the western frontier. With the reorganization of the army he had gone into the Engineers, and now there was no chance, had he wished, to evade the duty to which he was assigned. He might stay at his new post four or five years, he said, and Theodora must marry him and go too. Always imperative, he tried hard enough to carry his point. But for Ernest's claims Miss Theodora would have yielded.

"Ernest will come too, of course," he said, — and failed, obstinately perhaps, to see the weight of Miss Theodora's objections. The locality to which he was bound was notoriously unhealthy. The surroundings would be in other respects unfavorable to the little boy, — and what chance would he have for an education in that remote and half-civilized region? Nor would Miss Theodora leave the child behind, even had there been any one with whom she could leave him. Surely she and William could wait. But William Easton, always impatient, went off to his distant post angry that Theodora should prefer a little child to him. Both were heart-sore at first; but time works wonders, and years after this parting, when Miss Theodora heard that he had married the daughter of a Colorado rancher, she hoped, yes, she really hoped, that he was happy.

Ernest did not recognize as William Easton, his steamer acquaintance, the young officer who stood beside his father in the little faded photograph on his aunt's dressing-table. "What queer, loose-fitting uniforms they had! We'd smile if men wore their hair so long as that now." This was all the boy thought, as he looked at the picture. But for Miss Theodora these two faded figures symbolized her heart's whole history.

To keep Ernest from thinking much about money matters, Miss Theodora had discouraged intimacies with her richer distant relatives — excepting only the Digbys. Thus Ernest, growing up in the simple West End neighborhood, had little opportunity to make uncomfortable contrasts between his aunt's way of living and that of richer people. Had Ralph and Ernest been more congenial, Ernest might have been drawn into Ralph's set, made up of the boys of his own age with the largest claims on the so-called society of Boston. As it had been, Ralph and his friends formed a little

world apart from Ernest and his interests. With Ben as full confidant and adviser, Ernest was naturally well content with his own lot. For Ben, with so much less than Ernest had of the things that money gives, was always happy — apparently happy and absorbed in his studies. Ernest knew of course that he himself must be economical, — his aunt had often said so; but sometimes he thought that this economy was only one of her fancies, — she was so unlike other people in many ways. Especially probable did this seem when she gave him a liberal allowance for Harvard. He did not know, until Richard Somerset told him, that a bank failure a few years before had taken five thousand dollars of Miss Theodora's small capital, and that a mortgage of almost the same amount had been put on the house to enable her to carry out her plans for Ernest.

But Ernest's happy ignorance was now at an end. If his summer in Europe, his year in college, had done nothing else for him, these things had given him a desire for a larger life than he had had. Unless they take form in action, desires of this kind may end in mere discontent to eat into the heart of their possessor. Rightly directed, they will carry him along a path at the end of which, even if unsuccessful, he will at least have pleasure in remembering that he tried to reach a definite goal. Thus Ernest, disturbed by the fact that his college course was less satisfactory to him than he had expected it to be, confronted by the knowledge that money, or lack of money, plays a large part in every-day affairs, overwhelmed by his discovery of the meagreness of his aunt's possessions, still hesitated a little as to his own duty.

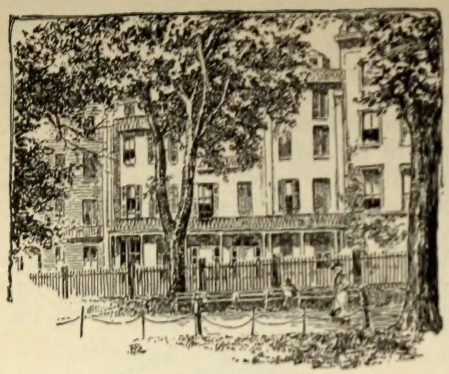
XIII.

Ernest's final decision was closely inwoven with a ride from Cambridge in an open horse-car one warm spring evening. Though his mind during this ride was constantly going over the subject that now lay near his heart, it afterward seemed to him as if he could recall every step of the way, so curiously sometimes does the external world weave itself into our mental processes. Long afterward he remembered that at first in the dim light he had noticed people, young and old, children or girls in light dresses sitting on the piazzas or moving about the



"HER HEART'S WHOLE HISTORY."

wide lawns of the houses near the Square. Next he saw the business blocks with their shops, in front of which groups of young men were lounging. Over-dressed girls and other young men promenaded the sidewalks in front of the shops, and he caught the occasional note of a loud laugh or a flippant remark. Farther on, rows of unpretentious dwellings ending at last in unmistakable tenement houses stamped themselves on his mind, with



A BIT OF BEACON STREET.

half-tidy women, men in their shirt sleeves, and little children crowding the doorways. Across the muddy flats and the broad river they might see, as he saw, the pretty hilly country beyond. Were they gossiping and scolding much as they would gossip and scold in their narrow rooms? Perhaps for the time, like Ernest himself, they knew the peaceful influence of the perfect evening. The indescribable May softness had, he felt sure, more than a little to do with his own exultation. His way opened perfectly clear before him. The arguments that he should use with his aunt stood out plainly defined. Go on longer as he had been doing! — he shivered at the thought.

Finding Miss Theodora alone in the twilight, he realized as never before the pathos of her lonely life. In saying what he was going to say he knew that he must shatter one of her cherished idols.

"In time of course she'll know that I have been right," he said to himself. Yet it required more than a little courage to speak, to argue with her against things that he knew she held so dear.

Though he hardly knew how it came about, the discussion ended, to Ernest's own surprise, with the advantage on his side. His skilful fashion of handling statistics told strongly in his favor, perhaps; for he proved to his aunt's satisfaction that it would be many, many years before he could probably support himself on a lawyer's income. He had figures and facts to show what he was certain to earn as soon as he began to practise engineering.

"But Ernest," said Miss Theodora, "if you do not want to be a lawyer after you are graduated, there are many other things you might do without sacrificing your position in life."

"What else can I find to do?" he insisted, "that would be as interesting and pay as well?"

"Well, I think that you could get into the treasurer's office of the Nashawapag Mills. Richard Somerset has great influence there."

"Now, Aunt Teddy, you wouldn't want me to be a book-keeper the rest of my life, — for that is all I'd be; and as for salary, unless I stayed there thirty or forty years, until those at the top died, I suppose that I could make a little more than a bare living, but it wouldn't be much more."

Then Miss Theodora, who could think of very few occupations outside of the learned professions in which a young man of good family might properly engage, at last surrendered to Ernest's arguments.

"We have so very little money," said Ernest, after he had let her know that Richard Somerset had told him how slight their resources were, "we are so poor, that in a few years I know that I would have to beg or borrow, and I'm sure you would not wish me to do one any more than the other."

"No, indeed," exclaimed his aunt.

"You see," he went on, "I am acquiring very extravagant tastes at Cambridge. There's no place like it for making you want money, if you once begin to contrast yourself with fellows who have plenty."

"But I thought you were independent," sighed poor Miss Theodora.

"Oh, I should be if I were really interested in my work," replied Ernest; "but you see I can't throw myself into my studies as I ought to."

It is to be feared that Ernest was worse than a little artful in thus painting himself as black as he could. He did not tell his aunt what really was the truth, that it was harder for him to give up Harvard now than it would have been six months

before. He had begun to have his own group of special friends; he had begun to enjoy many phases in college life. Despite certain distasteful studies, he might have gone through college without special discredit. He might have taken his degree, as many of his class-mates would, with considerable culture and very little practical knowledge clinging to him. He trembled when he saw that he could take so kindly to dawdling ways. But his Puritan conscience interposed. When he knew how really poor they were, his love for his aunt and his pride all imparted to him a firmness at which he himself marvelled.

Miss Theodora gave in, partly because she herself had begun to see that she might wrong Ernest by insisting on his carrying out her ideas. His poor rank in the classics showed a mind unlike that of his father or his grandfather. When she saw his brow darken at mention of the work he must do to get off his condition in Greek, she remembered how cheerful he had once been whistling over his work in his basement room. She looked to see him again engaged in congenial work or studies. Therefore, without vigorous defence, the castle in Spain which she had founded on Ernest's professional career fell under Ernest's direct assault. But she was disappointed, and although she did not go out of her way to look for sympathy, she accepted all that Miss Chatterwits and Diantha offered her. The former really believed that Harvard was the only institution in the United States in which a young man could get the higher education.

"I don't know," she said, "as I ever heard of a great man — that is a scholar, for I don't forget some of the Presidents — that hadn't graduated at Harvard. Not but what a man might be great, I suppose, that wasn't what you would call a scholar; but I did think that Ernest would follow right after his grandfather, not to speak of his father. And all the books you've saved for him, too, Miss Theodora! — it does seem too bad."

"Oh, I still expect Ernest to be a great man," said Miss Theodora, a trifle dubiously. "I am sure that he has shown considerable talent already for inventing things."

"Ye-es," was Miss Chatterwits' doubtful response. "Ye-es, — but it seems as if most of the things has been invented that's at all likely to give a man a great reputation, — the telegraphs and steamboats and steam engines, not to mention sewing machines, which I must say has made a great difference in my work."



MRS. STUART DIGBY.

"Oh, well, sometimes men benefit the world by inventing some little thing or making an improvement — well, in steam engines or something of that kind."

"I dare say, — I haven't any doubt but Ernest'll be smarter than any boy in the school where he's going. But it always did seem to me that studies of that kind were well enough for Ben Bruce — and such; but Ernest, — he seems to belong out at Harvard."

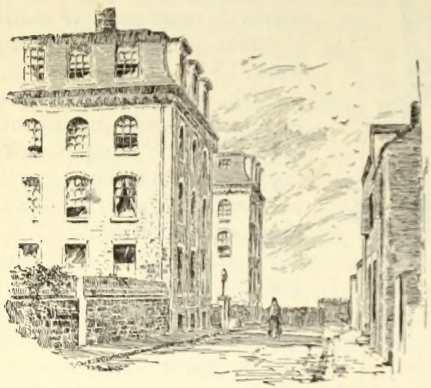
This was unkind — for Miss Chatterwits really liked Ben Bruce very much. But lately she had had one or two rather wordy encounters with Mrs. Bruce when they had met by chance at a neighbor's house. The little dressmaker was fond of "drawing the line," as she said, and relegating people, in conversation at least, to their proper places. Mrs. Bruce had similar proclivities; but with less accurate data on which to base her classification of her neighbors, she sometimes made mistakes on which Miss Chatterwits was bound to frown.

"If I went about sewing from house to house," said Mrs. Bruce, "I suppose I might know more about people than I

do; but being in private life, it isn't to be supposed I know much but what has been handed down to me in my own family."

"Well, if you went about sewing from house to house," said Miss Chatterwits, "you'd be more use to your family than you are now." With which last word, Miss Chatterwits had flounced away, and for a time spoke somewhat depreciatingly of the Bruces, although in her heart she envied them their Revolutionary ancestor.

Miss Theodora had no petty pride. She liked Ben; she knew that he was a good friend for Ernest; and the one thing that reconciled her to the change



THE OLD LADIES' HOME.

in Ernest's career was the fact that for a year at least he would be able to have much help and advice from Ben. After the latter should get his scientific degree, he would probably leave Boston; but for the present she knew that his friendship would mean much to Ernest.

XIV.

Ernest spent six weeks of the summer after his decision about college at a quiet seashore village with Ben. Ben tutored Ernest in various branches in which he was deficient, and proved an even better friend to him than Miss Theodora had hoped. Sometimes as they sat in a little cove at the edge of the water, letting their books fall from their hands, gazing at the crescent-shaped Plymouth shore, they would talk of many things outside of their work. Ben was an enthusiast about the early history of New England. He loved to theorize over the country's possibilities, and to trace its present greatness from the principles planted by the Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay colonists. Once as they sat there talking, Ernest exclaimed, "Those men were workers, Ben! Sometimes I think that we are all wrong to-day, — we attach so much importance to books. Now I believe that I should have been much better off now and happier if I could have gone at once to work two or three years ago instead of undertaking — "

But Ben interrupted him. "Oh, no! you are wrong. You do not realize your privileges. Perhaps you will be surprised to hear that I envied you your chance of going to Harvard. It would have been my choice to go there if I could. But the Institute was more practical, and I dare say was the best for me. Only — don't make too little account of your advantages, Ernest."

What Ben said was true enough. His own mind was essentially that of the scholar. He could have gone on forever acquiring knowledge. He had no desire to put it at once to the practical use to which necessity compelled him. Yet, understanding Ernest's temperament, he had not discouraged him from leaving college, and he stood ready to help him to the utmost in his scientific work.

Many a time, however, with no envious mind, he had wished that it had been his to change places with Ernest. What delightful hours, he thought, he could have passed within the gray walls of the college library! He would have been no more inclined than Ernest, perhaps, to follow Miss Theodora's plans for a lawyer's career. No, he would have aimed rather to be a Harvard professor. Had fortune favored him, he would have spent a long time in post-graduate study, not only at Cambridge, but at some foreign university. "What folly!" he would then suddenly cry; "life is practical." But while doing the duty that lay nearest, he knew well enough that Harvard would have meant infinitely more to him than his chosen course. During two years only of Ernest's Technolgy course were

he and Ben together. When the latter was graduated he went west at once to begin his contest for the honors and the wealth which were to work that wonderful change in the affairs of his family. But Ernest had started well, and even without his friend's guidance he kept on in the path he had marked out. To give an account of the four years of his work would be to tell a rather monotonous story. Not because he allowed his life to be a mere routine. Far from this. While he worked energetically during the winter, he managed to find time for recreation. Society, so called, did not interest him. But he had a group of friends, of fixed purpose, like his own, who were still sufficiently boyish to enjoy life. With them he took long walks in search of geological specimens, inviting them home on winter evenings to share Miss Theodora's simple tea. From some of these western friends of Ernest's, with a point of view so unlike hers, Miss Theodora gained an entirely different outlook on life. Ernest had impressed on her the fact that the West was to be his home, at least until he had made a lot of money. She began therefore to take an interest not only in these westerners with their broad pronunciation, but in the western country itself. She re-read "The Oregon Trail;" she read one or two other books of western travel. She studied the topography of Colorado and Nevada in her old atlas, and she always noted in the newspapers chance scraps of information about that distant region.

Nahant knew Ernest no more in summer. His long vacation was always spent elsewhere in practical field work. He almost dropped out of the lives of those who had known him so well as a little boy. At the same time, he had enough social diversion. In the new set of which he now formed one, there was always more or less going on. The sisters of some of his friends invited him to their dances. He seemed so heartily to enjoy his new popularity that Kate realized, with a certain pain, that he was drawing away from her; that he was departing far from that pleasant old West End life. There was an irony of fate in remembering that by using her influence in the direction of the new work which Ernest had undertaken, she had helped to send him farther away.

XV.

When the die was finally cast, Miss Theodora wisely kept to herself her disappointment at Ernest's change of plan. Her life thus far had accustomed her to disappointments. What a pang she had felt, for example, some years after leaving it, when she heard that the old family house on the hill had become a boarding house! How disturbed she had been, walking up Beacon Street one day, to see workmen tearing down one of the most dignified of the old purple-windowed houses, once the home of intimate friends of hers, to make way for an uglier if more ornate structure! What an intrusion she felt the car tracks to be which run through Charles Street across Beacon Street, connecting the South and the West Ends of the city! Miss Theodora's Boston was not so large but that it could be traversed by any healthy person on foot; and she agreed with Miss Chatterwits when she exclaimed, "What in the world has the West End to do with Roxbury Neck?" Real trials like Ernest's change of plan Miss Theodora was able to bear with surprising equanimity. She had not even quailed when she made that discovery hardest of all even for a sensible woman, that she was growing old. The first rude shock had come one day in a horse-car when she heard an over-dressed young mother say to her little son in a loud whisper, "Give the old lady a seat." Before this Miss Theodora had certainly not thought of herself as old; but looking in the glass on her return home, she saw that youth had vanished from her face. For though the over-dressed young mother might have said "oldish" more truly than "old," yet Miss Theodora realized that the change had come. What it was she could scarcely define, save that there were now long lines on her cheek where once there had been curves, that her eyes were perhaps less bright, that gray hairs had begun to appear, and that certainly she had less color than formerly. All these changes had

not come in a day, and yet in a day, in an hour, Miss Theodora realized them. As she looked in the mirror and saw that her gray hairs were still few enough to count, she glanced below the glass to the little faded photograph on the table. John had passed into the land of perpetual youth, and William, that other, had he grown old and bald? Thus she wondered as she gazed at the longish, thick hair at which Ernest had sometimes laughed. But she seldom let her mind wander in this direction, and she turned it now toward the friends of her girlhood, of whom some occasionally flitted across her vision. The most of those who had been her contemporaries the winter she came out were now married. Of these she could not recall one who had not "married well," as the phrase is. Were they growing old more gracefully than she? Would she change places with one of those portly matrons, absorbed now in family or social interests? The sphere of the unmarried few was unattractive to her. The causes, whether literary or philanthropic, into which the majority threw themselves had certainly no charm for her. She could not have worked for the Indians after the manner of her cousin Sarah Somerset. To her the Indian race seemed too cruel for the enthusiasm lavished on it by a certain group of Boston women. When her father had verged toward Transcendentalism she had lagged behind, and more modern "isms" were even farther out of her reach. She listened dubiously to rhapsodies by one of her cousins on the immense spiritual value of the Vedas. Woman Suffrage! well, she had only one friend who waxed eloquent over this, and Miss Theodora, although on the whole liberal-minded, was repelled from a study of the question by the peculiarities of dress and manner affected by some of its devotees. Even Culture itself, with a capital letter, and all that this implies, could never have been a fad of hers. The books people talked about now were so different from those that she had been accustomed to; she knew nothing about modern French literature, and her friends cared nothing for Miss Ferrier or Crabbe. After all Miss Theodora would not have changed places with one of these friends of her youth, married or unmarried, with their tablets covered with social engagements, or note-books crammed with appointments for meetings or lectures. She found her own life sufficiently full.

That she was growing old brought her little worry, coming as it did at the same time with the change in Ernest's plans. Although she would have been very slow to admit it, Kate's thorough approval of Ernest's new career modified Miss Theodora's own view of it. Unconsciously she had begun to dream of a united fortune for Kate and Ernest; for in her eyes the two were perfectly adapted to each other.

"There's a prospect of your amounting to something now," she heard Kate say to Ernest one day. "You haven't been at all like yourself this winter, and I just believe that college would have ruined you," she continued frankly.

It was Kate who pointed out to Miss Theodora the perils that surrounded a young man who was not very much interested in his work at Cambridge.

"Well, of course you ought to know, for you have a brother in college."

"Oh, dear me, Ernest and Ralph aren't a bit alike. Ernest would always be different from Ralph, I should hope." For Kate and Ralph since their childhood had gone on very different paths.

"No, I'm not afraid of Ernest's growing like Ralph; but I know that Ernest is more easily influenced than you think, and it's a good thing that he's going to have studies that will interest him." All of which seemed to Miss Theodora to augur well for the plans which she had formed for these two young people.

To Ernest, Kate spoke even more frankly than to his aunt. "I knew that you'd do it," she said, "and I feel almost sure that you'll make a great man, and really you will be able to help your aunt much sooner than if you began to study law. As soon as possible, I want Cousin Theodora to have lots of money. She won't accept anything from me, and you have no idea how many things there are that she needs money for."

So Ernest, encouraged by the good opinion of the young woman he cared most for, made less than he might have of

the older woman's disappointment. He made less of it, perhaps, because with the confidence of youth he believed the time near when she would admit that he had done the very best thing for them both.

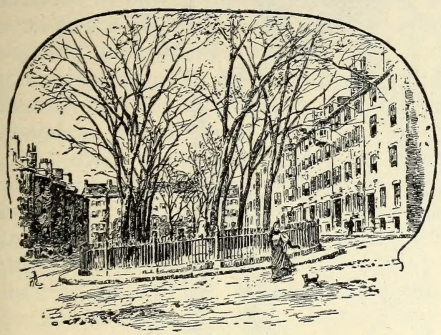
XVI.

Mrs. Ketchum pressed her face close to the window pane, to watch Miss Theodora enter her door.

"It seems to me Miss Theodora ain't quite as firm on her feet as she used to be. Don't you think she stoops some?" she said to her husband.

"Miss Theodora's getting along," was the answer. "She's not as young as she was."

"She isn't much older than Mrs. Stuart Digby, but she's had a sight more care. Well, speaking of angels, there she



IN THE OLD WEST END.

is now,"—and the good woman's voice trembled with excitement as Mrs. Digby's victoria drew up before Miss Theodora's door.

From time to time Mrs. Digby's horses scornfully pawed the pavement in front of Miss Theodora's house, while the owner waited for her cousin to get ready for the drive. Miss Theodora never greatly enjoyed these drives, for a certain condescension in Mrs. Digby's manner always disturbed her. She knew, too, that she was seldom invited unless the latter had some object of her own to serve. On the present occasion they were hardly seated in the carriage before the special purpose of this drive was revealed.

"Kate is a great trial to me, Theodora. Would you believe, I can't get her to take the least interest in society? Why, I couldn't make her go to the cotillions this winter. With her bright manner she would be very popular; and it's too provoking to think, after all the advantages she's had. She fairly throws herself away on old ladies and colored children;—and I do wish that you'd help me."

Miss Theodora trembled as if guilty herself of some misdeed. "What can I do?" she asked faintly, knowing well enough that it was she who had interested Kate in the Old Ladies' Home and the colored children.

Mrs. Digby seemed to read her thoughts. "Of course I don't want her to give up her reading to the old ladies altogether. But I do wish you could make her realize her obligations to society. I can't myself. Why, she refuses all invitations, and hardly ever goes even to her sewing-circle. The next thing, she'll be taking vows at St. Margaret's or doing something equally absurd."

Miss Theodora, though aware of the hopelessness of so doing, promised to use her influence with Kate.

Mrs. Digby herself was born for society, and it was a trial even greater than she had represented to Miss Theodora, that her daughter should be so indifferent to the great world.

"Kate has style," she said to her cousin, "and manner, and if she only would exert herself to please my friends to the extent that she exerts herself to please nobodys, I should have little to complain of. Poor Stuart's death was very unfortunate, happening just the winter Kate was ready to come out. It put an end, of course, to all the plans I had made for her among the younger set. She didn't mind missing balls and parties herself, for she never cared for that kind of thing; but I do think, now that she is out of mourning, that she might take a little interest in society, and at least accept some of the dinner invitations she has."

"But she does go out a good deal, doesn't she?" began Miss Theodora, remembering some of Kate's humorous

accounts of amusing episodes connected with various little dinner parties she had attended.

"Oh, yes, I often insist on her going with me, and once in a while there is some invitation she really wishes to accept. But it is the duty of a girl of her age to be seen more in society; and I do wish that she could be made to understand that she owes something to her position and to her family."

"Well, I will speak to her," said Miss Theodora, "but I doubt if I can influence her to any great extent."

"Indeed, you can," responded Mrs. Digby. "You know how I feel, I am sure. I don't want Kate to be an old maid, — and she's older now than I was when I married. Thus far she has not had the slightest interest in any young man, although she has plenty of admirers. Perhaps I ought to be thankful for this, for it would be just in line with her general perversity for her to fall in love



"ERNEST WAS NOT ALONE."

with some thoroughly unsuitable person."

Possibly Miss Theodora, with Ernest ever in mind, was unusually sensitive in detecting undue emphasis in Mrs. Digby's pronunciation of "any" when she said that Kate had not the "slightest interest in any young man." Or perhaps Mrs. Digby, too, had Ernest in mind when she made this sweeping statement.

Two people could hardly be more unlike than Kate and her mother. Mrs. Digby was of dark complexion, of commanding figure, though not over tall, and she lived for society. Kate was blond, with a half-timid, though straightforward air, and she was as anxious to keep far from the whirl of things as her mother was to be active in her little set. Mrs. Digby had worn heavy mourning for her husband the exact length of time demanded by strict propriety. But just as soon as she could, she had laid aside her veil and indeed crape in every form, and gave outer shape to her grief by clothing herself in becoming black relieved by abundant trimmings of dull jet.

"I could wish Mrs. Digby no worse punishment," said one of her intimate enemies, "than to be condemned to attend a round of dinners in a high-necked dress." From which it might truly be inferred that Mrs. Digby herself was thought to have no mean opinion of Mrs. Digby arrayed in conventional dinner attire. Yet her most becoming *decolleté* gown Mrs. Digby could have given up almost more readily than the dinners which she had to sacrifice in her year of mourning. She had been fond of her hushand, no one could deny that. But, after all, she missed him less than the outside world thought she missed him. He and she had led decidedly separate lives for many years before his death, and indeed in the early years the stress of feeling had been more on his side than on hers. She was not long, therefore, in returning to a round of gayety, somewhat subdued, to be sure, but still "something to take me away from myself and my grief," she occasionally said half-apologetically to those who, like Miss Theodora, she knew must be surprised at her return to the world. On this particular occasion, after making her request for Miss Theodora's influence with Kate, she continued:

"If it were not for Ralph I do not know what I should do. He goes everywhere with me, and is perfectly devoted to society. Now in his case I almost hope he won't marry. I should hate to give him up to any one else. But he is so fastidious that I know it will be some time before he settles upon any one, — although I must say that he is a great favorite."

This was the early autumn after Ralph's graduation. He had gone through Harvard very creditably, and had even had honorable mention in history and modern languages. Mrs. Digby, however, with all her pride in her son, felt that the large income which he drew went for other than legitimate college expenses. As a woman of the world she said that Ralph could not be so very unlike the men who were his associates, and she knew that certain rumors about them and their doings could not be wholly false. Nevertheless, she seldom reproved her son, and she even took pride in his self-possessed and ultra worldly manner. Surely that kind of thing was infinitely better form than Kate's self-consciousness and Puritanical frankness.

Mrs. Digby graced a victoria even more truly than she graced a *decolleté* gown. Indeed, to the many who, never having had the good fortune to see her in a drawing-room, knew her only by name and sight as she rolled through the streets, she and the victoria seemed inseparable, a kind of modernized centaur. It was impossible for such people to think of her in any other attitude than that of haughty semi-erectness on the ample cushions of her carriage.

On this particular day, as Mrs. Digby drove down Beacon Street and thence by the river over the Milldam, she met many friends and bowed to them.

"Who in the world has Mrs. Digby got with her to-day?" some of them would ask their companions, in the easy colloquialism of every-day life.

"I haven't the faintest idea, but she's a rather out-of-date-looking old person," was the usual reply, although occasionally some one would identify Miss Theo-

dora, usually adding: "I knew her when she was a girl, but she's certainly very much changed. Well, that's what comes of living out of the world."

These drives with Mrs. Digby always made Miss Theodora feel her own loneliness. In this city — this Boston — which had always been her own home and the home of her family, she had few friends. She could hardly have known fewer people if living in a foreign city. It was therefore with a start of relief that she heard Mrs. Digby exclaim:

"Why, there's Ernest, isn't it?"

Miss Theodora glanced ahead. Nearsighted though she was, she had no trouble in recognizing her nephew's broad shoulders and swinging gait. But the young man was not alone. He was walking rather slowly and bending toward a girl in a close-fitting tailor-made suit. It was the end of October, too early for furs, yet the girl was anticipating the winter fashions. One end of a long fuzzy boa flaunted itself over her shoulder, stirred, like the heavy ostrich plumes in her hat, by the afternoon breeze.

"It isn't Kate, is it?" said Miss Theodora dubiously as the carriage drew near the pair.

"No, indeed, not Kate," quickly answered Mrs. Digby.

"I wonder who it can be," continued Miss Theodora, for she could not help observing Ernest's tender air toward the girl.

"Oh, I'm sure I can't say, Theodora. It's certainly no one I know; but Kate — or perhaps it was Ralph — has been saying something about a flirtation of Ernest's with some girl he met somewhere last year." Then seeing that Miss Theodora looked downcast: "Oh, it isn't likely it's anything serious, Theodora; it's only what you must expect at his age; and of course his interests are all so different now from what you had expected that it isn't surprising to find him flirting or falling in love with girls whom you and I know nothing about."

By this time the carriage had passed the two young people, and Ernest was so absorbed in his companion that he did not even see it rolling by.

(*To be continued.*)

THE EARTH'S RETROSPECT.

By Charles Gordon Rogers.

HOW like a tired child outworn with play
The brown old earth to-day
Lies deep in tranquil sleep, —
Yet in its slumber seems
To smile, as if it lived again the prime
Of its lost summer-time,
Or, like Endymion on Latmos' steep,
To hold in breathless dreams
A life forever fair, forever young!

And like the dream-born babblings of the young,
The stream with murmurous tongue
Recites its lost delights,
Till, thrilling with its theme,
June's laughing tide, returning, flows once more
Along the lonely shore,
Gemmed with the lustrous stars of summer nights,
And wrapped within its dream,
Heeds not the voice of the imperious sea!

AMERICAN EMIGRATION TO THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST.

By S. A. Thompson.

NO other migratory movement in the history of the world is at all comparable to that mighty tide of immigration which, since 1880, has added an annual average of more than five hundred thousand aliens to the population of the United States, and which, since the foundation of the government, has brought to our shores a total of nearly nineteen million souls. Not only have the arrivals during recent years been enormous in the aggregate, but the rate has steadily increased from one decade to another, until it has become a serious question whether the immigration is to be assimilated by the nation, or the nation is to be alienized by the immigration.*

Coincident with and largely consequent upon this great increase in the volume of immigration, there has been a rapid exhaustion of the public domain, until the time is now close at hand when all the lands suitable for settlement and cultivation will have passed from public to private ownership.

Still more portentous than the increase in volume has been the change in the character of the immigration, a much larger percentage than formerly belonging to the ignorant, pauper and criminal classes.

*The arrivals of immigrants since 1860 by decennial periods have been as follows:

Decade ending with	Aggregate Arrivals.	Annual Average.
1870	2,314,824	231,482
1880	2,812,191	281,219
1890	5,246,613	524,661
Four years 1891-94	2,000,787	500,197

The decrease in the annual average for the past four years is entirely due to the sudden falling off of immigration in 1894, the arrivals during that year having been but 314,467, which is less than for any year since 1879. The annual average for the first three years of the present decade was 562,107, the arrivals for the respective years being as follows: 1891, 560,319; 1892, 623,084; 1893, 502,917.

Facts of such vital importance to the welfare of the nation have naturally attracted wide-spread attention, and few subjects have been more earnestly discussed in recent years than the immigration question in all its bearings. Almost without exception those who have studied the question have recognized the necessity of legislation which will bring about, at least for a time, a general restriction of immigration and secure for all time the total exclusion of the undesirable classes of immigrants. While the legislative results thus far achieved seem scarcely commensurate with the urgency of the situation, thanks to the extended discussion of the topic the general public has been thoroughly informed as to the existence and the merits of the immigration question.

If, on the other hand, there has been any discussion of emigration, or even an intimation that there is any emigration to discuss, it has escaped the notice of the writer. Statements have been made in the daily press, indeed, that there have been times within the past two years when the "gates of Castle Garden have swung outward," the number of departing steerage passengers being greater than the number arriving. But no official record is kept either of the numbers or the destinations of departing passengers, to say nothing of their intentions as to returning.

It seems hardly probable that many of those who have returned to their old homes intend to resume their former allegiance to the various governments of the Old World, involving the liability to military service and the certainty of assuming a share of the heavy burdens imposed by the enormous armaments of Europe. If it were possible to investigate the matter, it would be found that all but a very few of these returning

Europeans intend to retain their American citizenship, however prolonged their absence. The writer knows of a large number of miners in the Lake Superior region, thrown out of employment by the business depression, who crossed the Atlantic for the avowed reason that it would be cheaper to visit friends and relatives in the old country for six months or a year than to support themselves in idleness here.

Viewing the matter in the light of all obtainable information, I was led irresistibly to the conclusion that the alleged emigration to Europe was either non-existent, or at least not proven. It was with surprise, therefore, which was almost a shock, that I learned on undoubted authority that American citizens by the thousand are leaving the United States for another land, going not as sojourners, but to make new homes, and taking with them for that purpose not only their families, but household goods, live stock and farm machinery by the trainload. When I found further that they were moving neither to the East, the West nor the South, but to the North; that most of them are taking up land under a homestead law which involves the exchange of a republic for a monarchy, the surrender of citizenship in the United States to take the oath of allegiance to the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, I said to myself, "Here is, indeed, an emigration question, and one that is worthy of serious study."

Little reflection was needed to make it evident that the subject could not be satisfactorily studied at long range, so I decided to follow these American emigrants to their Canadian homes in order that I might learn from their own lips the conditions out of which they have come, and see with my own eyes the conditions into which they have gone, and thus be enabled to reach intelligent conclusions concerning the two great questions to which all others connected with the inquiry are subsidiary. These are:

First. Are the causes underlying this movement local and temporary, or widespread and permanent, — or, in other words, is emigration from the United States likely to decrease and disappear, or to continue and increase in volume?

Second. If the stream of American emigration is to be perennial, is it likely to continue to flow in the same direction; that is to say, is there an area of unoccupied land in the Canadian Northwest sufficient to accommodate a great volume of immigration, wherein the soil, climate and other conditions are such as to provide support and promise prosperity for a large population?

Accordingly a number of weeks were devoted to a journey through Manitoba, Assiniboia, Alberta and a portion of British Columbia, during which, in addition to the necessary travel by rail, many hundreds of miles were traversed by wagon in order to meet and talk with the settlers, some of whom live fifty miles or more from the nearest station. The facts and conclusions of this article are presented, therefore, as a result of this personal investigation, supplemented by correspondence and a study of the records and reports of the various departments of the Dominion government.

It is of interest to note in passing that the present emigration from the United States to Canada, while the underlying causes make it by far the most important, is not by any means the first movement of the kind which has taken place. Soon after the final and formal acknowledgment of the independence of the United States by the signing of the Treaty of Paris, in 1783, those who had remained faithful to the British cause began to move in large numbers across the newly established boundary line into Canada and Nova Scotia. These earliest of emigrants from the United States were of course regarded by their neighbors as traitors to the American cause, and were led to seek new homes no less by the wish to escape from the unpleasant situation in which they found themselves on that account, than by the desire to live under British rule. This movement continued for several years, and while it is not possible to arrive at any exact figures, it is probable that the total number of those who left the young Republic was not less than 40,000. These United

Empire Loyalists, as they were called, were well treated by the British government, and large grants of land were made to them in various parts of the country. Some ten thousand of them settled along the banks of the St. Lawrence and the shores of Lake Ontario on lands so allotted.

There seems to have been a gradual interchange of population — a sort of human endosmosis and exosmosis — constantly going on between Canada and the United States, the census reports showing that there is not a state or territory in the Union without citizens of Canadian birth, nor a single electoral district from Halifax to Vancouver without residents American-born. The movement from the lesser to the larger population seems to have been much greater than that in the opposite direction, the census of 1890 showing no less than 980,938 persons in the United States who were born in Canada and Newfoundland, while the Canadian census, taken in 1891, reports 80,915 American-born residents of the Dominion, besides a much larger number of American descent. Of the latter class, 111,627 had American-born fathers, and 111,165 had American-born mothers; but the published reports do not show what proportion of these were the children of parents both of whom were born in the United States. The following table, compiled from the Canadian census reports, shows the number of persons of American birth and the number of children of American-born parents residing in the various provinces and provisional districts of the Dominion in 1891:

Provinces and Provisional Districts.	American-born.	Father American-born.	Mother American-born.
Nova Scotia,	3,238	3,775	3,628
New Brunswick,	4,278	6,363	6,542
Prince Edw'd Island,	582	517	387
Quebec,	18,524	17,187	18,187
Ontario,	42,702	75,070	72,858
Manitoba,	3,063	2,286	2,755
Assiniboia,	600	545	548
Saskatchewan,	110	149	119
Alberta,	1,251	900	902
British Columbia,	6,567	4,835	5,239
Totals,	80,915	111,627	111,165

The particular movement of population under consideration, that is to say, American emigration to the Canadian Northwest as distinguished from the older portions of the Dominion, began in the earlier years of the last decade, nearly coincident, oddly enough, with the sudden increase in immigration which has been noted above. Only the most fragmentary indications exist, however, as to its volume during these earlier years, such for instance as the fact that one thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight settlers from the United States made use of the privileges of the Immigration Hall in Winnipeg in 1885. As the only available records are for the period since the last Canadian census was taken (which was on April 5, 1891), and the results of previous emigration, whatever they may be, are included in the census statistics, attention will necessarily be confined to that portion of the movement which has taken place since that date. Even in 1891 no official record was kept, but the Commissioner of Dominion Lands estimates the number of American settlers during that year at four hundred, which would represent some twelve hundred souls. In 1892 no less than five hundred and thirteen homestead entries were made by settlers from the United States, representing fifteen hundred and fifty-two persons. During the same year the Canadian Pacific Railroad Company sold five hundred and forty-eight quarter-sections or eighty-seven thousand six hundred and eighty acres of land to four hundred and fifty separate American purchasers coming from twelve different states. It is impossible to determine what increase of population is indicated by these latter figures, as some purchases were made by homesteaders who desired additional land, and some by persons who bought as an investment without intention of settlement. In the following year the number of American settlers increased to such an extent that more detailed records were begun and have since been kept, as appears from the following table, which shows the number of homestead entries made by settlers from the United States during the calendar years 1893 and 1894, the states from which they came and the number of souls in their families:

States.	1893. Entries.	1893. Souls.	1894. Entries.	1894. Souls.
Maine,	3	6	3	9
New Hampshire,	5	10	6	32
Vermont,	6	15	—	—
Massachusetts,	9	45	23	82
Connecticut,	3	3	2	4
Rhode Island,	1	5	4	10
New York,	24	57	25	77
New Jersey,	7	19	6	18
Pennsylvania,	—	—	10	27
Michigan,	93	296	61	175
Ohio,	4	18	7	17
Indiana,	2	4	1	1
Kentucky,	—	—	1	1
Illinois,	10	22	12	44
Iowa,	4	9	13	36
Wisconsin,	29	101	18	52
Minnesota,	87	266	209	650
Missouri,	6	6	—	—
Arkansas,	1	1	—	—
Dakotas (both),	120	340	121	378
Nebraska,	139	423	78	260
Kansas,	12	37	43	146
Montana,	20	52	18	51
Wyoming,	3	9	1	5
Colorado,	8	22	3	3
Idaho,	27	83	22	55
Utah,	50	137	15	56
Nevada,	1	1	—	—
Washington,	105	254	105	294
Oregon,	30	92	22	46
California,	7	22	14	32
Texas,	2	5	1	1
Florida,	—	—	1	4
Unknown,	—	—	5	22
Totals,	818	2,360	850	2,588

For the four years named the total number of emigrants is seven thousand seven hundred, which takes no account of those who have settled in towns or villages or who have bought lands instead of taking homesteads. While the aggregate is almost absurdly small as compared with the immigration, the essential facts are that emigration has begun and is steadily increasing in volume.

One part of the first question has already been answered by the table given above, for the causes of a stream of emigration which has its sources in thirty-four of the states of the Union cannot be called local, although emigrants from Washington and Nebraska, for instance, may be influenced by causes widely different. Before the second part of the question can be answered, however, and conclusions drawn as to the probable continuance of American emigration, it will be necessary to state the causes which produce it.

Prominent among these are the disasters and discouragements due to previous settlement within the arid and sub-humid regions of the United States. According to the reports of the Geological Survey, 1,200,000 square miles, or two fifths of the entire area of the United States, excluding Alaska, belong to the arid regions, in which successful agriculture is possible only by irrigation. The western limits of the arid region are sharply defined, and an appalling amount of loss and suffering would have been prevented if the eastern boundary had been equally definite. The line indicating the eastern limit of the arid region is generally drawn on the one hundredth meridian, with an easterly trend in southern Texas approximately parallel to the course of the Rio Grande, and a northwesterly direction in North Dakota roughly following the course of the Missouri Coteau and reaching the international boundary at the intersection of the one hundred and second meridian. This line is to be considered, however, only as a convenient generalization, for the change from the arid region, in which irrigation is absolutely essential, to the humid region, in which the rainfall is ample for agriculture, is made by imperceptible gradations through a region of variable rainfall to which the name "sub-humid" has been given. Mr. F. H. Newell, of the United States Geological Survey, in the admirable report on Irrigation prepared by him for the eleventh census, says of the sub-humid belt:

"The soil of the region, taken as a whole, is as rich as that of any part of the United States, and in almost every respect, save that of moisture, the country is an ideal one as regards agriculture; but unfortunately the lack of rain at critical times during the summer, together with the occasional hot winds so destructive to vegetation, renders doubtful the success of farming by ordinary methods. The amount of rainfall and the time of occurrence vary widely from year to year, decreasing as a whole for a few years and then increasing for shorter or longer periods, the duration of these oscillations being a matter of uncertainty. These non-periodic oscillations of the annual rainfall are more noticeable in such a country, where in ordinary years there is hardly enough to mature the crops, for in the years when the amount of precipitation during the summer is a little above the average the crop yield

may be phenomenally large. On the other hand, during years of scanty rainfall the crops usually fail, reducing the population to the verge of famine."

Misled by the marvellous fertility of soil made manifest in years of exceptional rainfall, the army of the homeless, an army whose ranks are always full, has again and again pushed the line of settlement far beyond the line of safety, carrying the attempt to conduct farming operations by ordinary methods well into the arid region, only to see the hopes of prosperity slowly but surely fade through weeks of cruel drought, or blasted in a single night by the breath of the simoon. In February, 1890, Major J. W. Powell made the statement before the Committee on Irrigation of the House of Representatives, that there are parts of Kansas which had thus been settled and abandoned no less than three times within the preceding twenty years.

A considerable portion of the emigration from Kansas and Nebraska is due to this cause, one specially pitiful case having come under my own observation. The head of the family is American-born and a veteran of the Civil War, having been granted an invalid pension for wounds received and diseases contracted in the service. Moving from Illinois to western Nebraska in 1888, the savings of twenty years were lost in a six years' struggle with drought. The dreadful simoon of May 13, 1894, and a fire which followed a few days later completed the work of destruction; and on June 11 the mother and children started on a weary journey of fifteen hundred miles across the mountains of Wyoming and the plains of Montana and Alberta to join the husband and father, who had gone before to try to put in a crop. He had depended on his pension to buy the doors and windows for the sod house he was building; but the pension had been suspended because he had moved out of the country, and when I saw them, with a northern winter close at hand, they were living in a rude shelter made of brush and poles and prairie hay.

It must not be supposed from the prominence given to this case that a majority of the emigrants from Kansas and Nebraska are in such desperate straits. Fortunately for themselves most of those who came from those states left their old homes while they had sufficient means remaining to establish themselves comfortably in new ones.

Very different were the circumstances of those who compose what is called the "Nebraska Colony" at Olds, Alberta. There are now between two hundred and three hundred Americans in the colony, the first trainload having arrived April 7, 1893. This train carried ninety-seven persons, who brought with them one hundred and forty-seven work horses, twenty-six cars of household goods and farm implements, and $30,000 in cash. They had bought sixteen thousand acres of land from the Calgary and Edmonton Railway Company, and entered as homesteads for themselves and friends thirteen thousand acres additional. Three months after their arrival they received sixty more horses, two hundred and eighty-five sheep and two hundred cattle, which had been detained at the cattle quarantine at the boundary. Besides the possessions named, all these settlers have payments still due them from the sale of their farms in Nebraska. They came, not from the drought-stricken region, but from the fertile eastern portion of the state where there is ample rainfall.

The members of the Nebraska Colony did not all move for the same reason, of course, but a large number of them emigrated for the second cause which I shall mention, viz., the combination of debt and declining values. I saw and talked with many of them, and found them energetic, intelligent, educated men, representatives of the best type of American farmers, the class which least of all the country can afford to lose. During years of prosperity they had put mortgages on their farms, some to build a larger house to accommodate an increasing family, some to send a son to college or give a generous wedding portion to a daughter, some for one reason, some for another. If prices had remained the same or anywhere near the same, the indebtedness would have been paid without difficulty; but prices did not remain the same. Interest did not

decrease any, and taxes perhaps grew greater, as larger school buildings and finer court houses were put up; but the price of farm products went downward year by year, and the debts remained unpaid. So, like sensible men, they sold their farms, some of which brought $40 per acre, and made themselves new homes in which no fear of foreclosure disturbs their sleep.

Forest fires, such as those which have devastated portions of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota, constitute another cause of emigration. In some cases these fires, although they cause great destruction of property and even dreadful loss of life, like the one at Hinckley, Minn., increase the availability of the land for agricultural purposes by clearing away the timber. But in other cases, where the land is of a peaty nature, the very soil itself is burned to ashes, and large tracts of formerly fertile country are left in a condition about as well suited for farming as a section of the Desert of Sahara.

In southern Alberta I found a settlement containing a population of about one thousand, of whom seven hundred are Mormons, all of whom came from the United States except the children who have been born since the colony was founded in 1887. They left Utah mainly on account of the rigid enforcement of the anti-polygamy laws, which they regarded as persecution, although, of course, the practice of polygamy is not allowed in Canada. The wife of the leading man of the settlement is a daughter of Brigham Young, and there is one white-bearded man who was a member of the church at the time the prophet Joseph Smith was murdered. All my preconceived opinions as to the Mormons underwent a radical change after my stay among them; but as my visit was too short to make my opinion authoritative, I shall quote instead from Col. L. W. Herchmer, Commissioner of the Northwest Mounted Police. As the chief officer of that semi-military, semi-civil and wholly admirable organization, which is charged with the maintenance of peace throughout the Canadian Northwest, he unquestionably knows whereof he speaks. Said he: "When the Mormons talked of coming into Canada, it provoked an opposition so bitter that I thought for a while the Catholics would re-establish their inquisition, and the Protestants would organize one. The land agent at Lethbridge refused to allow them to enter land until ordered by the department to do so. But they are industrious, thrifty, honest and law-abiding. They make us less trouble than any other class of settlers we have. I wish we had ten thousand more just like them."

In October last, while I was in Alberta, a party of eighty Norwegians passed through, on their way from Minnesota to Bella Coola, on the mainland of British Columbia, three hundred miles north of Victoria. They were the advance guard of a colony of three hundred or more which is to locate at that point under an agreement with the government, one of the requirements of which is that each family shall have not less than three hundred dollars in cash. I did not meet them, but was informed that many of the colonists formerly lived on the coast of Norway and were desirous of going where the climatic conditions are more like those of their native land, and where they can combine fishing with farming as they did in the old country.

Almost every one who was interviewed had some special reason to give for his change of location. Some of these reasons grow out of personal likes and dislikes, and some, while they rest on a broader foundation, can receive but the briefest mention, if space is to be left for the discussion of two additional causes of emigration which are fundamental. Some told of rain and floods in western Washington and Oregon; some, of the low price of wheat in central Washington and North Dakota, regions which they considered not adapted to mixed farming; some had raised fine crops of fruit, only to see it rot in the fields because the great railroad strike made it impossible to reach a market; some from the Dakotas complained of blizzards; some from Kansas and Nebraska, of cyclones and ceaseless winds; some, of wet lands on the Minnesota side of Red River; some, of extortion-

ate railroad rates and the growth of trusts and monopolies. One man even thought that the railroads and money power have the people so firmly in their grasp that there will never be a change until there is a revolution. Some stated that the farms in their neighborhoods had passed into the possession of foreigners — men of different race, language, customs and religion — until they had been made practically strangers in a strange land. There were many more of these minor reasons, but those which have been given must serve as a sample of all.

It has probably occurred to the reader that the reasons thus far advanced, while adequate to warrant a change of localities, are not sufficient, unless in the case of the Mormons, to explain a step so radical as a change to another country and a different form of government. It is because the two causes of emigration which remain to be mentioned do constitute a sufficient explanation that they were referred to above as fundamental.

The first and lesser cause may be called the exhaustion of land rights. In former days a citizen of the United States, or an immigrant who had declared his intention of becoming such, had the right to enter three quarter-sections of land, one as a homestead, one as a pre-emption, and one under the timber-culture law. The two "rights" last named no longer exist, the pre-emption and timber-culture laws having been repealed; and for thousands of unfortunates the homestead right has also passed out of existence by use. The land-hunger, which was manifested in such a dramatic way in the mad rush across the Oklahoma prairies a few years ago, is too intense to pay much heed to boundary lines, whether they be interstate or international. Those who have lost both their homes and the right to acquire free land in the United States must either remain homeless or go beyond the bounds of the great Republic; and many of them choose the latter alternative.

Some of the emigrants who have exhausted their land rights in the United States are the reverse of unfortunate, however. They are thrifty fellows, with a keen eye to the main chance, who have acquired the privileges of American citizenship, plus three hundred and twenty or possibly four hundred and eighty acres of fertile land gratis. After keeping it fifteen or twenty years they have sold for forty or fifty dollars per acre the land the government gave them for nothing, and have again changed their allegiance in order to repeat the operation.

The last cause of emigration which I shall name, and the greatest as well, is the practical exhaustion of the public lands which are available for individual settlement and cultivation by ordinary methods. The Commissioner of the General Land Office estimates the total amount of vacant public lands existing in the various states and territories (exclusive of Alaska) at the close of the fiscal year ending June 30, 1894, at 606,040,313 acres. Of this vast total, 475,000,000 acres in round numbers lie in the distinctively arid states. Nearly 114,000,000 acres more lie in the sub-humid states, and the most of this is in the arid portions of those states. Only 17,000,000 acres of public land remain in all the eastern half of the United States. Of this amount 7,819,185 acres are situated in the northern states of Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan and Missouri, and 9,346,743 in the southern states of Arkansas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama and Florida. Minnesota has the largest unsettled area, 5,623,478 acres; but Arkansas is a good second with 4,632,278, these two states containing nearly sixty per cent of all the vacant lands east of the arid region.

Quality is quite as important as quantity, and when from the total amount of vacant public lands we take not only those which are arid, but also all those tracts which are unsuited for agricultural uses because too sandy and barren, too swampy, too stony, too heavily timbered or too rugged and mountainous, the remainder will be found to be startlingly small.

The public lands which are available for individual settlement and suitable for cultivation by ordinary methods are practically exhausted, and it will not be

many months before they are completely exhausted. All the vacant lands in all the states east of the arid region are not equal in area to the lands which have been patented in each of many recent years. At the dawn of the new century the only public lands will be the arid lands.

We can now begin to give an intelligent answer to the second part of the first question, which relates to the permanence of the causes of American emigration. Concerning the permanence of the two causes last named there can be no doubt. There are millions of citizens who no longer have the right to acquire free government lands. When any of these lose their homes, they must either seek new ones in another land or remain homeless. Nothing is more sure than the coming of disasters, involving the loss of homes, to a certain number of men each year. Rather than remain homeless the Anglo-Saxon will go to the ends of the earth; hence the exhaustion of land rights will continue to be a cause of American emigration until the exhaustion of public lands has become complete. The latter cause will continue to operate until the end of time; but its effects will be materially modified by the solution which shall be found for the problems of the arid lands.

Since the only remaining public lands a year or two hence will be the arid lands, the question of the extent to which these lands can be reclaimed and rendered available for settlement becomes one of vital importance, affecting not only the volume of emigration, but the future welfare of the nation. As to the method of reclamation there is no substantial difference of opinion. Some few visionary enthusiasts on the subject of forestry advocate the planting of trees, expecting thereby to increase the rainfall; but a common-sense study of the facts shows that the great plains are treeless for lack of rain, rather than rainless for lack of trees, and proves that reclamation of the arid lands must be accomplished, if at all, by irrigation.

Nor is there any question as to the marvellous results produced by irrigation — results which almost substantiate the claim that "so far from irrigation being a good substitute for rainfall, rainfall is a substitute for irrigation, and a mighty poor one." The history of the irrigation enterprise which has converted a sage-brush desert in southern California into the earthly paradise called Riverside — making lands which were almost absolutely worthless pay fifty per cent on a valuation of $2,000 per acre — reads more like a page from the "Arabian Nights" than the sober record of accomplished facts which it undoubtedly is. Conceding the marvellous character of the past results of irrigation and the boundless possibilities yet to be revealed by the further "Conquest of Arid America" (as set forth in the brilliant article by William E. Smythe in the May *Century*), and having no other end in view than to hasten the reclamation of the arid lands, the writer desires to point out some of the problems which must be solved before these results can be repeated or these possibilities become certainties or even probabilities.

The fundamental problem arises from the divided ownership and control of land and water. Under our laws the ownership of public lands belongs to the nation, and the control of non-navigable streams is vested in the states. Land and water are both useless until brought together; but little has been done so far to bring about the union. Large quantities of land have passed into private ownership, which is of no value without irrigation, and for which no irrigation is possible. It is the attempt to cultivate such lands without irrigation which has wrought so much ruin and destitution in western Kansas and Nebraska.

Another phase of the difficulty arises from the deplorable blunder of using lines of latitude and longitude to divide states and counties. This method is perfectly adapted to humid regions where the land is the basis of value; but it is the worst possible method in the arid region where the basis of value is the water. In many instances the land available for irrigation lies in one county or state and the source of water supply in another, and disputes are constantly arising between the people of different

communities over their respective rights in the use of water. These inter-state and inter-district questions will arise with increasing frequency with the growth of irrigation; and international controversies may arise with Mexico on the one hand and Canada on the other.

To show all that may be involved, suppose that an irrigation enterprise in a certain state builds up a prosperous community, with its homes, its schools, its churches and all the appliances of modern civilization. A little later another series of irrigation canals is built, taking its water supply from a point higher up on the same stream and in another state. Another community grows up, which develops until it uses practically all the water of the stream. What precedent in our jurisprudence, what principle of equity, shall guide the courts in determining which of these two communities of American citizens shall be destroyed? Yet that is precisely the question which must be decided. The agriculture in some parts of the West has been driven into the mountains where it is winter six months in the year, because the farmer so situated knows that no one can locate higher up on the same stream and cut off his supply of water. Millions of dollars have been lost in the arid region, both by western settlers and eastern investors, because of failure to study the records of rainfall, and other millions are likely to be lost in irrigation enterprises which neglect to secure control of the ultimate sources of water supply.

The total area of arid and sub-humid land in the United States is stated by Major Powell to be 763,800,000 acres, of which about 150,000,000 acres have passed into private ownership. Estimates of the available water supply of the arid region vary widely, but all students of the question agree on two points: first, that the amount of arid land is very greatly in excess of the available supply of water for its irrigation, and, second, that the amount which can be reclaimed, taking even the lowest estimate, is ample to support a population as great as the present population of the United States. Major Powell estimates the water supply as theoretically sufficient for 75,000,000 acres, which would be reduced to 40,000,000 acres by practical considerations. In the chaotic condition of our irrigation laws, and because of the divided ownership and control of land and water, the probabilities are that a much smaller area will actually be reclaimed, and that this will consist largely of the poorest instead of the best lands so situated as to be irrigable.

It is said that in Idaho there are 6,000,000 acres of fertile land which could be irrigated from streams which rise in adjoining states. In these states and adjacent to these streams are 1,500,000 acres of land which can be irrigated, but which are less fertile and lie at a much greater elevation. If things were as they should be, the waters of these streams would be used to reclaim the 6,000,000 acres of fertile land in Idaho. Since things are as they are, the waters of these streams will undoubtedly be used to reclaim the 1,500,000 acres of less valuable land in the adjoining states, and the fertile land in Idaho will be doomed to perpetual barrenness for lack of the life-giving water.

This land in Idaho is not only four times as great in area, but by reason of its greater fertility and more favorable climate could support twice as many people per acre as the land in the adjoining states, or eight times as many in all. This nation, great and rich and powerful as it is, cannot afford such a wanton waste of its resources as this; but the coming Congress, like those which have gone before, will doubtless spend a large portion of its time in wrangling over party questions, while the vital problem of the arid lands is left unsolved, and the citizens of the great Republic go in continually increasing numbers to help build up the coming Empire of the North. Idaho cannot afford, none of the western states can afford, to allow their best lands to remain unpeopled and untilled, while the tide of population flows not into them, but past them and even out of them, and tens of thousands of willing workers, who would gladly be American co-operators, are forced to become Canadian competitors instead. But if we are to judge the future by the past, many of the senators

and representatives of those states will spend more time and strength in chasing the *ignis fatuus* of free silver coinage than in securing the reclamation of the arid lands — a matter of infinitely more importance to their respective commonwealths than the tariff and currency combined. But so complicated are the problems of the arid lands that, even if they are attacked both by Congress and the states with all possible energy, it will take many years of legislation and litigation to work out the ultimate solution. And until the ultimate solution is found, and the streams of life-giving water are turned upon the thirsty soil, the outward-flowing stream of emigration from the arid lands will be perennial.

The answer to the first question seems sufficiently complete to warrant the omission of any discussion of the minor causes of emigration which have been mentioned, leaving us free to turn our attention to a consideration of the second question. To the average American the Canadian Northwest is an absolute *terra incognita*. In an article by Mr. C. Wood Davis, in the *Arena* for May, 1891, on the Wheat Supply of Europe and America, the statement was made that to the north of the international boundary there is only a narrow fringe of land capable of producing wheat — a strip so insignificant that it is not worthy of consideration. In an interview with Mr. Blaine, in which the question of a ship canal from the Great Lakes to the sea was under discussion, I found that even a man of such wide and varied information as the great Secretary of State had accepted this ridiculous statement as the truth. The facts are that wheat can be, and for many years has been, successfully grown at Fort Simpson, a Hudson Bay Company post lying at the junction of the Liard and Mackenzie Rivers near the intersection of longitude 122° west and latitude 62° north. If the average citizen of New York ever thinks of Winnipeg at all, he probably has a hazy idea that the capital of Manitoba lies somewhere in the Arctic regions; but Fort Simpson is as far northwest of Winnipeg as Winnipeg is northwest of New York. And not only is wheat raised at this far northwestern point, and wheat of a finer quality than was ever produced in New York state, but rye and oats are grown two hundred miles beyond that, and barley and potatoes are ripened two hundred miles still farther on, at old Fort Good Hope, beyond the Arctic circle.

If the American people had realized the one hundredth part of the marvellous possibilities of the Canadian Northwest, the northern boundary of the United States would have been put at "fifty-four forty," no matter how much of a "fight" had been necessary to fix it in that position.

Canada as a whole is larger than the United States excluding Alaska. The provinces and provisional districts of the Canadian Northwest, corresponding nearly to our states and territories, have an area of 1,262,000 square miles, which is about equal to the whole of the United States east of the Mississippi River plus one tier of states west of it. But we will leave out of present consideration the four hundred thousand square miles of Keewatin, much of which lies in the barren grounds west of Hudson's Bay; the 382,000 square miles of British Columbia, with its untold wealth of forests, fisheries and mines, and its marvellous mountain scenery, because agriculture will never be the principal industry of that beautiful province, and we are considering the question mainly from an agricultural standpoint; and even Athabasca with its area of 122,000 square miles, because American emigration has not yet gone so far afield, there being, in fact, no settlements of any kind except a few trading posts and mission stations.

We have left, then, the province of Manitoba and the districts of Assiniboia, Alberta and Saskatchewan, forming a compact territory, extending about four hundred miles north and south, and nine hundred miles east and west, and embracing an area of 359,000 square miles. If we draw a line through Harper's Ferry from the northern boundary of Pennsylvania to the southern line of Virginia, and take all west of that line to the Missouri River, embracing part of the two states named and all of West Virginia, Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, Illi-

nois, Missouri and Iowa, we shall have an American territory equal in extent and area and in no wise superior in agricultural resources to the Canadian territory under consideration. Of course it is not meant that exactly the same agricultural products will flourish in both these regions. Indian corn and tobacco will probably never be staple crops in the Canadian Northwest, although I have some perfectly ripe corn from the shore of Bittern Lake, in Alberta, and at Lacombe, in the same district, I saw cigars made from home-grown tobacco. But it is claimed that one region will support as large a population as the other.

Climatic conditions are substantially the same throughout this great area, with one important exception. The arid region reaches across the international boundary, and includes in its grasp about 80,000 square miles of Canadian territory. According to Mr. William Pearce, superintendent of mines, the leading Canadian authority on irrigation, the arid region of the Canadian Northwest is bounded on the north by a line beginning where the one hundred and second meridian crosses the international boundary and running northwesterly to latitude 51° 30′ and thence west to the Rocky Mountains. It is estimated that there is a sufficient water supply for the irrigation of 8,000,000 acres; and as each acre irrigated is said to make five additional acres available for pasturage, it seems probable that almost all of the 50,000,000 acres of arid Canadian lands will be reclaimed either for agricultural or pastoral purposes. The Mormons in southern Alberta state that they find the "duty" of water nearly three times as great as it is in Utah, which is a large advantage; but a still greater advantage arises from the fact that both the land and the water are under one control.

An Irrigation Act was passed in 1894 which contains all the provisions which were deemed desirable after a study of the experience of other countries. The most important provision of the act is the one abolishing riparian rights and vesting the control of the water in one strong central authority. This enables the waters of the Canadian arid lands to be so applied that each separate application of any importance will constitute a connecting link in a general scheme, under which the maximum use of all the waters within the limits of the act will ultimately be attained. A comprehensive irrigation survey is being carried out, and provision is made whereby title may be secured to large tracts of land suitable for irrigation. The Canadian Pacific Railway Company will probably take a portion of its land grant *en bloc* instead of in alternate sections. Altogether the irrigation outlook is much brighter in Canada than in the United States, because the chief obstacles to the reclamation of arid America are conspicuous in the Dominion by their absence.

But even if we leave the arid lands of Canada out of the question, we have left two hundred and seventy-nine thousand square miles of land in which irrigation is not required, a region not surpassed in fertility by any area of similar size on the face of the globe.

Desiring to get a glimpse of the new gold fields around Rainy Lake, I entered Canadian territory at Fort Frances, at the outlet of that irregular and beautiful sheet of water. Here in the middle of September I found ripe tomatoes in great profusion, and a few days later found them plentiful at Rat Portage at the northern end of the Lake of the Woods. I do not remember that they were on the table in Winnipeg; but both tomatoes and cucumbers were served on the dining-cars going west from that city, and when, after spending some time in the grazing country, I reached Edmonton on the North Saskatchewan in the middle of October, I found the hotel tables graced with great platters full of the red, ripe slices of my favorite relish.

Although the fair was over, the display was still in position awaiting the inspection of the Governor-General and Lady Aberdeen, who were expected a day or two later. I had read much and written something concerning the "Possibilities of the Great Northwest,"* but what I saw was a revelation. It would be wearisome to give a mere list of the farm and

*See *Review of Reviews*, November, 1893.

garden products shown. So far as variety was concerned, it might have been a display from one of the best counties in Ohio, except for the absence of grapes, apples and corn; and as for size and quality, I have never seen anything in Ohio to equal it. There were three cabbages which together weighed one hundred and twenty-six pounds, not coarse, overgrown things, but as sound and solid and fine-grained as though they had weighed but six pounds each, instead of forty-two. The prize potatoes weighed four pounds and a quarter each, and those which weighed only three were so plentiful that no attention was paid to them. Forty bushels of wheat, sixty of barley and one hundred of oats were common crops on well-tilled farms, and individual yields of eighty-five bushels of barley and one hundred and twenty-four of oats were well authenticated. I brought back with me, and still have, a sample of oats for which a yield per acre so phenomenal was claimed that I shall not publish the figures; but the specimen has characteristics which would make it remarkable whether the yield were two bushels or two hundred. The grain stood five feet six inches high, the heads are more than twelve inches long, and each chaff-case, when opened, is found to contain not one nor two, but three perfect kernels of oats. Nor is it alone the hardier grains and common vegetables which thrive in this far northern land. I have already spoken of the tomatoes, and a hint may be given of that which space is lacking to describe, when I state that at the fair at Gladstone, Manitoba, there were exhibited a watermelon weighing seventy-five pounds and a citron weighing twenty-six.

It is worth while to state briefly some of the reasons which make possible the same productions from Rainy Lake a thousand miles or more northwest to Edmonton, and still farther on, — for soil and climate are as good at Fort Vermilion on the Peace River, three hundred and fifty miles north of Edmonton, as at the latter place. Let it be understood, too, that the conclusions of this article are not based upon the observations of a single year. Edmonton has been a trading post for a hundred years or more, and there are farmers in the neighborhood who have been tilling the soil of the Saskatchewan valley for the past twenty years. The facts are beyond dispute. Now for a few words as to the theory.

Altitude affects climate no less than latitude, and the great continental plain of North America decreases steadily in altitude from south to north. In Mexico it is two miles high. Denver is 5,200 feet above sea level, while Edmonton is but 2,158. The valley of the Peace River at Fort Vermilion is but 1,000 feet, and Fort Simpson on the Mackenzie is but 300 feet above the Arctic Ocean.

The great Japan current, the Gulf Stream of the Pacific, is caught by the Aleutian peninsula and turned southward along the coast of Alaska and British Columbia, modifying the climate of the Pacific coast just as the Gulf Stream modifies that of England and Norway. Ice thick enough to skate on is seen at Sitka only once or twice in a generation.

The Rocky Mountains, which in Colorado stand twenty degrees away from the coast, are but ten degrees away in latitude 56°, and the pass by which the Peace River breaks its way through the Rocky range from west to east is but 2,800 feet above sea level, or more than a mile lower than the summit station on the Union Pacific railway in Wyoming. Across this mountain barrier, so much diminished both in width and height, come the warm Pacific winds which make the climate of Edmonton actually milder than that of Winnipeg.

It is not meant by this mention of the Pacific winds to convey the idea that the region about Edmonton is subject to severe winds, for the absence of wind is one of the most remarkable features of this surprising climate. Only once in the year 1893 did the velocity of the wind at Edmonton exceed twelve miles per hour, and then it was only twenty-one. But the conditions are exactly the reverse at Fort McLeod in the ranch country three hundred miles farther south. Edmonton is more than two hundred miles from the mountains, while Fort McLeod is but thirty, and there are five passes

which seem to radiate from that luckless town as from a common centre. When the winds come roaring down from all the five at once, — and that is the usual condition of things, — each striving to outdo the rest in fury, the result is more easily imagined than described, and much pleasanter to hear of than to experience. Yet it is this constant wind which makes this region possible for ranching, for it sweeps the ranges clear of snow so the herds can feed and fatten on the grass, self-cured upon the stalk.

Another factor in the climate, and one which gives an explanation of the extraordinarily rapid growth of vegetation in far northern lands, is the increased length of the summer days in high latitudes. In central Ohio the longest day is fifteen hours; but Edmonton has over two hours and Fort Simpson four hours more sunshine than this. Under the influence of this long-continued sunshine, vegetation is urged forward at a rate unknown in lower latitudes. Archbishop Clut states that the trees about Fort Simpson pass in a single week from bud to perfect leaf; and I have seen soft-maple trees at Moosepaw which have made a growth of more than five feet in a season.

A word must be said about the winters, concerning which there is so much misapprehension. No true conception of the comfort or discomfort of any given climate can be obtained from a record of temperature alone. Humidity is of as much, if not more, importance; and the velocity of the wind must not be left out of the account. In the crisp, dry atmosphere of the Northwest the writer has experienced temperatures of 40° below zero without discomfort, and, while wearing exactly the same clothing as in the other case, has been chilled to the marrow in the moisture-laden air of the Atlantic coast when the thermometer registered 10° above. The winters are no longer in the valley of the North Saskatchewan than in Iowa, and, if anything, are more enjoyable, because there is so much less wind. In that respect Manitoba is more like the Dakotas; but around Edmonton the blizzard is unknown.

The question of a market is one of great importance. Edmonton is a thousand miles from Winnipeg by rail, and it is obvious that the farmer about Edmonton cannot raise wheat in competition with the Manitoba grain grower who is so much nearer to Liverpool; but I firmly believe that this will ultimately prove to be an advantage rather than a drawback. If we take up our compasses again, we shall see that when Churchill Harbor, on Hudson Bay, has been developed into a great seaport, with lines of railway radiating south and west, Edmonton will be more nearly on an equality with Winnipeg. This Hudson Bay outlet is the dream of the whole Canadian Northwest, for Churchill Harbor is nearer to Liverpool than New York is, and work is now in progress on a railroad from Winnipeg to this point. Edmonton will some day be a station on a line which will reach the Pacific through the lowest pass in all the Rocky range.

But these things lie some distance in the future, and present developments must be made in accordance with present conditions. Present conditions compel the settler to turn his attention to mixed farming rather than to wheat growing, and to ship finished products in the shape of cattle, hogs, butter and cheese, rather than raw material. The development of lumbering and mining in British Columbia will give an ever-increasing market toward the west, which may possibly be extended also by the opening of China to foreign trade, which is one of the probable results of the recent war.

Speaking generally, the southern portion of the territory under consideration consists of treeless plains, the northern portion is wooded, while the central portion is a combination of groves and open glades and lakes, park-like in its beauty and perfectly adapted to agricultural needs.

The fuel question is easily disposed of, for the whole country seems to be underlaid with coal, varying in quality from lignite in Manitoba to anthracite of the highest grade in the mountains. On the Red Deer River there is a vein fifty-eight feet thick, and in the Crow's Nest Pass there is a series of superimposed veins having a total thickness of one

hundred and fifty feet. In many places the farmers get their supply of fuel without other cost than the labor of digging it out of the banks of the nearest stream; and coal mined directly under the town is delivered at Edmonton for $2 per ton.

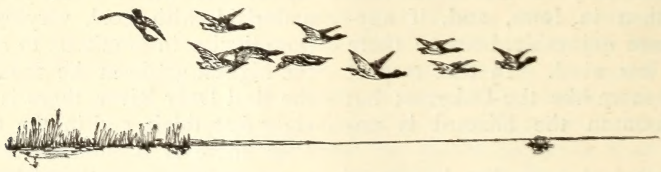
The last-named town has been so frequently mentioned chiefly because the bulk of the American emigration during the last two years has been going into the region reached by the railway running north from Calgary to Edmonton. The number of American settlers reported by the Travelling Immigration Agent as going north on the trains from Calgary in 1894 is almost the same as the total number of homesteaders reported by the Commissioner of Dominion Lands. In former years American settlers in considerable numbers have gone into the country around Prince Albert, in Saskatchewan, which is reached by a branch line from the Canadian Pacific, and also to points in Assiniboia on the proposed extension of the Manitoba and Northern Railway beyond Yorkton. When financial conditions shall warrant additional railway extensions, the tide of settlement will be turned into other districts thus made accessible.

One part of the second question has been answered, and the other part can be answered in a line; for the total population in this great area of 359,000 square miles was but 219,305 in 1891, of whom 152,506 were in Manitoba. The stream of American emigration will be perennial, and it will continue to flow into the Canadian Northwest.

Carlyle once said to an American visitor: "In my opinion the prosperity of the United States is not due to your republican institutions, but to the fact that you have a very great deal of land for a very few people." He was right. The "conquest of a virgin continent" has been the fundamental reason for the growth of this great nation. We stand face to face to-day with conditions so radically new that it will demand a higher order of statesmanship to carry the great Republic through the coming century in prosperity and peace than has been needed in the past to bring it to its present power.

Two lessons seem to be too plain to need a word of argument. We must turn back the ever-rising tide of immigration, and hasten the reclamation of our arid lands. Meanwhile it is a cause for gratitude rather than of regret, that so large an area of fertile lands lies vacant at our doors. To view the matter from no higher standpoint, the unoccupied lands of the Canadian Northwest will act as a safety-valve which will prevent the pressure of population from reaching the danger point while we are adjusting ourselves to new conditions.

For Canada the hour of destiny has struck. She has the physical basis for an empire; and the stream of immigration which has now begun will swell into a mighty movement of population like that by which our central West was occupied, until her fertile lands shall be the home of millions of prosperous people. Thus far American immigrants are largely in excess of those from other lands outside of the British Empire, and American thought will have a mighty influence in moulding the character of the coming commonwealths of the Canadian Northwest. The English-speaking immigrants outnumber many fold all those of other tongues; and thus it is made sure that both the great Republic and the nascent nation of the North will be loyal to the ideals of constitutional liberty and, standing side by side, will work together to advance that Anglo-Saxon civilization which seems destined to dominate the world.



OVERCAST.

By Laura Spencer Portor.

THE broad night skies are filled with white and fleecy clouds like sheep,
While flashing like a lantern, in and out, one lonely star
In some cloud-shepherd's hand, who leaves the flock and climbs the steep
To seek perchance a little lost cloud which has wandered far.

THE BOSTON SUBWAY AND OTHERS.

By Frank Foxcroft.

ONE hundred years ago, about one thirtieth of the population of the United States lived in cities. To-day the urban residents number between one fourth and one third of the total. With a single exception the urban population has gained upon the rural in every decade of the century; but in no period was the increase so considerable as in the interval between the last two censuses. We are only just beginning to face in this country the conditions incident to congested city populations, with which Europe has long been familiar. The latest statistics show that in Austria thirty-eight per cent, in Germany forty-four per cent, and in Italy fifty-two per cent of the people live in cities. In



TREMONT STREET AS IT IS TO-DAY.



MANSION HOUSE STATION, LONDON UNDERGROUND RAILWAY.

England and Wales, at the last census, the urban population was to the rural as two and one half to one. Not only do the cities grow more rapidly than the villages, but usually the rate of gain is largest in the larger cities. All the problems of city life — housing, drainage, sanitation, water supply and the rest — become more difficult and complex with the growth of population.

Not the least serious of the problems thus intensified is that of street traffic and transit. Street lines are fixed by the convenience or necessities of the earlier residents, who rarely have the breadth of vision essential to enable them to forecast the needs of their successors. Once definitely fixed by buildings, these lines can be altered and enlarged only at heavy cost. Streets which were ample for the demands of a more moderate and tranquil life become choked with traffic. If the population seeks relief in residence at some distance from the shops and marts, it still must get to and from the places where it transacts business. Street-car lines, therefore, converge from various suburban points upon the crowded city centre, and increase the congestion and confusion already existing there. When lateral expansion is no longer possible, the only practicable relief is to carry a part of the travel overhead or underground.

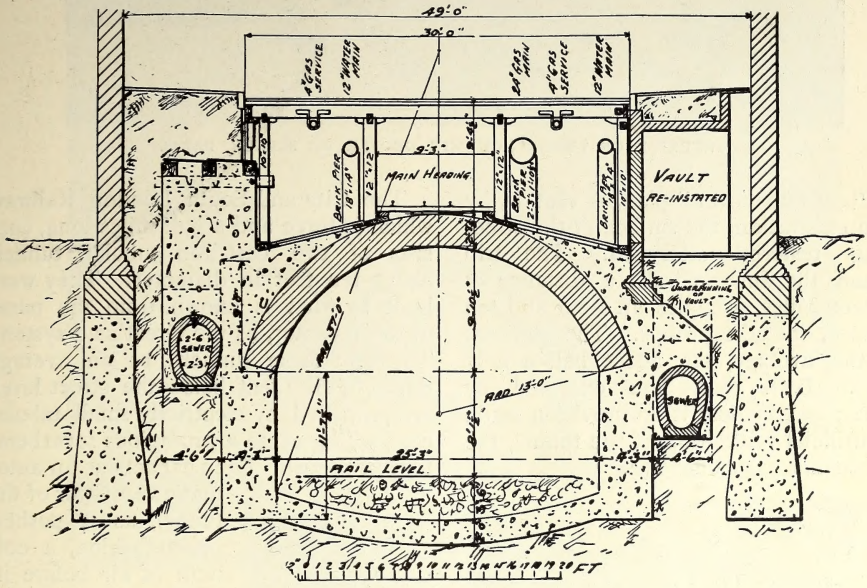
In Boston, the necessity of diminishing the pressure of traffic in crowded thoroughfares and of providing means for more regular and rapid transit by street cars has been apparent to every one for a long time. The remedies proposed were numerous, — belt lines, elevated railways, street widenings, alley routes, the carving up of the Common, and what not. Discussion was active; commissions investigated and reported; but public opinion was hopelessly confused, and any solution of the difficulty seemed far away until the Legislature of 1894 surprised itself and the community, in the closing hours of its session, by passing an act authorizing the construction of a subway. The act was accepted by the people of the city at a special election; the Transit Commission for which it made provision was appointed; and after eight months spent in preliminary plans, investigations and surveys, the contract for the first section was awarded, and the first shovelful of earth from the excavation was turned on the twenty-eighth of March of the present year.

The subway is not the solution of the rapid transit problem for Boston, but it is the beginning of the solution. It is the first practical step toward the relief of the over-crowded streets. The rapidly extending application of electricity to street railways during the past few years has only made more evident the impossibil-

ity of accommodating the volume of street traffic in the down-town streets. It was of little use slightly to accelerate the speed of transportation along routes farther from the centre, if all that had been gained was to be lost as the centre was approached by conditions which required the trolley cars to move at a snail's pace, with frequent halts, and an involved and time-consuming system of switching and crossing of tracks. The more cars that were run into the city, through the opening up of new lines or additions made to the service of old ones, in response to the demands of the public, the more serious the difficulty became.

Clearly no system of surface transportation, whatever the motive power, could avail to meet the difficulty. The logic of the situation compelled a two-story street; but it was disputed whether the added story should be above or under the surface. So far as the route from Park Square or the junction of Shawmut Avenue and Tremont Street to the Union Station is concerned, the subway is a response in favor of the latter alternative.

A subway is not a new expedient for transit through crowded streets. There are three underground roads in operation in the city of London, one in Glasgow, one in Liverpool under the Mersey, and two in Paris, — namely the Chemin de Fer de Ceinture, which is a combination of surface road, open cut tunnel and viaduct, and the Chemin de Fer de Sceaux, which is but just completed. There are at least six other tunnels for street traffic under construction in Europe, two in London, three in Glasgow, and one in Buda-Pesth. A brief recapitulation of some of the results of these foreign experiments may make more intelligible the plans adopted for the Boston subway.



CANNON STREET TUNNEL, LONDON.

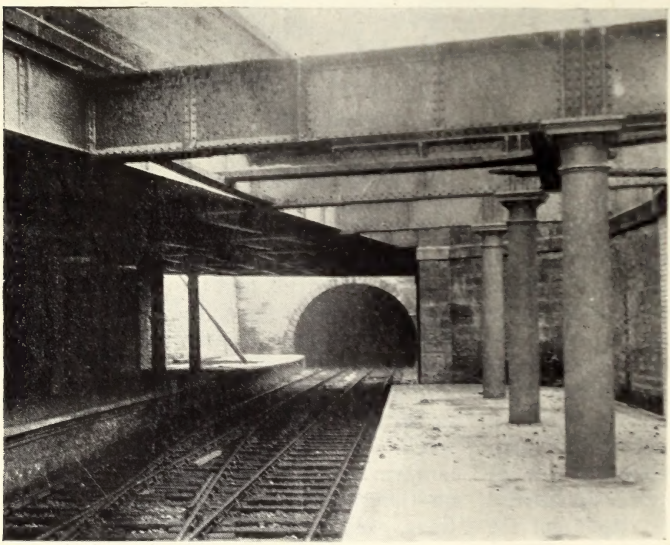
There are three underground railways in London: the Metropolitan, the Metropolitan District, and the City and South London; two others, the Waterloo and City Railway and the Central London, are under construction; and five others are proposed. The first two named have between them about one hundred miles of track. Not all of this is underground, however. In the suburbs the tracks are on the surface. The underground portions, except where tunnelling was made necessary by great depth, were built by



INTERIOR OF TUNNEL, CHEMIN DE FER DE SCEAUX, PARIS.

the "cut and cover" plan, — that is, by open excavation, the surface of the street being restored afterward. The trip around the Inner Circle, a distance of thirteen miles, occupies an hour and ten minutes, including stops. The stations, on the average, are about half a mile apart. Both roads are operated by steam; and as there is no provision made for artificial ventilation of the tunnel, the air becomes very offensive.

The City and South London Railway, which is three and a half miles long, consists of two cast-iron tubular tunnels about ten feet in diameter. They were built by what is known, from the name of the inventor, as the Greathead system. Through these tunnels, at an average depth of fifty feet below the street level, are propelled by electricity small tubular cars, which cause a prodigious reverberation in transit. Each car acts as an automatic ventilator of the tunnel, as it pushes, piston-fashion, a column of air before it, leaving a vacuum to be supplied by fresh air which draws in behind. This process, together with the absence of smoke, keeps the air in the tunnel pure; but that in the cars is vitiated, as the cars are too small to permit a generous allowance of air per passenger, and it is necessary to keep them closed because of draught occasioned by the motion.



QUEEN'S DOCK STATION, GLASGOW CENTRAL RAILWAY.

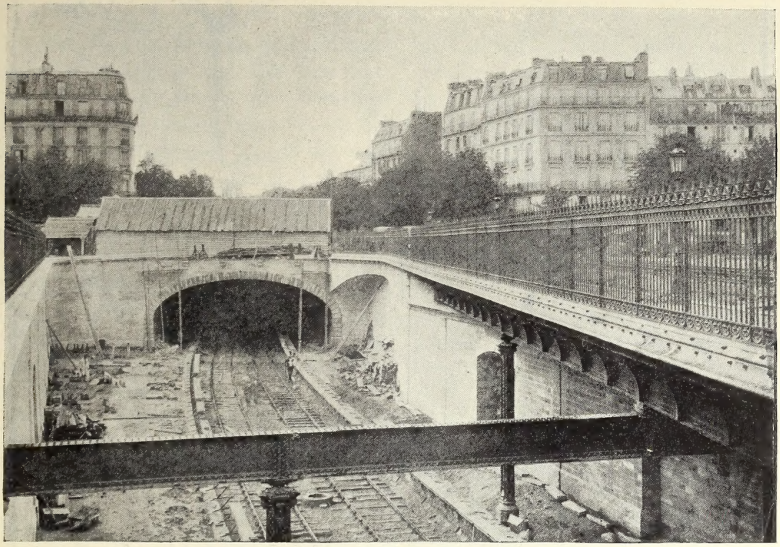
Glasgow has one

underground railway in operation, and two well advanced in construction, besides a roadway tunnel under the Clyde. The Glasgow City and District Railway is a little more than three miles long, and has been in operation since 1886. It was three years in building. The general type of construction is a brick arch, with a clear span of twenty-six or twenty-seven feet. The road is double-track. One third of the line was built by tunnelling, partly through solid rock and partly through clay mixed with sand, one hundred feet below the street level. Of the remainder, about three quarters of a mile was built in open cut, and the rest by cut and cover. Steam is the motive power.

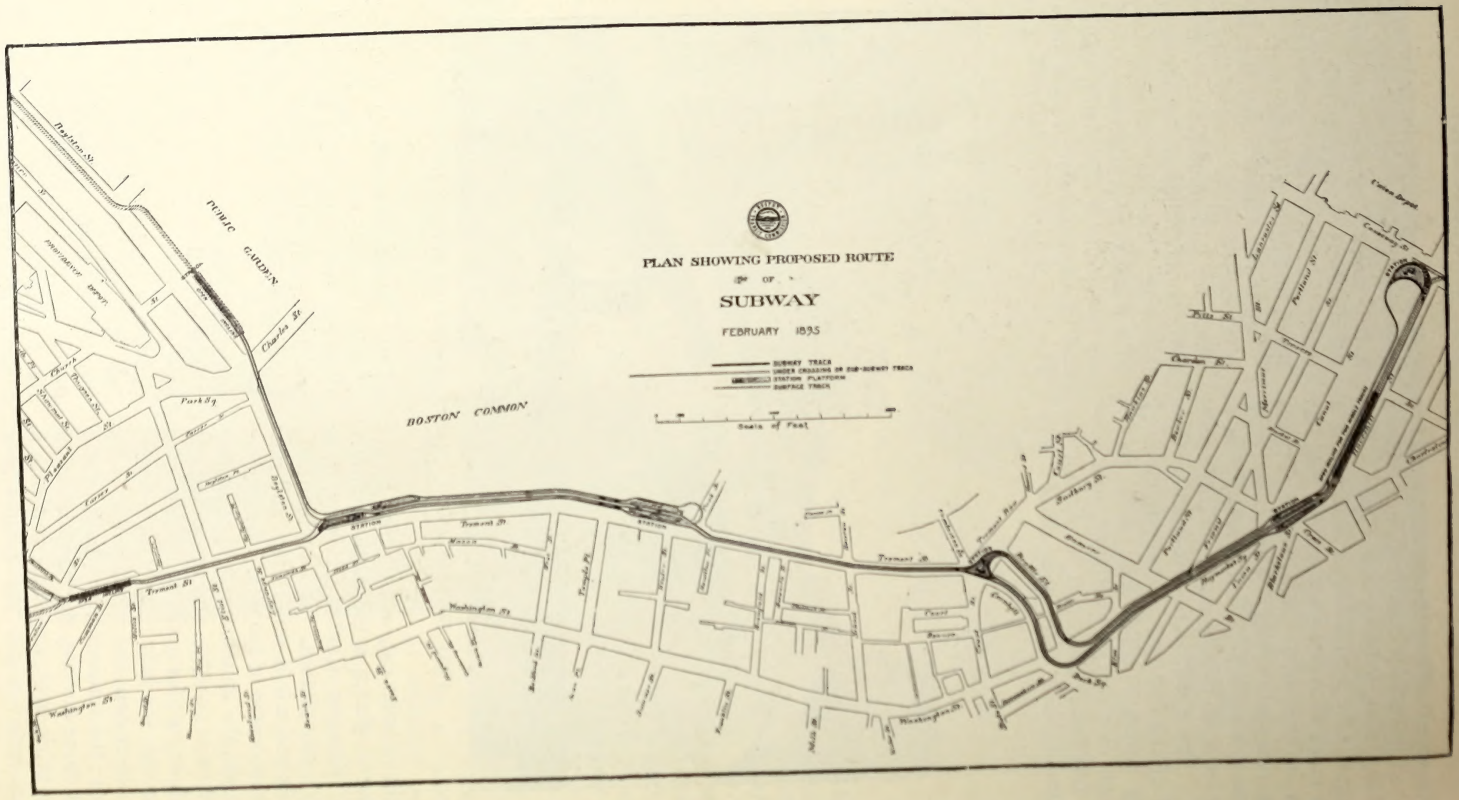
The Glasgow Central Railway, now nearing completion, is double-track, about six and a half miles long, and runs under the centre of the city. Because of quicksands, the structure was kept as near the surface as possible, and tunnelling was avoided, except for about four fifths of a mile through the hilly district at the west end. About two and a half miles is an open cut; the remainder was built by the cut and cover method, the typical section being a brick arch, supplemented with a concrete invert where the ground was soft.

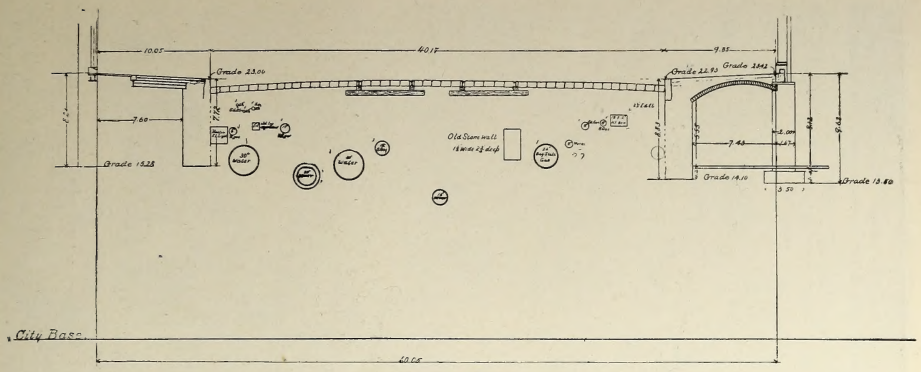
The Glasgow District Subway, which is also nearly ready for opening, is six and a half miles long, and consists, most of the distance, of two cast-iron tubes. The motive power will be a cable running at a speed of fifteen miles an hour.

There is a tunnel under the Mersey at Liverpool, about four miles long, through which are laid double tracks connecting the several railways on either side of the river. The section is a brick arch with a span of twenty-six feet. There are two stations completely underground and somewhat more than a mile apart. The tunnel is chiefly interesting because of the attempt which is made at mechanical ventilation. At each station there are ventilating fans at the surface, which connect with a circular ventilating heading seven feet in diameter, which has cross openings into the tunnel at intervals. The fans work on the vacuum principle, and draw air from the tunnel at these points, fresh air to supply the deficiency passing down through the two stations. It seems to be nearly impossible, however, to ventilate thoroughly a tunnel through which trains are run by steam; and the air in the Mersey tunnel is far from good, in spite of the system of ventilation adopted. The de-



PORT ROYAL STATION, CHEMIN DE FER DE SCEAUX, PARIS.

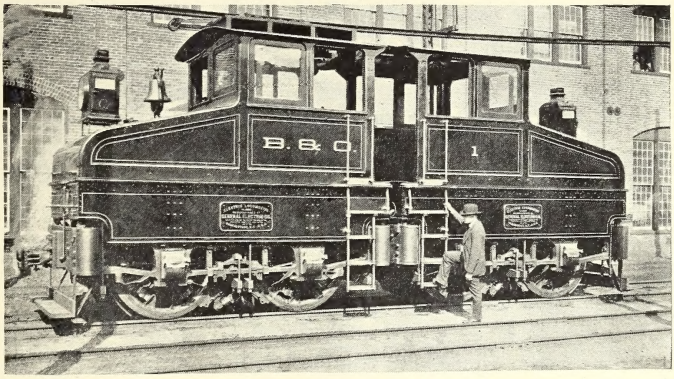

PLAN SHOWING PROPOSED ROUTE
OF
SUBWAY
FEBRUARY 1895
SUBWAY TRACK
UNDER CROSSING OR SUB-SURFACE TRACK
STATION PLATFORM
SURFACE TRACK
Scale of Feet
BOSTON COMMON
PUBLIC GARDEN
Charles St
Park Sq
Tremont St
Washington St
Boylston St
Arlington St
Berkeley St
Clarendon St
Dartmouth St
Harrison Ave
Albany St
Kneeland St
Beach St
Lincoln St
Hudson St
Oak Sq
Allston St
Portland St
Causeway St
Union Park
Traverse St
Pleasant St
Chambers St
Essex St
Lagrange St
Piedmont St
Stuart St
Boylston St
Arlington St
Washington St
Tremont St
Boylston St
Park Sq
Public Garden
Charles St
Boston Common
Tremont St
Washington St
Kneeland St
Beach St
Lincoln St
Hudson St
Oak Sq
Allston St
Portland St
Causeway St
Union Park
Traverse St
Pleasant St
Chambers St
Essex St
Lagrange St
Piedmont St
Stuart St
Boylston St
Arlington St
Washington St
Berkeley St
Clarendon St
Dartmouth St
Harrison Ave
Albany St



SECTION OF STREET.

signs for the Boston subway contemplate the use of ventilating fans, the fresh air being drawn in at the stations, somewhat after the Liverpool plan; but the problem is greatly simplified by the absence of steam and smoke. The stations of the Mersey tunnel are eighty to ninety feet underground, and access to them is had by elevators.

The tunnel portion of the line of the Chemin de Fer de Sceaux at Paris, although it is but six thousand two hundred and forty feet long, is pronounced by Mr. William Barclay Parsons, chief engineer of the New York Rapid Transit Commission, the most important piece of underground construction in Europe, regarded as a model, as it is the only case where an attempt has been made to produce a really handsome structure. The illustrations showing the Port Royal station and the interior of the tunnel indicate the character of the construction. In general, the tunnel consists of stone side walls with a stone arch, though where head-room was very limited iron cross girders with brick jack arches were used. The tunnel is double-track, and is built under the Rue Denfert-Rocheran and the Boulevard St. Michel to the Gardens of the Luxembourg. Toward the Luxembourg end two side tracks have been added, giving the tunnel a width of nearly fifty feet, which is spanned by a single arch. The maximum depth below the street surface is thirty-four feet, but for the most of the way the engineers kept as near the surface as was possible. The method of cut and cover construction was followed along the whole route. The side walls were first built, and the arch then turned, one half of the street at a time, the other half being left free for traffic. The Boulevard St. Michel is forty-six feet wide between curbs, and has two sidewalks twenty-six feet wide. While the tunnel was in process of construction, one half of the



ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE.

BUILT BY THE GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY FOR SUBWAY WORK.



TREMONT STREET WITH AN ELEVATED ROAD.

street and one sidewalk were always free for the street traffic, including a street-car line. When one half of the arch was completed it was back filled and the surface of the street temporarily restored. The traffic was then moved over, and the other half of the arch put in place. This was done not only with the arching, but with the girders when they were used. These were spliced at the centre after being put in place. The stations are designed with a view not only to convenience, but to architectural attractiveness.

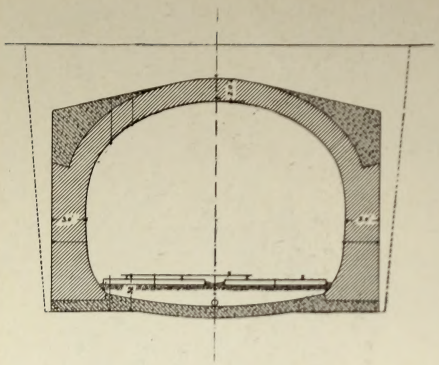
Two experiments in undergound construction on this side of the Atlantic suggest comparison with the Boston subway. The Howard Street tunnel of the Baltimore Belt Railroad is of about the same length, and the motive power, as in Boston, is to be electricity. It is not, however, designed for street-car traffic, but for passing the trains of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad through the city; and in place of the ordinary electric motors, giant electric locomotives are to be used. The whole length of the line is seven miles, but that part of it which lies in the double-track tunnel under Howard Street is eight thousand three hundred and fifty feet long. About one seventh of it was built by excavation from the surface, as in Boston, but the remainder was made by tunnelling, the roof of the tunnel being from ten to fifty feet below the surface of the street. Quicksands and treacherous clay made the work of the engineers a difficult one. The tunnel was begun in 1890, and was completed the present year. Electric locomotives are to haul the trains, engine and all, through the tunnel. They are of the type shown on page 199; but are more than twice as heavy, weighing ninety-six tons, while that in the illustration weighs but forty tons. Three years ago the heaviest electric locomotive made weighed but twenty-one and one half tons; so that it will be seen that rapid progress



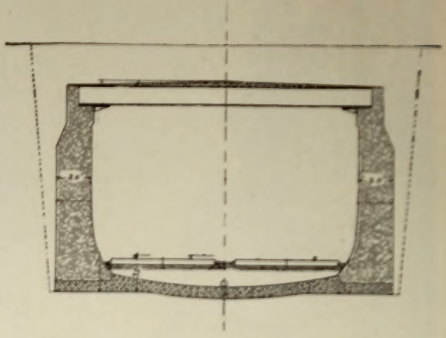
TREMONT STREET WITH THE SUBWAY IN USE.

has been made in a short time in the application of electricity as a motive power. The power for the locomotive is furnished by two six-pole axle motors to each truck. These motors are flexibly supported, and transmit their power to the wheels by means of flexible connections. The locomotive is designed to run in either direction equally well, and its cab has windows on all sides, so that an unobstructed view may be obtained. The length of the locomotive is thirty-four feet six inches, and it can be run at a speed of fifty miles an hour.

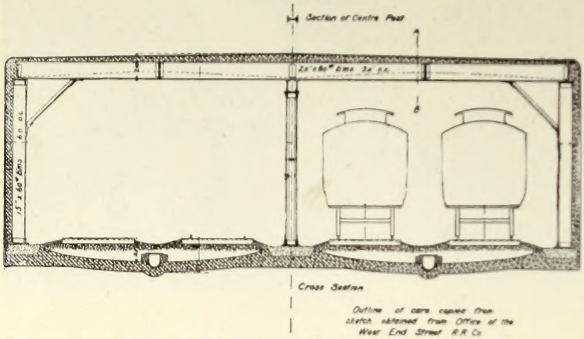
The proposed rapid transit road in New York is a larger enterprise than the Boston subway. It is to extend from the Battery under Broadway, and under and along the Boulevard on the west side to 185th Street. On the east side it diverges from the Broadway line at 14th Street, runs under Union Square to Fourth Avenue, thence under Fourth and Park Avenues to 98th Street, thence by viaduct along Park Avenue to the Harlem River, by a bridge across the Harlem River, and thence to 146th Street. There are also to be several loops and branches. The tracks are to be placed in tunnels in all cases, save that they will be carried in a viaduct on the west side route between 124th and 134th Streets, and on the east side route from 98th Street to the Harlem River, and from the Harlem River to 146th Street. The tracks are to be of standard gauge, twelve and one half feet in width being allowed for each track in the tunnels and on the viaduct. The tunnels will be not less than twelve feet high in the clear, and their width will vary from twenty-five to seventy feet. The roof is to be as near the surface as street conditions and grades will permit; and the total depth of excavation will be, in general, about eighteen feet. The general mode of operation will be by electricity or some other power not requiring combustion



CROSS SECTION FOR TWO-TRACK SUBWAY.
ALL MASONRY CONSTRUCTION.



CROSS SECTION FOR TWO-TRACK SUBWAY.
MASONRY SIDES AND STEEL ROOF CONSTRUCTION.



CROSS SECTION FOR FOUR-TRACK SUBWAY.
ALL STEEL CONSTRUCTION.

within the tunnels. That part of the road which is to be underground is about fifteen and one half miles long.

The subways and tunnels abroad are either cast-iron tubes, like that of the City and South London Railway, or are built with a brick or, in the case of the Paris subway, a stone arch. But the masonry arch is open to the objection that it becomes unstable if the lateral pressure is removed, as is likely to be the case when new sewers are built or other sub-surface construction is undertaken. For this reason the Boston commission adopted as its standard of construction steel embedded in cement, with arches of brick or concrete turned between the steel girders. The wisdom of this plan has since been confirmed by the engineering experts engaged upon the New York subway project, who have recommended the same method of construction there. The surface which will present itself to passengers through the subway will be that of gray cement, except at the stations, where the walls will be of enamelled brick, giving a lighter effect. But the subway will be well lighted throughout its whole length, so that the hue of the surface will be of little importance.

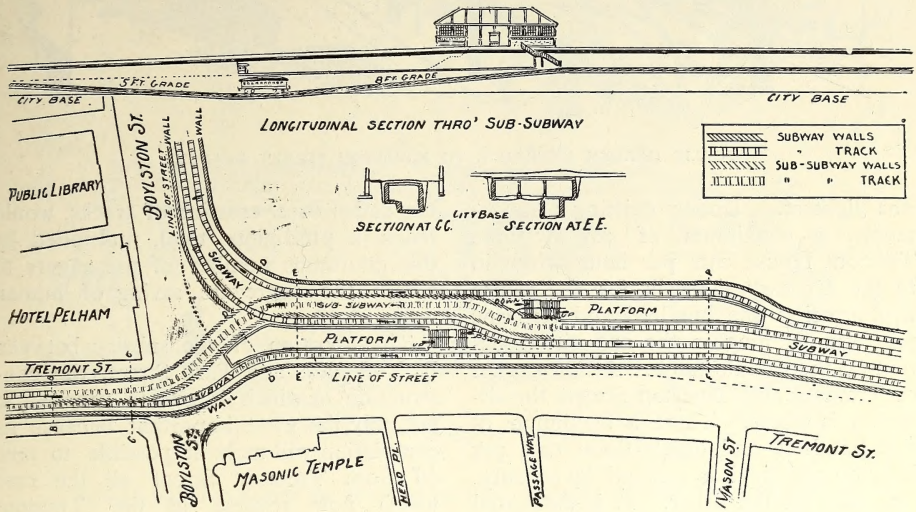
The route of the subway extends from the junction of Shawmut Avenue and Tremont Street, down Tremont Street to Boylston, thence under the mall of the Common to Park Street Church, thence under Tremont Street to Scollay Square, and from that square to a terminal opposite the Union Station. A branch begins in the Public Garden opposite Church Street, and runs under Charles Street and the Boylston Street mall of the Common to a junction with the other line. The length of the subway from either entrance to the terminal at the Union Station is about one and one third miles. Where there are four tracks, as between Boylston Street and Park Street Church, the subway will be forty-eight feet wide; where there are two tracks it will be twenty-four feet wide. The roof will be at least three feet below the surface, and the distance from the roof to the tracks fourteen feet. As the

station platform will be at the level of the lower step of a car, the distance which a passenger must descend from the street will be but sixteen feet.

A car running, let us say, from Cambridge to Park Street Church will enter the subway down the open incline in the Public Garden; will pass under Charles Street and the Boylston Street mall of the Common, through what is in effect a street twenty-four feet wide; will stop first at the station at the corner of Tremont and Boylston Streets, where passengers will alight on an island platform — *i. e.*, a platform with tracks on both sides of it; and will ascend to the street level without crossing any track. tion, it would have continued along the subway after leaving the Park Street station, stopping at the stations at Scollay Square and Haymarket Square, to the terminal on Causeway Street.

The section of the subway from the Public Garden entrance to Park Street Church was begun first because for cars which will use the loop it can be put in operation as soon as completed. This will materially relieve the congestion of Tremont Street. The contract calls for the completion of this section, exclusive of the stations, by November 30 of the present year.

The relief that will be experienced when the cars are taken from the sur-



STUDY FOR STATION ON TREMONT, NEAR BOYLSTON STREET, SHOWING SEPARATION OF GRADES BY SUB-SUBWAY.

The car, now running on one of four tracks, in a sub-street forty-eight feet wide, with a row of steel columns through the centre, will not stop until it reaches the station between Temple Place and Winter Street. There it will discharge its passengers on a platform one hundred and eighty feet long and twenty or thirty feet wide. The car will then pass on empty round the Park Street loop, and without any shifting of the trolley it will come around to the opposite side of the platform, in readiness to take on passengers for its outward trip. If the car had been bound for the Union Station face of Tremont Street is suggested by the series of illustrations which show, first, Tremont Street near the Granary Burying-Ground as it is now; secondly, the same locality as it would look if a structure like that of the Manhattan elevated railroad were built over it; and, thirdly, that part of the street as it will appear when the tracks are removed and the cars run through the subway. The first of these views gives an inadequate idea of the confusion and delays incident to the present system of switching at that point. Possibly the photograph was taken at an hour when the traffic

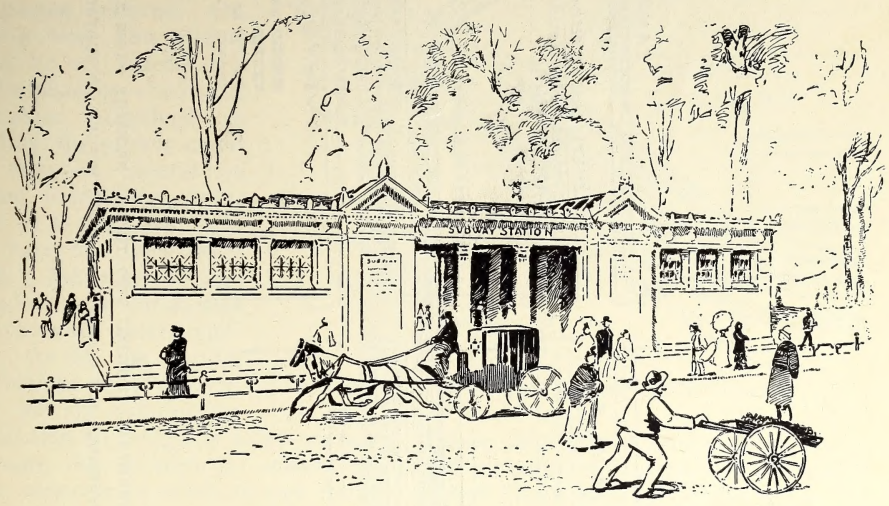


PUBLIC GARDEN ENTRANCE TO BOYLSTON STREET BRANCH.

was lightest. Under existing arrangements, a maximum of seventy-three Tremont House cars per hour switch in to the Granary sidewalk for the return trip, crossing one hundred and ten cars per hour running in the opposite direction on the middle track. At the corner of Tremont and Boylston Streets the situation is worse. There a maximum of one hundred and eighty-three cars per hour on one track is crossed by seventy-one cars on the other. It is estimated that one car crossing the track of another occasions as much delay as four additional cars on the track crossed. The present arrangement therefore imposes the equivalent of four hundred and two cars per hour on the track at the Granary Burying-Ground, and of four hundred and sixty-seven cars per hour on the track at the corner of Tremont and Boylston Streets. This enormous waste of time will be wholly obviated by the subway, within which no car will cross the track of another at grade. In round numbers, thirty million passengers per annum are now carried over some part of this route. The number of minutes saved by each car in its rapid transit through the subway, without interruption by street blockades or a crossing of tracks, would reach a prodigious total, multiplied by this enormous number of passengers to obtain the aggregate saving of human time.

That portion of the subway between Park Square and Park Street, the construction of which is now in progress, is not only the most important because its completion will make it possible to take off from Tremont Street all the cars which now reverse at the Tremont House site, but it is by far the easiest of construction. Most of its course is under the malls of the Common, and the engineering problems involved in its building are of the simplest. When the excavation begins on Tremont Street north of Park Street, new difficulties will be encountered, incident to underground work in a street that cannot be closed to travel, and where pipes, sewers and other sub-surface obstructions must be encountered. Careful surveys have been made, the results of which indicate that the engineering difficulties can be overcome. Borings have been made along the line at intervals of about fifty feet, which show the precise character of the soil to be met with at each portion of the line.

The foundations of buildings along the route have been examined, and excavations have been made in nearly every cellar to determine the character and depth of the foundations. From the measurements made, cross sections of the streets have been drawn, indicating the character and dimensions of the foundations on each side, together with the position and size of pipes, sewers and other obstructions. On page 199 is shown one of these cross sections. The position of pipes and sewers has been further determined by tunnels, which were carried under Tremont Street at Park Street and at Scollay Square, and under Washington

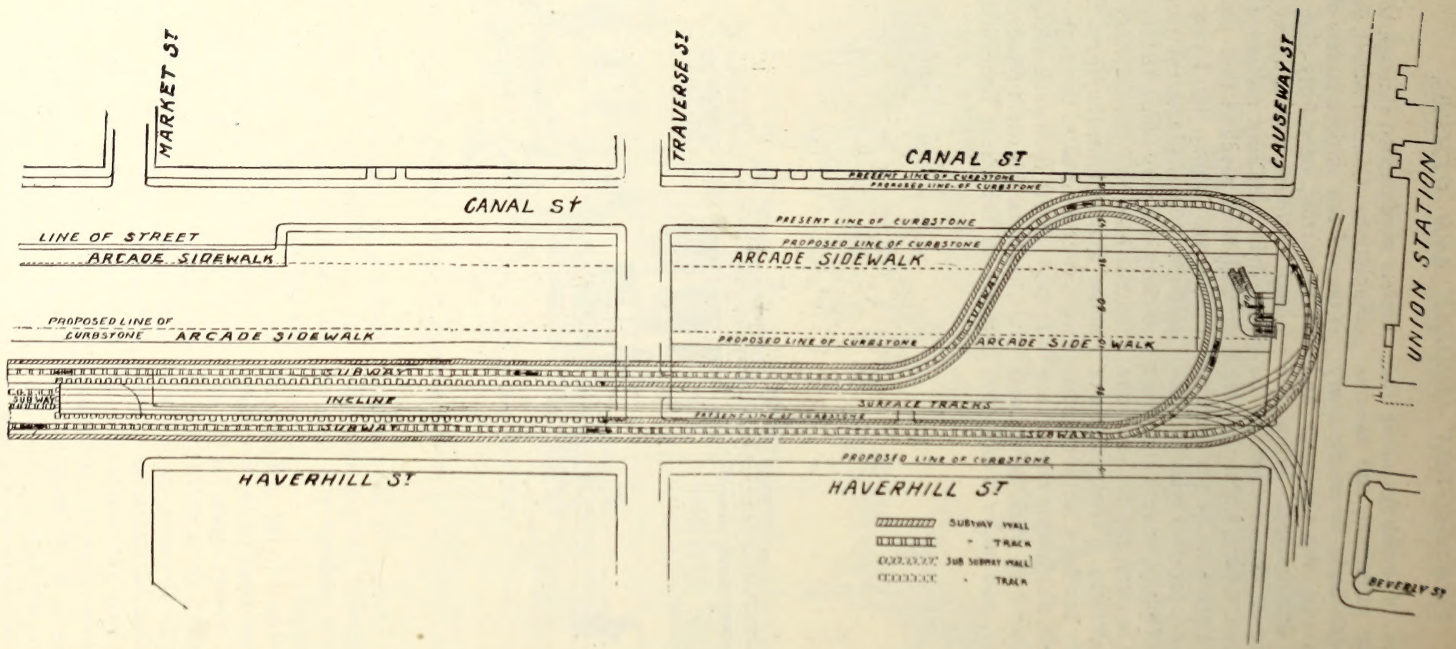


SKETCH FOR ENTRANCE TO SUBWAY STATION, TREMONT STREET, NEAR BOYLSTON.

Street near Elm Street. By these various means the commission has possessed itself of a complete underground map of the streets traversed.

As already intimated, the difficulty of construction is increased by the necessity of keeping the streets open for travel. The act authorizing the construction of the subway requires the work to be done in such a way that all streets or places under or near which the construction is in progress shall be open for traffic between eight o'clock in the morning and six o'clock in the afternoon. These restrictions, however, are not so onerous as those imposed on the construction of subways in London and Glasgow, which nevertheless were carried through to successful completion. Cannon Street, for example, is one of the busiest streets of London. It is narrow, only forty-nine feet from house to house, with a thirty-feet roadway. When the construction of the underground road reached that point, operations were begun by laying a timber platform across the street stout enough to carry the very dense traffic. Then, as the rail level was considerably below the house foundations, the front house walls were underpinned to the required depth. Trenches were then sunk along the curb line, and enough earth removed from the centre of the street beneath the timber platform to permit the roof arch to be turned. This done, the remaining core was removed, and the invert laid, completing the tunnel. Then the street surface was restored. On page 195 is shown a section of the tunnel at this point.

In like manner, in building the Glasgow Central Railway, the work had to be done within strict requirements imposed by the municipal authorities to limit interference with street traffic. The latter, on such streets as Argyle Street, could not be interrupted except between midnight of Saturday and five o'clock on the morning of Monday in each week. All tearing up of streets had to be done within those hours. Special openings



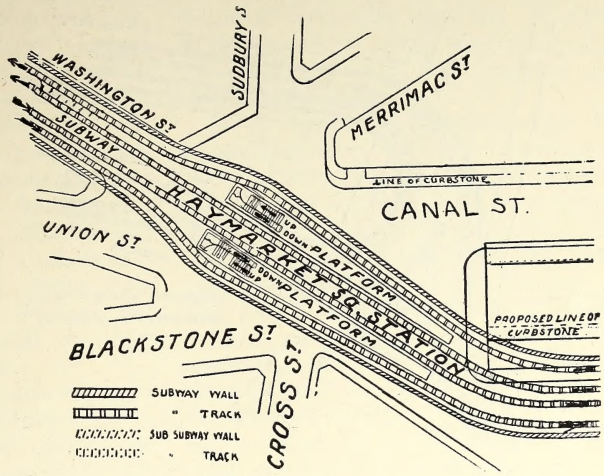
STUDY FOR STATION AT CAUSEWAY STREET TERMINAL, SHOWING TWO TRACKS BROUGHT FROM STREET SURFACE IN SUCH POSITION THAT THEY CAN BE CONTINUED TO CHARLESTOWN AND CAMBRIDGE EITHER AS SURFACE OR ELEVATED TRACKS.

were permitted to allow the removal of excavated material; but these were limited in area to fifty feet in length and seventeen feet in width, and the minimum distance between them was six hundred feet. To comply with the requirements of the act, excavations for the side walls were first made along the curb lines. Then, when the walls had been carried ahead sufficiently, a section of the roof would be laid within the specified hours. At midnight Saturday the workmen would begin to tear up the paving and excavate for the cross girders. These would be put in place, the jack arches turned, and then the paving restored. Ordinarily only four girders could be set in one day.

The plans by which the difficulties involved in building the subway under the crowded streets of Boston within the limits fixed by the act are to be met have not been made public; but these foreign examples show that no such difficulties are insurmountable. As to the various obstructions under the surface, the act requires the commission to designate locations in or adjoining the subways for sewers, gas-pipes, water-pipes, conduits and electric wires, and authorizes it to fix the terms and rates of compensation to be paid for such locations and their use. Possibly the plan which has been decided on in New York may commend itself to favor. At the side of or beneath the tracks in the New York subway there are to be large and well-appointed galleries, in which all pipes and conduits will be placed. Access to the galleries will be had through manholes at the intersection of streets, as well as from the railway tunnel. The adoption of this plan will be highly convenient to the city and to abutting owners, since it will obviate the necessity of disturbing the surface of the street when additional pipes are to be laid or when existing pipes are to be inspected, altered or repaired, or new house connections made. The possession of streets which are not in a chronic state of being torn up for one form or another of pipe-laying is something upon which the New York of the twentieth century may be felicitated, even if the reform extends only to the line of the subway.

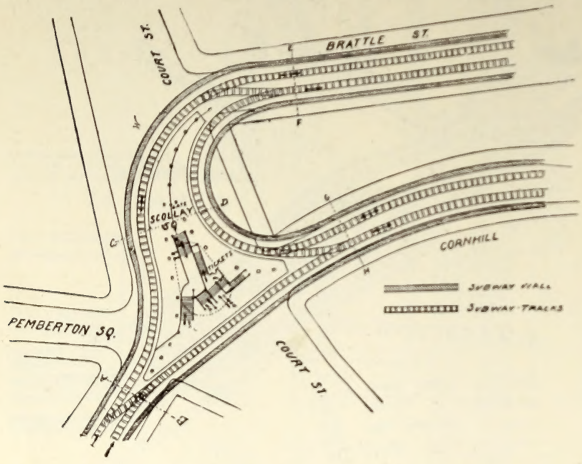
Perhaps the most unique feature of the Boston subway is the plan adopted for the avoidance of grade crossings. South of Boylston Street the grade of Tremont Street falls off. Advantage is taken of this circumstance to depress the Tremont Street tracks in a sub-subway under the tracks for cars coming in from Boylston Street, in the manner shown by the illustration on page 203. The natural grade so far facilitates this arrangement that the track in the sub-subway is dropped only seven feet below the level which it would necessarily reach at Eliot Street. This expedient not only avoids the delays incident to a crossing at grade, but it is a safeguard against accident. Moreover, the arrangement of the stations, with access to the platforms by a staircase from above, is such that no passenger will cross the tracks on a level with them.

The illustration on page 210 shows the interior of the proposed station at Park Street. All passengers desiring to take south-bound cars will go to one platform,



STUDY FOR STATION AT HAYMARKET SQUARE.

and those intending to take north-bound cars will go to the other, the staircases leading to either being clearly indicated at the top. There will be a track on either side of each platform, and certain lines will leave regularly from one side, and certain other lines from the other,—a system which will diminish confusion. To afford a basis for an estimate of the amount of travel to be accommodated at this point, a count was taken on the Saturday preceding Christmas, 1894, of



STUDY FOR STATION AT SCOLLAY SQUARE.

the people who got on or off the cars at the various stopping-places from West Street to the head of Bromfield Street between six in the morning and midnight. The total was 63,350. The maximum number who got off the inward cars in any one hour was 3,450; the maximum who got on the outward-bound cars in any one hour was 3,406. If only one car at a time should be standing at the station platform on each track in the subway, and if it were allowed a half minute for its stop, four cars per minute would depart from the two tracks. If each should carry off twenty passengers, the total number leaving per hour would be 4,800, or forty per cent larger than the crowd which thronged the cars just before Christmas. The average stop will probably be less than fifteen seconds, judging from experience here and elsewhere. There seems no doubt, therefore, that the platform capacity will be ample not only for the present, but for the probable demands for many years to come.

Between Park Street and Scollay Square the subway will contain two tracks. The station at Scollay Square, as shown in the illustration on this page, will have a platform of about the shape and size of the surface of the square. From this point to Washington Street the subway will probably be in two branches, one under Cornhill and the other under Brattle Street, each containing two tracks. The north-bound cars will use the former and the south-bound the latter. Under Washington Street to Haymarket Square the subway will have four tracks. Beyond Haymarket Square, about opposite Market Street, the two middle tracks will begin to rise on an incline, until they reach the surface at the south side of Travers Street. Cars for Charlestown, Cambridge and other points beyond the Union Station will use these tracks, and there is a sufficient distance between Travers and Causeway Streets to permit the tracks to rise to make connection with an elevated railway, if that becomes desirable.

From Haymarket Square, therefore, to the terminal on Causeway Street, there will be a single-track subway on each side of the double-track incline which ends in surface tracks at Travers Street. The plans of construction at this point, shown in the illustrations on pages 206 and 207, are extremely interesting, because they involve important street widenings and improvements. Haverhill Street, which is about thirty-two feet wide between curbstones, will be left as at present, except that the sidewalk adjacent to the old Boston and Maine station will furnish part of the space needed for the incline. At the other side of the incline there will be a new Haverhill Street, of the same width as the old. On the opposite side

of this new street there will be an arcade sidewalk ten feet wide. Canal Street, on the other side of the Haymarket Square property, is to be widened. Its present width between curbstones is thirty-seven feet. As reconstructed, it will have a width of fifty feet between curbstones, and will have on one side a sidewalk ten feet wide and on the other an arcade sidewalk fifteen feet wide. At the terminal the cars swing around a loop, and the capacity of the platform is virtually doubled by its having tracks on each side.

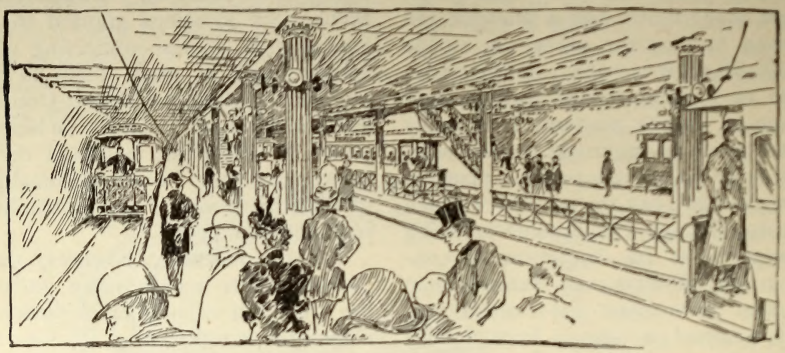
This is as far as the present plans of construction go; but the act under which the Boston Transit Commission is acting empowers it, at its discretion, to construct other subways and tunnels than those that have been determined on; namely, a tunnel or tunnels from Scollay Square to Maverick Square, East Boston; from Boylston Street under Park Square to Columbus Avenue; and under Park Street and the adjacent mall of the Common, Temple Street and Staniford Street to Merrimac Square.

When the subway is completed, what then? The commission is authorized to grant locations for tracks to and in the subways, to be used by any street railway company; is required to order the removal of surface tracks on Tremont Street between Boylston Street and Scollay Square, and from Boylston Street between Park Square and Tremont Street; and is authorized to order the removal of any other tracks which in its judgment have been rendered unnecessary, which are above the subways or within one thousand feet of the entrances to them. The commission is to fix the compensation for the locations of tracks in the subways and the use of them by any street railway for a term of not more than fifty years.

The act is silent as to what shall be done with the subway in the event that no street railway company is prepared to accede to the terms which may be fixed by the Transit Commission, with the approval of the Railroad Commissioners, for its use. Apparently the Legislature did not think it necessary to provide against so unlikely a contingency as that a street railway company running its cars into the city should be content to halt them at some point at least one thousand feet distant from the entrances to the subway. If such folly were conceivable, it could be dealt with by the Board of Aldermen, who would have authority, with the sanction of the Railroad Commissioners, to revoke the locations granted to such a company on routes connecting with the subway, and to grant them to another company. Both the Transit Commission and the Railroad Commission being composed of reasonable men, and the street railway managers being, presumably, men of sagacity, there is no probability of a hitch at this point.

It is noticeable, however, that the Massachusetts act does not go so far in the direction of municipal ownership of routes of transportation as does that of New York. Under the New York act, not merely the subway, but the entire rapid transit railroad is to be built by the city, and is to be at all times the property of the city. The cost of construction, which is estimated not to exceed fifty million dollars, is to be met by the issue of bonds. The commissioners are required to make a contract with some person or corporation to build the railroad; and a peculiar provision of the act requires that the contractor shall operate the road as lessee for a period of from thirty-five to fifty years, as may be fixed by the commissioners. The rent paid must be sufficient to meet the interest on the bonds issued to pay for the construction, and to furnish an additional sum, not less than one per cent of the total cost, which is to go into a sinking fund to pay the bonds at maturity. This is as if the construction of the Boston subway, instead of being let out by the commission to private contractors under the ordinary method of competing bids, were to be undertaken from the beginning by the West End Street Railway Company, and the subway were subsequently to be operated by that corporation as lessee. The New York act also gives the city a first lien on the entire equipment of the road, which is the property of the contractor, as security for the performance of the contract; and in the event of any breach of contract

the city may take possession of the equipment and operate the road at the expense of the contractor. In New York, therefore, we have not only municipal ownership, but a possible municipal operation of a railroad. As to the Boston subway, the estimates of the commission justify the expectation that the rental will meet the interest on the cost and pay the bonds when due, without imposing any burden on the taxpayers.



SKETCH OF INTERIOR OF PROPOSED STATION AT PARK STREET.

PAYMENT IN FULL.

By Edith Elmer Wood.

SEMPER PARATUS was the legend inscribed in well-polished brass letters around the wheel of the *Manistee*. It also figured on the crest adopted by the wardroom officers when the ship was new, and was still visible on the note paper of the younger ones. It is only the enthusiasm bred of a new ship that can stir the old married men of the mess to such frivolities as crest note paper. Yet the pride of her motto somehow clung to the *Manistee*. She had had a series of able commanding officers and zealous first lieutenants, and had come to be regarded as a "crack" ship. No decks were so white, no bright work was so shining as hers. Her boats' crews always won in the squadron races, and her marksmen made the highest scores in quarterly target practice. True, she was an old-fashioned corvette, a black wooden blotch among the white steel cruisers, and her venerable engines could barely push her along at ten knots an hour. But she had a history, a fine war record, which was more than the new beauties, fresh from the dockyards, could boast. The men loved her, the older ones especially, because she was really and truly a *ship*, with masts and spars and a mighty spread of canvas, and not merely a fighting machine, and because she needed sailors to manage her, old-time sailors, rather than ordnance and electricity sharps. Of course her habit of being "always ready" frequently led her into disagreeable duty. But nobody growled, or at least nobody really meant it, for there was a remarkable amount of *esprit* aboard among officers and men alike.

The *Manistee* had come up late from the West Indies, some time in June, and had been at the New York navy yard about three weeks, when the Secretary came on from Washington one day and held a consultation with the commandant of the yard. They sent for the commanding officers of all the ships then lying in the Wallabout, some half a dozen, and the Secretary asked them, beginning with the senior captain, how soon they

could be ready for sea. Two weeks, three weeks, a month. It was a question of new boiler tubes, of a foul bottom, of such and such repairs now under way and absolutely necessary.

"And the *Manistee?*" said the Secretary with a smile.

"Can start day after to-morrow, sir," replied her commander.

"Good!" exclaimed the Secretary with emphasis. "The orders will be made out immediately. Let all the navy yard work give way to getting off the *Manistee*," he went on, turning to the commandant, "and let Captain Winters have everything he asks for."

"First of all then," remarked Captain Winters, "I'd like another watch officer. I have only three since Smithfield was detached."

"The time is short for getting any one here from a distance," mused the Secretary. "Isn't there some one on the spot?"

"You might take Gordon," suggested the commandant. "He is nearly due for sea; and being a bachelor, it will be easy for him to pull up stakes in a hurry."

That is how Gordon came to be sent to the *Manistee*. He was not pleased at receiving the orders. Even a bachelor may find it inconvenient to pack his worldly belongings, cancel his engagements, and establish himself aboard ship at thirty-six hours' notice. But that was a minor matter. What Gordon objected to was sailing on the same ship with Clarkson, and the more he thought about it the more it seemed to him that he simply could not bring himself to do it. Clarkson had recently married the girl with whom Gordon was in love. It was even worse than that. Gordon had known her first, and regarded himself as virtually engaged to her before Clarkson met her, and the younger man had carried her off. Somehow Gordon had felt no resentment against the girl, but a great deal against Clarkson. He was still very sore about it, and the thought of living shut up in the same small wardroom with the man he despised, of listening to his detestable, self-satisfied voice through daily breakfasts and dinners, seemed intolerable. Accordingly he sat down and addressed a document to the Secretary of the Navy, asking to have his orders revoked. Being unable to explain about Clarkson, he based his request on "weighty personal reasons." This communication he sent to the commandant of the navy yard to be forwarded to Washington. In the course of half an hour he was summoned to the commandant's office.

"Look here, Gordon," said the old gentleman with brusque kindliness, "I'll forward this if you say so. But I want you to understand just what you are doing. Did you know the *Manistee* was to sail day after to-morrow?"

"No, sir, I did not, — hadn't heard a word. Where is she going?"

"Ah, that I can't say. She is going to sea under sealed orders. But it is pretty sure to be something disagreeable. There's a little unpleasantness going on just now in Venezuela, and an insurrection feared in Hayti. It might be one of those. It certainly is no junketing trip."

Gordon was thinking hard, his forehead puckered into a frown.

"Thank you for telling me, sir. I didn't know anything about all that. Under the circumstances I withdraw my application," he said finally.

"I thought you would, Gordon. I knew you were no shirk." The old gentleman handed him the document, and a genial smile of approval spread over his face.

The next morning, when Gordon reported to Captain Winters, the decks of the *Manistee* were a scene of bustle and confusion. Coal lighters were alongside, all sorts of supplies were coming aboard, and a double gang of navy-yard calkers were hammering away like mad on the poop deck. Even the wardroom was so filled up with the caterer's stores and the officers' washes hastily collected in all stages of rough-dryness from various parts of the city, that Gordon had great difficulty in threading his way through it to his stateroom.

It was in the midst of all this confusion that he saw her. It was surely no place for a woman, Gordon reflected severely. Of course he was right; but the ship was to haul out next morning, her husband could not get ashore in the

mean time, and it was her only chance to say good-by to him, — so perhaps it was not strange that she came. She sat discreetly in Clarkson's stateroom with the curtain drawn, and whenever he could snatch a moment from superintending the stowing of the coal bunkers, he ran to spend it with her. When she saw Gordon, she came out and spoke to him with all her old-time sweetness and cordiality. If she had ever treated him badly, she appeared quite unconscious of it. It was Gordon, not she, who was embarrassed by their meeting. She had no thought for anything but the sudden sailing of the ship.

"They were south so long, and have only *just* got back, and now to send them off again, — it's outrageous! Don't you think so, Mr. Gordon?"

He tried to think so, since she wished it.

"And you'll probably go to some place where they have yellow fever or where there is fighting going on." Her eyes filled with tears, while Gordon ground his teeth (figuratively speaking), knowing well enough that her anxiety was all for Clarkson. "I am so worried about Will. He is so reckless," she went on. "He never takes care of himself."

Gordon was silent. Was there no mercy in her?

"Oh, Mr. Gordon," she exclaimed, looking up in his face with wistful eagerness, "won't you look out for him? see that he doesn't get the fever or go into needless danger? be a sort of older brother to him — for — *my* sake?"

In any other living woman Gordon would have branded such a request as showing abominably bad taste; but the queen can do no wrong. He did not question for a moment her right to make him as uncomfortable as she pleased. Indeed there was something almost agreeable in having her ask a favor of him with tears in her eyes and voice, though both tears and favor were for Clarkson.

"I am afraid there is very little I can do," he said gravely. "I don't imagine we are running into any sort of peril. But if there ever is anything, you must know that I will do it — for you — most gladly."

She pressed his hand with an impulsive "Oh, thank you, thank you, Mr. Gordon! Now I shall be so much easier!" And with that he had to be content.

When the *Manistee* cast off early the next morning there stood on the wharf two little groups of mournful women and children, one instinctively gathered at the part nearest the forecastle, a motley, cosmopolitan group, the other, more conventional and smaller in number, standing opposite the quarter deck. The officers and crew who were not actively on duty leaned over the rail to say a last word, catch a last look, wave a last farewell. Some of the women were frankly tearful, but most of them were struggling more or less successfully with a mask of cheerfulness, reserving the good cry that was inevitable till such time as they should be in their own apartments with locked doors. The seeing off of a ship is always a doleful enough matter, Heaven knows. But this time it was worse than usual because of the mysterious sealed orders.

"I never knew before how much satisfaction I got from tracing on the map the course my husband was taking," said the first lieutenant's wife, "and thinking each day he ought to be about so far. This time we don't know whether they are sailing east, west, north or south."

"They aren't likely to sail west, my dear," remarked the doctor's wife, with an hysterical laugh.

"No, I suppose not, but — "

"They aren't likely to sail anywhere but south," put in the chief engineer's wife authoritatively. She was a very large woman, very positive, and invariably pessimistic. "I hear that the commandant told Mr. Gordon so; and the commandant had just been talking to the Secretary." The chief's wife always heard everything. "Besides there's never any need for a man-of-war in a Christian climate. It's always in some beastly yellow-fever hole."

There was a general rush to change the subject. Yellow fever was the last thing they wanted to talk about, poor souls!

"Those dreadful sealed orders," sighed little Mrs. Clarkson. "They are never used except in war times, are they? And they *must* mean something very serious, something with fighting and all that."

"Not a bit of it, child," returned the chief's wife. "It's just because those people in Washington are hard up for something to do. They want to give the newspapers something to talk about, vigorous foreign policy, a lot of mystery, columns of rumors, and then — mark my words — it will turn out nothing at all, absolutely nothing. Oh, *I* know their little ways!"

"They might just as well have let us know where to address our letters, then."

"Of course they might. It's just natural inborn meanness."

"If the poor Secretary only knew how we all hated him this morning!"

"*Poor* Secretary! I wish it was in my power to send *him* off to the tropics in midsummer to stand in a mudhole and be fired at by Central Americans, while his bones burn up with the coast fever and his wife doesn't even know where he is."

There was a little murmur of approval. But at that moment the big black hull began to move. Every one became silent. All eyes were turned again to the men who were leaving them, each woman battling as she might with her own grief.

When the ship was fairly out at sea, the captain broke the seal of his orders. Then he sent for the first lieutenant. At dinner the first lieutenant announced to the wardroom mess that their destination was a bay called the Serpent's Fang, on the Isthmus of Panama. There was a general exclamation of surprise. No one had ever been there, no one had ever even heard of it before. Charts were called for and examined. The Serpent's Fang, of ill-omened name, was found to be a fairly commodious harbor some hundred and fifty miles east of Colon.

"And what are we to do there?"

"Protect American interests," somebody suggested; and there followed a laugh more grim than mirthful.

"Is there any fighting going on there?"

"Not that I know of," replied the first lieutenant. "We are to do a little surveying, I believe."

"Under sealed orders!" "Surveying!"

The first lieutenant smiled blandly. "I know no more than you do, gentlemen," he said, with the air of one who disclaims all responsibility. "It may be there is some scheme of making a canal terminus there, or our old friend, the everywhere-proposed, never-established coaling-station, or — You are as good at guessing as I am."

"Does the skipper know?"

"Perhaps. I have no reason to suppose so, though. All he told me is what I have told you."

The first burst of indignation over, they fell to speculating on possibilities and telling anecdotes of previous experiences with sealed orders.

It took the old ship two weeks to carry them to the Serpent's Fang. It was very beautiful to look at, a semi-circular bay, the entrance dotted with islands, sun-baked tropical forests running to the water's edge, and hot, hazy mountains in the background. There was a little native village just back from the beach. The modest huts of the inhabitants were built on stilts, as a slight protection against tarantulas, scorpions and snakes. The woods were full of monkeys and gaudy macaws, whose chattering and screaming made a Babel of the sunrise and sunset hours. The rest of the time it was very quiet.

Life was killingly monotonous aboard the *Manistee*. Officers and men were already enervated by seven months in the tropics, and the captain knew they could not stand much more. All drills were over at nine o'clock in the morning, awnings were spread, and there was nothing left to do but loaf. Even the surveying parties stopped work during the heat of the day. The ornamental part of discipline was wisely relaxed. After sunset the officers were allowed to sit on the poop in pyjamas. Sometimes they spent the night there, for below decks it was stifling. There was little

inducement to go ashore. There was no game worth shooting, and the woods were an all but impenetrable jungle. There was nothing in the village absolutely, unless Major Bok be accounted something,— of whom more hereafter. Every one killed time aboard ship as best he might. Forward, the chief amusement seemed to be fishing for sharks. It was not much fun to catch them, and they were not good for eating purposes, but there was a certain excitement in cutting open the shark's stomach and betting on the number of beer bottles and tomato cans that would be found in it. Aft every one had his own fad. Some of the benedicts who were deft with their fingers polished tortoise-shell to fashion combs and hairpins for their wives. The paymaster made water-color sketches. One man smoked cigarettes and read French novels; another sucked at a pipe and worked out problems in differential calculus. It was simply a matter of temperament.

At the end of three weeks they were all bored to death, nervous and irritable, and each hated the very sight of all the others. The most trifling discussions grew into fiery disputes. Men lost their tempers and said disagreeable things to their best friends. The doctor and the navigator got into an argument as to the proper reading of a certain nursery rhyme relating to the adventures of one Tom, the piper's son, and as no copy of Mother Goose was at hand to settle it and the opinion of the mess was about evenly divided, the discussion was kept up till both grew angry, and the upshot of it was they were not on speaking terms for a month.

Gordon kept out of quarrels by holding himself aloof. He did this consciously and with set purpose. He was afraid of being led into a row with Clarkson. Day by day he despised the man more; day by day he felt more keenly what a pleasure it would be to jump on him and pound him. But for her sake he must not. As a matter of fact, Clarkson had several redeeming traits, but Gordon could hardly be expected to see them.

"He's fond of her, of course," Gordon said to himself. "He's in love with her in his own fashion — but *what* a fashion! He doesn't know he's the most miraculously blessed man that ever lived. The little fool thinks he won her on his own merits, and that on the whole she's no more than he deserves. Bah!"

Gordon was unworthy of her too, but he knew it, and if she had taken *him*, he would have been, as before, her most devout worshipper — on his knees. He did not reflect that Clarkson was eight or ten years his junior, and that egotism wears off as time shows us our true insignificance in the grand scheme of the universe.

Gordon noticed with disgust mingled with a certain anxiety for her, that Clarkson was playing a great deal of poker. Now Gordon played a good deal himself; but as he was the only sufferer from his losses, he felt that it was an entirely different matter. One day he was asked to make the fourth in a game in which Clarkson was taking part.

"No," he said without troubling himself to lower his voice, "I never play with a married man unless I know he has an independent fortune. I'd feel as if I were skimming the baby's milk."

Clarkson flushed and started to speak, but thought better of it. They had never had much to do with each other. After that they had less.

There were no mails at the Serpent's Fang. This was one of its most exasperating features. No chance to hear from one's family, no chance to let them know where one was. The *Manistee* seemed utterly cut off from the world. Moreover the captain said they were to stay until ordered to leave; and as they could see no way for orders to reach them, it appeared likely that they would remain there for the rest of their natural lives. The surveying was all finished. Still they lingered on. They all believed that the authorities in Washington had forgotten their very existence. Their presence at the Serpent's Fang *might* be subserving some useful purpose, but they could not see it. Life was growing almost unendurable in its sultry monotony.

There was only one white man ashore, the agent of the German rubber com-

pany, Major Bok, so called. He was of a type frequently met with in such places, a cosmopolitan of absolutely uncertain nationality, speaking all languages with facility, well educated, entertaining, frankly immoral, an adventurer who drank too much to get along at home, and was now in his solitude drinking himself to death as rapidly as his tremendous constitution would permit. Once a year he gave himself a month's leave and went over to Panama to divert himself. The rest of the time he attended to the company's affairs, smoked his pipe, read his Horace and Montaigne, drank and slept. He was useful in many small ways to the officers of the *Manistee*. He supplied them with cigars at cost when theirs gave out. He put their steward in the way of getting the most desirable fresh provisions. He bullied the native washerwomen, who proposed charging their victims two dollars a dozen for beating their clothes to pieces on the stones, into doing it for one. For all which and because he was an amusing companion, and they were thankful for any change from their own set of faces and anecdotes, he was a frequent guest aboard ship. They would not have cared to have him claim their acquaintance on Broadway, perhaps, and certainly they would not have introduced him to their wives and sisters. But in the wilderness one cannot choose one's associates with too much nicety.

One night Gordon woke up, because it was too hot to sleep. His sheet and pillow-case were soaked with perspiration, and his head felt as if little hammers were pounding on his temple and the drums of his ears. He was to have the morning watch, from four to eight, and he wished it was already time for it. He thought vaguely of going on deck to try for a sleep, but the exertion somehow seemed too great. Then he became conscious, from a dim little light coming through his door, that some one had his candles burning. "A man ought to be kicked for making it any hotter than it was before," he reflected crossly. Then he heard a stirring around and rattling of paper in Clarkson's room, which was next to his. So Clarkson was the offender. It was his "all night in." What was he prowling around for? Perhaps he was writing to her. Gordon felt a little pang of jealousy. Then he heard a sound that had nothing to do with letter-writing. It was the unmistakable click that goes with the loading and cocking of a revolver. It was only the matter of a few seconds for Gordon to spring from his bed and find himself in Clarkson's door-way, pushing aside the portière with one hand. The candles sputtered feebly. A couple of sealed letters lay on the desk. Clarkson stood in front of the looking-glass, completely dressed, with the pistol in his hand. He was caught in the act. There was no use in trying to bluff it off or deny it. He gave a nervous, sheepish little laugh, that was unpleasant to hear, and put the pistol down on the desk. Gordon took it up, extracted the cartridges, and then, on reflection, threw it out of the air-port.

"What do you mean by throwing my revolver overboard?" Clarkson blustered.

"Don't be a fool," said Gordon quietly. "You know you aren't fit to be trusted with it."

"What is it to you anyhow?" the younger man went on indignantly. "Why can't you attend to your own affairs, and let me shoot myself, if I want to? I don't see what difference it should make to you."

"So far as *you* are concerned," Gordon continued in the same even voice, "it makes extremely little difference. But your wife — "

At the mention of his wife the tension snapped. Clarkson buried his head in his arms and burst into tears. Gordon despised a man who cried above any creature on the face of the earth. However, he conquered his repugnance, laid his hand on the shaking shoulder and said almost kindly:

"Come, you'd better tell me what's wrong, old man. You're pretty well knocked out."

Clarkson was nothing but a great big overgrown boy. Confiding in somebody was just what he needed. He would have preferred it to be almost any one rather than Gordon; but he was

not in a position to choose. Tell somebody he must. So the whole story was poured out in Gordon's ears. Clarkson had been playing poker ashore with Bok, at Bok's house. He had drunk too much, and could not keep the run of the game. Bok had drunk, too, but was as clear-headed as ever. Before he knew it, Clarkson had lost a sum equal to five months' pay.

"And I haven't a cent laid by," the boy went on desperately. "If it was only myself, I wouldn't care. I could save it up in time. But I can't go home to my wife and tell her I've played away her board and clothes in this cursed hole of a place. Why, there's no way out. Don't you see?"

"A man who marries on an ensign's pay should make up his mind to give up poker for good and all. He — "

"My God! man, don't I know that? Where's the use of preaching? What's done's done. If I live this down, I'll never touch a card again."

"See that you don't," his mentor went on. "So far, so good. Now, as near as I can make out, that fellow Bok has fleeced you in the most barefaced manner."

"No," protested Clarkson, "it was all fair and square, perfectly so. There was no sharp practice. I remember even that he kept urging me to stop, but I was just tight enough to be pig-headed, and I would keep on. Oh, I can't shirk the debt! It's a matter of honor."

"Well, let's face it squarely then, and see what you'll do." Gordon sat down on the bunk and talked to him for an hour like an "elder brother," as he thought to himself with a certain amusement. He talked very sensibly, and showed the young man how far he was from making it easier for his wife by killing himself, how his motive was really pure selfishness, since he hadn't the courage to meet his wife's probable and quite excusable indignation like a man. "You deserve punishment. Brace up and take it. You have done your wife a certain injury. For Heaven's sake, don't do her an immeasurably greater one. It will worry and grieve her to find out what a fool you have been. But that's not so bad as breaking her heart, you know."

By the time he got through, Clarkson was quite himself again. His wife would have to spend several months with her father and mother to save board bills. It would all be very unpleasant. But somehow, some time, the debt would be paid, and Jessie would forgive him, and he could take up his life again and be a man. Gordon was sure there was no further danger of suicide. "The little cad's too fond of himself to do it easily," he thought, and turned in for a short nap before his watch.

About this time the effect of the climate began to tell on the men's health. One of them came down with the break-bone fever, — dengue, as they call it on the Isthmus, — then another and another, then half a dozen at a time. Sick-bay quarters were entirely inadequate. The whole ship was turned into a hospital. The captain swung in a hammock in his cabin and gave his staterooms to a couple of the officers who were dangerously ill. It assumed the proportions of an epidemic, and at the worst moment the surgeon was taken down and left them dependent on a young assistant just out of the medical school. The situation was rapidly becoming alarming. The launch was fitted out for a cruise and Clarkson put in charge of it to go down to leeward to Colon, the nearest cable station, and communicate with the Department. The excitement and responsibility of the trip filled Clarkson's mind to the exclusion of any further suicidal yearnings. As was expected, the Department, on learning the state of affairs, ordered the fever-stricken ship to start north immediately, — not the easiest thing in the world, short-handed as they were, but their only chance of salvation. Two men died on the way north, but the rest all improved with the change of air.

It was night. They were almost home. With good luck they might reach New York next day. Gordon lay awake in his bunk. He was convalescent from a sharp attack of the fever. He felt pretty comfortable, but could not sleep. His thoughts ran like this: "It's October —

an *r* in the month. To-morrow we shall get to New York, and I shall have some raw oysters, big, fat, luscious raw oysters with cracked ice around them and lemon juice." Nothing more sentimental than that, on my honor as a narrator.

The curtain of his door was drawn aside and one of the wardroom boys tiptoed in with a glass of medicine.

"Are you awake, Mr. Gordon? The doctor said you were to take this at two bells."

"All right, Biedermann, let's have it."

"Mr. Gordon —" The lad hesitated.

"Well?" said Gordon encouragingly.

"I can't make out what's the matter with Mr. Clarkson, sir. He don't act quite right."

"What do you mean by that?" The sharpness of his tone frightened the boy.

"Maybe I'm wrong, sir," he hastened to say, "but I thought I ought to tell some one. I knew you were a friend of his."

Gordon smiled grimly. "What makes you think there is anything wrong with Mr. Clarkson?"

"Well, sir, he's been awful low-spirited for two or three days, and not like himself. And he's been drinking a good deal more'n common, pretty heavy, in fact. And just now, as I was taking some coffee from the galley to the officer of the deck, I passed him walking up and down amidships —"

"It's not his watch?"

"No, sir. The moon was shining clear on his face, and he looked bad, — awful bad. I thought maybe he'd like some coffee, so I got him some. He was leaning over the rail, looking into the water. I touched him on the sleeve and asked him if he'd like some coffee. He turned on me, looking as if he'd like to kill me. He threw the coffee overboard, cup and saucer and all, and swore at me. You know, sir, that ain't like Mr. Clarkson."

Gordon was sitting up in his bunk by this time. "Hand me my boots, will you?" he said, "and take down my overcoat and cap."

"You aren't going up on deck, sir? The doctor —"

"Never mind him. Just help me on with that coat."

"Hadn't you better get dressed, sir? It's blowing pretty fresh up there."

Gordon made no reply.

"Do you want me to come up with you, Mr. Gordon?"

"No. Stay where you are."

Gordon found himself very weak and giddy, but he stumbled to the ladder, got on deck and looked about. Everything was quiet and serene. The stars were shining sharply. The moon was hidden for the moment between a floating cloud-mass. All plain sail to royals, with topmast and topgallant staysails, were set to catch a strong, steady breeze a little abaft the port beam, which kept the ship heeled well over to starboard. The old *Manistee* cut through the dark tumbling water at considerably more than the traditional ten knots, as though she too were anxious to be at home. The men of the watch were grouped on and abaft the forecastle. The officer of the deck was tramping up and down the poop, absorbed in thought. Amidships there was a patch of black shadow, and it was some seconds before Gordon could make out Clarkson's figure. He was apparently in the same spot where Biedermann had left him, leaning over the lee rail in an attitude of profound dejection. Gordon came as close to him as he could without being discovered, and watched developments. The cloud drifted away from the face of the moon and revealed Clarkson's profile. It was a sight never to be forgotten. The features were contorted with a weak, shuddering agony, horrible to see, impossible to describe. Presently Clarkson straightened himself up, glanced around to make sure he was unobserved, then deliberately climbed upon a gun, placed his hand on the rail, threw one leg over it, and — But at that moment a grip like iron closed on his arm, and he was flung down to the deck by a powerful sidewise jerk.

"You infernal coward!" exclaimed Gordon angrily.

Instead of resenting the words, Clarkson collapsed altogether. "I couldn't help it," he moaned miserably. "I have thought about it till I'm half crazy. We are getting so close home. It's awful. I might have to see her to-morrow

and tell her — I can't face it, Gordon, I can't! I tried to. But the thought of the way she'd look — and her family, too — oh, I can't do it!"

"Are you a man or a whining puppy?" cried Gordon savagely.

"I can't help it," Clarkson repeated weakly, "and I don't see why you can't let me alone."

"No, I suppose not, and you probably never will. But as long as I've undertaken to deliver you whole at home, I may as well make a clean job of it. How much do you owe that man?"

"Five hundred."

"All right. Now I've got a little money in bank, — not much, but that much. We'll go down below, and I'll give you a check for five hundred. You can repay it when you get ready, or never. Then you won't have to tell her anything."

"Oh, Gordon, will you really? How can I ever thank you, old man." Clarkson's tone had experienced a new birth. It was full of life and confidence.

"Don't try," returned Gordon dryly.

"You're a man in a thousand. You're the truest friend — "

"Never mind all that," said his preserver brusquely. "I'm getting rather chilly, as I haven't many clothes on. Suppose we go below, and I'll make out the check."

When that was satisfactorily finished, Gordon returned to his bunk. As might have been expected, he had caught a heavy cold from his trip into the night air, scantily clad, and his high fever and severe chest pains soon forced him to call up the doctor. It turned out to be pneumonia, one of the commonest after-effects of the dengue. It was a severe case and went hard with Gordon. The ship arrived next day at New York, and every other living thing aboard, even to the cat and the goat, rejoiced at it. To Gordon alone it meant nothing. Perhaps he was hardly even conscious of it. When a man's temperature is at 104°, and ten thousand knives are grinding through his lungs, his whereabouts is of little moment. And there was no one waiting for Gordon, no one even to notify of his illness. He had no nearer relative than an aunt, who lived in Vermont. The good things of this life are very unevenly divided. Gordon was moved to the Naval Hospital, a big white-pillared building that stands on the hill above the navy yard and looks over at the city and the river and the great bridge. He had the best of care, of course, and admirable hygienic surroundings, but it was a bit dreary and official. For several weeks the battle raged fiercely between the disease and Gordon's splendid physique, Gordon himself being a passive and hardly interested spectator. At last the disease was downed, and he was pronounced out of danger, provided there was no relapse. He lay there, very weak, but perfectly master of his faculties, and wondered why he had pulled through. It hardly seemed worth the trouble that the nurse and doctor had taken with him. Then he wondered why he had been sick, and the cause came back to him clearly. His only feeling was one of disgust that he had so nearly lost his life in saving anything so insignificant as that fellow Clarkson's. The thought of preserving a human life, as such, at the risk of his own, had no sentimental value for him. His illness, as the price of Clarkson's continued existence, struck him, looking at it dispassionately, as about as grotesquely disproportionate as though one should cut off a limb to rescue a cat. Assuming that he had really saved the man, it was for her sake, of course; but whether it was for her good or not, he was by no means certain. And she would never know it, never be grateful to him. It was only his physical weakness (which makes a child of a strong man) that suggested such thoughts as these last. Simply to have served her would have sufficed Gordon in health. A sick man has to be humored.

The door opened, and a marine brought in a bunch of hothouse roses and a note. Gordon took the little square blue envelope, wondering who thought enough of him to send him flowers. Tearing it open he read as follows:

"My dear Mr. Gordon:

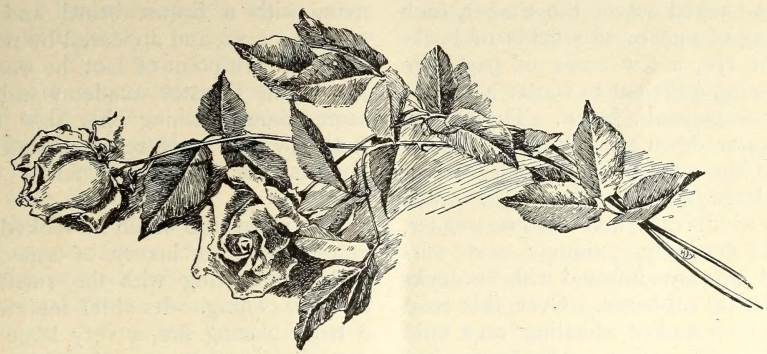
"No words can express the gratitude I feel toward you. My husband tells me you have twice been the means of saving his life. The

exact circumstances he will not let me know. He is so determined to spare me anxiety, even when it is all over, that he treats me like a baby. However it happened though, believe me, dear Mr. Gordon, my heart goes out to you in the warmest and deepest thanks a woman can feel. Something told me the day that the ship sailed, when I confided poor Will to your care, that you were a friend to whom one could pin one's faith. We are so thankful, oh, so thankful, to hear you are getting well at last! With best wishes for your speedy recovery (for which I have prayed night and day), believe me always,

Cordially yours, JESSICA CLARKSON."

Gordon's face was radiant. "Give the devil his due," he reflected. "It was right magnanimous in Clarkson to tell her that."

The marine's back was turned as he arranged the roses in a pitcher with clumsy precision. Gordon pressed the little note to his lips, and then put it under his pillow. "God bless her!" was the unvoiced cry of his whole soul. And turning on his pillow with a sigh of content, he decided (being a fool) that whether he got well or not, he had been repaid in full.



FRANCIS PARKMAN.

By Robert Beverly Hale.

WITH youth's blue sky and streaming sunlight blest,
And flushed with hope, he set himself to trace
The fading footprints of a banished race,
Unmindful of the storm-clouds in the west.
In silent pain and torments unconfessed,
Determination written on his face,
He struggled on, nor faltered in his pace
Until his work was done and he could rest.

He was no frightened paleface stumbling through
An unknown forest, wandering round and round.
Like his own Indians, with instinct fine
He knew his trail, though none saw how he knew,
Reckoned his time, and reached his camping-ground
Just as the first white stars began to shine.

UP HORSE MOUNTAIN.

By Dora Read Goodale.

THE road between old Chester and Warren passes diagonally over a long ridge called Horse Mountain, and is fringed rather closely on both sides with beech, maple and chestnut trees. The level land at the base of the ridge is a fairly good farming region, though stony, and as you advance toward the summit you still see little farms or clearings hacked out of the timber, each consisting of one or two fields of buckwheat or rye, a few acres of pasturage and mowing sufficient to winter a cow or perhaps a cow and a horse. The houses, which lower down are substantial white-painted homesteads, with wing-like orchards, large barns and hemlocks "lined out" for windbreaks, here become smaller, meaner, generally paintless and surrounded by yards infested with burdocks or planted to cabbages. Over this road a young man walked whistling on a mild day in late November. The leaves had mostly fallen, but still lay here and there in parti-colored windrows, slightly sparkling with moisture, like a harvest almost gathered and then forgotten. An occasional row of late tomatoes could be seen ripening on a low roof, and heaps of pumpkins made a bright spot of color near doorways. There was an air of conscious, though reticent expectation about the farmhouses near the village; and even among the Horse Mountain cottagers signs of preparation were visible. The sky was smoky, with a pinkish light about the horizon; it was the day before Thanksgiving.

The house to which the young man directed his steps was in no respect better than others of the neighborhood. It was moderately large, low and dark, some streaks of red paint barely indicating a former degree of respectability; it had no shutters, and red and white awnings had been put up over the windows. The yard was neat, but bare; by the gate stood a giant maple tree, whose leathery crimson leaves had fallen undisturbed by a breath of wind and now lay at the foot of it like a crimson skirt.

Lester Hull stood on the doorstep a minute before raising the knocker. Through the window, curtained almost transparently, he commanded a view of the front room, into which he shot a single quick glance. He was a tall, athletic man, with a brown beard and bright speaking eyes, and appeared by no means a rustic. In point of fact he was teaching in the Chester Academy and at the same time pursuing his law studies. Both law and teaching were suffering at present, for the young fellow was in love.

The room into which he looked had a grace and even luxury of aspect strikingly contrasting with the small panes and low ceiling. Its chief features were a large blazing fire, a very large stuffed arm-chair and an upright piano; there were also shelves with alluring rows of leather-backed books. A girl of twenty or thereabout stood by the mantelpiece arranging witch-hazel in a Japanese jar. She was not above the middle stature, but very erect, and her pride of carriage and the fire and daring of her eye promised something dangerous in her nature. She wore a dark crimson dress and a little black Zouave jacket of silk.

Lester rapped. The girl started and her features hardened. She listened a moment and, no one else volunteering, opened the door.

"Are you ready for the nutting, Miss Ellen? Good afternoon!" cried the young man, waving his hat rather boyishly. "School is dismissed, and I'm my own master for three days. We're to stop for Mr. Barrows on the way. You're all going, of course?"

"Isabel and the boys are, I believe. I am not," answered the girl coldly.

A look less of distress than of determination crossed the young man's face.

"Why not?" he said firmly, entering and closing the door.

"Because I don't care to"; — and already a spark came into her eye. Whatever ice of manner she might assume, the energy and intensity of her nature always melted it in the course of a minute or two.

"What have I done, that you try to avoid me, Miss Gates?" Getting no answer to this, Lester varied the question, and asked, smiling slightly: "You never used to. Do you dislike me?"

"Not particularly," replied Ellen, resolute, but dropping her voice in spite of herself — "not when you're away somewhere with Isabel."

"I see. You think I have assumed too much in supposing that we were all the best of friends?" — and he reddened a little for the first time.

"We are not accountable to reason for our likes and dislikes."

Any third person must have laughed; but the two parties to this dialogue now stood looking each other over with serious if not belligerent meaning.

"You do dislike me then. What is it that you dislike so much?"

"Everything! You've no idea how I detest you!" declared Ellen, with a warmth and impetuousness which she might have displayed under different circumstances in saying, "You've no idea how I love you!" She held her head up and met his glance defiantly, while the angry color mounted in her face.

"Well, well, is it possible?" stammered the young man. At last he seemed convinced, and for a moment his features became almost blank, but whether with chagrin or some other feeling it would have been difficult to say. "Perhaps Miss Foster finds me equally obnoxious," he suggested finally, in a tone whose proper anxiety was slightly tinged with pique.

"Oh, no, I think not," returned Ellen, with studied nonchalance. "She likes you, — at least I suppose she does. You shouldn't have forced me to be so savage, Mr. Hull, especially as my feelings are really not of the slightest consequence. We shall be going in a day or two anyway. Pray don't let it make any difference to you."

"Very well," responded Lester doggedly; "if you think you can endure— " His sentence was cut short by the entrance of Miss Isabel Foster, followed by her half-brothers, two fine blond-headed boys. Isabel was older than Ellen by a year or two, taller and fully as handsome, though without her force and variety of expression. Her figure was rounded, and she spoke and moved easily, with that half-consciousness of universal homage which is the crowning charm of a beautiful girl. She greeted Lester graciously, and turned to tie on her hat, while the boys began talking both at once.

"Tell you what it is," began Fred, the eldest, "you ought to see those partridges — five of them, full grown and fat as sausages. I shot mine, but Wetherell caught his with a slip-noose. We've got the Dutch oven heated — "

"Do you know, Mr. Hull," Wetherell was saying, "I was using old Bigbee's wheelbarrow this morning, and he said he'd have to have it himself at one; so what should I do but hurry up to get it back there by noon, because I was thinking it must have its dinner before it went out again."

All the company laughed except Isabel, who looked slightly scornful, while Ellen exclaimed: "Wetherell! how delightfully amusing you are!"

"Thank you, Miss Ellen," returned the boy, speaking with a certain gallantry which was natural to him. "I won't say what I think of you, because Mr. Barrows might hear of it, and it would make him feel so sorry that he didn't think of it first."

"Which of the girls are those fellows after anyhow?" asked Fred of Wetherell as they went out of doors.

"Hanged if I know," answered Wetherell with a shrug. "They don't know themselves, as far as I can see." He hesitated a moment, and then went on: "I have a notion, though, that Mr. Hull wants Isabel, he's such an ambitious sort of a chap, — and she has money, you know; and Tony Barrows is trying for Miss Ellen, I guess, — I heard them

laughing about it and telling her she'd make a first-rate minister's wife. I say, Fred, it'll be a shame if she takes up with him — a little, insignificant fellow like that."

"Nonsense!" returned Fred rather sharply. "I like Tony the best of the two. He's smart, and not a bit of a prig, if he is a minister. But I dare say they'll both get muffed. I can tell you one thing, old man, — you'll never see me philandering after a girl."

When Mrs. Foster had determined to rent a farmhouse for a few months and let her boys fish, hunt and live at large on Horse Mountain, she had invited Ellen, the orphan daughter of a Methodist preacher, to spend the summer with her. "You can help me so much with the boys — the obligation will be all on my side," she had said; and so the event had proved. Yet some jealous sense of a possible inferiority in her position had redoubled Ellen's natural pride and induced her not to yield anything to Isabel in dress or social accomplishments, or even in the matter of receiving her share of such attentions as offered. Ellen was one of those New England girls who can "do anything," and was treated exactly like a daughter — the capable younger daughter.

As to Isabel, Mrs. Foster confessed that she never had quite understood the girl. She had her own fortune; she could come and go as she pleased; and it was a source of astonishment to her stepmother that she pleased to send for her piano, some books and a hammock, and pass the whole season among the wilds of Horse Mountain. It was true that Lester Hull had also been spending his vacation in Chester. He had consented to give the boys lessons, and had been received at the farmhouse on a friendly and even intimate footing. The other aspirant, Tony Barrows (christened Antoine, which he had tried to naturalize as Anthony, now hopelessly shortened as above), was the East Warren minister.

When the others had all gone out and Ellen was left alone again, she put a stick on the fire and took up her sewing; but the curl of her lip and occasional gleam in her eye showed that her mind was busy recalling her recent interview with Lester Hull; and whatever the cause for her dislike might have been, it was evident that the remembrance afforded her some satisfaction. She had not been sitting there very long when an oldish man in a faded green coat came up the road and turned in at the gate. His hair was grizzled and scanty, his forehead dome-shaped, and although his large mouth indicated obstinacy and even stupidity, his general expression was at once shrewd and benevolent. He took the front walk, as Lester had done, and like Lester stopped at the porch and peeped cautiously in. After a few instants he stepped forward and rapped. Ellen opened the door.

"'The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose,'" said the old man immediately, speaking in a clear, full voice, much as one might make a quotation from Shakespeare.

Ellen responded to this singular salutation with a smile, saying simply, "Good day, Uncle Israel," — his name was Israel Wetherbee, locally supplanted by that of "Old Scripter;" "I am better pleased to see you than any two of the young men."

"R'ally, now? — R'ally?" he exclaimed with a short laugh; and indeed his eyes rested on her with a disinterested admiration that no suitor could have approached. "Wal, I thought I'd jist stop in. I was going this way, and I kind of thought I'd stop in."

"Of course. You must spend the evening with us," declared Ellen promptly, seating him in the large chair. This room, with its atmosphere of refinement and ease, possessed an irresistible charm for the lonely old man. More than once he had left his kitchen after dark and walked a mile and a half to creep stealthily up to the window and gaze in on the little group in whom he found embodied for the first time that warmth and artistic fulness which he had craved and blindly sought all his life. Ellen's own experience of the restrictions of poverty, as the daughter of an under-paid minister, enabled her to comprehend something of this. She called him Uncle Israel, put

on her prettiest dress for him, and treated him without a trace of the haughtiness which she showed to his superiors.

"Mrs. Foster has invited all the children of Horse Mountain to dinner to-morrow," she now continued. "Nearly thirty are coming, I believe, and there's such a baking and roasting and toasting going on as you haven't seen since stoves began to be used. We'll go out in the kitchen by and by when the others come in; and after supper we'll have some music, and Miss Foster will sing."

"Thank ye, thank ye; jus' as you say," responded Mr. Wetherbee, with a gratification of which his words conveyed no idea. "This'll be about the last of it, too, I suppose?"

"Yes; you see we had no idea of staying so late; but the Indian summer beguiled us in spite of ourselves. I think the pleasant weather is over, though. The sky is growing quite dark, and just hear how the wind is rising."

"Ef I was Lot's wife, and was obleeged to stay out to-night, I'd feel ve-ery oneasy," declared the old man, smiling, after both had sat listening a minute.

This sudden appearance of an impending squall had hastened the return of the nut-gatherers. Their voices were now heard outside, and the party presently entered, increased by the addition of the Rev. Antoine Barrows. Mrs. Foster also came in, and they all gathered about the fire, which threw out a great heat into the room.

"We were just speaking of the weather," said Ellen. "What do you think of it?"

"Winter is coming! winter is coming! Ouf! how it nips you!" cried Wetherell, holding on to the mantel and swinging one foot to the blaze.

"Fire never looks as it does at the end of the fall," observed old Israel. "No — and it's then 't a man wants his own harth. If I was a one to marry, young sirs, I'd take a wife to warm me this time o' the year."

"Why don't you marry, Mr. Wetherbee?" asked the little minister mischievously. Antoine! — he deserves a volume to himself — so slight, pale, boyish, colorless, and his face and figure so illuminated by fun, enthusiasm, sensibility and the whole gamut of emotions best befitting a man.

"I must say I think the birds are great stupids," Wetherell began again, seeing that no one spoke. "There they were to-day, whole flocks of bluebirds and song sparrows, whisking around as if it was the middle of May; and the first thing they know there'll be a great snow storm, and they'll all freeze for their pains."

"'And as it was in the days of Noe, so shall it be also in the days of the Son of Man. They did eat, they drank, they married wives, they were given in marriage,'" said old Israel, looking at the two lads half-humorously, and uttering the words with a kind of delight in the mere music of them, "'until the day that Noe entered into the ark, and the flood came and destroyed them all.'"

Fred regarded him curiously. "You're the only person I ever liked to hear repeat texts," he remarked.

"Why so, Fred?" asked Ellen, for Mr. Wetherbee only smiled a little.

"Oh, most people when they quote the Bible do it in a tone as much as to say: 'There, there's a clincher for you, whether you like it or not.' They give it to you like physic."

"A warning for you, Barrows," observed Lester aside, with evident relish. He had been unusually silent since his return.

"Did you secure your spoil on the East Warren road, Mr. Hull?" inquired Ellen, addressing him with the air of cheerful good comradeship which a magnanimous conqueror shows to his vanquished enemy.

"Such spoil as we were fortunate enough to obtain, Miss Gates; but the chipmonks and partridges had been foraging before us and with better success, I think," answered Lester, acknowledging the pawn she was pleased to put forward with a pride and punctiliousness equal to her own.

At that moment Isabel moved back from the fire, leaving a gap in the half circle. Instantly the boys slipped out to the kitchen, rattling their nuts. Mrs. Foster took up a book she was trying to

finish, and Antoine, seating himself on the piano stool, ran his hand over the keys, and finally broke into one of Strauss's waltzes. At the first note Ellen and Isabel exchanged a look; in another instant they had started to their feet by a single impulse, and were moving together as if on water over the floor. Every one gazed after them, even Mrs. Foster dropping her book to watch that bright changing picture of youth and radiance, while the school teacher, who had lived a half year in Germany, hummed over the words: "*Ach, die schöne, blaue Donau.*"

"Lester, how can you sit there like a stick? Why don't you get up and dance with them?" cried the little minister, almost breaking his neck in an effort to take in the full sweep of the maze they were treading.

"If I had four hands, perhaps I might solicit that honor," replied Lester with a quiet smile, pushing his chair farther back, but still keeping his eye on the two gliding figures before him.

"You forget that Ellen's father was a minister. I'm the only one who is permitted this privilege," said Isabel, pausing a moment, but beating the measure with their joined hands.

"And must ministers never dance?" asked Antoine, still over his shoulder.

"Oh, in your church, I can't say. You ought to be able to tell us." They were dancing again.

"Mr. Wetherbee, help me out with a verse, can't you?" cried the minister, laughing. But for once the old man was oblivious of his request. He was leaning forward, his knotty fingers clasped on the top of his stick and his very soul absorbed in a sort of childlike ecstasy at the sight of the dancers and their surroundings. The music, the motion, and those words, "*die schöne, blaue Donau,*" which he did not understand, seemed like glimpses into a world long dreamed of and beautiful.

"Isabel! Tony! — Mr. Barrows, I mean — come out here, all of you, won't you? The chestnuts are boiled, and there are nine kinds of pie and three kinds of pudding, and a pig with a corn-cob in his mouth; and Mrs. Bigbee wants to know where the sage for the stuffing is."

The spell was broken. The door was thrown open; the music ceased, the tap of the waltzers' feet fell suddenly silent, and with a hum of parley and laughter the little party dispersed, to reassemble presently in the quaint dusky kitchen. This was the largest room in the house, with stained beams projecting through the ceiling, and a round-mouthed oven which, when opened, breathed out a warm, crusty smell, and was presided over by a thin old woman and a stout young one. The two girls, who had vanished upstairs, reappeared in white fancy dresses, to which long white aprons lent a domestic charm. Isabel wore a bunch of wild asters; Ellen, a single spike of late cardinal-flower. The dance had flushed their cheeks and quickened their pulses; both looked graceful, both animated; and the eyes of the young men followed them in spite of themselves. Each one on entering selected a task to his taste; Antoine declared his intention of getting tea, and appointed Isabel his aide-de-camp; while Ellen picked up a basket of flat-podded beans and invited old Mr. Wetherbee to help shell them.

"You'd ought to 'a' let Lester have this place," whispered her assistant slyly, when they were comfortably established with a tin pan between them.

"Nonsense, Uncle Israel! what are you thinking of?" returned Ellen. "Mr. Hull comes to see Miss Foster — he's no friend of mine."

"Tut, tut! I know better. I've seen what I've seen, an' I've heerd what I've heerd," remarked the old man mysteriously.

"Undoubtedly you've seen wonderful things if you can see what doesn't exist."

"You won't have him then? — is that the way 't the land lays? Is it so? — is it so?"

"There's no question of anything of the sort, I tell you," exclaimed the girl, with more temper than the occasion warranted. "You're mistaken."

"I've known him six year now, man an' boy, an' I hoped he'd be fortinit," went on old Israel, shaking his head lugubriously. He was silent for a few moments, and then added in a vexed undertone:

"Solomon said 't the way of a man with a maid was one of the things that were too many for him; I wonder if he saw through the way of a maid with a man?"

Ellen hesitated, — glanced around; then, leaning forward, she said in a quick but impressive whisper: "Just to show you how utterly wrong you are, I'm going to tell you something. Not two weeks ago I accidentally heard Mr. Hull asking Mrs. Foster's permission to pay his addresses to Isabel."

The old man started. "I don't believe it!" he exclaimed. "You heerd it wrong."

"I can tell you the very words. He was saying, 'She would be happy if love could make her so,' or something of that sort — what they always say," murmured Ellen satirically. "And Mrs. Foster answered: 'It isn't as if Isabel were my own daughter; she's of legal age and perfectly free to choose for herself, — but you have my consent as far as it goes, and I wouldn't ask a better marriage for her.' Now are you satisfied? And he said, 'You don't think the case hopeless?' And she said, 'Far from it.' You were completely at fault, you see," concluded Ellen with an accent of triumph. "I can't understand how you ever got such an idea."

"Wal, wal, wal, I wouldn't 'a' believed it," said Israel. His jaw had fallen during the detailed recital.

Night was now drawing on — a cold, brief, cheerless twilight descended. Mrs. Foster ordered the fires replenished, and candles and lamps lighted. The boys were busy decorating the dining-room as if for a harvest festival, with buckwheat and oats, stalks of corn and wreaths of frost-grape and bitter-sweet. Occasionally some farmer's wagon rumbled heavily by. Some farmer, switching his oxen, exclaimed to himself as he passed: "I swan! — ef they don't hev gret goin's on at the old Joe Weed place!" There was a brightness in all the windows; there was a rat-tat of hammers; and Isabel's voice now and then rang out in a ballad.

In the great chimney the wind sounded with that long thrilling wail which sends a shudder over the safest guest at the warmest fireside. Amid that company which seemed all sparkle and gayety, in a scene the very type of comfort and carelessness now, with mirth at its height, there was not a heart, except, perhaps, Isabel's, in which the wail of the wind did not wake a response, did not find a living trouble, more or less sentient, more or less clamorous. Mrs. Bigbee sighed, for she was a widow; her daughter sighed, — she had a new situation to look for. Ellen at that moment was conscious of her own sorrows.

When Isabel, in the joyousness and ease of her soul, came to the door and, standing in its dark frame, said sportively: "We must make some Shaker sweetmeats to please the gentlemen; who knows where the butternuts are?" Ellen, glad to be by herself a little, volunteered to produce them, and disappeared up two flights of stairs to the garret.

This room was not a grandmother's attic, full of dust-mantled treasures, but a great, bare, barn-like, rat-hunted chamber, such as is found in a deserted house. Some wasp-combs hung from the rafters, and a great many nuts were spread out on the floor; the Fosters' trunks were there — and the room contained nothing else. Through the fan-shaped windows a dull light was diffused, and a few snowflakes could be seen floating aimlessly in the air. Ellen sat down and drew a deep breath, but instead of a sigh a groan escaped her. It made a hollow whispering in the dim spaces under the timbers, and the girl started and glanced around furtively as if that groan had been a confession of guilt. She made no further sound, but sat pressing her hand to her heart, sunk in thought and growing cold, while minute after minute elapsed. At last a step was heard on the stair.

"All right, Fred; I'm coming!" she cried, hastily gathering up some nuts.

The step continued. A head appeared, and a voice — a man's voice — said:

"Ellen, I can't help it — I've got to see you again, think what you please and say what you please. I will see you, and I will speak to you. I'll be told in so many words that the bare idea that I was in love with you was enough to make you furious with me. If that was your reason, why, say so

plainly — you're fond of dealing in home-truths. I do love you, Ellen; do you hear? I want to marry you; do you hear? It's no insult to a woman for a man to say that he loves her. You shall refuse me at least — that poor, mean satisfaction I will have."

Ellen had listened with a look like a moonrise dawning over her features. As he finished speaking, she turned toward him, and said in a low, tremulous voice, her eyes just lighting with mirth:

"I'm afraid I can't give you that satisfaction, Mr. Hull."

"Ellen! Ellen! Do you intend me to take you at your word?"

"Well — wait, and I will consider the matter."

"Wetherbee tells me that you overheard me proposing to Mrs. Foster for Isabel's hand in the back parlor two weeks ago."

"So I did," replied Helen, quite calm and passive for once.

"It was in behalf of the little minister, who was too bashful to do it himself."

"The little minister?" cried Ellen, starting up, and speaking now in the old ringing, incredulous tone. "Mr. Barrows! You don't mean it! And I thought all the time that he was in love with me!"

"You never were more mistaken in your life," declared Lester in a tone of conviction.

"Well, but Isabel thought so, too," continued Ellen eagerly.

"Oh, she did, did she? I suspect that that was a little ruse of hers. At all events she has seen fit to accept him — he whispered the fact to me not ten minutes ago. He can hardly keep his heels to the ground for joy."

Silence on Ellen's part.

"Ellen, you told me this afternoon that you detested me. You spoke with such spirit, such zest — no one but you is capable of it. I should have been a fool not to believe you."

"For two weeks I was waiting to say it — I wanted to make it quite plain — to show you at least that you couldn't have had me for the asking. I had always treated you so kindly — I was determined that there should be no mistake. I succeeded — acknowledge that."

"You said you detested me. Was it true?"

"Not at all," Ellen admitted promptly. "On the contrary, it was a lie, seeing that I loved you with every drop of blood in my heart."

"And do you think it right to tell lies?" asked this young man, keeping a rein on himself in order to pursue his advantage without mercy.

"I suppose not. Still — that one — I think it was almost justifiable. It made me feel so self-respecting!"

"Miss Gates, you astonish me; the doctrine you advocate is a highly pernicious one. You deceived me — don't you think you ought to do penance?"

"Perhaps I ought," murmured Ellen.

There was a long pause; her face flushed more and more; and the buzz of two wasps on the pane sounded in her ears like roaring machinery.

OCTOBER.

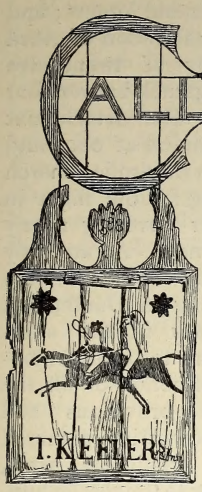
By Ellis Parker Butler.

THE forest holds high carnival to-day,
And every hill-side glows with gold and fire;
Ivy and sumac dress in colors gay,
And oak and maple mask in bright attire.

The hoarded wealth of sober autumn days
In lavish mood for motley garb is spent,
And nature for the while at folly plays,
Knowing the morrow brings a snowy Lent.

RIDGEFIELD, THE CONNECTICUT LENOX.

By Harry E. Miller.



CALLED BY THE Indians Candatowa or Caudatowa, meaning "high land," the town of Ridgefield, Connecticut, lies along the New York state line, in Fairfield County.

Up to 1708, the small tribe of Ramapoo Indians occupying this territory seem to have been little disturbed by the colonial settlers, who were gradually absorbing and populating all the land. In May of that year, the General Assembly was petitioned by a number of the inhabitants of Norwalk for "libertie to purchase of the Indians a certain tract of land bounded south on Norwalk bounds, northeast in Danbury, and west upon York line." Then followed the transfer of the land from Catoonah, chief of the Ramapoos, who executed the deed on September 30, 1708, upon receiving the sum of one hundred pounds. A year later, the General Assembly appointed Major Peter Burr of Fairfield, John Copp of Norwalk, and Joseph Starr of Danbury, a committee to survey the newly acquired territory, for which the patent was granted in 1714.

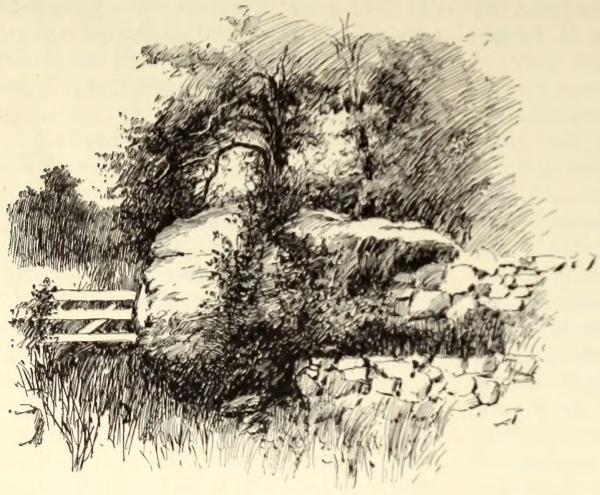
Immediately following the purchase, the twenty-five original settlers moved upon the home lots, which faced on the present Main Street in the village of Ridgefield. Near the western corner of the Ridgefield cemetery, and about opposite the schoolhouse at Titicus, is a large flat-topped bowlder, upon which, tradition records, the five earliest white men to arrive in the new territory passed the first night, building a fire around the base of the rock for protection against forest marauders.

These early settlers possessed the same spirit of thrift and perseverance for which the world has honored the company who came in the *Mayflower*. Like those voyagers of 1620, these twenty-five settlers, and the pioneers who soon followed them to Ridgefield, encountered the many obstacles found in developing a new dominion. They did not have, however, warlike Pequods to subjugate, as did their near neighbors; the Ramapoos were most friendly and respectful toward their white brothers, who, with the justice of William Penn, recognized the prior rights of the aborigines to American territory. As the colonial population increased it became necessary to make other purchases of land from the Ramapoos, which purchases were made in 1715, 1721, 1727 and 1729. That some of the Indians had already felt the contact with civilization is apparent from such names signed to the deeds as Jacob Turkey, Ah Toppeer, Moses Crow and Wett Hams. In Bedford, Westchester County, New York, hardly a dozen miles from Ridgefield, a grave is pointed out as the burial place of the sachem Catoonah and his favorite wife. The village of Katonah, in the same county, is named in his memory, as is also the street in Ridgefield called Catoonah.

The new village was hardly established before Queen Anne's war was terminated by the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713. Thirty years later New England was again under excitement at the beginning of King George's war. Although they spread to the colonies, Ridgefield seems to have had no active part in these conflicts between the English and French. James Resseguie and Vivus Dauchy, two residents of the village, were killed in the French and Indian war.

Like many American towns, Ridgefield was not hasty to engage in the Revolutionary conflict; but once the plain alternative was fully comprehended, she acted

with promptness and energy. In 1776 Captain Gamaliel Northrop's company of sixty-four men was organized in the town. From this village also came Colonel Philip B. Bradley, commander of the Fifth Connecticut Regiment, who afterward became marshal of the district of Connecticut in Washington's first administration, as well as during the term of John Adams. The old Bradley home at a later period was the property of Dr. D. L. Adams, and is now the summer residence of Mr. Lucius H. Bigelow, of the New York publishing house of Bigelow & Main. Lieutenant, afterward General Joshua King, who had the unfortunate Major John André in his charge at the Colonial headquarters in South Salem, was a resident of Ridgefield.



SETTLERS' ROCK.

It was not until the spring of 1777 that southern Connecticut realized the terrors of an invading army. No opposing troops sufficient to prevent the raiders from carrying destruction through the villages were to be easily gathered. Sir William Howe, having learned that the Americans had extensive stores in and near Danbury, to be used for the support of the Continental army, directed Governor William Tryon of New York to sail up Long Island Sound with two thousand picked men and, landing at a convenient point, make a quick march through Connecticut, for the purpose of burning the American supplies, the secret places of which would be disclosed by the Tories. With General Tryon came Sir William Erskine and General Agnew; and at four o'clock in the afternoon of April 25 the British convoy of twenty-five vessels anchored in Saugatuck harbor, four miles east of Norwalk. The detachment of two thousand men landed at once and proceeded on the twenty-mile march toward Danbury, halting for the night in Weston township, after covering nearly eight miles of the journey. At an early hour of the following day the troops were again in motion, arriving in Danbury at two o'clock in the afternoon, there to begin immediate destruction of all the accessible provisions and other necessaries gathered for the provincial army, amounting to "eighteen hundred barrels of pork and beef, seven hundred barrels of flour, two thousand bushels of wheat, rye, oats and Indian corn, clothing for a regiment of troops, and seventeen hundred and ninety tents." The British soldiers had not continued long about their work of plunder before unearthing among the stores a supply of liquor with which they at once regaled themselves; and when darkness fell the camp presented a bacchanalian scene such as the people of Danbury had never witnessed. General Tryon was not a little annoyed by this debauch of nearly his whole army. Through Tory informers he was made aware that the patriots of the adjoining country were rapidly gathering. What if under the darkness of night they should suddenly attack his drunken troops? On the day after, which was Sunday, before Tryon departed from Danbury, he burned "the Congregational meeting-house, nineteen dwelling-houses, twenty-two stores and barns, and great quantities of hay and grain." His soldiers having recovered from their dissipation, the march was resumed over the ten-

mile road leading to Ridgefield, which was hidden from sight by the southern hills.

Meanwhile the American General Silliman had hurriedly collected a body of five hundred youths, aged men and such farmers as were not already supporting Washington, and with these he started on April 26 to resist the British march. He was joined within a few hours by Generals Benedict Arnold, Parsons, Huntington and David Wooster, who was the commanding officer. The provincial army in pursuit of Tryon now numbered seven hundred poorly trained and armed men and boys, not disciplined soldiers, but men praying for the deliverance of their country from the British chain. While General Wooster harassed the rear of the English with two hundred of his militia, he directed Arnold and Silliman to make a forced march to intercept the enemy's front.



SKIRMISH GROUND NEAR RIDGEFIELD.

At nine o'clock this pleasant Sabbath morning Wooster overtook Tryon where his troops had breakfasted, nearly opposite the schoolhouse, just north of the present residence of Mr. Samuel Scott, above Ridgefield, and on the ground shown in one of the accompanying illustrations he made a furious assault upon the rear British regiment, throwing it into such disorder that he quickly secured forty prisoners, a number equal to a fifth of his whole force. Tryon pressed onward in the direction of Ridgefield, with Wooster in close pursuit continuing his galling fire. Upon reaching the flat lined with maples directly above the present home of Mr. James L. Hunt, Wooster again made a fierce attack, when the British rear guard faced about, using their small arms and artillery to such advantage that the Continentals soon began to fall back. Seeing their disorder, Wooster, who was on horseback, immediately turned to his men and, waving his sword, shouted: "Come on, my boys; never mind such random shots!" Hardly had he given the command before a musket ball from a Tory rifleman shattered his spine, and he fell from the saddle into the arms of his men, who stripped from him his sash and removed him some distance up the road, where a flat rock offered a suitable place to attend to his wound. From this point he was carried to the house of Nehemiah Dibble, in Danbury, where, attended by his faithful wife, he died on the second of May, a warrior whom his country could ill afford to lose. Over his burial-place in the Wooster cemetery in Danbury is erected a shaft honoring his memory. The house in which he died is no longer standing; it was also famous as being the headquarters of General Tryon during his stay in Danbury.

The loss of the commanding general was seriously felt by the Americans, and it is doubtful whether Tryon would have easily reached his ships had not this misfortune occurred to the Continental forces. Mr. James L. Hunt, whose grandmother, with her people, witnessed this engagement from an adjacent hill, says that Wooster was informed by some of the Provincials that a platoon had withdrawn from the British army and, using the commanding position of a slight elevation, were endeavoring to shoot the American



WHERE GENERAL WOOSTER WAS SHOT.

commanding officer; and upon being urged by his men to shield himself, Wooster was riding behind a tree, when the fatal musket ball overtook him. The blood stains remained for years on the rock where his wounds were dressed; but the stone, which should have been sacred to every resident, was afterward destroyed merely that the road might be straightened.

With their detachment of five hundred Arnold and Silliman entered Ridgefield at eleven o'clock, and hastily erected a barricade at the head of Main Street, across the slight ridge upon which stands the house known as the William Lee place. At noon the British reached the obstruction, and Generals Agnew and Erskine advanced to attack the fortification, soon gaining the commanding ledge; and, after an engagement of ten minutes, by their superior numbers, forced the Americans to withdraw from the field. Sixteen British and eight Continentals were killed during this battle of Ridgefield, and were buried in two graves in a field just southeast of the battle-ground. This would be a suitable place for the village to erect a monument to its heroes, who fought as valiantly as ever soldiers did to uphold the cause of independence.

In the engagement Benedict Arnold behaved with the same daring bravery which he showed less than six months later at the battle of Saratoga, when the black horse and rider were everywhere in the midst of the conflict. At Ridgefield he was nearly the last American to desert the field; and although a platoon of the enemy fired upon him at a distance of not a hundred feet, his only misfortune was in having his horse fall, shot by nine bullets. The exact ground as tradition has it is marked by a large tamarack tree inside of the fence of the Lee place.

General Tryon's army passed this Sunday night, April 27, 1777, in Ridgefield, encamping on the grounds of Samuel Olmstead. The British attempted without success to burn the old meeting-house. They did destroy, as reported by the selectmen to the General Assembly, "a grist mill and saw mill of Isaac Keeler, and six dwellings." The houses fired on High Ridge, in the village, were probably intended as signals to the fleet on the Sound.

The morning after, Tryon continued his raid beyond the boundaries of Ridgefield, followed by the Americans, who made the march so miserable for his soldiers that they had no rest until the

last man was safely embarked on the ships and the fleet had sailed away from the shores of Connecticut.

On the battle-ground of Ridgefield there stood until recently an old house, the grounds around which were lately purchased by Mr. George M. Olcott. In this weather-stained building was a cannon ball, a relic of the conflict; and in a room where wounded soldiers were carried, the dark blood stains were held in such tender regard that as long as the house remained they were never washed from the floor.

Another house of historical importance is situated on South Main Street, bearing on its brass door plate the inscription:

A. RESSEGUIE.

In the early history of Ridgefield this was the building occupied by Timothy Keeler, whose tavern was a celebrated stopping-place for travellers on their route from New York to Boston. To-day this old white house seems more than quaint standing among the homes of modern architecture. Knowing that Mr. Keeler was loyal to the Federal cause, and hearing that cartridges were being manufactured in this old tavern, the British planted a cannon near the Episcopal church and shot a number of balls into the building, one of which, lodging in a timber at the north side of the house, is still to be seen by drawing out the shingle concealing it. At the time that the house was being bombarded, a cannon ball whistled between the feet of a man who was climbing the stairs, which so frightened him that he tumbled down backwards, yelling, "I'm a dead man! I'm a dead man!" It required some time for his friends to convince him that he was not a dead man.

Another incident of the Revolution is that related about Jeremiah Keeler, a young man of seventeen, who became so zealous from witnessing the battle of Ridgefield that he immediately enlisted in the Continental army, presently to become a sergeant. He was among the first to scale the English breastworks at Yorktown; and as a token of esteem from General Lafayette, who was his commanding officer, he was presented with a sword which is still in the Keeler family. When Lafayette came as America's guest in 1824, he visited the old Keeler tavern for the purpose of seeing Jeremiah Keeler; and while he was in Ridgefield a grand ball was given in the tavern to celebrate the event.



BATTLE-GROUND OF RIDGEFIELD.
GENERAL ARNOLD'S TREE NEAREST TO THE STEPS.

The wounded British who died in the village were buried, it is reported, in the

upper part of Flat Rock woods. During their stay the British, for some reason unknown, filled a well with stones on the grounds afterward belonging to the Ridgefield Agricultural Society.

In the autumn of 1778 General Putnam was ordered to take his army for winter encampment from White Plains and Peekskill, New York, to Redding, Connecticut, eight miles northeast of Ridgefield. The situation was advantageous, as, lying midway between the Sound and West Point, he could throw his support in either direction, while at the same time his presence lessened the fear of further British invasion in this section.



THE KEELER TAVERN.

At Ridgebury, in the township of Ridgefield, Washington passed a night at Ensign Samuel Keeler's hotel, while on a journey to Hartford to consult with Count de Rochambeau, the French commander. At Weathersfield he held a second interview with Rochambeau, to make more particular arrangements as to the disposal of our French allies in the last campaigns of the war. In June, 1781, the forces of Rochambeau and the Duke de Lauzun marched from Newport for quarters at Ridgebury, where they settled, bringing under guard over eight hundred carts of supplies. The presence of an army in Ridgebury gave it the same prominence which Putnam's winter camp had given Redding. The Duke de Lauzun departed from Ridgebury on the second of July, followed two days after by Rochambeau. Their troops were moving toward the battlefield of Yorktown.

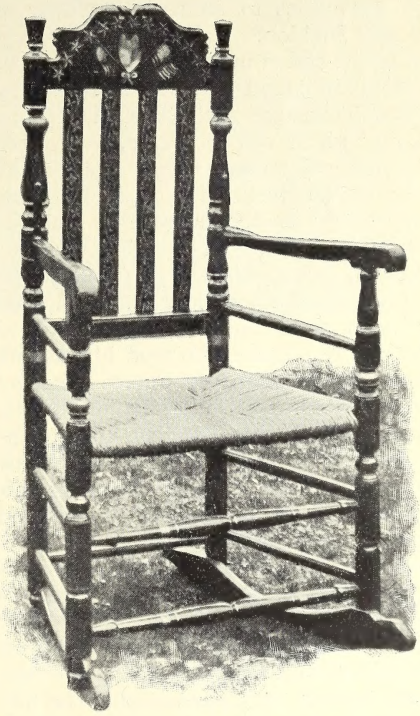
In the days of the Revolution there was a small country store at Yerk's Corners, now Bogtown, just across the New York state line, some eight miles from Ridgefield village. From this store, in the township of North Salem, went the three captors of Major André, on that memorable September day in 1780. After these three young men, who were hardly more than boys, had taken André under their escort, he was hurried directly away from the Hudson, and on the morning following was placed in charge of General Joshua King of Ridgefield, then a lieutenant in Colonel Sheldon's second regiment of light dragoons, stationed at South Salem, within four miles of Yerk's Corners. The headquarters of Lieutenant King were in a house which stood

about a mile north of the South Salem Presbyterian church, to which house André was brought a little before King's breakfast. A friend of King's wrote to him in 1817 for details concerning the capture of Major André; and the following letter, which was first published in the "History of Ridgefield," by the Rev. Daniel W. Teller, issued in 1878, repeats the story of the capture as related by Major André to Lieutenant King:

"RIDGEFIELD, June 17, 1817.

"*Dear Sir:* — Yours of the 9th is before me. I have noted the contents, and am sorry to express the indignation I feel at the idea of being obliged to translate a foreign language to obtain a true history of any part of our Revolution. The facts, so far as I am acquainted with them, I will state to the best of my ability or recollection. Paulding, Williams and Van Wart I never saw before or since that event; I know nothing about them. The time and place where they stopped Major André seems to justify the character you have drawn of them. The truth is, to the imprudence of the man, and not the patriotism of any one, is to be ascribed the capture of Major André. I was the first and only officer who had charge of him whilst at the headquarters of the second regiment of light dragoons, which was then at Esquire Gilbert's in South Salem. He was brought up by an adjutant and four men belonging to the Connecticut militia under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Jamison, from the lines near Tarrytown, a character under the disguised name of John Anderson. He looked somewhat like a reduced gentleman. His small clothes were nankin, with long white top boots, in part, his undress military suit; his coat purple, with gold lace, worn somewhat threadbare, with a small-brimmed tarnished beaver on his head. He wore his hair in a *queue* with long, black band, and his clothes somewhat dirty. In this garb I took charge of him. After breakfast my barber came in to dress me — after which I requested him to undergo the same operation, which he did. When the ribbon was taken from his hair, I observed it full of powder. This circumstance, with others that occurred, induced me to believe I had no ordinary person in charge.

"He requested permission to take the bed, whilst his shirt and small clothes could be washed. I told him that was needless, for a change was at his service, — which he accepted. We were close pent up in a bedroom with a guard at the door and window. There was a spacious yard before the door, which he desired he might be permitted to walk in with me. I accordingly disposed of my guard in such a manner as to prevent an escape. While walking together, he observed he must make a confidant of somebody, and he knew not a more proper person than myself, as I had appeared to befriend a stranger in distress. After settling the point between ourselves, he told me who he was, and gave me a short account of himself from the time that he was taken at St. John's in 1775 to that time. He requested pen and ink, and wrote immediately to General Washington, declaring who he was. About midnight the express returned



MAJOR ANDRÉ'S CHAIR.



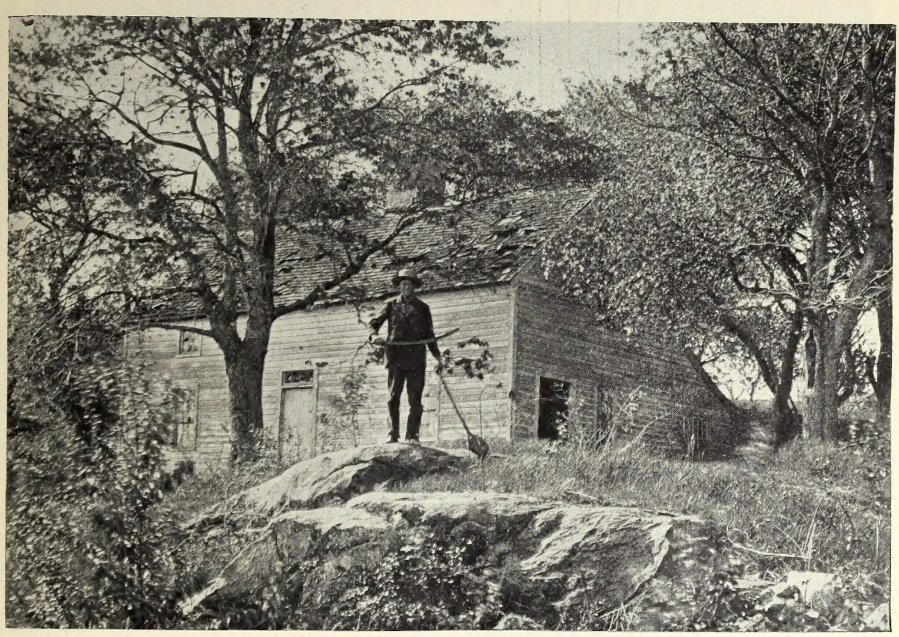
"PETER PARLEY" PLACE.

with orders from General Washington to Colonel Sheldon to send Major André immediately to headquarters. I started with him, and before I got to North Salem Meeting-house met another express with a letter directed to the officer who had Major André in charge, and which letter directed a circuitous route to headquarters for fear of recapture, and gave an account of Arnold's desertion, etc., — with directions to forward the letter to Colonel Sheldon. I did so, and before I got to the end of my journey I was joined by Captain Hoodgers first, and after by Major Talmadge and Captain Rogers. Having given you this clue, I proceed with the major's own story. He said he came up the North River in the sloop-of-war *Vulture*, for the purpose of seeing a person by flag of truce. That was not, however, accomplished. Of course he had to come ashore in a skiff, and after he had done his business, the wind was so high the Dutchman who took him ashore dared not venture to return him on board. The night following, the militia had lined the shore, so that no attempt could be made with safety; consequently he was furnished, after changing his clothes, with a Continental horse and General Arnold's pass, and was to take a route by Peekskill, Crumpound, Pinesbridge, Sing Sing, Tarrytown, etc., to New York.

"Nothing occurred to disturb him on his route until he arrived at the last place, except at Crumpound. He told me his hair stood erect and his heart was in his mouth on meeting Colonel Samuel B. Webb of our army plump in the face. An acquaintance of his said that Colonel Stoddert knew him, and he thought that he was gone, but they kept moving along and soon passed each other; he then thought himself past all danger, and while ruminating on his good luck and hairbreadth escapes, he was assailed by three bushmen near Tarrytown, who ordered him to stand. He said to them, 'I hope, gentlemen, you belong to the lower party.' 'We do,' says one. 'So do I,' says he, 'and by the token of this ring and key you will let me pass. I am a British officer on business of importance, and must not be detained.' One of them took his watch from him and then ordered him to dismount. The moment that was done, he said he found he was mistaken; he must shift his tone. He says, 'I am happy, gentlemen, to find I am mistaken — you belong to the upper party and so do I, and to convince you of it here is General Arnold's pass,' handing it to them. 'Damn Arnold's pass,' said they. 'You said you were a British officer; where is your money?' 'Gentlemen, I have none about me,' he replied. 'You a British officer with a gold watch and no money! Let us search him.' They did so, but found none. Says one, 'He has got his money in his boots; let's have them off and see.' They took off his boots, and there they found his papers, but no money. Then they examined his saddle, but found none. He said that he saw that they had such a thirst for money, he would put them in the way to get it, if they would be directed by him. He asked them to name their sum to deliver him at Kingsbridge. They answered him in this way, 'If we deliver you at Kingsbridge, we shall be sent to the sugar-house and you will save your money.' He says, 'If you will not trust my honor, two of you may stay with me, and one shall go with the letter I will write; name your sum.' The sum was agreed upon, but I cannot recollect

whether it was five hundred or one thousand guineas, but the latter, I think, was the sum. They held a consultation a considerable time, and finally they told him if he wrote a party would be sent out and take them, and then they should all be prisoners. They said they had concluded to take him to the commanding officer on the lines. They did so, and retained the watch until General Washington sent for them to Tappan, when the watch was restored to Major André.

"Thus, you see, had money been at command, after the imprudent confession of Major André, or any security given that the British would have put confidence in, he might have passed on to Sir Henry Clinton's headquarters with all his papers and Arnold's pass in the bargain. I do not recollect to have seen a true statement of this business in any history that has fallen into my hands. If my memory serves me, Arnold solicited and obtained the command of West Point in consequence of his being an invalid; as to the reason why his negotiation was not completed by flag of truce, I will state what General Washington told the French ambassador, Lucerne. He stated, on his route to Hartford, that he dined with General Arnold at Haverstraw, at Joshua Smith's, where Arnold and André met. General Arnold showed him a letter from General Robinson directed to General Israel Putnam or the officer commanding West Point, requesting an interview by flag on business of the first importance to the United States. General Arnold asked General Washington if he should go and hear what he had to say. General Washington replied that it would be very improper for the commander-in-chief of a post to meet anybody himself — he could send a trusty hand if he thought proper. 'But,' he added, 'I had no more suspicion of Arnold than I had of myself.' This accounts for Major André's failure to negotiate by flag, and his subsequent movements. I have thus complied with your request, giving you such facts, viz., what I had from the mouth of Major André and what I heard General Washington tell the French minister soon after the execution of André."



GEORGE WASHINGTON GILBERT AND HIS HOUSE.



TITICUS RIVER.

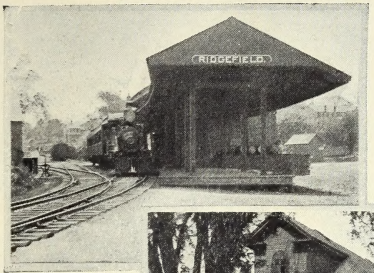
Major André's statement to General King — which is given here at length because it will be new to most — and the account accepted by American historians are at variance; for the British officer represents Paulding, Williams and Van Wart as having mercenary desires, and as regardless of what might happen to their country if they had released the spy with his papers. Not the slightest charge of dishonor has ever been proven against these three Americans in all the thorough investigation of this historical event. Probably no one ascertained more of the details than did Washington himself, who in his letter written at Paramus, October 7, 1780, to the President of Congress, said: "I have now the pleasure to communicate the names of the three persons who captured Major André, and who refused to release him, notwithstanding the most earnest importunities and assurances of a liberal reward on his part. Their conduct merits our warmest esteem; and I beg leave to add, that I think the public will do well to make them a handsome gratuity. They have prevented in all probability our suffering one of the severest strokes that could have been meditated against us." Such words would never have been written by the first of Americans had the three patriots acted in a dishonorable manner. André's audacious charge is about as reasonable as the famous letter he wrote to Washington from South Salem, in which he pretended that Arnold had betrayed him, or that he had been unknowingly duped into being a spy. There is no doubt about this message being written in South Salem; and through the courtesy of Mr. J. Howard King, grandson of General King, a photograph has been made of the identical chair in which André sat, utilizing a swinging desk formerly borne on one of its arms to inscribe his appeal to the American commander. On the back of the chair is found the following inscription:

"IN THIS CHAIR SAT MAJ. ANDRÉ, ADJ. GEN. BRITISH ARMY, WHEN HE WROTE, AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF LIEUT. JOSHUA KING, THE LETTER TO GEN. WASHINGTON REVEALING THE TREASON OF GEN. ARNOLD."

General King remained with André until the morning of October second, when at Tappan he accompanied the British soldier to the gallows.

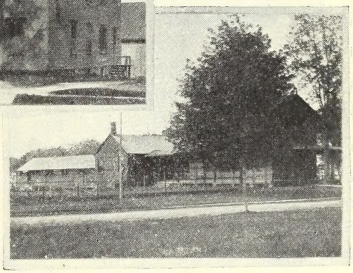
Ridgefield also had a part in the second war with Great Britain. To the Civil War the town forwarded one hundred and sixty soldiers.

Rev. Samuel Goodrich, pastor of the Congregational church, writes that all but one Indian had disappeared from the town by 1800. In remarking upon the mineral and other resources of the township, he writes that iron and sulphur had been found in small quantities at that early date, and that while no freestone was known, limestone and grayish-blue stone for building were not uncommon. He speaks, likewise, about the beautiful rose quartz, which until lately was shipped from Ridgefield to be made into table ware. The watercourses rising around Ridgefield, as Mr. Goodrich then reported, do not furnish sufficient power for factories, and consequently few foreign mechanics have found their way to the place. It is to-day, as in 1800, as pure an American town as, probably, can be named in any section of New England. At one time there were some tanneries and shoe and hat factories, and coarse ducking was prepared here for the southern market, but the place has never become a business centre. The early settlers found their new territory tenanted by deer, bears, wolves, panthers, wild cats and beavers, while as late as 1800, rattlesnakes were not uncommon in "the Cliffs."



THE DEPOT.


THE TOWN HOUSE.


RIDGEFIELD CLUB-HOUSE.

In the Congregational parsonage at Ridgefield, August 19, 1793, was born S. G. Goodrich, a son of the Rev. Samuel Goodrich, whom the world has long known by the name of "Peter Parley." In his interesting "Recollections of a Lifetime" Mr. Goodrich has included much concerning the early Ridgefield life. He gives an account of his first day at school, when the teacher, pointing to a letter, insisted that he should tell its name. He replied that he did not go to school to teach the teacher, and thought that she should tell him the letter. "Peter Parley" remembers old Granther Baldwin, who lived close to the school, guarding well his apples from the lads of the village. Baldwin was a man somewhat noted for his propensity for long prayers. A young man who was courting Granther Baldwin's daughter came one evening to visit the maiden, and had not been long in the house before Granther prepared for one of his extended invocations, which usually began with the creation of the world, and wound slowly down through the course of history. The young man was in deep slumber at about the time Granther Baldwin arrived at the fall of Rome, and tottering in his chair, suddenly tumbled over the elder, upsetting him and violently interrupting the devotional proceedings. As he finally married the damsel, however, it may be inferred that he was forgiven. "Peter Parley" tells another story showing that Baldwin had a true respect for the laws of his state. A carpenter who had been at work for a considerable time on Baldwin's premises presented a bill for thirty dollars when the work was finished. Granther, having considered the amount of debt, remarked that a certain statute imposed a penalty of a dollar upon every person who used a profane word, and according

to the account he had kept the carpenter uttered twenty-five such while about his work, so that he was really entitled to but five dollars. Granther asked the workman if he would receive the balance due in "his way" — meaning pork and vegetables.

"No," said the man, "I'll take it out in my way" — which he did by using more profanity than was ever heard in Ridgefield before or since its settlement.

Goodrich remembers his hunting and rambling about the fields and woods near his birthplace, which developed in him a deep love of nature; and when moving through the salons of Europe his thoughts turned often to the village whose hills were dearest to his memory. In Goodrich's boyhood Colonel Philip Bradley was the most distinguished man in Ridgefield, besides being leader of the Federalists, while his rival, General Joshua King, who later became the prominent man of the town, was the recognized chief of the Democrats, or Republicans as they then called themselves. Ezekiel Sanford, a schoolmate of Goodrich, was afterward editor of the *Eclectic Magazine*, and wrote a history of the United States covering the period prior to the Revolution.

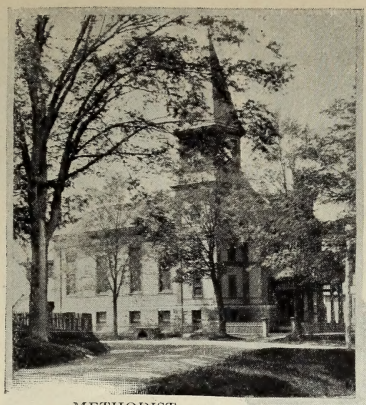
About the summer of 1804, writes Goodrich, an unusual sensation was caused in Ridgefield by Napoleon's youngest brother Jerome stopping at Keeler's Tavern with his young American wife, lately Miss Elizabeth Patterson of Baltimore. At nearly the same time the town was honored by a visit from Oliver Wolcott, recently a member of Washington's cabinet, and again by the entrance of Timothy Pickering.

In Boston, whither he went, Goodrich engaged in the publishing business, issuing his *Boston Token* and *Atlantic Souvenir*, to which the leading American writers of the period were contributors. Hawthorne's "Sights from a Steeple," "Sketches Beneath an Umbrella," "Wives of the Dead," and "Prophetic Pictures" appeared in the *Token*, but excited so little comment that Goodrich felt chagrined. He wrote several articles calling the attention of his readers to these remarkable productions. Hawthorne's remarkable genius was appreciated by "Peter Parley" long before the advent of "The Scarlet Letter." He writes that "Hawthorne was, in fact, a kind of Wordsworth in prose — less kindly, less genial toward mankind, but deeper and more philosophical. His fate was similar: at first he was neglected, at last he had worshippers." While in the employ of Goodrich, Hawthorne helped edit the "American Magazine of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge," and also "Parley's Universal History," which

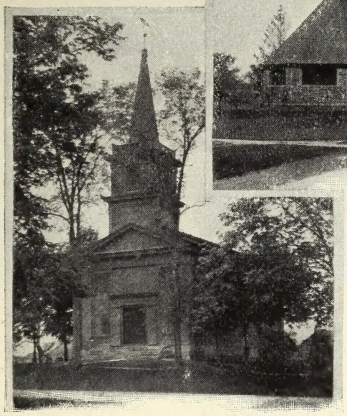


SOUTH MAIN STREET.

became one of the standard text-books for schools, and now on account of its rarity it brings a good price at the auctions. With another friend of Hawthorne's, Horatio Bridges, Goodrich aided the author to issue his first volume of "Twice Told Tales," of which he says: "It was deemed a failure for more than a year, when a breeze seemed to rise and fill its sails, and with it the author was carried on to fame and fortune." Hawthorne's memory is connected with Lenox through his residence at the little red house in that place. By his acquaintance with Goodrich he seems to be associated with the Connecticut Lenox.

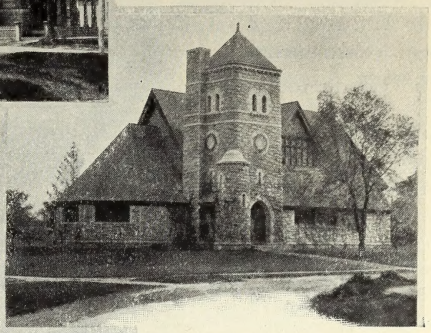


METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.



ST. STEPHEN'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

"Peter Parley" revisited his native village after an absence of many years, writing an account of the same to his brother in 1855. In this letter of forty years ago he becomes enthusiastic over the natural attractions of the village, saying: "The main street, on the whole, is one of the most beautiful I know of. It is more than a mile in length and a hundred and twenty feet in width, ornamented with two continuous lines of trees, — elms, sycamores, and sugar-maples, — save only here and there a brief interval." The view from the crest of High Ridge "equals the fairest scenes in Italy," and from this elevation can be witnessed sunsets which to him far surpassed any of a foreign clime. "Where is the landscape more smiling?" he asks, "the earth more cheering? One thing is clear, — that there are in continental Europe no such country towns and villages as those of New England and some other portions of this country. Daniel Webster once said, jocosely, that New Hampshire is a good place to come from; it seems to me, in all sincerity, that Ridgefield is a good place to go to. Should I ever return there to end my days, this may be my epitaph:



FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

"'My faults forgotten, and my sins forgiven,
Let this, my tranquil birthplace, be my grave:
As in my youth I deem'd it nearest heaven,
So here I give to God the breath he gave.'"

He revisited the old Keeler Tavern, and was greatly elated that the culinary arts, which had made the inn celebrated, had not been forgotten in the years of his absence; he asserts that nowhere else has he known the science of cookery to reach the perfection attained at the Keeler hostelry. While he was visiting again his old home on High Ridge, a young man volunteered an explanation concerning the property to the supposed stranger, telling him that the house was quite famous, since it had been built and occupied for several years by "Peter Parley."

His mood is sorrowful when he hears a new bell ringing from the church of his boyhood. From the church he missed the patriarchs of his boyhood, especially the reserved deacons and Granther Baldwin, Squire Keeler and General King; and instead of the commanding person



RESIDENCE OF
EX-GOV. LOUNSBURY.



RESIDENCE OF
GEORGE M. OLCOTT.





RESIDENCE OF LUCIUS H. BIGELOW.



RESIDENCE OF HENRY E. HAWLEY.

RESIDENCE OF J. HOWARD KING.

of the Revolutionary officer, he found his son Joshua.

While Goodrich was ruminating about the churches, no doubt the humorous conflict between the Stove and Anti-Stove parties, of which he has preserved the record in the "Recollections," recurred to him. At the time of the new invention an effort was made to introduce a stove in a Ridgefield church, when one part of the congregation bitterly objected to the innovation; foot-stoves, they said, would answer the requirements in severe weather for women and children, while religious devotion should be sufficient for warming the men. Was not this late thought of man a mockery in the sacred place? The warfare between the Stovites and Anti-Stovites increased to such warmth, that the pastor of the church, trying to be neutral, feared to select a text for his sermon, as both factions would draw from it arguments to substantiate their opposite positions.

"Parley" recollects a quiet summer Sabbath, when a parson from the neighboring village of South Salem was discoursing from a Ridgefield pulpit to the morning congregation. He was in the midst of a long prayer, when far up Main Street could be heard the clatter of a horse galloping in the direction of the church with that reckless speed with which the Headless Horseman pursued brave Ichabod Crane through Sleepy Hollow.

Now if there was anything in the country for which the pastor from South Salem had an uncontrollable love, it was good horseflesh; and he was so good a judge that a horse's footbeats revealed to him its merits. The horse and rider dashed nearer, the sounds coming through the open doors and windows. A suspense hung over every person in the congregation, augmented from the pulpit, and when the profane galloper was speeding by the door, the pastor halted abruptly

in his prayer, exclaiming in a distinct voice: "That's a real smart critter,"—and then continued his supplication.

There is an unmarked grave in the Episcopal burying-ground at North Salem, near Ridgefield, in which during the winter of 1810 was interred a hermitess, known in all the neighboring villages as Sarah Bishop. Hers was a gaunt figure, not seldom seen on the streets of Ridgefield; and the first poem ever printed by "Peter Parley" had this solitary creature for a theme; a single verse describing her in this manner:

"Her face was wrinkled, and passionless seemed
As her bosom, all blasted and dead,
And her colorless eye like an icicle gleamed,
Yet no sorrow or sympathy shed."

Her residence was four miles west of Ridgefield, in a lonely cavern on the southern slope of West Mountain, overlooking Lake Waccabuc beneath, and in the distance the Sound with the hills of Long Island outlined against the horizon. It is told that her father's home on Long Island was burned during the Revolution, and that she suffered cruelties from a British officer, which may account for the strangeness of her subsequent life. Yet notwithstanding her peculiar mode of existence, some visitors to the cave of the hermitess in 1804 "found her to be of a sound mind, a religious turn of thought, and entirely happy in her situation." The cavern was formerly quite inaccessible, but now, since a path has been built to it, visitors each year seek the wild place, once the lonely resort of Sarah Bishop.

In a hundred ways Ridgefield is suggestive of Lenox, though its fertile undulating surface is not broken by so great a number of picturesque hills as please the rambler in the Berkshires. Not only the beauty of the surrounding country, but the beautiful trees, lawns, streets and palatial mansions, remind one of Lenox. It is doubtful whether any American village street surpasses in beauty the main street in Ridgefield. The mammoth old trees on the street have attained a remarkable age; those around some of the homes, forming most attractive parks, are of the same gigantic size. In front of each residence is a well-kept lawn, and between the sidewalk and the highway still another green. Main Street is not an unbroken level; it is far more pleasing on account of its undulations, with occasionally a graceful bend, shutting out a further view. Close to Main Street lies High Ridge, at an altitude of eight hundred feet above sea level. Not only have the splendid summer homes across its summit made this a point of interest, but the panoramic view from the Ridge has caused it to be widely known. Fourteen miles away stretches Long Island Sound spreading before the sight for more than sixty miles, with the shores of the island plainly visible; and farther away still is to be seen West Rock, near New Haven. In the west one sees the mountains along the Hudson. Between these points are hills, woods, valleys and watercourses, with an occasional little mountain rising abruptly, and in the hazy distance seeming to touch the sky.

The interesting drives in and about the village have gained the admiration of thousands, which again makes us think of Lenox. The road to Danbury is much travelled. One is carried past historic Ridgebury, and farther on through Sugar Hollow, with its dark mountains, once the resort of highwaymen, looming up on either side of the highway and throwing a shadow over the lonely road.

Driving from Ridgefield in the opposite direction from High Ridge, another part of the village is reached, known as East Ridge. One of the elegant mansions on this elevation is Hawk's Nest, being the property of Mr. W. S. Hawk, one of the two proprietors of the Windsor Hotel in New York. East Ridge is yearly becoming a more popular building place. Leaving this eminence, a short drive through the woods carries us to a very old house, close to the road, which is occupied by George Washington Gilbert, widely noted through the region as the Ivy Hill hermit and weather prophet. Every summer visitors drive through the picturesque woods to the old domicile, said to have been standing for one hundred and thirty years, to have a chat with the hermit, as well as to examine his big kitchen fire-

place. Scattered through the rooms of the house are antiquities dating from a time when spinning-wheels and powder-horns were not considered useless. In our illustration the hermit weather prophet has an old sword across his breast, which his grandfather brought from the battle of Trenton, and in the other hand he holds a highly prized warming pan from among his antiquities.

Another pleasant journey leads one through Titicus, across the river over which the British passed into Ridgefield in 1777, thence onward to the battlefield where Wooster fell, and continuing a mile to the northwest, where on the skirmish ground by the schoolhouse the provincial troops secured the forty British prisoners. Turning to one side of the main road, we arrive at "the Cliffs," or "Aspen Ledges," and to the other to Lake Mamanasco, with its curious floating island. Some distance beyond is a low stone post marking the New York and Connecticut state line; and in the town of North Salem is to be seen the Titicus storage reservoir for New York City, named after the river supplying the artificial lake. Not far from the reservoir is the Episcopal cemetery, in which Sarah Bishop slumbers, with her life secrets locked forever in the grave. One of the houses near by is the summer residence of Mr. U. S. Grant, the youngest son of the General, and another a plain old dwelling once occupied by Horace Greeley for the summer months, during which he remained among the hills of Westchester County. Passing into South Salem, near which is the elegant home of Robert Hoe, of printing press fame, the traveller has a view of beautiful Lake Waccabuc, lying in a picturesque basin, with West Mountain, the old home of Sarah Bishop, rearing its massive bulk on the north shore. Without forgetting Major André, we depart from South Salem, until Round Lake, deep and cool, and the summit of West Mountain are attained — from which commanding height a vast panorama is spread before us. Through the summer homes constructed around West Mountain the locality has been redeemed from a once unattractive wilderness. The residences especially noticeable belong to Mr. Theodore H. Mead, Mr. Dexter L. Stone, Dr. Bache McEvers Emmet and Dr. John G. Perry.

Putnam's headquarters at Redding may be reached by an easy drive from Ridgefield; and in another direction, Elmsford Avenue, where General Garfield visited while on a furlough during the Civil War. Not far from this avenue are New Caanan, Norwalk and Long Island Sound.

No visitor can fail to be attracted by the homes in Ridgefield, which, either from their historic associations or their own beauty and taste, are among the important objects of the town. Upon passing the extensive grounds of the Ridgefield cemetery, and entering Main Street from the north, one sees the palatial residence of Mr. George M. Olcott, built at a cost of more than $125,000. Just opposite is the house owned and occupied until her recent death by Mrs. Youmans, wife of Edward L. Youmans, founder of the *Popular Science Monthly*. Near the Youmans or William Lee place, as it is now better known, is that of Mr. Lucius H. Bigelow, of which mention has already been made. Mr. Sylvester Main of the same publishing firm was for many years a resident of Ridgefield. The fine residence of ex-Governor Lounsbury, with its park-like grounds, is on the east side of the street, and a little above on the west side the summer home of Mr. J. Howard King, president of the New York State National Bank at Albany. Mr. King has reproduced the colonial mansion of his grandfather, General Joshua King, which with its valuable contents was destroyed by fire not long ago. Excepting the north and south enclosed verandas, both the interior and exterior of the house, even to the door-plate, have been made to conform as nearly as possible to the original condition. Adjoining the King grounds is the castle-like home of Mr. Henry E. Hawley, surrounded by some of the noblest trees in Ridgefield. The old Keeler Tavern is a conspicuous building on south Main Street. Near it is the road to High Ridge and the "Peter Parley" home, now belonging to Mr. John A. King. In the row of summer mansions beyond is

recognized that of Mr. E. P. Dutton, the well-known publisher. Among the prominent families in and near the village, we find the names of Hawley, Olcott, Morris, Dutton, King, Schenck, Bigelow, Hawk, Starr, Bailey, Egleston, Emmet, Stone, Lounsbury, Scott, Mead and Perry.

The village has four churches. The Jesse Lee Memorial Methodist Episcopal Church, St. Stephen's Episcopal, and the First Congregational are on Main Street, while St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church is on Catoonah Street. The first church of the Episcopal society, by which the British planted a cannon to fire upon the Keeler Tavern, was built in 1740, and rebuilt soon after the Revolution; while the church on its present site was finished in 1842. The old Congregational church stood on a green with the highway running on each side; and the handsome new stone edifice is but a little below the site of the first building. The Methodist church, the third belonging to that sect erected in New England, would certainly be appreciated by the early Methodists of the village, who about the year 1800 worshipped in Dr. Baker's kitchen.

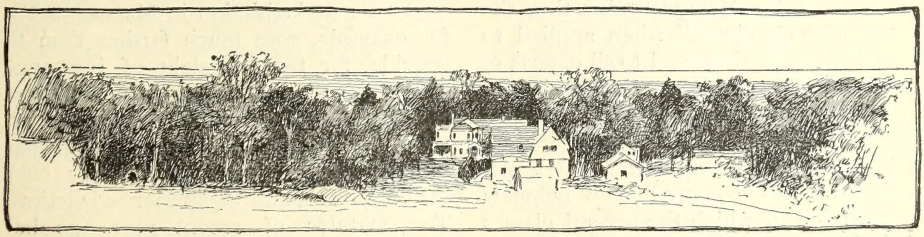
The first town-house was built in 1743, and the present one in 1876. In 1875, the weekly Ridgefield *Press* was established, with the title of "Baxter's Monthly." It is to-day a flourishing country newspaper under the editorial management of Mr. E. C. Bross. There is in the village a savings bank, and a club with its club-house, the rooms of which will soon be adapted for lectures and dramatic entertainments.

The schools are quite different from what they were when in "Peter Parley's" boyhood they taught "reading, writing, arithmetic and grammar, some catechising, and a little manners," making the best use of that now rare book, the "New England Primer." The interesting history of the town should be taught in all of its schools. If every town would present local history for the children to study, a wider sympathy would be developed for the history of the world. As early as 1795 a small library was established in Ridgefield, containing in 1800 one hundred and fifty titles, and now possessing over three thousand volumes. A society known as the Indian Territory Association of Ridgefield was organized, mainly through the efforts of Mr. Theodore H. Mead, in the spring of the present year. A large company assembled at Mr. Mead's home on West Mountain, where they were addressed by John Gilmer Speed, the well-known authority on road-making and village-improvement societies. The association has for its objects the general improvement of town roads, sidewalks, fences, grounds and residences, and also legislation for better roads throughout the state.

Ridgefield has a population of about twenty-five hundred, increased by more than one thousand in summer. Probably no village in America of equal population represents a greater amount of wealth.

It has not the society nor the activity of Lenox, although the summer residence of many society people. It is their desire that the place shall not become too much of a society town; it is already too popular to please some of them.

The popularity is attested by the long visits made each year by those who have found the restful landscape and healthful atmosphere to be so helpful in ministering to reawakening a love of quiet life and a true appreciation of nature.



LOOKING FROM HIGH RIDGE.

THE FOOLISH FEAR OF PATERNALISM.

By Raymond L. Bridgman.

JUDGING by remarks in private and by current printed expressions, if any public policy is open to the suspicion that it is "paternal" its inherent error and foolishness are thereby established at once. Further evidence is needless, as it is not required to say anything further of an egg than that it is rotten. Paternalism is regarded by many as an inherent vice in much modern legislation. The state, it is urged, is taking altogether too parental an attitude toward its citizens; it is entering fields which it had much better leave to private enterprise; it is assuming too much to act as the guardian of the poor and ignorant; it is interfering too much with the liberties of the people; it is violating the freedom of contract; it is preventing men from receiving due benefit of their business ability; and it is encouraging an essentially false theory of the relation of the people to the government.

Now, if anything is clear in the present awakening to the importance of taking an interest in government, it is that the conception of government itself must be changed to meet the facts of our political condition. Many writers would reduce to as low a point as possible the interference of the government with everyday affairs; while the growth of the state as a political body has not yet become so familiar an idea to the people as to convince them of the fallacy of this reasoning.

But the development of our civilization is a constant demonstration that the theory of "let alone," when applied to all varieties of actions and to all classes of men beyond those who merit punishment for bad moral conduct, is fallacious, and it is becoming more and more evident that humanity is an organized and growing body in which every human being is an atom and of which the several classes of producers, thinkers and promoters of whatever name are the members. It is not stating the case too strongly to say that when the first step has been taken to establish order among men by force, then has been taken also the first step toward that complexity of government which some worthy citizens criticise as a development into paternalism.

Unless we are willing that every person should be his own policeman and protect himself from violence as best he can, we must follow the precedent thus established; we must guard the ignorant and the helpless from the wrongs which are likely to be inflicted by unprincipled business men or by hard-hearted employers just as fully as we guard the weak from the physical dangers of robbery and murder. If the punishment of the robber and the murderer is accomplished by the sovereign state as an act of justice which ought to be inflicted as the desert of the offender, regardless of the injury done to his helpless victim, no less is it a just desert that the unscrupulous agent who, even within the limits of law, defrauds a buyer of a life-insurance policy, or the unfeeling overseer who abuses the men under him, should suffer punishment for his offence. It is impossible, in the light of justice, to draw a line between the two acts and say that it is wise to punish the one, but that it is unwise paternalism for the government to punish the other, and that all rogues of the latter sort ought to have unrestricted opportunity to defraud and to tyrannize over the people.

But recent legislation in Massachusetts, for example, goes much farther than to provide for the oversight of insurance companies, savings banks, loan and trust companies and other business interests, where a shrewd and unprincipled manager would have great advantages over the unthinking and inexperienced victims. The statutes of recent years go beyond the province of official acts for the prevention of fraud and violence. They

undertake to use for the good of all the people the powers which are in the possession of the community. Into this realm the state is advancing rapidly, year after year, accomplishing great good and doing unquestionably what is for the health and comfort of all the people, but at every step violating the let-alone theory of the political philosophers.

Let us look and see in some detail what is done. Take, for instance, the large powers of the state board of health. These are wholly outside of criminal law in its relation to personal morals. According to the let-alone theory, every person ought to look out for his health himself, and if he does not obey the laws of right living he ought to bear the penalty. But not so is the state developed. On the one hand there is in the community a certain amount of knowledge upon the subject of health which is available for the benefit of every member of the community. On the other hand is the danger to the whole community from unsanitary conditions. The common sense of the whole decrees that the power of the whole shall be used to put into effect the knowledge which is at the command of the whole. Laws are enacted which tend to the prevention of epidemics, for the promotion of the public health and for the betterment of sanitary surroundings.

But it required a sharp and sad experience to force the common sense of the state to take this step, just as it has been only by gross abuses, as a rule, and by severe suffering that other steps forward have been taken. In 1849 "typhoid fever, dysentery and scarlet fever had prevailed to an unusual extent, and in addition to these, Asiatic cholera had invaded the state and destroyed about twelve hundred of its population." Under the general anxiety caused by such threatening conditions, influenced by the possibility of widespread pestilence, the legislature appointed a commission to examine and report upon the sanitary condition of the state. This commission advised the legislature to establish a "general board of health," and after delay till 1869 the board was finally established. It is interesting to observe that the first act for the protection of the public health was clearly prompted by the imperative necessity of relief from physical distress, for the law was entitled "An act for the prevention of common nuisances arising by slaughter-houses, still-houses, etc., tallow-chandlers and curriers." This act was passed in 1692.

It is easy for those who fear paternalism in the government to make out a strong case against the state board of health; and the argument might be rested, *pro* and *con.*, on this case alone. Among the powers and duties of this board are these: to take cognizance of the interests of life and health among the citizens of the commonwealth; to make sanitary investigations and inquiries in respect to the causes of disease and especially of epidemics and the sources of mortality; to make investigations in respect to the effects of localities, employments, conditions and circumstances on the public health; to advise the government in regard to the location and sanitary condition of public institutions; to have co-ordinate powers with every local board of health to treat small-pox or any other dangerous, contagious or infectious disease; to regulate the carrying on of offensive occupations; to pass upon the quality of ice; to have the general care and oversight of all inland waters; to recommend such main sewers as are necessary to preserve the purity of inland waters, to prevent the pollution of waters in any way to injure the public health; to conduct experiments for the best system of drainage and of sewage disposal; to have supervision of all streams and ponds used for water supply by cities and towns; to determine the proper location of crematories; to guard the health of the public against the sale of adulterated food and drugs; to prevent the sale of wall paper or other goods containing arsenic; and to regulate the manufacture of clothing in those unhealthful places called "sweat-shops."

Here is a long list of duties to the public. In other words, the people of the whole state, in their organic capacity as a living political body, have decreed that certain measures shall be established for the public protection. It might be said,

under the let-alone theory, that a man has a right to do as he pleases with his own, and if he wishes to run a tallow-rendering establishment in a large city, let those who do not like it keep still or move away. But we are fortunately educated now to the point where even the *laissez-faire* philosopher with sensitive olfactories would insist that the government should not *laissez faire* in this particular case.

What the state has done in the field of public health is only an illustration of what has been done in a similar way in a score of other departments wherein the let-alone theory has been utterly exploded and the people all work together for the common advantage, probably not realizing the historic lines upon which they are acting, but seeing the main point that certain ends are to be gained and that the surest and quickest way to gain them is by using the machinery of the organism as the means.

Through the board of education Massachusetts has accomplished wonderful results; and the wisdom of the course has never been seriously questioned, either at home or in any other state, for all follow the same method more or less distinctly. But the state could not remain in that field a day were it to give heed to the cry of paternalism. What can be more paternal than the state's interfering with the government and the employment of a family and insisting upon the attendance in public or private school of every child who has reached a prescribed age? Here is paternalism intensified. Under the let-alone theory, those who want their children educated should see to it themselves; they should pay the expense from their private purses; while those who do not wish to have their children putting their time upon mental training when they might be at work in the factory or on the farm should be allowed to do as they please with their own. But the state controls in this matter absolutely, and there is no trace of the let-alone policy in its educational laws. Compulsion is placed upon parents and children, and the school authorities do not permit the laws to become a dead letter.

Glance over other departments which show clearly the state's interference with the management of property unquestionably under private ownership. The railroads are under the oversight of a state commission; and so far was their interference carried by the act of 1894, that now no road can even issue new stock without the consent of this state supervisory board. Close restrictions are placed around the methods of insurance companies. Savings banks must open their books to the inspection of state officials, and the laws which regulate their investments in securities are exceedingly strict and are thoroughly enforced. Druggists, dentists, physicians and plumbers are all, in their professional acts, under the regulation of law. If the let-alone philosophy had any virtue, surely it ought to be shown in these realms. If people do not know enough to protect themselves against incompetent practitioners in these specialties, it is argued, on the let-alone side, the ignorant ought to suffer. But the common sense of the people has established state regulation in these occupations, in each case after stubborn resistance; and the successful operation of previous experiments in state regulation has been held to justify abundantly each new departure in these several instances.

It is an interesting truth that the establishment of these latest boards was made in the very teeth of the let-alone philosophy. That school of thought had had its innings for generations. It was theoretical master of the situation, and it would very probably command a majority of the popular vote to-day if the two doctrines were presented in their common phase of much government *versus* little government. It had the doctors of the law, the doctors of the books, and the doctors of the press on its side. Popular training and sympathy were with it, too. The opposing view had no standing in court and no friends there in its attitude as a political philosophy. It simply stood on the necessities of the case, friendless, save as it offered the only practical solution for a public danger, unknown, save as it had, wherever practised, never failed to bring the desired relief. The people

were forced by the necessities of self-protection against ignorance and fraud to reject the let-alone doctrine, though they acted directly against their theoretical beliefs and prejudices. This is the significant truth in the situation.

Now, then, the development of the state in recent years proves that the objectionable doctrine of paternalism does not avail to prevent governmental action for the benefit of the whole people and of special classes also; for this legislation was particularly for the uneducated classes. But this development does not mean that the state is bound to provide for the material wants of the people, nor that it must furnish them with employment for their working hours and with amusement during their leisure. It means that we are beginning to realize more than ever before that the people are an organism which is self-governing, and that the practice of mutual help is not destructive of personal and political virtue. The people are coming to a larger comprehension of the field and the power of the political organism. Doubtless there are great abuses possible in the use of this enormous power by those who would pervert it to private ends, or who do not understand the methods of its workings. The vision of many is yet necessarily dim; others are thoroughly selfish in their views of the government. Too many see in the public treasury only an opportunity for plunder, and regard public office only as a place for little work and high pay. Some believe that it is a legitimate exercise of governmental power to use it for the promotion of private business interests in which the labor of the many is taxed for the benefit of the few. But these evils are not necessarily connected with the organic development of the political body. It is for the good of the whole that some persons should be set apart to see that large corporations are held strictly to a sense of their duty and their responsibility, and that they be madé to realize that they are for the service of the people, not the people for their enrichment.

The self-help which the people practise in their regulation of railroads, of street railways, of gas and electric light companies, of all water supplies, of insurance companies, of all educational interests, of savings banks, of the civil service positions, of county officers, of the industrial relations of employers and employees, of dentists, of druggists, of physicians, of highways, of fish and game, of the vast and manifold labor interests, of metropolitan parks and metropolitan sewers, of the management of prisons, of the public libraries, and of the public records of cities and towns, — this self-help is not in line with the let-alone philosophy, but it is, nevertheless, greatly for the benefit of the people, and all our modern progress centres about these different fields of activity.

Behold the outlook as it is! See the state as it has grown in obedience to the inner organic law, not following at all the theories of our political students, but defying them at every essential point and yet becoming more and more an organism, securing health and employment for rapidly increasing thousands of population, acting as a beneficent ruler over the lives of all its citizens, and hastening forward to a day of organic perfection too magnificent for us to comprehend! More and more is each citizen served by all, and more and more is each necessary to the well-being of all. Our recent financial and industrial troubles have not come from a too high organization of the several elements in the political body for the performance of new functions. There has been no complaint nor even a hint that any of the recent economic disaster has been caused, or even specially intensified, in Massachusetts, by too close state regulation of railroads, street railways or corporations of any sort, or from any too vigilant oversight by boards of the state created to watch over the interests committed to their charge. Nor has any previous distemper of the political body been found to be due to any of these or similar causes. Nor is there any complaint that these new organs of the body are not fulfilling their functions freely and fully for the benefit of the whole people. The truth is, that the people are helping each other to-day more than ever before and that our development of new organs for the service and protection of

the whole marks the growth of the political body according to an inherent and powerful law, wiser than any of man's framing, by which a far more exalted ideal than the present is to be attained.

Government, we can now see, comprehends much more than the establishment of order, the systematic sitting of courts, the trial of cases and the execution of judgment upon criminals. We are beginning to realize that our development thus far is only an introduction to the complicated relations which are awaiting business and industry in the future as the legitimate result of forces which are now in operation. But we are sufficiently far advanced to understand plainly that the comprehension of government as simply a restraining legal hand at the throat of would-be criminals is far too small to meet the truth in our political development. We can see that the field of government includes the creation and regulation of all these many organs of activity, and that it covers many enterprises for the promotion of the common good. Government comes very close to the daily activities of all people, and it is impossible for that to be the best government which governs least. In the light of our present development it is clear that having little government is synonymous with barbarism, and that the political teacher who still instructs his pupils that government should leave its citizens to regulate all matters of education, health and business in their private capacity does not yet see the full meaning and scope of a political organism.

It has not availed to prevent the growth of the state, that the cry of paternalism has been raised foolishly and often. Doubtless that cry has had the effect on well-meaning but not well-informed minds of making them oppose reforms which were necessary; but the rapid growth of the state in the face of this theory proves that it has little power when pitted against a genuine need of the body politic. Yet it is well that the public mind should hold the right conception of the function of government, that people should see that, while order is Heaven's first law, it is not the consummation of government nor the acme of perfection in a political organism. The establishment of order is only a clearing away of the trees and stumps for the erection of a noble edifice. It merely gives opportunity for the play of forces which are for the elevation of all whom they can reach. It affords that freedom from despotism by individual or class or party, which stimulates invention, promotes commerce, develops industries, cements nations by friendly intercourse and prepares the way for the republic of mankind. The progress of recent years illustrates the truth that it is not by private effort, as the let-alone philosophers would have us believe, but by the organic action of all the classes in the community, under the encouragement of law, that human industry is to reach its highest development, that the health of the community is to attain its most robust condition, and that the friendliness and helpfulness of all classes is to be most efficiently promoted.

A pertinent truth here is this, that a right conception of government as the co-operation of all parts of the organized political body for the good of the whole and of each individual atom in it will abolish a great deal of foolish misapprehension regarding the function of political office. In the organism which is in a healthful condition, it is the people who are helping themselves, and they establish the organs to render them the necessary service. The government is not a great and good father, nor a paternal relative of any degree, apportioning fat and easy offices, taking care of the shiftless and supporting all who ask for help. It is the people who must support the government, not the government the people. While it is true that the creation of new organs for the service of the people demands that competent persons be appointed to fill these offices, and while the number of government officers is thus ever increasing, yet the very effect of the development of the political body which is made by the creation of these organs is to enlarge the field of private enterprise and to make more opportunities for the profitable employment of capital.

It is not paternalism in any tenable sense for the people to establish new or-

gans for the promotion of justice and for the improvement of sanitary, financial and social conditions; it is exactly the opposite. To originate these lines of activity, to forecast the future, to see how the energies of the organized people can be made to serve the interests of the whole and of every person in detail, — this is self-help of the genuine sort. This is real independence, real manliness, real political genius and virtue.

A right conception of the political body and of the functions of its officers will remove the current criticism, that a too paternal policy is now pursued and that its purpose is to provide comfortable support for politicians and their heelers and friends. The office-holders are for the service of the entire people. They are the organs of the political body. They cannot be too well equipped for their places. The people have the right to the best, and they have the further right to test the capacity of every person who would enter the public employment, just as thoroughly as a private employer would test the qualifications of a person seeking service with him. In no way ought the public office to be given as a reward for past service or past sacrifice to the state, to the exclusion of better qualified and available service. Let the grateful people find some other avenue of expression, but let not the offices of the political body be perverted from their honorable and necessary place on account of the personal needs or character of any citizen.

Only an imperfect and essentially false idea of the nature of public office can inspire a demand for position as a reward or honor for some service already rendered or for some sacrifice. If special honor, in the form of perpetual protection from want, is given on account of such sacrifice, then it is not a disgrace to accept it. But it is a disgrace to take an office as a reward for sacrifice when the taker could not, by an examination, show his fitness for the place and is, by his own implied confession, incompetent to discharge his duty as an organ of the political body. Recent events have revealed a widespread need of a larger and clearer comprehension of the real nature of political offices. It is a child-like looking of the citizen to the government as its good father which apparently inspires the present scramble for office and compels appointing officers to give much of their time to reading and hearing applications for public place. The child wants to be taken under the protection of one bigger than he, of one who is never in danger of insolvency during a financial storm, of one who never works his employees long hours, who never discharges them if they do tolerably well, who never dies, who is never going out of business, who pays high wages, and who is an easy taskmaster. Present ideas of the government are plainly too much of the paternal order; but the right ideas are just the reverse.

The ideal office-holder is the servant to carry out the will of the people in a certain policy, the best servant the people can have for the place, filled with inspiration to make the most and the best of his position for the benefit of the public, comprehending broadly the possibilities of his office in the development of the body politic, and building up a permanence of policy and fitness to end which justify the creation of the place and the appointment of himself as incumbent. Here is no paternal idea, but a manly, self-assertive service, willingly given for the good of the people. Here is not a lazy drone, drawing as large pay as possible for as little service as will be tolerated with further holding of the place, but a patriotic man, seeing his duty, realizing the largeness of any office in the service of the people, and filling it in the most efficient possible manner.

In truth, the paternal theory belongs to the past, to the times of arbitrary kings with the life and death of their subjects in their hands, to the times of ignorant and submissive people, to the realms in which the ruler was the state and the majority of his subjects were a part of the land to which they were attached. There is no paternalism in the mutual help of the people by the creation of new organs of the political body to perform functions which have been found necessary by the growth of the times, or to satisfy needs which have arisen because of the increas-

ing complexities of business and the restless activity of enterprising men. Let things be called by their right names, and let not any citizen fear to take a sound position on a proposed reform because of the mistaken but apparently popular cry that it is paternal. Our development has not been in the direction of the old paternalism. Any plan which proposes necessary service for the people, which aims to enlarge the facilities of capital for engaging in enterprise, which relieves the weak from the unjust oppression of those who would take advantage of their weakness, which restrains the actions of men who would unscrupulously make tyrannical use of economic power and would enforce terms not sanctioned by the golden rule, is not reasonably open to the objection that it is paternal.

In recent years the legislation of Massachusetts has contained much that is open to the mistaken accusation that it is paternal; but it is also to be observed that the tendency continues in the same direction in spite of the charge. Much more legislation of the same sort will surely be offered in the future, just as there has been much of it in the recent past. Moral questions have prominence in every session, and they are open to the objection of paternalism in a particular degree. The state has decreed that young children shall not be allowed to perform in certain public places; no child under thirteen years in Massachusetts can be taken to any licensed show or place of amusement after sunset, unless accompanied by a person over twenty-one years, under penalty of one hundred dollars upon the person admitting him. Here is an instance of what some falsely call paternalism. The General Court of 1895 made more stringent the laws against gaming, and hereafter it will be far easier to convict offenders against them. But the same men who passed this law refused to pass the bill against bucket-shop gambling, admitting all the time every charge of the immorality common in the business, but arguing that those engaged in it knew the risks they ran and that it was no worse than the business at the regular stock exchange. The public conscience, represented in the legislature, is just now in the befogged condition where it thinks it is too paternal to stop certain acknowledged immoralities which are against the public good because the immoral men who practise them know that they are immoral and because there are other men also immoral who ought to be attended to. But there is no reasonable doubt that the public conscience will become enlightened on this point and that the popular judgment will assert itself for the good of the political body. These instances illustrate the trend of the times toward interfering more and more with the conduct of men and of continually insisting upon a higher standard of morals.

It is further not improbable that the interference of law with business practices which are now permitted will be largely extended. The statute books bear constant testimony to the growth of popular sensibility to wrong and oppression, and to the need of an extension of legislation to prevent the strong from extorting from the weak what is not their due according to the highest standard of justice for two parties to a business transaction. Present economic conditions are very hard upon certain classes because the standard of business morals permitted by law is only in a certain stage of development. Recent law has done much to protect the weak from what had hitherto, in the development of Christianity and civilization, been regarded by the public as defensible morals and as consistent with sound public policy. But now it is against the will of the people to work children excessively in factories, or to require long or unusual hours of women and minors in business establishments. The strong arm of the law is raised over the sweat-shop, and the voice of authority says to the avarice of the contractor, "Thou shalt not." The state holds back the hands of the railroad corporations and says, "You shall not take an unfair advantage of widows of men killed in your service." Inspectors in state uniforms compel factory owners to comply with many statute regulations to protect the lives and health of the operatives confined at their toil. Who can tell how far, in the development of public conscience and

public policy, there may be interference with business methods which now permit competition to go to the point of commercial ruin of men who are honestly and ably struggling for home and for opportunity to render service, whose reason for failure lies not in mental inferiority, nor in moral obliquity, nor in quality of service rendered, but only in their refusal to resort to the brute force which is used by their competitors as savagely as brutes of the forest use their ferocious strength in mortal encounters? Present law permits and present Christianity tolerates business competition so persistent and unrelenting that the stronger competitor deliberately endeavors to crush the weaker and to force him out of business. It is a matter of common knowledge and of common occurrence, that business rivalry results in temptation so great that it leads to embezzlement, forgery and betrayal of trust; it causes anxiety so harassing and incessant that it destroys peaceful and rational home life and at times ends in suicide; and when it has had its perfect work and has driven the chief competitor to the wall, the resulting failure has changed the courses of many lives, has thrown many out of work through no fault of their own, has interrupted the life plans of the young, preventing a liberal education, and has destroyed the comforts for advancing years. The men who inflict these sufferings know beforehand what they are about to do, and proceed in their plans cunningly, diligently and remorselessly, reckless of the consequences, provided they win in the financial battle. The present business and industrial stage of civilization tolerates these great evils and wrongs, and looks upon the victims as it looks upon the dead and wounded in battle: it was unfortunate for them that they were caught in the clash of contending forces, but there was no help for it, and what cannot be cured must be endured. This picture is familiar to all, and it is not to be thought of that a civilization whose goal is the practical establishment of the golden rule will cease its development at this point in the presence of such urgent problems.

Certain customs, once tolerated, become intolerable as the conscience of the people becomes more sensitive. Formerly the African slave trade was a lucrative commercial enterprise — and it was not long ago, as time is measured in the lives of nations. To-day a slaver, like a pirate, is an outlaw for all mankind, to be seized rightfully by force of arms wherever found. "The unspeakable Turk," by his repeated and horrible atrocities against innocent and defenceless people, now stands before civilization in such an attitude that the obliteration of his country from the map and the forcible division of its people among the powers of Europe would be regarded as a justifiable use of arms in behalf of progress.

Recognizing a similar development of conscience in our internal relations, it is to be expected that the steps already mentioned for the protection of the weak against the strong will be followed by others extending the protection still further. Such protection may be stigmatized as paternalism by those whose hands of injustice and oppression are withheld by the omnipotence of the state; but those who are protected and those who behold the gradual evolution of the triumph of the right will see in this legislation only the legitimate exercise of the powers of the organized political body for the sheltering of the weaker parts and for the healthful development of the whole.

Surely it cannot be expected that we shall stop in this stage of our progress, when the thrill of conscious life is felt more vividly than ever in those parts which were once in a half dead condition. The recent progress of Massachusetts, as illustrated in its legislation, is not a meaningless advance. It is not a dull story of routine, of nothing gained, of a recurrence of historical cycles wherein the thing that has been is the thing that shall be, but it is a positive movement toward a goal where there is a more just distribution of the products of labor, where the domination of the strong over the weak is less thoughtless and cruel, where class distinctions and special privileges do not exist, and where merit is the criterion of position and of reward.

But the record of recent years in Massachusetts legislation opens wide a door of progress, not only for the prevention of injustice by the powerful and for the overthrow of fraud in the transaction of business, but also for the regulation of the productive energies of the people in such a way that the needs of all may be satisfied with the least possible waste and that there may be no destruction of property or derangement in society from reckless competition. The establishment of the gas commission in Massachusetts in 1885 was accompanied by the recognition of a new policy in public administration, — that the state will permit the creation of monopolies and will tolerate their existence under state control rather than suffer the gas business to be subject to the irregularities and expense of unrestrained competition. The state does not engage in the business, but it regulates those who are in it. They must make full and sworn returns of all their doings and financial standing. Their accounts must be open at all times to the inspection of the state commissioners. Their prices are subject to formal complaint on the part of aggrieved customers, and the commissioners have repeatedly fixed the price, after complaint and hearing, at which gas shall be sold to the people of a city.

More than this, towns and cities have lighting plants of their own. The novelty of the experiment has worn off. The fever of a new departure which accompanied the early acts of the legislature upon this topic, and which was seen in the activity of now dormant nationalist clubs, has subsided. But the idea of public regulation remains, and the history of recent years is guarantee that the growth of the state in the direction of regulating business enterprises will continue. It is not to be expected that there will be a revolution. The coming system seems to be too vague in any one's mind for it to form a definite point toward which movement can be made, or at which forces can be seen to converge. Our progress is by growth, not by overturning and rebuilding, and the fact of our growth is too evident in the record of things actually done for it to be denied on the ground that it is impossible to foretell what the next phase will be.

But certainly we shall not cease to grow; and it is for the people to become familiar with the thought that the present industrial and financial systems will be modified much from their appearance today. The argument against this progress, that it is paternal in form, falls far short of comprehending the vastness and complexity of our political forces, and it fails to realize the rapidity of our development as an organized political body in which each part serves and is served by all the others, in which the intelligence of the whole controls the great fields of activity, and in which every personal atom finds its peaceful, most active and most productive existence, enjoys perfect justice, and has the liberty of making the most of its native abilities.

We are apparently entering a period of remarkable industrial and commercial development through political forms, and it will assist the progress if the popular mind is in sympathy with it and has some understanding of the vital consequences to property and life which are involved.



CORN STOOKS.

By Clinton Scollard.

HOW like the wigwams of forgotten braves
In garnered fields are set the stooks of corn,
Now that the autumn from her hilltops waves
Banners that match the pride and pomp of morn!

Lo! if the hunter's moon but veil her face,
Fancy will picture, as the glow expires,
The ghostly warriors of a vanished race
Gathered about their spectral council-fires.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

NEW ENGLAND men and institutions have in high degree shaped the history and life of all the states in the great West. New England is to-day more in the West than she is at home. But in a very express and peculiar way is Ohio the child of New England. We have frequently spoken in these pages of old Rutland, Massachusetts, as the cradle of Ohio. It was at General Rufus Putnam's fireside in old Rutland that the plan for the settlement on the Muskingum was most discussed, and from his home that the Massachusetts farmers set out on the long winter journey through Connecticut and Pennsylvania which brought them to the site of Marietta. The Ohio Company, of which General Putnam, General Parsons and Manasseh Cutler were the directors, was formed in Boston, March 1, 1786. The settlers landed at Marietta the seventh of April, 1788. The settlement of Marietta, some months before the settlement of Cincinnati by the New Jersey and Kentucky people, and eight years before the settlement of the Western Reserve by Moses Cleaveland's company, was in the main a Massachusetts enterprise; and when the centennial came round it was a Massachusetts senator who was properly called to Marietta to give the historical address. That great Marietta oration by Senator Hoar was the beginning of a new epoch in the study of the work of New England in the founding of Ohio and the development of the West, arousing an interest which has constantly increased. To that interest we owe, among other things, the effort to establish the Putnam Memorial at Rutland.

Now begins a new series of centennial observances relating to the work of New England in founding Ohio. These observances touch not Massachusetts, but Connecticut. As this number of the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE is on the press, there will be assembled in Hartford a great company of Ohio men, including many of the leading men of the state, from the governor down, to join their Connecticut brethren in the celebration of the centennial of the sale of the three million acres in the Western Reserve to the Connecticut Land Company and the signing of the articles of association providing for the government of the company. Strictly, this celebration should have been on the fifth of September, for it was on the fifth of September, 1795, that the deed and the articles were signed. The company of settlers, under Moses Cleaveland, moved westward the next spring. Going up Lake Erie in boats from Buffalo, they made their first landing in the Reserve, July 4, 1796, at the mouth of Conneaut Creek, the northeast corner of Ohio; and a few weeks later, at the mouth of the Cuyahoga River, laid out the town which was named in honor of their leader, Cleveland, — the dropping of the letter *a* from the first syllable necessitated, it is said, to make the word fit the headline of the small sheet on which the first newspaper of the town was printed. The centennials of these events, in which New England's interest is so warm, are to be celebrated in the Reserve next year in magnificent manner.

The Western Reserve was the section of the present state of Ohio which was reserved by Connecticut when, in September, 1786, she surrendered to the general government all her other claims to Ohio territory. It included that portion of Ohio north of the forty-first degree of latitude and east of a line one hundred and twenty miles west of Pennsylvania, — that is, the whole of northeastern Ohio, bordering on Lake Erie, west to a point beyond Sandusky, south to a point a little below Youngstown. It was a tract almost as large as the present state of Connecticut, and was called "New Connecticut." In 1792, half a million acres at the west end of the Reserve had been donated by Connecticut to her citizens whose property had been destroyed by the enemy during the war, and hence known as the Fire Lands. The whole of the remainder

was sold by the state to the Connecticut Land Company, in the transaction of 1795, — the proceeds, $1,200,000, being converted into a state school fund.

These are the barest facts of the history of the Western Reserve, the celebration of whose centennials now begins. We shall publish more than one special article upon the Reserve during the coming year. The section has always preserved its strong New England characteristics. It is indeed a pure piece of New England in the West. The boyhood home of Howells was at Jefferson, in Ashtabula County, in the Reserve. When Howells was once asked how it was possible for him, coming to New England to live as he did only when he was a mature man, to understand New England country life with the delicacy and accuracy which his novels show, he replied that his boyhood had been passed in a New England village — and it was the essential truth. "There are townships on this Western Reserve," said Garfield, himself one of the most distinguished and loving sons of the Reserve, "which are more thoroughly New England in character and spirit than most of the towns of the New England of to-day. Cut off as they were from the metropolitan life that had gradually been moulding and changing the spirit of New England, they preserved here in the wilderness the characteristics of New England as it was when they left it at the beginning of the century. This has given to the people of the Western Reserve those strongly marked qualities which have always distinguished them." Garfield's Hiram, the place where he taught so long in the little college, was as truly a New England town as Howells's Jefferson. In the little town of Mentor, a few miles east of Cleveland, was Garfield's later home; and in Lakeview cemetery in Cleveland itself, on a high hill overlooking a great stretch of the Reserve, is his grave. The address from which the above words of his are quoted is an address on "The Northwest Territory and the Western Reserve," given before the Historical Society of Geauga County, the second oldest county in the Reserve, in 1873, — an address of such general historical value that it has been added to the series of Old South Leaflets, and should be read by many at this time. "The pioneers," says Garfield in this address, "were a people who had been trained in the principles and practices of civil order; and these were transplanted to their new home. In New Connecticut there was but little of that lawlessness which so often characterizes the people of a new country. In many instances, a township organization was completed and their minister chosen before the pioneers left home. Thus they planted the institutions and opinions of old Connecticut in their new wilderness homes. . . . These pioneers knew well that the three great forces which constitute the strength and glory of a free government are the family, the school, and the church. These three they planted here, and they nourished and cherished them with an energy and devotion scarcely equalled in any other quarter of the world. On this height were planted in the wilderness the symbols of this trinity of powers; and here, let us hope, may be maintained forever the ancient faith of our fathers in the sanctity of the home, the intelligence of the school, and the faithfulness of the church."

The little Western Reserve College, which quickly rose, repeated, in its early records of struggle, sacrifice and high purpose, the history of Yale and Harvard and all the colleges of New England. It was natural that here in the Reserve Oberlin should rise, so quick to espouse the cause of woman and the cause of the slave. It was natural that the Reserve should become the most active centre of the anti-slavery agitation outside of New England. Almost every leading home was a station on the Underground Railroad. John Brown found here men like-minded with himself, and made his home among them; and Wade and Giddings and Garfield went from the Reserve to speak for freedom in the nation's capital. It is a proud history; and not Connecticut alone, but all New England, will join Ohio in the fitting remembrance of it.

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SENATOR HOAR deserves the thanks of every American for the courageous and thorough manner in which he has declared his opposition to the A. P. A. movement in the country and exposed its mischievous character. His letter was courageous, because the movement unquestionably has a vastly greater following in his own party than in the opposing party, and the letter was bound to draw upon him the criticism of many friends. At the same time, we believe the letter will prove in the end to have been a very politic as well as righteous one, doing more perhaps than anything else could do, in New England at least, to check a movement which, should it develop political strength and become in any way identified with the Republican party, would sooner or later bring schisms and work disaster to the party. By making himself, the leading Republican in New England and one of the principal Republicans in the country, the most emphatic spokesman against this new Know-Nothingism, he has won for his party an important tactical advantage, making it difficult for his political opponents to make a party issue of the matter and pose as the proper or peculiar representatives of the principles which he has so forcibly stated.

With most of the generalities of the A. P. A. people no patriotic person of course has any quarrel. The mischief of the movement comes from its use of these generalities as the weapons for a bigoted and indiscriminate warfare upon the Roman Catholic Church. This body surely has sins enough to answer for, and everybody has the right to criticise it in the proper way and place, as everybody has the right to criticise anything else. Its policy in establishing parochial schools has, we believe, been a bad thing for the country, and bad especially for its own people; and its priests have again and again defended the policy by onslaughts upon the public schools which were nothing less than infamous. These facts, together with the perversion of history in Roman Catholic text-books, of a character calculated to work mischief in the community, we

have ourselves pointed out at length and with definiteness. Let every man's eyes be open to these things, and every man's tongue bold to speak whenever bold speech is necessary. Nothing could be so deplorable in this country as a substitution for the present broad and noble public school system, whatever its faults, of a heterogeneous mass of denominational schools, where Baptist children should mingle only with Baptist children and be taught only by Baptist teachers, Presbyterians only with Presbyterians, Roman Catholics with Roman Catholics. Every well-informed and well-ventilated Roman Catholic citizen ought to see this as plainly as anybody else. In fact, almost every one of them does see it. The parochial school system is not popular among the laity of the church, and never will be. Every intelligent Roman Catholic father knows that his boy and girl cannot get as good an education at the parochial school as at the public school — this is true almost without exception. The Roman Catholic father has his children's interest at heart as truly as any other father; and he is usually a man whose every dollar is worth a hundred cents to him. He will not long be dragooned into supporting parochial schools at great cost to himself when the privileges of the vastly better public schools always stand freely at his command. That the public school system itself will be given up, and the school money apportioned to the sundry churches, Roman Catholic or other, to support church schools, is, as he has well learned, an antiquated and ridiculous idea. No proposition before the American people is so unpopular or awakens such instant and wholesome wrath. The Roman Catholic clergy — representatives of a system which has felt less than any other, although it has felt it vastly more than many think, the spirit of the modern democratic time — have got to be watched, and their pretensions and machinations met sharply and shortly when it is necessary; but nothing gives them so much strength as magnified antagonism, unjust attacks, and systematic persecution, the misuse of political collisions for religious warfare. This is opposed to fundamental American principles, and this is what the A. P. A. movement is guilty of and lives upon. Senator Hoar has rendered a national service by declaring this so fully and forcibly.

The real appeal is to fact — that is all that the American government and the American people have to do with. This movement lives by chop-logic. It quotes dogmas and decrees of the Church. No man accepting these can give his primary allegiance to his country. But General Sheridan surely was a patriot! He had no business to be in an emergency. Archbishop Ireland is a patriot! It must be with reservations then — and he is a dangerous man. This entering into other men's consciences and adjudicating upon their conflicting obligations is surely dangerous business — and it is not the business of American politics. Some of us find it hard to see how Phillips Brooks and a hundred of the best men in most of the churches in these days reconcile their positions with the creeds and standards to which they owe allegiance; but we do not doubt that most of them do it somehow — and it is their affair. Men are not to be legislated into consistency. But hundreds of men are so the slaves of a dry logic that they would almost prefer public disaster to the smashing of their slates. We know plenty of stalwart Republicans who are positively unhappy at the return of good times under Grover Cleveland and the Wilson tariff. So these good A. P. A. brethren of ours — for good brethren and anxious citizens almost all of them are — seem bound to find nefariousness in all things Roman Catholic. They feel that the Roman Catholic is inconsistent, who is not laboring to bring the President of the United States under express political subordination to the Pope of Rome; and feeling that this would be inconsistent, they suspect that he is really up to that all the time, or in his heart of hearts desires it. For our own part, we have never been able to see why a man with a strong theocratic cast might not properly dream of a time when all nations should be controlled — gladly — by Christ's Church, and still attend faithfully to the political duties of to-day; and, leaving the Pope of Rome entirely out of the account, the international man — and his name is becoming legion — recognizes always an allegiance higher than that to his country, without his loyalty being tainted in the least.

OMNIBUS.

Indefinitely Postponed.

Some other night, I think, I'll do
A graceful little rhyme;
'Twill take about an hour or two, —
But now I haven't time.

For now my easy-chair holds out
Its wide extended arms;
Am I the man to coldly flout
Its soft, caressing charms?

And here's my pipe and here's a glass
That needs but to be filled,
And lo! the lazy hours pass,
And time is swiftly killed.

A brilliant future lies unfurled;
I feel that I could write
A poem to surprise the world;
I will — some other night!

Harry Romaine.

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To me Wife Kate.

Och, Kate, me dear darlint, it's siven long summers
And siven long winters ye've been me owld wife;
And it's always ye've been jist the swatest o' craythurs,
Excipt jist when ye're scoldin' me out o' me life.
The Lord he has prospered us, Katie, me jewel;
Five pigs and siven childer from heaven sint down,
And chickens and turkeys — a foine purty fam'ly,
That any man sure would be achin' to own.

I've turned to ye always for smoothin' and soothin'
When worritted, thrubled, or kilt, or perplexed;
Sure 'twas only this mornin' I scolded Pat Dolan; —
He eyed me so savage I thought he was vexed.
Quoth Pat, "Go to Hill!" — and his tone was oncivil;
And its home I come straight as a dog to his bone;
And I followed ye out to the byre to insult ye, —
For it's sometimes yer brains are as good as me own.

Jess niver gave half what I thought at the milkin';
And I know'd sure she wouldn't — the cross little tyke!
Och, here comes the darlints, here's Pat, and here's Michael;
Don't they look jist alike, sure, — especially Mike?
I hope we'll have luck, Kate, in raisin' the childer, —
Ye have such good luck wid yer turkeys and geese.
Sal's a rale clever woman — and so is her husband;
But they've lost all their childer, exciptin' one niece.

I love ye as thrue, Kate, as when we was married;
Siven long year ago, dear, yer heart I besphoke.
(What dropped off that shelf on me head? It's the grindstone!
Howly Virgin! I hope that me grindstone ain't broke!)
What's that? Will I love whin it's siven times siven?
Faith, that will I! Niver ye doubt it, me dear.
What's that? Would I love were ye gone from beside me?
Tin times better, darlint, than if ye was here!

Charlotte W. Thurston.

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Disappointment.

It is not that your sin is great, beyond excusing;
It is not that I underrate your battle, though the end was losing;
It is not doubt that ninety-nine had fallen where one ran; —
'Tis only, — that I thought you were that hundredth man!

A. H. P. S.

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Trespassers.

When Love and I drew softly nigh
And gazed in modest Chloe's eye
We saw reflected there in part
The lovely mansion of her heart,
A sight so fair that, quite bereft
Of sense and shame, we had but left
One wish, that we by foul or fair
Might enter in and tarry there.

But when, with vagabondish art,
We nearer crept to Chloe's heart
That we might steal therein, we found
Her heart with barbéd wires enwound;
And crawling through those cruel rings
My garments caught, Love caught his wings.
And though we now would fain depart
We twain are snared, *outside* her heart.

Ellis Parker Butler.

Press of Skinner, Bartlett & Co., Boston.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK ROE BATCHELDER.

THE OLD MILL.

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OLD SCHOOL STREET.

By Henry F. Jenks.

NO street in Boston possesses greater interest in proportion to its length than School Street. It has been the witness of the events that have marked the history of Boston from the earliest times. On Washington Street, opposite its lower end, "dwelt the notables of the town — the governor, the elder of the church, the captain of the artillery company, and the most needful of the craftsmen and artificers of the humble plantation; and at a short distance from it were the meeting-house, the market-house, the town-house, the schoolhouse, and the ever-flowing spring of pure water." The direct way from the precincts of business, where the merchants have congregated and the traffic has been conducted, to the State House and the Common, it has formed part of the route of nearly every procession that has celebrated events of note to Boston as it passed from one quarter to the other, taking in its way, for over half a century, the headquarters of the city government. Through it passed the procession to celebrate the introduction of Cochituate water; that at the establishment of the Franklin statue; that on the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the city; that to welcome Daniel Webster, not long before his death; as well as the annual Fourth of July processions in the days when they were part of the accustomed programme, and those of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company as it has "meandered" from its armory in Faneuil Hall to the election on the Common. Its pavements were pressed by the feet of the regiments hastening in 1861 to the defence of the Republic, and by those of the remnants of the same regiments as in later years, returning from faithful service, they carried the tattered remnants of the flags under which they had marched to victory to deposit them in the State House, and to receive for themselves the expression of the gratitude of the Commonwealth.

Up this street Governor Winthrop often walked; and for Judge Sewall it was the natural way from his home near the corner of the present Tremont and Beacon Streets to the Old South Meeting-House, or to the residence of his pastor almost directly opposite the eastern end of the street, on Marlborough, now Washington Street. In early days it was trodden by the boys who were to occupy high places in the councils of city and state; and in later days it has been the natural course of the literati of Boston as they wended their way to the Old Corner Bookstore, and of the politicians as they betook themselves to Parker's. Franklin the schoolboy, Harrison Gray Otis as boy



FIRST SCHOOLHOUSE, SOUTH SIDE OF SCHOOL STREET, 1748-1810.



FIRST LATIN SCHOOL, NORTH SIDE OF SCHOOL STREET.

and as mayor, Emerson as the Latin School scholar and then as the philosopher, Holmes, Hawthorne, Whittier, Longfellow, Lowell, Sumner, Henry Wilson, Frank Bird, Governor Andrew, Banks, and thousands of Boston's best known citizens have been familiar figures here. For many years it was the common thoroughfare for the "solid men of Boston" from their homes to their business. Any well-known citizen could almost surely be met at some time of the day in School Street; and even to-day there is no street in the city in which, in half an hour, one can see more of his acquaintances or more persons of distinction among the passers. No street is fuller of memories and associations, none more redolent of the past, nor more alive in the present.

For nearly fifty years School Street has undergone comparatively little outward change. Many of the old buildings that saw the funeral of the victims of the Boston Massacre still survive; and many others show that they belong to the close of the last or the early part of the present century. The street possesses two noted corner buildings which, though facing on other streets, are so associated with it as to seem properly to belong to it and to have a right to be included in any history or sketch of it; and these having been preserved so long in substantially their present condition have no doubt done much to keep the antique appearance and the present familiar aspect of the street.

The passer down School Street will see, just in the rear of King's Chapel, on the pillar which terminates the fence surrounding the City Hall lot, a bronze tablet with the following inscription:

"On this spot stood the
First House
Erected for the use of
the Boston Public
Latin School.
This School has been
constantly maintained
since it was established
by the following vote
of the Town:
At a General Meeting upon Public Notice
it was agreed upon
that our brother
Philemon Pormort
shall be entreated to become Schoolmaster for
the teaching and nurturing of children with us.
April 13, 1635."

From this school, which from 1635 to 1844, more than two hundred years,—unless a recently discovered deed which appears to fix its location for the earliest years of its history somewhat farther north and nearer the present Cornhill is correct,— stood on one side or the other of the street, has come the name by which the street has been known for now nearly two centuries. Dr. Shurtleff says: "School Street was early known as the lane leading to Centry Hill, and very early received its present name, on account of the building anciently erected and used as the first schoolhouse." From the same authority we learn that "it was originally laid out as a public highway on the thirtieth of March, 1640." At one time it was called Schoolhouse Lane, at another, South Latin Grammar School Street, and later, Latin Grammar School Street; still later, all the old designations being discarded, at a meeting of the selectmen, May 3, 1708, it was ordered that "the way from Haugh's Corner leading northwesterly by the Lattin Free School extending as far as Mrs. What-

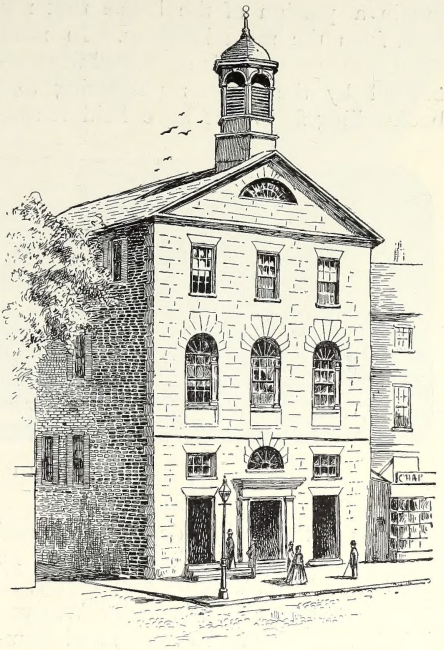
comb's Corner be called School Street," and so for one hundred and eighty-seven years it has been known.

Haugh's corner, as we learn from the report on Bounds and Valuations, was the southeast corner of School Street and Washington Street, now occupied by the Richard Briggs Company as a crockery store; and Whatcomb's corner was the southwest corner on Tremont Street, on which a part of the Parker House now stands.

On the north side of the street, in the first century of the town, as we learn from Dr. Shurtleff, there were only three estates, those of Mr. Hutchinson and Thomas Scottow and the old burying-place. In 1798, at the end of the second century, as nearly as we can make out from the Book of Bounds, this land had been divided between Herman Brimmer, Martha Freeman, the heirs of Joseph Green, John Warren, Arnold Welles and John Lowell; while on the south side it was owned by Jane Haugh, Samuel Brown, David Greenough, John Warren, Arnold Welles, the Romish Church, the Widow Badger, Richard Saltonstall, Moses Gill, Widow Scott, Mrs. Dillaway, Giles Alexander and Joseph Foster.

William Hutchinson came into possession of the estate upon the corner extending to City Hall Square about September, 1634; and in July, 1639, his son Edward is granted leave in his behalf to sell the estate to Mr. Richard Hutchinson of London, "lynning draper." At this time it contained about half an acre, and was bounded on the west by the land belonging to Mr. Thomas Scottow, afterward purchased by the town, March 31, 1645, and called the Schoolhouse estate, and later City Hall Square. Mr. Richard Hutchinson sold the property on the eighth of March, 1657–8, to Mr. John Evered, who sold a portion measuring one hundred and fifty feet upon Schoolhouse Lane to Mr. Henry Shrimpton, who fenced it in as a garden and erected a garden-house on it. At his death, in July, 1666, Mr. Shrimpton devised the estate to his daughter Abigail, with three hundred pounds with which to build a house. After her death the property was conveyed to Mr. Thomas Crease, an apothecary, April 31, 1707. In 1711 the buildings on the lot, which were probably those erected by Mrs. Bourne (Abigail Shrimpton) under her father's will, were destroyed in a great fire; and the building now standing on the corner was erected by Mr. Crease, and completed in 1712, which date it bears. Dr. Shurtleff thus describes this building:

"The original building was constructed of brick, and was two stories in height, the roof having a double pitch towards Cornhill (Washington Street) and backwards, with two attic windows in the easterly side. From the main building projected backward the portion of the house that originally served the residents for family purposes. In front of this last mentioned part, and extending on School Street westerly from the old building, is another portion of somewhat modern construction, which has accommodated within its walls many tenants of very various occupations."



THIRD LATIN SCHOOLHOUSE, SOUTH SIDE OF SCHOOL STREET.

Mr. Crease probably used the house as a dwelling-house, and had a small shop

on the Cornhill side. From Mr. Crease the property passed through various hands, until it came into those of the Brimmer and Inches families, where it remains. Though used for a dwelling-house as late as 1800, a shop was kept in it as early as 1796. In 1817 the front room of the building was used for an apothecary's shop by Dr. Samuel Clarke, the father of the Rev. Dr. James Freeman Clarke, who for a time occupied the whole building as a dwelling-house, the entrance being through a gateway and yard on School Street, the front door being in a portion of the house that ran back from the main building. In 1828 Mr. Clarke gave up his shop, and was succeeded by the various publishing and book-selling firms that have held it successively to the present day: Carter and Hendee, Allen and Ticknor, William D. Ticknor and Co., Ticknor and Fields, E. P. Dutton and Co., Alexander Williams and Co., Cupples and Upham, and Damrell and Upham. There is no more venerable and honored landmark in Boston than the "Old Corner Bookstore." Its fame has gone forth to the ends of the earth. It has been the favorite trysting place of authors young and old; and there are few of our native writers, or English writers who have visited this country, who have not been welcomed there.

In one of the upper stories of the old building Isaac Butts had for a long time a printing-office; and for many years William Dudley, the veteran haircutter, who died in September, 1893, who had cut the hair of nearly every noted resident of Boston in the middle of this century, and always told you dolefully, as you seated yourself in his chair, how many of his numerous customers had joined the silent majority since you last occupied it, had the corner room on the second story. For certainly half a century he must have had a room on one side or the other of the street, the last being in Niles Block.

At the other end of the street, on the Tremont Street corner, stands King's Chapel, which, as the burial-ground in which it was erected is included in School Street, may properly be regarded as belonging here, though facing on Tremont Street, and, while worthy of an entire article to itself, may yet receive a brief notice in an account of the street. The late Hon. Robert C. Winthrop once said: "I never pass the corner of School Street without rejoicing that King's Chapel has survived the ravages of time and chance. *Esto perpetua.*"

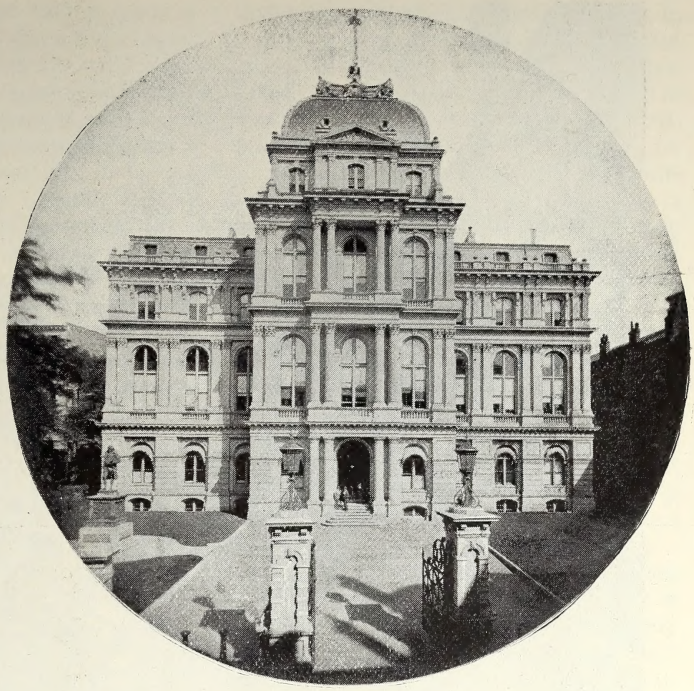


CITY HALL IN 1856. FROM AN OLD PRINT.

About the year 1688 the first Episcopal church was built in Boston, under the direction of Sir Edmund Andros, who took for its site a portion of the old burying-ground. The building, a wooden one, was erected about the time the "tyrant" was sent back to England. About 1710 it was so much enlarged as practically to be rebuilt. It had a square tower surmounted by a four-sided pyramid, upon the top of which was a tall staff, half way up on which was a wooden crown and on the top a weather-cock. In 1748 the wooden church was taken down and the present church begun. It was built of hammered granite from the Quincy quarries, and finished in 1749. It is told that it was so much feared that the build-

ing would exhaust the quarry, that an agreement was made that no stone should be taken from it for any other purpose until the church edifice was completed.

The old tower of King's Chapel is a familiar and beloved object to all old Bostonians, and all unite with Mr. Winthrop in wishing that the chapel may long continue to be preserved intact. The interior of the building is dignified and impressive. The roof is supported by Corinthian columns. In the chancel are beautiful stained-glass windows, the gift of John A. Lowell, and near by are marble busts of the Rev. Drs. Freeman, Francis W. P. Greenwood and Ephraim Peabody and Rev. Henry W. Foote, pastors of the church since it became Unitarian in faith; for this first Episcopal church in Boston became, in 1787, the first Unitarian church in America. Memorial tablets on the walls and the ancient high pulpit with its sounding-board give the edifice a decidedly foreign aspect.



THE CITY HALL.

Just east of the rear of the burying-ground, not far from where the statue of Franklin now stands, was the site of the first school, from which the street derives its name, destined in later times to an honorable distinction as the Boston Public Latin School. Founded in 1635, its first master was Philemon Pormort. Mr. Pormort's land was not far from this place, being about where the present building of the Boston *Herald* stands. It is uncertain that he kept school upon this spot, the recently discovered deed already referred to making it possible that his schoolhouse was nearer his dwelling; but in that case it was soon removed here, for Mr. Woodmansey, who became "schole-master" in or before 1650, is found living in a house not far from this site, which was then the property of the town and stood near the schoolhouse, there being but a single lot between them; and twenty years later we find Mr. Ezekiel Cheever keeping the school on this place and living in the schoolhouse.

The lot on which Mr. Woodmansey's house stood must have been that described by "Gleaner" (N. I. Bowditch), who says: "In 1645, on the thirty-first March, there was purchased of Thomas Scotto for the use of the town, his dwelling-house, yard and garden. This is the School Street estate on which now stands the City Hall. Of the original land, portions were subsequently sold off, on which were erected the brick buildings owned by the late John Lowell, William Sullivan, etc., and again purchased, at a much later day, by the city, being now laid out as ornamental enclosures in front of the City Hall."

The history of the Boston Latin School has been so well epitomized in the ora-



SCHOOL STREET IN 1860.

tion of Phillips Brooks commemorating its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary (republished in this magazine, August, 1893), that it need not now be dwelt upon at any great length. No school in the country has had a more distinguished list of graduates. Of the masters of the school while it was in School Street, the best known were Ezekiel Cheever, John Lovell, Benjamin Apthorp Gould and Epes S. Dixwell.

The old schoolhouse in which Cheever originally lived and taught was during his lifetime superseded by another used only for the school, probably about 1704; and this served until 1748, when, King's Chapel proving to be in a ruinous condition and too small for the uses of the congregation, it was desired to enlarge it, and application was made to the town to grant a portion of the town's land for the purpose. Mr. Lovell, the master, strenuously opposed granting the request; but it was finally agreed that it should be done in consideration of the King's Chapel congregation building a new

schoolhouse; and a lot having been secured on the opposite side of the street, on the corner of Cook's Court (now Chapman Place), the school was transferred thither. This was not accomplished without many tempestuous town-meetings.

At much expense, and after many vexatious delays, the new schoolhouse was at last completed on the spot where it was to remain, in part at least, for more than a century. Men now living have seen and conversed with the boys who attended school in that building, yet it has been impossible to get any representation of it which could be accepted generally as correct. From the descriptions given by the late Eben Thayer of Brooklyn and the Rev. John L. Watson of Orange, New Jersey, a conjectural representation was made for the history of the Latin School, which is given herewith.

Mr. Lovell was a rigid loyalist, reputed to have been a personal friend of Governor Gage, and after the evacuation of Boston retired with the British to Halifax, where he remained to the end of his life. Harrison Gray Otis, the third mayor of Boston, one of his pupils, tells that as he, a little boy, eight and a half years old, was on his way to school, at seven o'clock in the morning, on the nineteenth of April, 1775, he found Percy's brigade drawn up along Tremont Street, extending from Scollay Square nearly to the Mall, only a few yards from the schoolhouse. He was obliged to go to school round the brigade, down Court and up School Streets, and as he entered the schoolhouse heard the master say: "War's begun and school's done; *deponite libros*."

It was Lovell's boys, instructed in this schoolhouse, who had the memorable interview with the British general about the destruction of their coast, of which this is the true story: The coast was not on the Common, it was not destroyed by the British soldiers, the boys did not complain to General Gage, but with these exceptions the story is literally true. The coast extended from about what is now the corner of Beacon and Somerset Streets, down Beacon, across Tremont, and down School Street past the school. General Haldimand, who commanded under Gage, lived in a house standing in the lot where the City Hall afterward stood. It may have been the Scottow house, or one that succeeded it. He had a Hessian servant, who became irritated with the boys and put ashes on their coast. The boys chose a committee to call upon the general and make a complaint. He heard them patiently and, calling the servant in, reprimanded him and sent him to sweep the coast clean. Later in the day, dining with General Gage, he related the incident to him. Two contemporary letters published in the Proceedings and Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society confirm this story, as it was told to Rev. Edward Everett Hale, about fifty years ago, by Jonathan Darby Robins, one of the boys who participated in the interview.

In 1810 the county Court House was built of granite, at a cost of $90,000 or over, on the lot from which the schoolhouse had been removed. The main building was octagonal, with wings at each side. It was occupied by the probate office, registry of deeds, and the county courts, and was located on the traditional site of the house of Isaac Johnson, the early settler of Boston, and was early known as Johnson Hall, but more frequently spoken of as the Court House. This old Court House was converted into a City Hall in 1840; and all the offices of the city which had previously been in the Old State House were moved there during the mayoralty of Jonathan Chapman in that year. But it proved too small for the necessary uses, the offices were small and crowded; and as early as 1860 the need of a new building was recognized. The requisite orders were passed in 1862, and on the twenty-second of December of that year the corner stone of the present structure was laid, and the building was completed and dedicated September 18, 1865. It is nearly a copy of a portion of the Louvre.

In front of the old City Hall the statue of Benjamin Franklin was originally placed. This was inaugurated with much ceremony on the seventeenth of September, 1856. A long procession marched through the streets, and an oration was delivered by

Hon. Robert C. Winthrop. The statue is the work of Richard S. Greenough. It is eight feet high, and stands on a pedestal of verd-antique marble resting on a base of Quincy granite. In the die are bas-reliefs of bronze representing events in the life of Franklin. After the completion of the new City Hall, the statue was removed to its present site; and in 1879 the statue of Josiah Quincy, the second mayor of the city, and subsequently president of Harvard College, by Thomas Ball, was put in a corresponding place on the opposite side of the enclosure before the building.



FROM AN OLD PRINT.

THE FIRST KING'S CHAPEL.

On the north side of this area, not far from the location of the Franklin statue, in the early part of this century, was a line of low buildings occupied in front by the grocery store of Asa Richardson, where the Latin School boys used to wait for the opening of the schoolhouse. In the rear of this, nearly in front of Johnson Hall, on land belonging to John Lowell, about where the statue of Quincy stands, was Barrister's Hall, a small two-story building, and next to it the engine house of Tiger No. 7, a company composed in the days of the volunteer fire department of some of the well-known citizens of Boston, such as Thomas C. Amory, Elbridge Gerry Austin and John Brooks Parker. When the voluntary fire department was changed and each engine had forty men, to each of whom the city paid $50 a year, the young members of the four Baptist churches secured this engine and used the $2000 they received to help build the Bowdoin Square Baptist Church.

Below City Hall stands Niles Block, on the site of the residence of Dr. John Warren. In the entry-way, set into the wall as a tablet, is an ancient fireback of iron, which once did service in the old house. Here, thirty or more years ago, used to be one of the best known and most popular stables in Boston, kept first by the Niles Brothers, then by William J. Niles, and later by George C. Ward, one of the most celebrated whips of his day. The stable was somewhat in the rear of the present main building. The entrance was by a passage a little lower than the present avenue to Court Square. This stable had a great reputation for its large party-sleighs, which were much used to carry parties on evening rides, about the middle of this century, when snow-storms were more severe and the street railroads did not destroy all opportunities for sleighing by carting off the snow as soon as it fell. Many a party has gone to Brighton or Lexington in one of these great sleighs, of which the best known were "Cleopatra's Barge," drawn by eight white or gray horses, usually driven by Ward himself, the "Mayflower," the "Maid of Athens" and the "Constitution," each drawn by four or six bay or black horses.

A little farther down the street, where Marston and Cunio's restaurant now is, used to be, thirty or forty years ago, the grocery store of J. P. and D. R. Palmer, where the choicest fruits, the earliest new vegetables, and the delicious Phillips Beach dun-fish were to be had; and on or very near the same site, in the forties, was the coffee-house of a Mrs. Waterman, who was very popular and patronized by the best people. Her tables were the resort of the literary men of the day. Just below were the coffee-rooms and confectionery store of Mrs. Haven, who was succeeded by Mrs. Harrington. This was a resort of politicians and literary men. Many still living can remember Mrs. Haven's coffee and cream cakes. There was nothing pretentious about her rooms, — everything was simple; but there was about them an attractiveness to the frequenters which retained their custom.

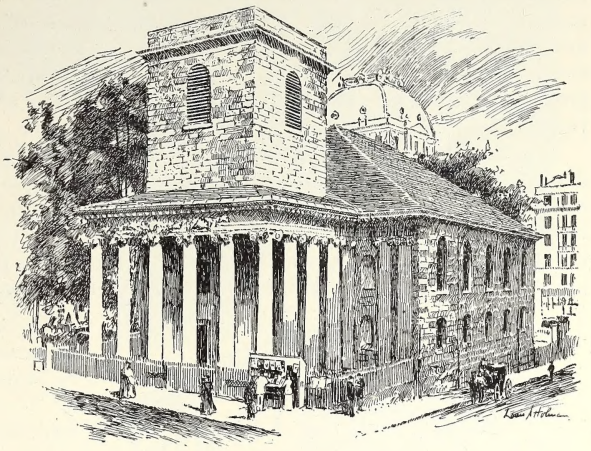
This building stood on the site of a still earlier tavern, familiar in pre-Revolutionary times to the dwellers in Boston, a house which sheltered Washington when he first visited the town, when he came, after Braddock's defeat, to report to Governor Shirley, then commander-in-chief of the forces of the Colonies. It is thus

described by S. A. Drake: "Another old inn of assured celebrity was the 'Cromwell's Head' in School Street. This was a two-story wooden building of venerable appearance, conspicuously displaying over the footway a grim likeness of the Lord Protector, it is said much to the disgust of the ultra royalists, who, rather than pass underneath it, habitually took the other side of the way. . . . So when the town came under martial law, mine host Brackett, whose family kept the house for half a century or more, had to take down his sign and conceal it. . . . Colonel Washington took up his quarters at Brackett's, little imagining, perhaps, that twenty years later he would enter Boston at the head of a victorious army, after having quartered his troops in Governor Shirley's splendid mansion."

A little lower down the street, nearer the old corner, stood, about the forties, a small blacksmith's shop, which did jobs in iron work for the neighboring shop-keepers. This has disappeared, but in the remaining buildings to the corner there have been few alterations for nearly two generations, and not many changes of tenants. In one of them, forty or fifty years ago, was a small circulating library kept by Charles Callender; and in another the famous firm of Wells and Knott, which later moved across the street, kept the fashionable ladies' shoe store of Boston.

Crossing the street now, and retracing our steps, we find on the corner opposite the old bookstore the store which for nearly a century has been occupied as a china store, first by the Sumners and afterward by Richard Briggs. In the second story of this building was for many years the tailoring establishment of John Earle and Son, where the uniforms of many of the old military companies of Boston were made; and on the story above was Comer's Commercial College.

The houses above, in 1830, were kept as a boarding house by Mrs. Cecil C. Williams. Later they were occupied by M. Regally, French clock-maker, the shoe store of Thomas Knott, the trunk and saddlery store of McBurney or Holmes, and others. Above the boarding house of Mrs. Williams was the boot and shoe store of B. W. and C. C. Kingsbury; and in the building in which was McBurney's store was the studio of Chester Harding, who painted the full-length portrait of Daniel Webster belonging to the Boston Athenæum and pictures of many other Boston notabilities, men and women. Where is now the tailoring store of Charles A. Smith and Co. was a brick building, a part of which was occupied as



KING'S CHAPEL, CORNER TREMONT AND SCHOOL STREETS.

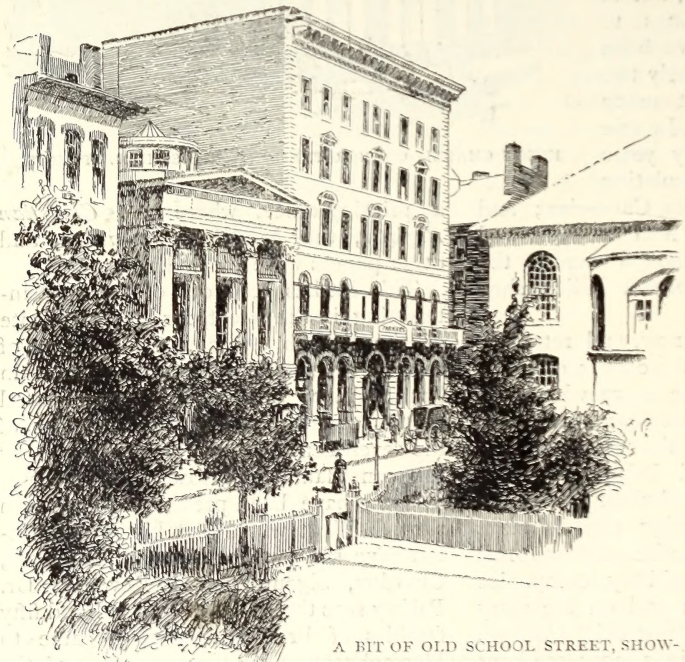
a printing-office, where the *Christian Register*, the *Youth's Companion* and other papers were printed.

This lot has been one of the most interesting in the street, for it was the site of the French church. At the time of the great persecution of the Protestants in France, many of the refugees emigrated to this country, and before the close of the seventeenth century there were many Huguenot families in Boston. The names of some have been preserved to our own times. What would the history of Boston have been without Faneuil, Bowdoin, Chardon, Sigourney and Revere? Dr. Palfrey says that about a hundred and fifty families of French Huguenots came to Massachusetts after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685. The estimate

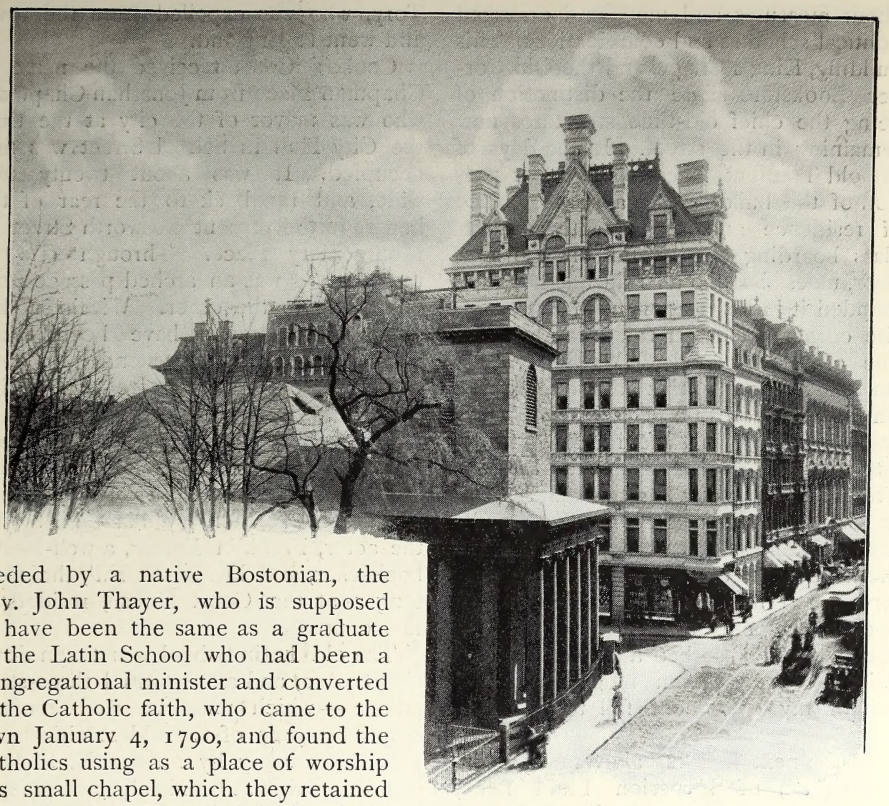
is probably too low. The French church in Boston existed as early as this year, and was probably gathered by Pierre Daillé. November 24, 1687, leave was granted to the French congregation to meet in the Latin Schoolhouse. When the new schoolhouse was done, the permission was transferred to that; and for twenty-nine or thirty years this was the meeting place of the French Protestants. In 1704 the congregation asked permission to erect a building of their own for a church, but were refused by the selectmen on the ground that they could hold their meetings in the schoolhouse, which was sufficient for a far larger number than composed the congregation. They were therefore obliged to defer action, and it was not till 1715 that they were able to erect a house of worship on the plot of ground which they had purchased ten years before.

The first minister was Laurentius Van den Bosch, who was here but a little while. He was succeeded by David de Bonrepos for a few months. For eight years then the church was without a pastor, though the pulpit was supplied by French ministers from the colonies of the exiles and by the Rev. Nehemiah Walter, Eliot's successor at Roxbury. In 1696 Pierre Daillé came from New York to Boston, and remained as pastor till his death, nineteen years later. This was the period of the church's greatest prosperity. Daillé was popular with the other ministers of Boston; he was one of the bearers at the funeral of Cotton Mather's wife. The services of his church were liturgical, and the congregation observed Christmas and Easter, so that Judge Sewall could not entirely approve them, as will be seen by referring to his journal, where he records himself as remonstrating with one of his friends "about his partaking with the French church."

Pierre Daillé died May 20, 1715, about the time of the building of the church, and was succeeded by André LeMercier, a native of Caen in Normandy. He served the society thirty-four years, during which its numbers dwindled greatly. He was not a brilliant preacher, but was an industrious worker, yet he could not stem the tide which finally resulted in the dissolution of his society in 1748. The house of worship passed into the hands of a new Congregational society, gathered under Rev. Andrew Croswell, with the proviso that the building was to be kept for the sole use of a Protestant sanctuary forever. In spite of this condition the "temple" was sold, after Mr. Croswell's death and the dissolution of his society, to the Roman Catholics, and mass was said there by a Romish priest, the Abbé de la Poterie, on the second of November, 1788. For a time the church was carried on by missionaries; but they were suc-



A BIT OF OLD SCHOOL STREET, SHOWING THE HORTICULTURAL HALL AND THE PARKER HOUSE BEFORE THE CORNER BUILDING WAS ERECTED.



THE PARKER HOUSE, CORNER SCHOOL AND TREMONT STREETS.

ceeded by a native Bostonian, the Rev. John Thayer, who is supposed to have been the same as a graduate of the Latin School who had been a Congregational minister and converted to the Catholic faith, who came to the town January 4, 1790, and found the Catholics using as a place of worship this small chapel, which they retained until the building of the church in Franklin Street.

On the next lot above, the Second Universalist Church erected in the summer of 1817 a meeting-house, which was dedicated in October of that year. The minister was the Rev. Hosea Ballou, who remained pastor till his death, in 1852, in the eighty-first year of his age. During his later ministry he had for colleagues two of the most eminent expounders of the Universalist faith, Edwin H. Chapin, subsequently of New York, and Alonzo Ames Miner, who, at the time of his death in 1895, was still senior pastor of the church, which had been removed to Columbus Avenue. In 1851 the old building was greatly modernized externally and internally, raised up and moved back several feet from the street, and a vestry put in the basement.

Next above this lot and forming the corner of Province Street, known in old times as Governor's Alley, were two dwelling houses, which, with but little alteration, became subsequently a provision store and an oyster saloon in the lower stories and a book-binder's establishment in the upper, and which gave place about 1855 to the elegant substantial building erected as a banking house, with offices above, by the Boston Five Cents Savings Bank.

On the opposite corner of Province Street is a building once occupied by Dr. Samuel Bemis, a celebrated dentist, who afterward removed to the Crawford Notch, in New Hampshire, and lived there. In 1830 this building was occupied by Nathaniel Bryant, a well-known cabinet-maker, and Charles Dupee, a carpenter of prominence. For half a century it has been a popular grocery. Above this store was a room frequented by many of the choice spirits who ruled the politics of Massachusetts in the years before the war; here they consulted

about measures and men, and arranged political schemes and combinations. This building, King's Chapel and the Old Corner Bookstore share the distinction of being the chief old-time structures now remaining in the street. In the days of the old Tremont Theatre the upper portion of the building was a genteel place of residence and subsequently a first-class boarding house, and on the first floor, unless he who tells the tale has confounded it in his memory with the opposite corner, an oyster room was kept by one of the Atwoods. Writing in the Boston *Transcript*, this boy of the olden time says: "When a hungry boy . . . I used to pass down School Street after a late evening's enjoyment in the pit of the Tremont, with a craving stomach and an irresistible yearning for one of Atwood's incomparable stews or roasts. If after the investment of ninepence at the oyster-room I had a fourpence left in my pocket, I proceeded on my way to Mrs. Haven's and absorbed a cup of her delicious coffee. Then indeed was the cup of my enjoyment full to overflowing."

In the next building above, Bogle, the hairdresser, of Hyperion Fluid fame, with whom the veteran Dudley was once associated, had his establishment. Then we come to Dr. Cooke's estate, which was on both sides of Cooke's Court, to which it gave the name, now Chapman Place. The upper, or western, corner became the site of the Latin School after it was removed from the other side of the street, while the lower, or eastern, was the mansion of Dr. Samuel Adams, who graduated at the Harvard Medical School in 1794. Behind the house, extending up Cooke's Court to the Mears estate, was a long garden. Here Dr. Adams kept two sheep, which, when in sight, were the constant targets for missiles of wood and coal thrown at them by the boys from the upper windows of the Latin School. The large building on this corner, covering a hundred feet on the court side, is owned even yet in the Cooke family, by a Saltonstall of Salem, a relative by marriage. The land on which the Latin Schoolhouse stood once belonged to one Hollway or Holloway, a Tory, who was expelled from the town and went to England.

Cooke's Court received the name of Chapman Place from Jonathan Chapman, who was mayor of the city at the time the City Hall in School Street was first occupied. It was about twenty feet wide, and ran back to the rear of the houses in the present Bosworth Street or Montgomery Place. Through one of these houses was an arched passage from one place to the other. Within a few years these houses have been taken down and the court extended to Bosworth Street. There were several fine residences in the court. One was a large double house, shaded by elms, occupied in one part by Elijah Mears, a tailor, and in the other by Jonathan Kilham, his partner. William H. Smith, the actor, Franklin Loring, a well-known bookseller, and Daniel Morrill, the messenger at the Court House, resided in this court.

The old Latin School was taken down about 1810, and a substantial three-story edifice — which must be well remembered by some of the oldest citizens of Boston, certainly by Master E. S. Dixwell, still living at Cambridge, who taught in it — erected in its place. This again gave place in 1845 to the building of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, in which was a fine hall for its own and other exhibitions. A part of the old Latin School walls was retained in this building, which was taken down about 1860, to make room for an extension to the Parker House, which had been built a few years before. The late Harvey D. Parker used to tell that Nathaniel P. Willis, the poet and author, on his visits to Boston, used to like to eat a beefsteak in the ladies' café in this part of the hotel, in memory of his frequent thrashings on the spot.

The lot above the schoolhouse was variously occupied. About 1800 it was the residence of Lieutenant-Governor Moses Gill, who died in May of that year. Rev. Dr. John L. Watson says that, as he remembers it, it was a two-story house with an attic. It had a long covered piazza, which in winter time was entirely closed in. The description of



MODERN SCHOOL STREET.

Mr. Eben Thayer of Brooklyn, who when a boy lived in Cooke's Court, is probably more accurate. He says: "It was situated about fifty feet west of Cooke's Court, with a front of forty feet and a door in the centre. It was three stories high, with dormer windows in the roof. On the westerly or upper side of the house was a passageway twenty or twenty-five feet wide leading to the stable and garden. This garden extended to Madame De Blois's house on Bromfield Street."

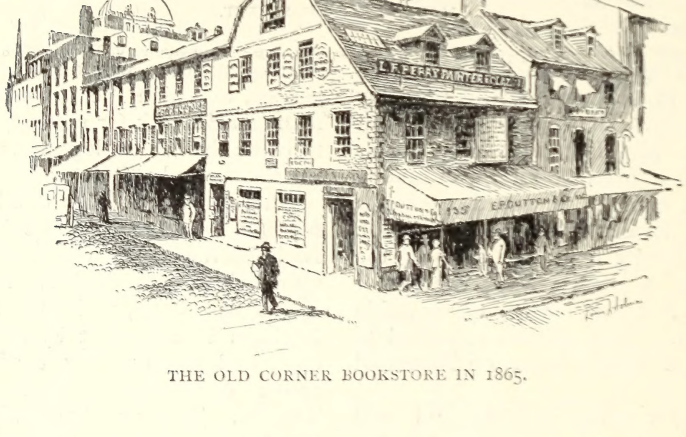
Mr. Thayer writes in 1883: "I well recollect Lieutenant Governor (at the time of his death acting Governor) Gill's funeral, for I was on my knees on a sofa, looking out of a window opening on the garden, to which the Governor's coachman came to ask for vinegar with which to bathe the horses' legs, the weather being extremely hot."

After Governor Gill's death the house fell into the hands of his relative, Ward Nicholas Boylston, through whom it came ultimately to Mr. Parker. At one time it became a hotel, under the name of the Boylston House, kept by Henry L. Bascom, and was the resort of the minor actors connected with the Tremont Theatre. This, or a house higher up the street, was the home of Jacob Wendell, the grandfather of Oliver Wendell Holmes. The Parker House at first occupied only

a portion of its present site; later it was extended to Chapman Place.

Above the Parker House, on the corner of Tremont Street, but fronting on School street, was a large brick dwelling-house, which in 1830 was the residence of Dr. Jonathan Greely Stevenson, of the class of 1816 at Harvard College, then one of Boston's famous physicians, who died in 1835. Later it was the residence of T. O. H. P. Burnham, the antiquarian bookseller, who for many years had his store in a smaller building between that and the Parker House. Below this house was a stable once belonging to the Boylston House, which was at the rear of the estate and remained until about the time of the erection of the Parker House. There was a passageway between the stable and the Stevenson house, which communicated with the rear of the Tremont Theatre, which then stood on the site of the present Tremont Temple, and through which the actors reached the stage door; and it was very common for the Latin School boys to linger about this entrance, to see Finn, Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Smith and Mr. and Mrs. George H. Barrett pass in for rehearsals. All these estates were finally embraced in the elegant marble Parker House, established by the late Harvey D. Parker, who for many years had been the proprietor of a popular restaurant on the corner of Court Street and Court Square, where part of Young's Hotel now stands.

Charles Dickens, on his visit to Boston, was a guest at Parker's, and a long line of distinguished foreigners as well as natives have enjoyed its hospitalities. At Parker's meet many of the social, literary and dining clubs which are a feature of Boston life; at Commencement time its corridors resound with the songs and merry voices of the graduates of Harvard who assemble there for their class dinners; annually, on the site of the old school, the alumni of the Boston Public Latin School at its table keep alive the memories of "the oldest school in America;" while the city fathers have found its proximity to the City Hall convenient for the refreshment which they crave when committee meetings or the sessions of the different branches of the government have been long protracted.



THE OLD CORNER BOOKSTORE IN 1865.

MISS THEODORA: A WEST-END STORY.

By Helen Leah Reed.

With illustrations by Florence P. England.

(Begun in August Number.)

XVII.

POOR Miss Theodora! One walk in a public thoroughfare with a girl heretofore unknown to one's relatives need not imply the surrender of a young man's affections; but Ernest, so his aunt thought, was not like other young men. He would be sincere in a matter of this kind. If his interest in any girl had been so marked as to be a subject of comment for Ralph and Kate, it must be known to many other people. Yet why had Kate not spoken to her as well as to her mother; or why had not Ernest himself suggested the direction in which his fancy was wandering? If Ben had been at home, she might have talked freely to him. He could have told whether or not Mrs. Digby's surmises were correct. But Ben had been in the West for a year and a half. If he had been at home, she thought, perhaps this would never have happened. Yet, after all, what was the "this" which so disturbed Miss Theodora's usually calm mind? What were the signs by which she recognized that Ernest had secrets which he did not confide to her? The signs, though few, to her were positive. Ernest had begun to take more interest in society. While studying diligently, he also found time for more or less gayety. In the left-hand corner of his top bureau drawer there was a heap of dance programmes and progressive euchre tally-cards. Kate had seen them one day when helping Miss Theodora put Ernest's room in order. She had given a scornful "No" when the former asked her if she had been at a dance whose date was indicated on a certain programme.

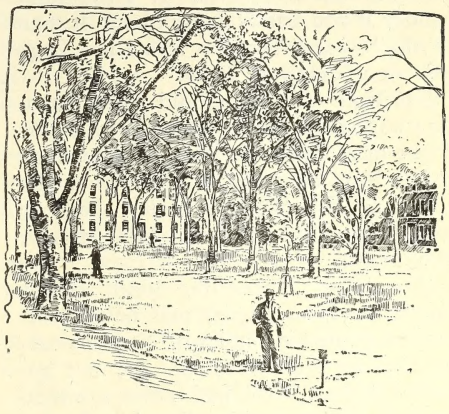
"Of course I know you seldom go to dances, but still I thought perhaps — "

"Oh, Cousin Theodora, I haven't been at a dance this winter; and as to these parties that Ernest has been going to — there was a set of them, wasn't there? I really don't recognize the names of any of the managers."

Now this reply was not reassuring to Miss Theodora, who had a vague hope that Kate and Ernest met occasionally in society. Then Kate continued:

"Ernest is really growing very giddy. Just look at that heap of neckties. I should say some of them had not been worn twice, and then he has flung them down as if he didn't intend to wear them again."

But in the midst of her railing Kate stopped. In the back of the drawer, behind the neckties, she had caught



THE COLLEGE QUADRANGLE.

sight of a photograph, — it was the face of a girl she had seen before, — and she closed the drawer with a snap that made Miss Theodora look up quickly from her task of dusting the books on Ernest's study table. Just then Diantha passed the door.

"I've been telling Miss Theodora," she cried, with the familiarity of an old



THE OLD WEST CHURCH.

servant, "I've been telling Miss Theodora that I believe Mast' Ernest's in love. He don't spend much time with us now, and I reckon 'tain't study that takes him out every evening. I shouldn't wonder if you knows more about it than we do," — and Diantha rolled her large eyes significantly at Kate.

But Kate was silent, and Miss Theodora was silent, and Diantha, with a toss of the head and arms akimbo, passed on to her little attic room. Nor when she was gone did the two ladies speak to each other of the thing which lay so near their hearts.

Now Miss Theodora, until driven thereto by Mrs. Digby, had never contemplated the possibility of Ernest's taking a tender interest in any one not approved by her. She had never resented Sarah Ketchum's addressing him by his first name, even after he had entered college, — and Sarah herself was almost through the Normal School. She could invite Sarah and her intimate friend, Estelle Tibbits, to take tea with her without any fear that Ernest would fall in love with either of them.

Unaware, apparently, of his aunt's solicitude, Ernest continued to mingle a little play with the hard work of his last year of study. Miss Theodora at least had no reason to complain of neglect from him. He went with her to the Old West Church on Sunday morning as willingly as ever he had gone in the days of his childhood. Indeed, as a little boy she had often had to urge him unduly to go with her, and sometimes he would try to beg off with the well-worn plea that he "hated sermons." Later, as they sat in the high-backed pew which they shared with the Somersets, Miss Theodora would notice the boy's fair head moving restlessly from side to side. As years passed on he grew as fond as his aunt of the old church with its plain white ceiling and gallery supported by plain columns, and its tablets in honor of men of a bygone age. If sometimes on Sunday afternoons he went to Trinity Church, contented to stand for an hour in the crowded aisle to hear the uplifting words of the great preacher, he never made this later service an excuse for neglecting his aunt's church. In this, as in almost all other matters in which she had marked preferences, Ernest gave Miss Theodora little ground for complaint.

Toward the end of his Technology course, Ernest made all his other interests bend to study. He had no more evening engagements to worry his aunt. He read late into the night. His thesis occupied most of his day, for it involved an immense amount of practical work in a factory out of town. As Miss Theodora observed his zeal, as she heard reports of his good standing in his class, she could but contrast this state of affairs with his unsatisfactory year at Harvard.

XVIII.

"Isn't it perfectly splendid?" cried Kate, who, in spite of a general precision of speech, was not above using an occasional superlative. Miss Theodora had been less than human had she contradicted her young cousin, whose words referred to Ernest's thesis. For although it bristled with scientific terms which they understood hardly as well as the majority of his auditors, Miss Theodora and Kate listened eagerly to every word. "Of course you're proud of him; now you can't say you're not;" — and the young

girl gave her cousin's hand a squeeze which the elder woman returned with interest. That his relatives were not partial was proved by the newspapers the next morning, for they made especial mention of Ernest and said that he seemed likely to add new honors to the distinguished name he bore. Though Miss Theodora might have preferred to see Ernest in flowing gown on the Sanders Theatre platform, with the Governor and his staff and distinguished professors and noted alumni in the background, she did not express her regrets to Kate. A Harvard Commencement is unlike any other; and Kate, who realized this as strongly almost as Miss Theodora did, whispered, "Please don't think you're sorry that it isn't a Harvard A. B." How could any one who loved him be otherwise than happy to see Ernest in so cheerful a mood, smiling at his aunt and Kate, bowing to Miss Chatterwits, who had a good seat near the front? If only he had not rushed up in one of the intermissions to speak to that piquant-looking girl in the large white hat, whom Kate from a distance regarded with an air of interest mixed with *hauteur!*

After the excitement of this last day, Ernest, contrary to his usual habit, was moody and restless. Miss Theodora watched him narrowly. She had hoped that when the pressure of work was removed he would settle down into calm ways, and put off as long as possible the inevitable decision about his future career. Must he, she wondered, must he really go to that great indefinite West, which years before had seemed the grave of a large share of her happiness?

Ernest himself soon put an end to her wondering.

"Come, Aunt Teddy," he said one morning, drawing her beside him on the massive sofa that faced the bookcase with its rows of neglected law-books, "let us talk over my future. How soon may I go? I am lounging about here too long."

"Go?" she queried. "Go where?"— though in her heart she knew very well.

"Now don't equivocate; it isn't natural for you, Aunt Theodora; you are generally so straightforward. Don't you remember that I told you that I might have a good offer to go to Colorado? Well, it has come."

Whereupon Ernest proceeded to read a letter offering him a definite position and a stated salary, with a certain mining company, and the letter was signed "William Easton."

"Isn't it fine to have such a chance?" said the young man, looking up and noting a surprising change in his aunt's face. She had grown extremely pale, and he saw that she was trembling.

"William Easton!" she said, without answering his question. "How strange!"

Then there flashed across Ernest's mind his cousin Richard's warning against mentioning Mr. Easton to his aunt. Of course the time for silence on this point had now passed, — and he continued.

"Yes, perhaps I may not have mentioned Mr. Easton's name before; but I didn't know that you would recall it. You've heard me speak of him, of course, the president of the Wampum and Etna, whom I met on the *Etruria*. He's as good as his word, and though I haven't heard from him for two years, here's this letter offering me the very chance he said he would give me — all on account of my father, I suppose. They must have been greater friends than I thought," — looking questioningly toward Miss Theodora.

"Yes, they were great friends," answered she — "and I knew him very well, too, but I would almost rather not have you accept his offer."

"Just because I shall have to go so far away, I suppose. Now what else would you have me do?"

"Surely there are other chances, in Boston. You can find something to do here."

"If I could, I wouldn't," replied the young man. "Now what would be the sense in staying here? Of course I could get something to do, there's no doubt of that; but it would be wicked to refuse an offer like this."

"Why not begin here and gradually work up? We don't need so very much money, Ernest — "

"Oh, Aunt Teddy, *I* do. What would you say if I told you I thought of getting married?"

"You — you — get married!"— and Miss Theodora actually blushed. Then recollecting herself, "I am delighted," she said. "Kate is a dear girl. Not a bit like her mother."

"Kate! It isn't Kate," stammered the young man; and Miss Theodora with a sudden revulsion recalled many things that she had almost forgotten; much that she had not understood was now explained. There was somebody after all whom Ernest cared for — and it wasn't Kate.

"Who is the young lady?" she asked with some dignity.



"EUGENIE, THE MOST 'STYLISH' GIRL OF HER SET."

"Why, Eugenie. Haven't you heard me speak of Eugenie Kurtz?"

Miss Theodora shook her head.

"Of course," he said, "it isn't an engagement or I would have told you all about it, or asked your advice, — but it's all so uncertain. Her father — "

"Who is her father?" asked Miss Theodora. "The name sounds familiar."

"Of course — you've seen it on his wagons, and I dare say you've been in his shop, too. He's really the chief man in the firm, for although his partner's name stands first, Mr. Kurtz has really bought Brown out, all but a small share."

Then Miss Theodora remembered one of the best known retail shops in the city, whose growth from small beginnings was often quoted as a striking example of American energy. She remembered, too, that one partner — perhaps both — had been referred to as of humble origin. This remembrance came to her in a flash, and she took up Ernest's last words:

"Her father — "

"Yes, her father," repeated the young man, "won't consent to an engagement at present. I've got to show what I can do in the world, and so I must go west where I can have room enough to move around." Then Ernest digressed into praise of Eugenie, her charms of person and manner, her taste in dress, her ability in housekeeping, in which she had had much experience, as she had no mother. "You will call on her, won't you?" he pleaded.

But Miss Theodora would say neither yes nor no, as he named the street where Eugenie lived. She knew this street very well. She had passed through it several times in the evenings with Ernest. She had never liked it, this long, new street, with its blocks of handsome bay-windowed houses. How seldom were the curtains in these bay-windows drawn close! She could not think well of people who left their rooms thus immodestly exposed to the gaze of passers-by. Brought up as she had been to regard lamp-light as a signal for the closing of blinds and curtains, she always turned her head away from the windows revealing beyond the daintily shaded lamp a glimpse of rooms furnished much more gorgeously than any to which she was accustomed. These unshaded windows had always seemed to her typical of the lives, of the minds of the dwellers in the bay-windowed houses, — no retirement, no privacy, all show. To think that Ernest's interests should have begun to mingle with those of people whom she could never, never care to know! Miss Theodora sighed. Perhaps it was the best thing after all for Ernest to go west. Absence might make him forget Eugenie. "At his age," thought Miss Theodora, "it is ridiculous for him to imagine himself in love."

Yet Ernest, though Miss Theodora knew it not, had been deeply in love more than once before. There was that

beautiful creature with the reddish-brown hair — several years older than he, to be sure — whom he had met on his passage back from Europe. What a joy it had been to walk the deck with her, while she confided all her past and present sorrows to him! He did not tell her his feelings then — she might have laughed at him. Later how his heart had palpitated as he crossed the little square past the diminutive statues of Columbus and Aristides, to call on her at the home of the sisterhood where she thought of taking vows! How well she looked in the severe garb of the order! so saintly indeed did she appear as she swept into the bare room, that he made only a short call, recrossing the square, more in love than ever, though in a sombre mood. A few months after, when he heard of the would-be devotee's marriage to old Abram Tinker, that crabbed millionnaire, he was surprised to find himself so little disturbed. His happy disposition gave cynicism no place, and soon he barely remembered this little episode in his life. Eugenie, indeed, seemed to him the only woman he had ever cared for. He longed to talk about her to Kate, but something prevented his opening his heart. Nor was his aunt ready to listen to him. He was amazed to find her so unsympathetic. Her opposition to his going west had, however, disappeared. She even hastened his preparations, and bade him good-by at the last with unexpected cheerfulness.

XIX.

Ernest, travelling west, had plenty of time to wonder if, after all, the present satisfied him. His answer on the whole was "yes." He had little to regret in the past; he was hopeful, he was positive, about the future. A class-mate travelled with him as far as Chicago, and this part of the journey, broken by a few hours' stay at Niagara, seemed short enough. Chicago itself, with its general air of business bustle and activity, opened a new world to him. At the head office of the Wampum and Etna, where letters awaited him from Mr. Easton, he found himself at once a man of consequence, — no longer the student, little more than school-boy, that he had been so lately in the eyes of most people. Here the clerks in the office bowed deferentially; the agent consulted him; evidently Mr. Easton intended to give him much responsibility. In his day or two in the great city, he drove or walked in the parks, through the boulevards, and along the Lake Front. He grasped as well as he could in so short a time the city's vastness, measured not alone by extent of territory, by height of buildings, but by resources the amount of which he gathered from the fragments of talk that came to him in his hurried interviews with various business men. Boston, looked at with their eyes through the large end of the telescope, was almost lost in a dwindling perspective. The West End, — how trivial all its interests! Miss Theodora, Kate, Miss Chatterwits, Diantha, — well, these loomed up a little larger than the city itself; and Eugenie — ah! she filled the field of the telescope until Ernest could see little else. After he had crossed the fertile fields of Illinois, and had watched the green farms of eastern Nebraska fade away into the dull brown, uncultivated plains, he grew lonely, realizing how far he was from all that was dearest to him. Would not Miss Theodora's heart have ached with a pain deeper than that caused by this separation, could she have known that all her years of devotion were obscured by the glamour of that one bright year in which Ernest had felt sure of Eugenie's love? As he looked from the car window across the wide stretch of open country where the only objects between his eye and the distant horizon were a canvas-covered wagon or a solitary horseman, Ernest had more than enough time for reflection. Would Eugenie be true to him? Of course; surely that was not a doubt tugging at his heart-strings. Would her father be more reasonable? His brow darkened a little as he thought of his last interview with Mr. Kurtz.

"No," the latter had said decidedly, "it is not worth while to talk of an engagement. Time enough for that when you have shown what you can do. As I understand it, you have no special prospects at present. At least, it's to be

proved whether you'll succeed in the West. I've known a good many people to fail out there. I can't have Eugenie bound by an indefinite engagement. I've worked hard for her, and she's used to everything. What could you give her? If Eugenie married to-morrow, she'd want just as much as she has to-day — she isn't the kind of a girl to live on nothing but love. I've talked with her and know how she feels."

This last sentence had made Ernest shiver, and now as it recurred to him he again wondered if, after all, Eugenie was less in earnest than he.

He recalled the dignity with which Mr. Kurtz had drawn himself up as he said:

"Besides, I'm not going to have Eugenie go into a family likely to look down on her." Then, paying no attention to Ernest's protests, "Oh, yes, I know what I'm talking about. I haven't done business in Boston for nothing these forty years without knowing what they call the difference between people. It isn't much more than skin deep, but they feel it, all your people. I'm a self-made man, and I'm not ashamed of it. I don't ask any favors of any one, and I don't want any, — and I'm not anxious to have my daughter go among people who will look down on her."

"But my people are so few," poor Ernest had said. "My aunt — "

"Oh, your aunt — yes — people respect her, and she's very good to the poor; but she was born in Boston, and she don't believe in marrying out of her set any more than as if she was a Hindoo — unless she's made different from most Boston men and women. I know that I'm made of the same flesh and blood as the rest of them. But then I wasn't born in Boston, and perhaps my eyesight is clearer on that account. At any rate, I'm going to do my duty by Eugenie."

Then Ernest, reflecting on this conversation, from which he had gleaned so little comfort, fell asleep, and when he woke in the morning they were not so very far from Denver. Far, far ahead, across the great plateau, an irregular dark line showed clear against the morning sky. "The Rockies," some one cried, and then he felt half like crying, half like turning back. His new life had almost begun, and he was hardly ready for it. Could Ernest have known Mr. Kurtz's true state of mind, he would have had less reason for downheartedness. Eugenie's father saw in the young man more promise than he cared to express. He liked Ernest's frankness in speaking of his prospects; and he knew that he was no fortune-hunter.

By her friends Eugenie was called the most "stylish" girl of her set. Always sure to be the leader's partner at the numerous germans which were then so in vogue, she was certainly popular. With no wish ungratified by her father, she might have been more selfish than she was. It is true that she always had her own way, but then, as she said, when her father complained of this, "My own way is just as apt to benefit other people as myself." Without planning any beneficences, she did many little kindnesses to her friends. She had to have a companion when she went to Europe, and so, although a chaperon had been already provided, Mr. Kurtz cheerfully paid the expenses of a girl friend of hers, who otherwise would have been unable to go; and many other similar things added to her popularity. After a year at a finishing-school in New York, she had returned home to find out that popularity in a small set is not everything. Some people said that a desire to climb had led her to single out Ernest for especial favor. His name would be an open sesame to a great many Boston doors. But Ernest, measuring himself by his lack rather than by his possessions, never associated worldliness with Eugenie. He was captivated by her beauty, by her vivacity, by her brilliancy in repartee — Miss Theodora would have called the last "pertness." She spoke to him of his aunt, whom she knew by sight, wished that she might know her, and asked more about Kate Digby, who Ernest said was just like a sister to him. "I should like to meet her," said Eugenie; and Ernest before he left the city had asked Kate to call on her. A curious expression, which he could not quite read, came over Kate's face as she replied, "Really, I don't believe I can, Ernest; I haven't time enough

now to call on half the girls I know. There are a dozen sewing-circle calls that I've owed for a year, and it wouldn't be worth while to begin with any new people." Nor, with all his attempts at persuasion, could Ernest get Miss Theodora to take the least interest in Eugenie.

"You know what I think about the whole matter," she said. "I won't dwell on my disappointment, but it will be time enough for me to know her when you are really engaged."

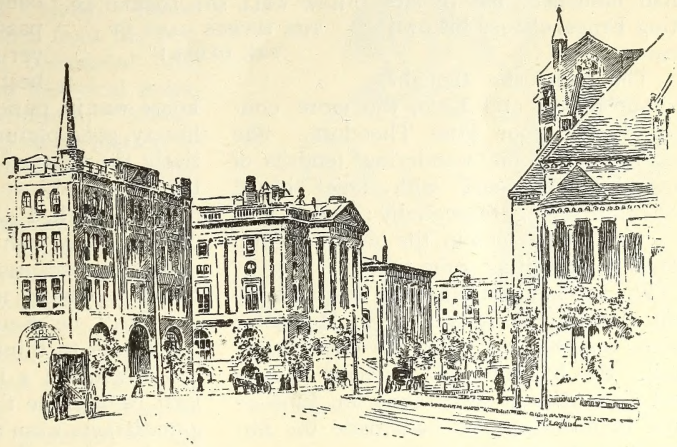
What wonder that Ernest, nearing Denver, felt disheartened, oppressed by his aunt's opposition and the indefiniteness of his relations with Eugenie?

XX.

Miss Theodora watered the morning-glories in the little yard behind the house with sighs, if not with tears. It was a poor little garden, this spot of greenery in the desert of back yards on which her windows looked. The flowers which she cultivated were neither many nor rare. Nasturtiums, sweet peas and morning glories were dexterously trained to hide the ugliness of the bare brown fence. She had a number of hardy geraniums and a few low-growing things between the geraniums and the border of mignonette which edged the long, narrow garden bed. In one corner of the yard there was the dead trunk of a pear tree, whose crookedness Miss Theodora had tried to hide by training a quick-growing vine over it. Curiously enough, all these attempts had been unsuccessful, and Ernest, commenting thereon, had said laughingly:

"Why, yes, Aunt Theodora, that stump is so ugly that not even the kitten will climb over it."

Nevertheless there had been a time when the tree was full of leaves, and Miss Theodora, glancing at it now, a month after her nephew's departure, sighed as she recalled how Ernest and Kate had loved to sit in its shade. Sometimes they had played shop there, when Ernest was always the clerk and Kate the buyer; but more often they had sat quietly, on warm spring afternoons, while Ernest read and Kate cut out paper dolls from the fashion plates of an old magazine. Indeed there were few things in the house or out of it that did not remind Miss Theodora of these two young people. How could she bear it, then, that their paths were to lie entirely apart? Did Kate feel aggrieved at Ernest's attachment to "that girl," as Miss Theodora always characterized Eugenie? She wondered if she herself had been too stern in her attitude toward Ernest's love affair. She had not been severe with Ernest,—she deserved credit for that, she said to herself,—yet she recalled with a pang his expression of dismay when she had said, "Really, Ernest, you cannot expect me to call on Miss—Miss Kurtz; at least not at present."

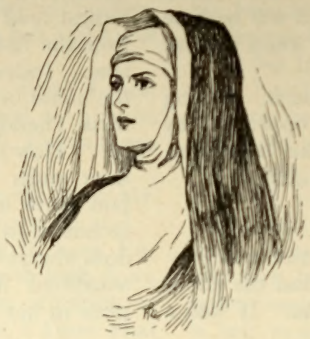


"THE INSTITUTE, FAMILIARLY CALLED 'THE TECH.'"

She had excused herself by reflecting that he was not old enough to decide in a matter of this kind. It was very different from letting him choose his own profession,—though she was beginning to think that even in this matter she had

made a mistake. If he had stayed at Cambridge, he might never have met Eugenie Kurtz.

She had yielded to Ernest in the former case largely from a belief, founded on many years' observation, that half the unhappiness of middle life comes from the wrong choice of a career. She had seen men of the student temperament ground down to business and regretting the early days when they might have started on a different path. She had noticed lawyers and clergymen who were better fitted to sell goods over a counter; and she had begun to think that medicine was the only profession which put the right man in the right place. This had influenced her in letting Ernest choose his own career.



"HOW WELL SHE LOOKED IN THE SEVERE GARB OF THE ORDER!"

The more she thought about Ernest and Kate, the more confused grew poor Miss Theodora. She trained up some wandering tendrils of morning-glory, and with relief heard Diantha saying respectfully:

"Mr. Somerset's in the house, ma'am. He's been waiting some time."

She set her watering-pot down hastily on the ground beside her. Here was some one whose advice she could safely ask. She had not seen Richard Somerset since Ernest went away in June — not indeed since he had made the important announcement.

"I think myself," said her cousin, after they had talked for some time about Ernest's professional prospects, and had begun to touch on the other matter, "I think myself that you make a mistake in not calling on the girl — no matter how the affair turns out. It would please Ernest, and it couldn't do much harm. I've come to think that the more you fall in with a young man's ideas at such a time, the more likely he is to come around in the end to your way of thinking. For all Ernest is so gentle, he's pretty determined — just like John. You know he never could be made to give up a thing when once he'd set his mind on it."

"Yes, I know," responded Miss Theodora mildly.

"Well," continued her cousin, "I'm not sure but that you are making a mistake in this case. Now, really, I don't believe that the girl or her people are half bad. It's surprising occasionally to find some of these people one don't know, not so very different from the people one has been brought up with. I remember when I was on one of those committees for saving the Old South, a man on the committee who lived up there at the South End invited us to meet at his house. Well, he gave us a supper that couldn't have been surpassed anywhere. The silver and china were of the best, and everything in the house was in perfectly good form, — fine library, good pictures, and all, — and positively the most of us had never heard of the fellow until we met him on that committee. Well, I dare say it's a good deal the same way with this Kurtz."

Almost unconsciously Miss Theodora raised her hand in deprecation.

"Yes," he went on, "naturally you don't want to think about it at present; but he's made a lot of money, and the East India trade that set up some of our grandfathers wasn't so very different from his business. Besides, Mr. Kurtz has some standing. I see he's treasurer for the Home for Elderly and Indigent Invalids, — and that means something. Think it over, Theodora, and don't let any girl come between you and Ernest."

Much more to the same purpose said Richard Somerset, thereby astonishing his cousin. To her he had always seemed conservatism embodied. But Richard Somerset had not lived in the midst of a rapidly growing city without feeling the pulse of the time. While his own life was not likely to be affected by the new ideas which he had begun to absorb, he was not afraid to give occasional expression

to them. Richard Somerset was several years older than Miss Theodora. In early life he had had the prospect of inheriting great wealth. With no desire for a profession, he let his taste turn in the direction of literary work. He had large intentions, which he was in no haste to carry out. With letters to several eminent men in England, France and Germany, he started on a European tour. He studied in a desultory way at one or two great universities, enjoyed foreign social life of the quiet and professional kind, and acquired colloquial ease in two or three modern languages. Then his tour, which had lasted nearly three years, was cut short by his father's death. For several years afterward, with large business interests to look after, he had scant time for literary work. He managed, however, to bring out one historical monograph — a study of certain phases of Puritan life in the Massachusetts Bay Colony. Thereafter no other book came from his pen, though he contributed occasional brief articles to a well-known historical magazine, and over the signature of "Idem" sent many communications on matters of local interest to a certain evening paper of exclusive circulation.

Finally Richard Somerset found himself so immersed in business that he ceased even to aspire to literary renown. But he continued to read voraciously, and at length, when the great fire swept away the two large buildings which he and his sister owned, he was less disturbed than he ought to have been. He felt that he was paying a kind of premium for the freedom from care which the burning up of his property had brought him. He paid the premium cheerfully, betook himself to a sunny room in a house not far from the Athenæum, and thereafter devoted himself to his books. At first he had intended to resume his historical research; but the periodical room of the Athenæum at length claimed all his time. He read English newspapers, French reviews and American magazines, and this in itself was an occupation. Yet sometimes as he sat near one of the windowed alcoves, and looked out over the old graveyard, his conscience smote him. As the sunshine filtered through the overhanging boughs of the old trees upon the gray gravestones, his thoughts were often carried back to that historic past in which he had once had so much interest. Then as he glanced past the pyramidal Franklin monument, noting the busy rush of life in the great thoroughfare on the other side of the high iron fence, he would ponder a little over the contrasts between the Boston of to-day and the Boston of the past. He was a popular man, constantly consulted in matters where real judgment was the first requisite. In emergencies, when special committees were formed to attend to things philanthropic or literary, he was always the first man thought of as a suitable member.



"MISS CHATTERWITS HAPPENED TO BE SEWING AT MISS THEODORA'S."

Miss Theodora often wondered what she should have done without him; but reflecting long over this his latest advice about her attitude toward Eugenie, she felt not wholly satisfied.

XXI.

Ben was again in Boston. A position on the staff of a great railroad had been offered him, and Boston for some time would be his headquarters. He was not sorry to be at home. His mother and father seemed to him to be growing less

capable. His sisters needed him, and his salary was large enough to enable him to do for them the many little things that add so much to young girls' pleasure.

To Miss Theodora his return was almost as great a boon as to his own family. At least once a day he called to see what he could do for her, and usually he went within the house to have a little chat with her. It was not strange that they talked chiefly of Ernest. Ben's nature was strongly sympathetic, and he knew what subject lay nearest Miss Theodora's heart. Yet he disturbed her by telling her plainly that he really thought that she ought to take some notice of Eugenie.

"But they're not engaged," apologized Miss Theodora, who discerned in Ben a feeling that she was unjust to Ernest.

"I know they're not," he replied; "but it's much the same thing as if they were. Ernest won't change, and her father will soon give his consent."

Yet Miss Theodora could not get herself into a relenting mood, though Ben, like Richard Somerset, added to her confusion.

Sometimes when Ben called at Miss Theodora's, he found Kate there. In her presence little was said about Ernest, and nothing about Eugenie.

He had thought himself almost disloyal to Kate when he had asked Miss Theodora to recognize Eugenie. His only defence was his friendship for Ernest, and he was pleased enough that Ernest had never sought his advice in this love affair of his. How could he have counselled Ernest to be more appreciative of Kate, without disclosing his view of her feelings, and how could he have encouraged Ernest in his love for Eugenie without being disloyal to Kate?

But what was Ernest made of, he queried, to pass Kate by for a girl like Eugenie, well enough in her way, perhaps, but oh! so different from Kate? Then as he glanced at the latter, he could but wonder if certain changes which he noticed in her — a quietness of expression, an unwonted slowness of response, so unlike her former habit of repartee — were induced by regret at this new turn in Ernest's affairs. It was a matter about which he himself could say nothing. His own feeling for her was now too strong. He wondered if any one would even suspect how much he had cared for Kate. Kate of course must never know. He would not run the risk of destroying their friendship by rash expressions of a regard warmer than she had dreamed of. Surely he was not presumptuous in believing that Kate valued this friendship. Certainly there was no one else to whom he could open his own heart as freely as to her; and he flattered himself that she confided not a little in him. This autumn she had come to town in advance of her mother, and was spending a month with Miss Theodora. He saw her often, therefore, sometimes when he called at Miss Theodora's, sometimes in one of the neighboring side streets, on her way, as he usually thought, to visit some of her colored *protégés*.

Ben knew that Kate, since she had come of age, spent no small share of her income in furthering schemes for the improvement of various poor people. Some of these schemes he fully approved; others seemed to him of doubtful value. Yet his disapproval, though he might not have admitted it to himself, was based on no firmer ground than his wish that Kate, as far as possible, should be spared the sight and knowledge of disagreeable things.

"See that new machine," said Miss Chatterwits, when he called on her one day; and she pointed proudly to a new combination of polished wood and shining metal. "Well, Kate bought me that. She gives me a good deal of fine sewing to do, and thought this machine would be handier than my old one, which I'd had — well, I won't say how long, but almost ever since they were first made. It had grown kind of rickety, and hadn't any modern improvements."

"This one looks as if it could do almost everything," said Ben, glancing at it a second time.

"Well, I do get a sight of comfort with it. Kate, or p'r'aps I ought to say Miss Digby, allows me so much a week, and expects to have all my time. She has me do white stitching for her, — which I always do by hand, — and make garments of various kinds for her *protè-*



"SHE FINGERED NERVOUSLY THE LITTLE PACKAGE, AND TRIED TO THINK OF SOMETHING TO SAY TO BREAK THE SPELL."

gés, which I do on the machine. Miss Chatterwits said "*protégés*" in a very dignified tone. She was never quite sure that she enjoyed sewing for these dependents.

"You must be kept pretty busy, then," responded Ben.

"Well, not so busy as I might be," she answered. "Some weeks there's very little for me to do. But I get my money just the same," she added quickly. "To tell you the truth, I guess Kate wanted to keep me out of the Old Ladies' Home, where I certainly should be living this very minute if she hadn't planned things out for me. Of course you wouldn't mention this to any one else;"— and she looked at Ben earnestly, for she suddenly remembered that the outside world did not know of this little arrangement.

"Of course I won't mention it," said the young man; "but it's just like Kate, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is; you see she found out just how I was situated after my sisters died. There wasn't a cent of our savings left; and people began to get so dressy that they thought they had to have their things made out of the house, or employ young women. Not that I couldn't have done as well as anybody with the help of paper patterns, but people didn't think so, and I was at my wits' end. What to do I didn't know —"

"There was Miss Theodora," began Ben.

"Yes, she was ready enough, and she kept me along with the little work she had. But Kate herself kind of interfered with that. She said Miss Theodora had

worn old clothes long enough, and she some way persuaded her to get that dress for Ernest's graduating exercises made down town. Well, it seems a pity when Miss Theodora's got almost a whole trunk of things to be cut over, that she shouldn't use them up. However, just when I was at my wits' end, Kate came along, and says she, 'How much ought you to earn every week to live comfortably? I'll add a third to that if you'll save all your time for me; I see that I'll have to have lots of sewing done the next year or two;' — and though I knew it was me she was thinking of more than herself, I was glad enough to say 'yes' to her offer."

After this Miss Chatterwits wondered how she had happened to open her heart so to Ben. A third person would have accounted for it by the fact that Ben and Miss Chatterwits were both deeply interested in the same object.

XXII.

Henceforth, after his conversation with Miss Chatterwits, Ben was more attentive to her than he had ever been before. When he met her he always accompanied her to her door, and if she had been at the grocer's or the baker's, he insisted on carrying her parcels.

"I used to think it was very shiftless to buy baker's bread," she said one day, apologizing for the large loaf which Ben had transferred under his own arm. "But it ain't shiftless when you're only one. It wouldn't pay me to have a regular baking. The bread would get stale before I could eat it all," — to which Ben assented.

"Ben always was a good boy," she confided to a neighbor, "which it isn't to be wondered at when you remember who his great-grandfather was. It isn't every young man, especially with as good a position as he's got, would walk up the street with an old woman like me." She appreciated his kindness the more because the rising generation of the neighborhood paid very little attention to her. They beheld only a little old woman somewhat bent in the back, with sparse, gray curls, queer clothes, and an affected walk, instead of the dignified person, as she pictured herself to be, whose acquaintance with better days gave her an elegance of aspect which boys ought at least to respect.

Ben therefore, realizing that the little woman was always glad to see him, made her frequent, if brief, calls. Perhaps Miss Chatterwits, reading his mind better than he did himself, often talked purposely of the subject that lay so very near his heart. It was certainly no accident when she turned nervously to Ben one day with the words:

"There's something I feel's if I ought to tell you;" — and the young man rose from the little wooden rocker in which he had vainly tried to look comfortable, saying cheerfully:

"Is there? Well, do tell me."

Then Miss Chatterwits bridled a little, and blushed, and said, "Well, of course there's some people that think an old maid hasn't any real knowledge of matters relating to the affections," — she did not exactly like to come out broadly with "love affairs," — "but so far as I'm concerned myself, I know pretty well what's going on around me and how people feel about most things, — though I don't always tell what I know."

Then Ben felt himself growing a little uncomfortable, while the blood rushed to his face. It was leap year, but surely Miss Chatterwits was not going to wax sentimental toward him. She did not leave him long in doubt.

"As I tell Kate," she continued, "people don't always know the exact state of their own feelings. She thinks she'll be an old maid, but she's making a mistake if she thinks she'd be happier, — not that I haven't got along well enough myself. But Kate isn't calculated to live alone. Someway she and her mother ain't very congenial, and I guess Ralph's rather domineering. I know he's tried to stop some of her cooking classes — and — "

Here Miss Chatterwits stopped — and then began to talk again.

"Ben, you know that photograph that you and Ernest had taken in a group — Ernest on his bicycle, and you standing alongside."

"Oh, a little tintype."

"Yes, so it was. I guess it's six or seven years since it was taken."

"Yes, it must be."

"Well, one day I'd been fitting on something for Kate, and she left her watch behind. There was a little locket hanging to the end of it, and I went to pick the watch up; it caught on the handle of a drawer, and as I pulled it, it accidentally jerked open, and there, inside that locket, was that picture."

"Oh, my dear Miss Chatterwits, it was too large to go inside any locket."

"Oh, I don't mean the whole picture, but the head — your head — it had been cut clear off. There was your head in Kate's locket."

Ben looked annoyed. He felt that something had been told him which he had no right to hear. He did not know what to say.

"I'm losing my own head," he murmured; but to Miss Chatterwits — putting on a bold face — he said, "Oh, you must have seen Ernest's picture; you know we look alike;" — and he laughed, for no two faces could be more unlike.

But Miss Chatterwits shook her head. "Oh, no, I'm not blind. There's many other things I could tell you, too; but I speak for your own good, for I'm most as fond of you as I am of Kate."

With these mysterious words, she opened the door for Ben, who seemed in haste to go, to ponder perhaps what she had said, or to put it out of his mind, — which, Miss Chatterwits wondered as he left her.

In suggesting to Ben what she believed to be Kate's feeling toward him, Miss Chatterwits was governed by various motives. Chief, probably, was her belief that her interference was really for Kate's good. "I wish that somebody had ever interfered for me," she said to herself, thinking of the one young man who had ever interested her, who she really believed had been prevented only by bashfulness from reciprocating her feelings. "I believe it's the duty of older people to try to bring things about," she thought. "At any rate I don't believe Kate could be offended at what I said. I know when people are just fitted for each other. Miss Theodora don't understand about those things. She's all wrong about it's being Ernest and Kate. She isn't observing. Mrs. Stuart Digby would a sight rather it had been Ernest than Ben, little as she cared for Ernest; and I'd be glad enough to help on things just for the sake of bothering Mrs. Digby. She never looks my way when she meets me, and I did hear that she told Kate she wished she wouldn't come to see me so much. Well, it's easier to look behind you than ahead, and I'll not say another word to Ben or Kate; but I'll wait and see."

Ben tried to attach no importance to what Miss Chatterwits had said.

"Suppose Kate does wear my picture in her locket — we're very old friends, and that does not signify anything."

The next day he chanced to meet Kate at the crowded Winter Street crossing, after she had been shopping. Even as he piloted her across the street, threading his way under the very feet of the car and carriage horses, his eye fell on the old-fashioned locket dangling from her fob.

"Whose picture have you in that locket? Whose picture have you in that locket?" echoed itself in a dangerous refrain in his mind, until he feared that he should utter the words aloud.

It was a clear, crisp afternoon; the few autumn leaves that had fallen crackled under their feet; the afternoon sun shone on the State House dome until it looked itself like a second sun.

"Did you ever know so delightful a day?" said Kate.

"Never," said Ben positively. They took the longest way home, skirting the edge of the Frog Pond; and then — what would Mrs. Digby have said? — they sat down on a settee.

Except for some small boys on the opposite shore sailing a refractory toy boat, they were almost alone, though in the very heart of the city. Kate gazed abstractedly at the clear reflection of the tall trees in the mirror before them. She dared not look at Ben, for she felt his eyes upon her, and this knowledge made her heart beat uncomfortably.

She fingered nervously the little package that she had brought from down town, and tried to think of something to say to break the spell. Ben saw that she avoided his eyes, and after waiting vainly

for a glance from her, he could bear the strain no longer. Speak he must, and would. For what reason could Kate have for treasuring that memento of himself, if it were not that — ?

"Kate," he cried, leaning toward her, while the refrain in his brain found vent at last in words, "whose picture have you in that locket?"

Kate started violently, grasping the locket as if detected in some crime.

"Why do you ask?" she said, facing him resolutely, her cheeks crimson, her eyes bright. But her voice trembled, and Ben, with a lover's perception, taking courage from these signs, laid his hand gently on hers and drew the tell-tale locket from her unresisting grasp.

"Shall I open it, Kate?" he said slowly. "Remember it will be my answer." She looked into his eyes at last, and — well — what the answer was he read there you or I need not inquire. It is enough to know that half an hour later Ben and Kate walked homeward apparently unconscious of everything but each other's existence. They even passed by one or two acquaintances without bowing, although they really could have seen them perfectly well.

When they reached Miss Theodora's door they stood for a minute looking down the hill.

"How blue the water is!" said Kate, gazing at the river, "and what an exquisite tint in the sky! Did you ever see anything so lovely?"

"Yes, I see something far lovelier now," said Ben, regarding Kate herself intently. Her face seemed to reflect the ruddy tint she admired.

"I meant the sunset," she said firmly.

"I should call it sunrise," smiled Ben, — and thus they entered the house.

XXIII.

Poor Miss Theodora! She could never have imagined herself so indifferent to anything that concerned Kate as she was at first to the news of her engagement. But at length, after she had several times seen Kate and Ben together, she wondered that she had not long before realized their fitness for each other. Perhaps, after all, she had made a mistake in believing that Kate and Ernest could have been happy together. Certainly she had been very blind in her estimate of Kate's feelings. She never knew, for pride forbade the young girl to dwell on the rather painful subject, how difficult it was for Kate and Ben to gain Mrs. Digby's consent to their engagement. It could hardly be said, indeed, that she gave her consent. She simply submitted to the inevitable. Kate was of age, and had her own money, an independence, if not a fortune; and Mrs. Digby, after using every argument, decided to make the best of what she could not help. Ralph, at least, would commit no social folly like this of his sister's — Ralph, that model of discretion and mirror of good form. She did not even, as Miss Theodora had dreaded, reprove her husband's cousin for allowing this love affair to develop unchecked by her. Whatever she may have thought of Miss Theodora's blindness, she decided to make Kate's engagement a family affair — an affair of her own small family, in which apparently she intended not to include her cousin.

Then Miss Theodora, feeling her heart soften as she watched Kate and Ben, wondered if she had not been too hard with Ernest. Ought she not to show some interest in Eugenie? Though this query never shaped itself in words spoken to Kate or any one else, it pressed itself upon her constantly. A sentence from Ernest's last letter haunted her: "I cannot be perfectly happy until I know that you and Eugenie have met. She has not written to me for some time, and I am almost sure this is because she is so much hurt at the coldness of my relatives. I did expect something different from you and Kate."

This letter touched Miss Theodora more than a little; but Kate made no response when her cousin read it to her. Though she could not tell exactly why, Kate's silence annoyed her. She even began to wonder what she should wear when she made the visit of ceremony; for she recalled all Ernest had said about Eugenie's critical taste in dress.

Miss Chatterwits happened to be sewing at Miss Theodora's on the day when

the latter made her decision about Eugenie.

"There's a morning paper," said the sempstress as Miss Theodora entered the room. "Tom Ketchum handed it to me on his way down town; said he had read it all but the deaths and marriages, which he knew I'd like to see. I ain't had time to look at it yet, so you might read them to me, Miss Theodora."

"KURTZ — DIGBY. At Troy, N. Y., on the 24th inst., by Rev. John Brown, Eugenie, daughter of Simon Kurtz of Boston, to Ralph, son of the late Stuart Digby of the same city."

"Well, I never!" said Miss Chatterwits. "An elopement, I do believe! I'm glad I'm most through this skirt, so's I can run over to Mrs. Ketchum's and tell her I guess she didn't read the paper very carefully this morning. If she'd seen



"YOU ARE MORE THAN KIND — ALMOST CRUELLY KIND."

Miss Theodora, putting on her glasses, turned to the appointed place.

"Not a soul I know among those deaths! I'm disappointed," said Miss Chatterwits, after Miss Theodora had read the list. "Why, what is it?" she added; for Ernest's aunt was looking up with a curiously dazed expression, as she handed the paper to Miss Chatterwits

it she'd 'a' been over here to find out how we took it. It's always safe to read the deaths and marriages if you want news."

This speech was punctuated with brief pauses, as Miss Chatterwits removed the pins from her mouth and jabbed them into the cushion. She rushed on with a few other inconsequent remarks, uttered with the intention of giving Miss

"Well, how *do* you feel, Miss Theodora?" she asked at last.

But Miss Theodora never told any one exactly how she felt when she heard of the strange ending of Ernest's love affair. To Ernest, of course, she gave a full measure of sympathy; and she was almost sorry that, as things had turned out, he would never know that she had made up her mind to make Eugenie's acquaintance. Since she had, though for only a brief time, almost changed her point of view, she felt herself to be hypocritical in receiving his praise for her acumen: "You knew better than I what she was like."

Kate was indignant at her brother's treachery.

"I shall never forgive him for deceiving Ernest so. But I can't say that I'm surprised. I knew that she and Ralph had had a great flirtation even before she met Ernest. It was that which made me so unwilling to call on her. But I never thought that Ralph would marry her. Mamma, I believe, is going to receive her as if everything had been perfectly above board. But I know it's only pride that leads her to take this stand. She really feels the whole thing very keenly."

Strangely enough, Ernest himself recovered most quickly from the mortification of the whole affair. There was at first the shock to his pride, mingled with contempt for the deceit practised on him by Ralph and Eugenie. But he was young enough to recover quickly, and the element of contempt helped him to brush the whole matter aside. After all, Massachusetts and Colorado are far apart; and if propinquity is fate bearing, distance and separation are more destructive of sentimental illusions than the average sentimentalist admits. In Ernest's case, hard work was absorbing, and even Grace Easton, William Easton's pretty young daughter, was a long time in winning the place which she afterward held in his heart. Before his marriage with Grace Easton, Miss Theodora had been nearly two years in Colorado.

The severest struggle with herself that Miss Theodora had ever had was the one which ended in her going west. She yielded more quickly, though with greater pain, than in the two cases when she had given in to Ernest about Harvard and about Eugenie. It was a strange coincidence, that the very day after she had written to Ernest that she had decided to go to Colorado, she should have received a letter from him mentioning casually the death of William Easton's wife.

The breaking up of her modest little home soon followed.

"You will spend half of every year with us," said Kate, now pleasantly settled in a house whose western windows overlooked the river. She had already begun to make life pleasant for Ben's sisters, one of whom was always staying with her.

"That will depend upon Ernest," Miss Theodora had answered, smiling. As a matter of fact she did not return to Boston, even for a visit, until after Ernest's marriage; and so with her removal to Colorado, her story — as a West-End story — may be said to end.

The tall apartment houses which had begun to creep in even before she left the city, the electric cars now dashing through Charles Street, were innovations that cut her to the heart.

"I would rather live here than in Colorado," she said; "but still it isn't the old West End."

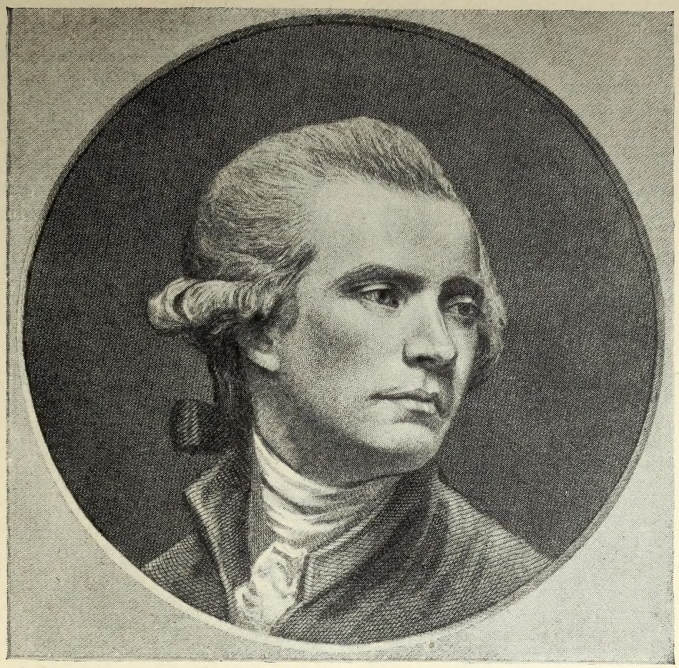
At first she had tried to avoid meeting William Easton; but efforts of this kind of course were useless. They met calmly enough; and as they talked together, the years that had passed seemed as nothing.

"So you have come west, after all, Theodora — and for Ernest's sake, too, though it was for his sake that you refused to come so long ago."

"Yes," she said, "for Ernest's sake it seems, though when I see how much he owes to you, I realize that you are more than kind — almost cruelly kind —"

Then William Easton, smiling somewhat sadly, said nothing in reply, though indeed there was no need of words. We all know how a story of this kind ends in books; and even in real life old lovers sometimes renew the pledges of youth.

THE END.



JOHN SINGLETON COPLEY.*

AFTER A PORTRAIT BY HIMSELF.

OUR AMERICAN OLD MASTERS.

By William Howe Downes and Frank Torrey Robinson.

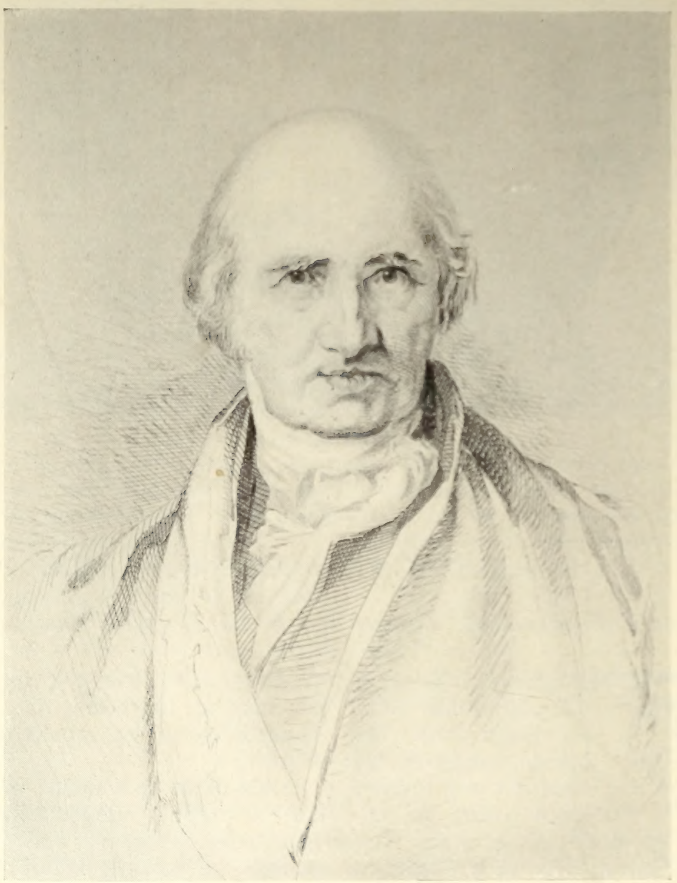
THE annals of the art of painting in this country begin with the opening pages of the country's own history. Even before the nation had a political existence, the New World had given birth to a Copley, a Stuart, a Trumbull, a West, a Peale and a Wright. Of these morning stars in our dim firmament of art, the greater three were natives of New England; the others, of Pennsylvania, Maryland and New Jersey respectively. Thus we may name Boston and Philadelphia the cradles of our infant art, although their mantles have long ago descended upon the broad shoulders of New York, to-day the artistic centre of the country, whose supremacy may at no distant date be in turn disputed by the metropolis of the great West.

Aside from a handful of migratory British portrait painters, like Smybert, Blackburn, Pelham and Pine, who crossed the Atlantic before the Revolution in search of commissions for likenesses from the colonial nabobs, the half dozen names already mentioned represent virtually all the respectable traditions of art that belong to the Colonial and Revolutionary period.

In some respects that was unquestionably a day of small things, and yet a period to which the name of Copley can be referred is not by any means to be despised. John Singleton Copley stands at the head of our old masters. Even

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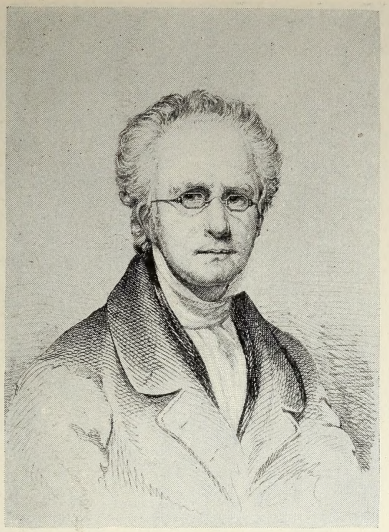
before he went to England he appears to have divined, in the backwoods atmosphere of the town of Boston of 1760, the essence of the art of portraiture as practised by the great painters of old; and there is nothing more truly phenomenal in the whole story of American art, nothing which more completely refutes the prevalent studio nonsense about the artist's dependence upon the "art atmosphere," than the stately series of about three hundred fine portraits, so distinguished in style, so truthful and candid in characterization, so elegant in bearing and garb, which this young man painted before he left New England in 1774. It is first and last as a portrait painter that Copley excelled; for, although his historical works in the National Gallery of England, "The Death of Lord Chatham" and "The Death of Major Pierson," and his "Charles I. Demanding the Impeached Members of the House of Commons," in the Boston Public Library, are often alluded to as his masterpieces, because it seems logical to some minds to assume that the nature of the artist's effort must be proportionate to the importance of the undertaking, yet all Copley's historical paintings when analyzed are merely skilfully composed portrait groups. This is especially true of the "Charles I." picture in Boston, in which there are not less than sixty figures and all the heads are based upon likenesses by Van



BENJAMIN WEST.

AFTER A PAINTING BY LAWRENCE.

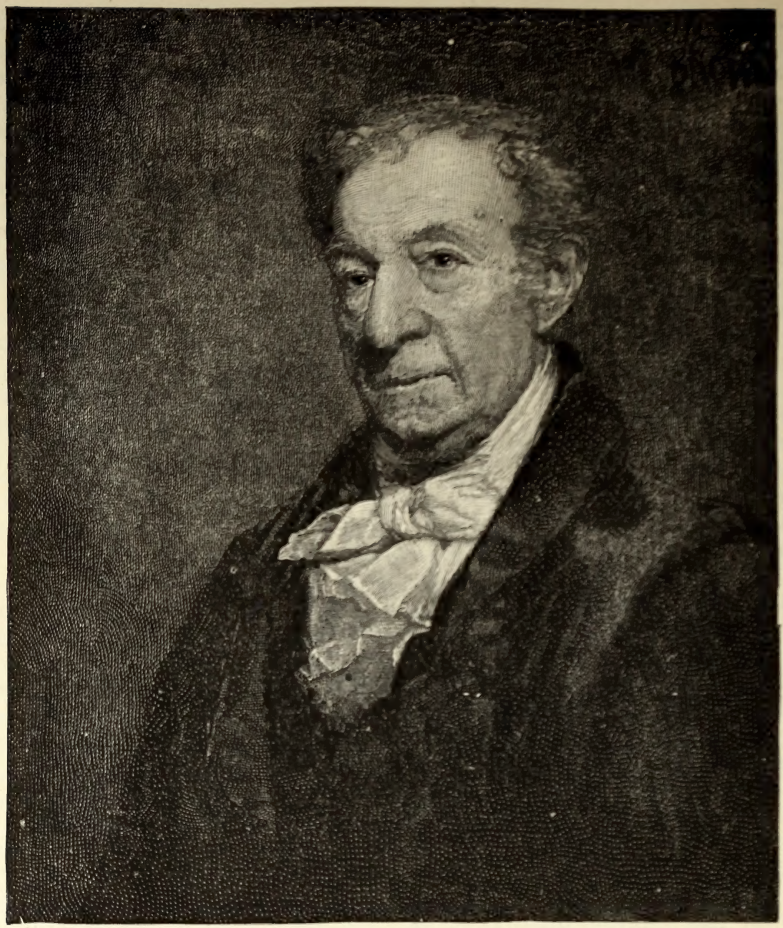
Dyck, Lely and others. Copley's talent was enormous, but it is quite open to question whether he had a sufficiently lively imagination to paint history with anything more than passable success. On the other hand it may be doubted if he has been appreciated at his full worth as a portrait painter, except by those hidalgos of New England who are fortunate enough to possess the likenesses of some of their authentic ancestors painted by him. The mere possession of a Copley has been said to be equivalent to a warrant of nobility in Massachusetts.



REMBRANDT PEALE.
AFTER A PORTRAIT BY HIMSELF.

The best examples of Copley's portrait work are the four portraits of the Boylston family in the great dining-hall of the Harvard Memorial Hall in Cambridge. These comprise two portraits of Nicholas Boylston and one each of Thomas Boylston and his wife. The portrait of Mrs. Boylston was the one selected to be sent to the World's Fair by the Boston Committee on the Retrospective Exhibit of American Art, as the best possible representative work by Copley; and his fame might safely be allowed to rest solely on that one canvas. Whoever has not seen this portrait of Mrs. Boylston does not know Copley; that is the high-water mark of his art. We ought to mention, however, the family group, depicting Copley himself with his charming wife and his lovely children and his dignified father-in-law, which is exhibited, together with the celebrated portraits of John Hancock and Samuel Adams, in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. This group is, to say the least, a remarkably complete and interesting performance; and the quaint figure of the little girl in it, evidently the artist's favorite child and the pride of the household, is worthy of the brush of Van Dyck. Another noticeable work of Copley's in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts is the large canvas known as "Watson and the Shark," an unusual order of subject for this painter, though not the only instance of his departure from his special field of work. The thrilling episode of Watson's encounter with the shark took place in the harbor of Havana; and, although Copley knew of it only by hearsay, the most fanatical realist could scarcely demand a more vivid, a more graphic or a more plausible account of the hairbreadth escape. It is of no particular consequence to us, however gratifying it may have been to Copley himself, that he became a Royal Academician only four years after establishing himself in London, and that his son subsequently became the famous Lord Lyndhurst. The fact that we like best to recall is that Copley, born and bred on American soil, did his best work and formed his style as a young man before he had ever been subjected to any foreign influences whatever, and, according to all accounts, never forgot the fealty due to the land of his birth, to which his heart turned from amidst the adulation and excitement of a successful artist's career in the foremost capital of the world.

Not less conspicuous before the eyes of the world (though with how much less deserving as an artist) during the latter half of the eighteenth century, was that amiable gentleman and mediocre painter, Benjamin West, born in Pennsylvania, of Quaker stock, in 1738. We all remember the story of the juvenile prodigy who made a brush out of the hairs pulled from the tail of his cat, and drew such a marvellous likeness of his infant brother asleep in his cradle; and this remarkable youngster afterward became the president of the Royal Acad-



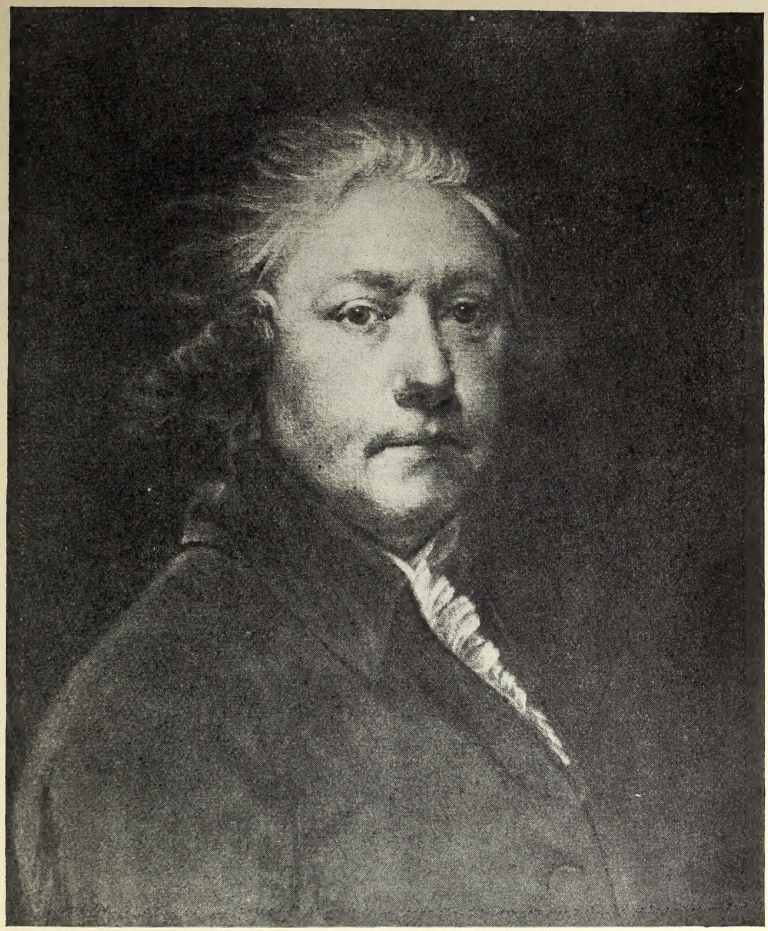
ENGRAVED BY M. LAMONT BROWN.

GILBERT STUART.

AFTER A PORTRAIT BY JOHN NEAGLE.

emy in England. Certainly his career was an extraordinary one. He left Philadelphia for New York at the age of twenty. Two years later he went to Italy. Three years later still we find him in England with his head full of the "grand style" so much talked of by Sir Joshua Reynolds; and there he shortly became the court painter to George III., for whom he worked almost exclusively from 1767 until 1802. He was one of the original members of the Royal Academy, and succeeded Sir Joshua as its president in 1792. If we have any curiosity to ascertain what sort of a painter he was, we have only to look at his "Death on the Pale Horse" and his "Christ Rejected," in the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, his "Christ Healing the Sick in the Temple," in the Pennsylvania Hospital, his "King Lear," in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, or his innumerable portraits of distinguished Pennsylvanians. He was the most remarkable example of what our French friends call a "success of esteem" that the rolls of American art can furnish forth. Every young student of art went to him for instruction and advice, and he was a sort of general guide, philosopher and friend to all the younger American artists who found their way sooner or later to the mother country.

Charles Willson Peale, born 1741,

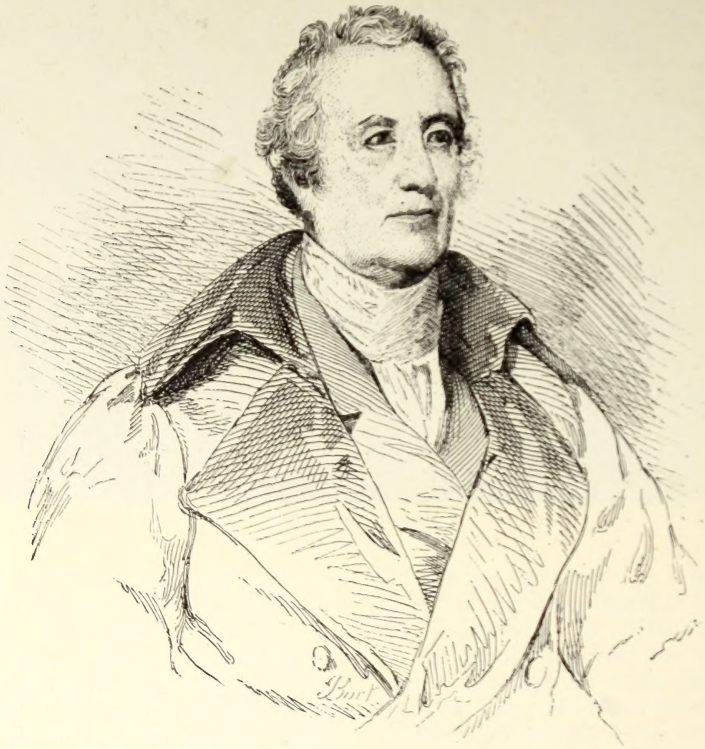


JOSEPH WRIGHT.

chiefly known to fame on account of his portraits of Washington, painted from life, was a native of Maryland. He spent most of his professional life in Philadelphia, where he founded a museum of natural history in 1784, and was one of the founders also of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts in 1805. He was so highly and so justly esteemed as a portrait painter, that no less than forty-three of his works appeared in the loan collection of historical portraits exhibited in Philadelphia in 1888. His second son, Rembrandt Peale, born 1778, inherited his father's predilection for the art, and when a lad of eight was deeply interested in watching his father sequently the father and son both had the honor of several sittings from the "Father of his Country." Rembrandt Peale afterward made many efforts to realize his ideal of Washington, chiefly by combining his own and his father's work. Finally, in 1823, under great and long-continued excitement, he produced a picture which seems to have satisfied his ambition in this direction; at all events it was bought by the United States government, and now hangs in the Vice-President's room at Washington. Young Peale lived in Philadelphia, London and Paris, and painted the portraits of many eminent people, — among others, Thomas Jefferson, DeWitt Clinton, Mrs.

and Bainbridge, Generals Gaines and Armstrong, Cuvier, David, Denon, Delambre, Michaux, Gay-Lussac and Houdon. His most important work was a very large painting (13 by 24 feet) called "The Court of Death," which was extensively exhibited, engraved and lithographed. He wrote an interesting biography of his father, a book on Italy, a volume of reminiscences of art and artists, etc. All in all, the Peales were an active power in their time.

Gilbert Stuart was born in Rhode Island in 1755. He was a good deal of a rover, living in London, Dublin, New York, Philadelphia, Washington and Boston; and he attained a pre-eminent position among American portrait painters. He painted three original portraits of Washington; namely, the "Athenæum" portrait, the "Vaughan" portrait, and the "Lansdowne" portrait, the "Athenæum" portrait being the one most widely recognized as the typical Washington; but of these three likenesses he made no less than sixty-one replicas. They have been engraved more than two hundred times. In the catalogue of Stuart's works issued by the Boston Museum of Fine Arts in 1880 there are seven hundred and forty-six portraits recorded, including sixty-one portraits of Washington. Since then a number more have come to light. Stuart was a great workman, and his pictures are in as good condition to-day as they were at the very moment they left his easel, owing largely to the perfect purity of his color and the simplicity and soundness of his method of painting. Take his florid and robust head of the brave General Henry Knox, in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, and one will probably ask one's self the question: Where shall I find better portraiture than



JOHN TRUMBULL.

AFTER A PAINTING BY WALDO AND JEWETT.



WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

AFTER A PAINTING BY HARDING.

this? It is painted freely, easily and boldly, with the gusto and unconscious power of a master. Stuart was a man of more mother-wit than cultivation. He was blunt, quick-tempered, jovial, a very shrewd reader of character, and a keen student of human nature. Above all he had the inestimable advantage of living for a while in England during the Golden Age of art in that country, the age of such painters as Gainsborough, Reynolds, Lawrence and Raeburn. There is nothing to wonder at in his proficiency, for he was a logical product of his epoch and environment; and it may be doubted if, under the conditions Copley had confronted in his youth, Stuart would have attained an equal eminence in his vocation. Stuart was perfectly well aware of his own limitations, and he never attempted to do anything that he could not do well. The human head was his sole and lifelong subject of study; and it is but justice to say that in his best days he could paint a head as well as any painter of any school. There are always many excellent examples of his work to be seen in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, which possesses his "Athenæum" portraits of Washington and Martha Washington, his "Washington at Dorchester Heights," the portraits of General Knox, Hon. Josiah Quincy, and of other notabilities of the early days of the republic. In the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts there are his portraits of Mrs. Samuel Blodget (a noted beauty), Elizabeth Bradley, Mrs. William Jackson,

Mrs. Richard Peters and John Nixon, with replicas of the "Athenæum" and "Lansdowne" Washingtons. The equestrian portrait of Washington, known as the "Washington at Dorchester Heights," is probably familiar to all, at least by means of the reproductions. It is a large painting, and the General is a dignified figure, squarely planted on his feet and serene as a June morning, in the midst of the smoke of the bombardment of Boston and the prancing of his spirited white steed.

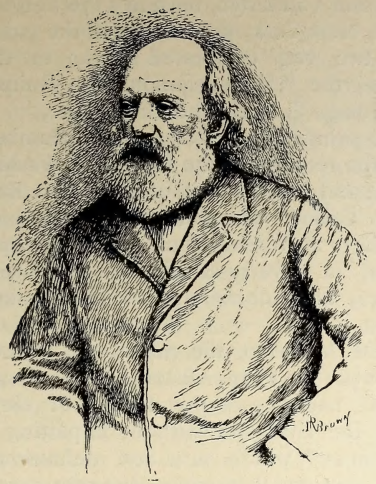
We now come to Colonel John Trumbull, painter and soldier, a contemporary of Stuart's, whose historical pictures of "The Battle of Bunker Hill," "The Death of Montgomery," etc., stirred our youthful fancies in our school days as we pored over the History of the United States. His most important works are in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington and in the picture gallery of the Yale School of the Fine Arts at New Haven. In the latter place more than eighty of his pictures and miniatures are preserved, and it is a most interesting collection. His eight subjects from the American Revolution, and nearly two hundred and fifty portraits of persons distinguished in that important period, painted from life, form a priceless historical gallery. In the Capitol at Washington are his large pictures of the "Declaration of Independence," the "Surrender of Lord Cornwallis," the "Surrender of General Burgoyne," and "Washington Resigning his Commission." John Randolph of Roanoke called the picture of the "Declaration of Independence" the "shin piece;" and no one can look at it without being struck by the unfortunate aptness of the nickname. This picture was first exhibited in Boston in 1818, and when John Adams went to see it he remarked: "There! that is the door out of which Washington rushed when I first alluded to him as the man best qualified for commander-in-chief of the American army." In the Boston Museum of Fine Arts are Trumbull's "Sortie from Gibraltar," "Priam and the Dead Body of Hector," and two of his portraits. Harvard University also possesses several of his portraits.



SAMUEL F. B. MORSE.

Colonel Trumbull was an earnest student of art and a man of varied accomplishments. He had a somewhat chequered career. He was the son of Jonathan Trumbull, the Revolutionary Governor of Connecticut, a graduate of Harvard, and had just taken up the serious study of art when the Revolution broke out and he entered the army as adjutant to the First Connecticut Regiment, subsequently rising to the rank of colonel. He left the service in the winter of 1777, and in 1780 he resumed the study of art under Benjamin West at London. While thus employed he was arrested, on the arrival of the news of André's execution, was imprisoned for seven or eight months, and was finally released only through the potent influence of West. He returned to England three years later, and remained there about six years. It was after his return to the United States in 1789 that he completed his historical pictures of the "Battle of Bunker Hill," the "Death of Montgomery," etc., which will perpetuate his name. Washington sat to him seven times in 1790, and the same year Trumbull finished a full-length portrait of Washington for the city of New York. Another full-length, painted in Philadelphia in 1792 and now in the Yale College collection, was considered by the artist to be the best portrayal of Washington in his heroic and military character.

We must not omit a brief allusion to another vicissitude of Trumbull's life.



CHESTER HARDING.

He was in Paris at the time of the French Revolution, and falling under suspicion as a foreigner, he was arrested, and this time his life and liberty were saved by the intervention of the artist David, who, showing the authorities a print of the "Battle of Bunker Hill," asked them if the man who painted that picture were not a good enough republican. This appeal seems to have hit the mark.

Colonel Trumbull was president of the American Academy of the Fine Arts in New York from 1816 to 1825; and he died in that city in 1843, at the advanced age of eighty-seven years.

The last, and probably the least renowned, of the little group of a half dozen old masters we have named, Joseph Wright, was mainly distinguished by his portraits of the much bepainted Washington. Two of these, belonging respectively to Mr. Clarence Winthrop Bowen of New York and Mr. Gideon L. McKean of Chicago, with a portrait of Martha Washington belonging to Mr. Bowen, were exhibited at the World's Fair. One of Wright's likenesses was engraved for the *Century Magazine*, November, 1887. Another is in the private collection of Mrs. William Biddle of Philadelphia. Washington gave Wright several sittings at Rocky Hill near Princeton, New Jersey, in 1783. The artist painted two other portraits of Washington about the same time; and in 1790 he drew Washington's profile as he sat in church. This likeness he afterward etched and published. Wright was the first draughtsman and die-sinker of the United States Mint, and the so-called "Manly Medal" of Washington is supposed to be his work. He died of yellow fever in Philadelphia in 1793. The Pennsylvania Academy owns a portrait group representing Wright and his family, painted by himself.

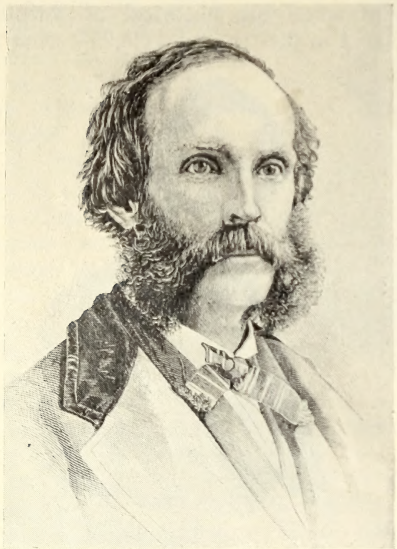
Certain analogies between most of the early American artists will be likely to strike one. They were all portrait painters: landscape at that time had not come into fashion. They were all the admirers and, when possible, the pupils of Benjamin West. Like him, when they got a chance, they were very anxious to paint some big historical or scriptural subject in the "grand style," — what the



ALVAN FISHER.

French critics nowadays would call "*grandes machines*" or "*croutes*." They all painted portraits of George Washington (all except Copley, who had left the country before Washington had become famous) with bewildering profusion and "damnable iteration;" and possibly it is not too harsh to say of some of them that their good fortune in obtaining an opportunity to paint the likeness of the first President has been the chief if not the only means of rescuing their names

from oblivion. We believe, however, that Malbone, the prince of American miniaturists, Vanderlyn, the portraitist and historical painter, and Thomas Sully were not of these, — though the latter perpetrated a very large and very bad picture of "Washington Crossing the Delaware," which for many years hung in the old hall of musty curios attached to the Boston Museum on Tremont Street. Sully painted innumerable portraits during his long and prosperous career, including those of Lafayette (in Independence Hall, Philadelphia), Fanny Kemble, Charles Kemble, George Frederick Cook and others (in the Pennsylvania Academy), Thomas Jefferson (in the United States Military Academy at



F. E. CHURCH.

West Point), Commodore Decatur (in the New York City Hall), Reverdy Johnson and Charles Carroll (in Baltimore), and of Queen Victoria (in the rooms of the St. George's Society in Philadelphia). He was a graceful painter of fair ladies, and made a romantic series of American beauties, and a similar series of the heroines of Shakespeare, which met with marked popular approval. His full-length portrait of General Jonathan Williams is one of his most forcible works, and gives a favorable idea of his talent.

John Vanderlyn, born in 1776 at Kingston, New York, was known as the painter of two very celebrated works in their time, the "Marius among the Ruins of Carthage" and the "Ariadne." He also painted the "Landing of Columbus," in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington, and the portrait of President Zachary Taylor, which is in the Corcoran Gallery at Washington. Poor Vanderlyn died in poverty at his native place in 1852, an embittered and disappointed man.

Of Malbone, the miniaturist, born at Newport in 1777, Allston, his friend, said: "He had the happy faculty of elevating the character without impairing the likeness," which is a fine definition of the process that every first-rate portrait painter employs to make a work of art.

Contemporaneous with Sully, that is to say, born after the American Revolution, but before the beginning of the nineteenth century, were Washington Allston, Samuel F. B. Morse, Thomas Birch, Thomas Doughty, Alvan Fisher, Chester Harding, Asher B. Durand, Stuart Newton, Waldo, Jouett, Jarvis, Frothingham, Catlin, Neagle and Ingham.

Of all these, Allston attained to the greatest reputation at home and abroad, and became for a time the foremost American artist. He was by birth a South Carolinian, and he studied art abroad; but the greater part of his professional life was spent in Boston and Cambridge, where he was sincerely beloved for his amiable personal qualities, and well-nigh deified for his supposed genius as a painter. It is indeed a pity that we should be obliged to say "supposed" genius, but candor and regard for justice compel us to say that at the present day Allston does not loom up before us as a demi-god, nor yet as an "American Titian," and the disinterested historian of art must know how to abate in all kindness the extravagant and absurd claims of his perfervid worshippers. The truth is, Allston reflected, and in a necessarily imperfect and fragmentary way, the glories of the Italian old masters. He studied the works of those splendid painters with so much ardor that he had

less time left than would have been desirable in which to study the works of the Creator. But it was the fashion in his day to imitate the old masters. More than one clever and promising young painter and student has probably been spoiled by being held up as the "American Titian," or the American this, that and the other. There was one vain creature who dared to name himself as a peer of the immortal Venetian, and who claimed to have discovered the secret of his genius, — as if genius was some sort of trick of the brush, some occult jugglery of pigments, to be detected by the cunning mousing investigator. There is not much to be said about the paintings of Allston; and as we come to the later men we shall find much more vitally interesting productions, such as the pictures of Abbott Thayer, John La Farge, Winslow Homer and George Inness.

The "Jeremiah," which belongs to Yale University, is an obvious souvenir of Michael Angelo, and it illustrates the propinquity of the sublime and the ridiculous. Allston's best work appears to have been done while he was in England, although perhaps an exception must be made of "Spalatro, or the Vision of the Bloody Hand," which was painted in Cambridge. The Museum of Fine Arts in Boston possesses several of his famous pictures, among others "Elijah Fed by the Ravens," a portrait of himself, a landscape, a portrait of Benjamin West, "Isaac of York," the "Rising of a Thunderstorm at Sea," "Christ Healing the Sick," "Death of King John," "Dido and Anna," a portrait of Coleridge, and the large and much-discussed unfinished painting of "Belshazzar's Feast," upon which he was employed at the time of his death in 1843. We should be grateful to Allston for his aims and his spirit rather than for what he accomplished in the way of painting.

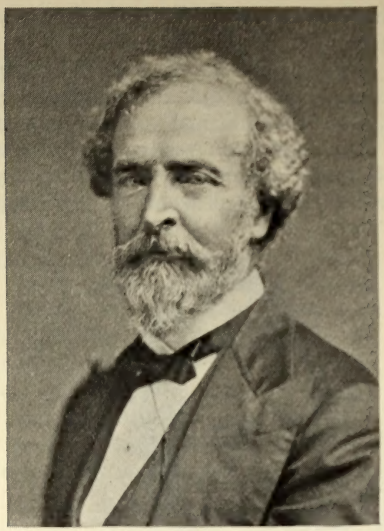
Morse, who became the world-renowned inventor of the electric telegraph, was a pupil of Allston's, and was also president of the National Academy of Design. He was a sculptor as well as a painter, but he abandoned art as a profession at the age of forty-eight. He never attained to a position of great eminence as a painter. His "Landing of the Pilgrims" is in the Charlestown branch of the Boston Public Library; his "House of Representatives in 1823" was exhibited at the National Academy of 1869; and he painted many portraits, among the rest that of Noah Webster of dictionary fame.



HENRY INMAN.

Birch, the marine painter, an Englishman by birth, who lived in Philadelphia, was an artist of much merit, whose pictures of the naval battles of the War of 1812 are of great historical and artistic interest.

Another early marine painter of talent was R. A. Salmon of Boston, who was

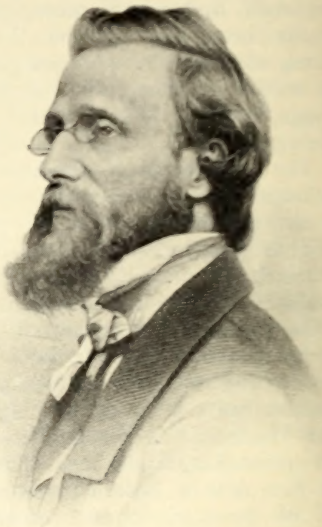


RICHARD MORRELL STAIGG.

also of English origin. His pictures of the sea are very skilfully and learnedly painted, and recall by their style the works of the Dutch old master, Van der Velde.

Jouett, Jarvis, Frothingham, Waldo, Neagle, Ingham, Fisher, Harding, were all portrait painters of reputation. Old New Yorkers will have no trouble in remembering any number of the excellent if somewhat literal likenesses executed by Waldo and Jouett in collaboration. Jarvis, a nephew of John Wesley, painted a considerable number of full-length portraits of naval and military heroes for the city of New York. Frothingham was a painter of no mean degree of accomplishment, although but few of his works have survived in good condition. He was a Bostonian. Chester Harding enjoyed an extraordinary popularity for many years in Boston, even outstripping the great Stuart in the popular esteem. He was self-educated and began life as a sign painter. He always got a fine likeness. His full-length portraits of Daniel Webster and Chief Justice Marshall are in the Boston Athenæum; his John Randolph of Roanoke is in the Corcoran Gallery at Washington; and among his other portraits are those of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, the poet Rogers, the historian Alison, and several members of the British royal family. A very interesting biography of Harding has lately been published by his daughter. Neagle, who spent the best part of his professional life in Philadelphia, gained great distinction in his specialty, and was undoubtedly one of the most accomplished portraitists of his day. Ingham was one of the New York old masters, whose beautifully finished pictures are still preserved in many an old Manhattan family with jealous care. He was an Irishman, and painted besides portraits some very handsome and clever small genre pictures. Fisher was likewise a successful painter of domestic genre works as well as portraits, and passed most of his professional years in Boston.

Catlin was the first American artist who achieved reputation as a delineator of the life of the aborigines. He is said to have lived eight years among the Indians, and to have become familiar with



DANIEL HUNTINGTON.

no less than forty-eight different tribes. He painted two hundred portraits of prominent chiefs and braves, and his work on the whole was of conspicuous ethnological value.

Stuart Newton, the nephew and pupil of Stuart, was a painter of small genre subjects, which he executed with great

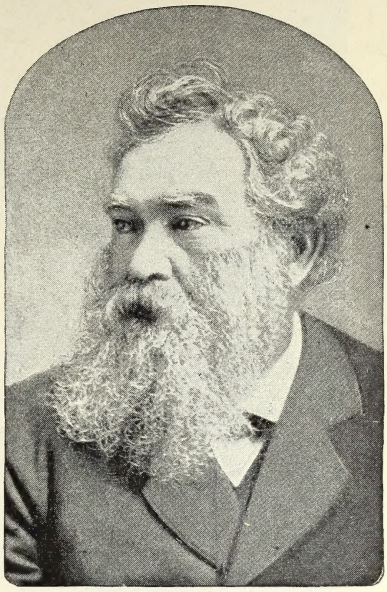
ability. His "Forsaken," in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, and his "Importunate Author," belonging to Mr. E. N. Perkins of Boston, which was exhibited at the World's Fair, are good examples of his exquisitely colored imaginative pictures. We have had no pianter since Stuart Newton who excelled him in this line. He was one of the most richly endowed colorists that our school has produced.

Thomas Cole has been called the father of American landscape. It is certain that he was pre-eminent among the American landscape painters who flourished when it was the fashion to say that we had the greatest school of landscape art in the world, and when the Hudson River School was at the height of its glory. Cole was an imaginative man and a true votary of nature, and he has immortalized the beautiful and historic region about the Catskill Mountains. Who does not remember with feelings of affectionate regard his famous series of symbolical paintings representing "The Voyage of Life"? Who of the elder generation of Americans can forget his "Course of Empire" and his "The Cross and the World"? Yet it must be confessed that these emblematical works were not as well painted as his landscapes derived from a more direct observation of nature. The Hudson River School has been almost forgotten in these days, but its history is a part, and a very important part, of the history of American art.

Cole, Durand, Doughty, Kensett, F. E. Church, the Harts, McEntee, — these were the worthy forerunners of Inness, Picknell, Enneking and the rest of the later leaders in landscape.

Cole was the strongest and most interesting artistic personality among the early landscape painters. In his "Tornado," in the Corcoran Gallery, Washington, one feels that he was not a mere literalist, but divined the spirit of the inanimate world. In other words, he approached the landscape not to set down a copy of the scene spread out before him, but as a poetical interpreter; and we are not in the least extravagant in claiming for him a high place among the landscape poets of the world.

Doughty was a native of Philadelphia, and a charming landscape artist, whose works are usually painted in a silvery gray tone somewhat similar though of course not equal to the early morning effects of Corot. Barring a slight thinness of color, there are no merits in landscape painting that Doughty can be said to have lacked. He is a bright luminary indeed among the old American



GEORGE FULLER.

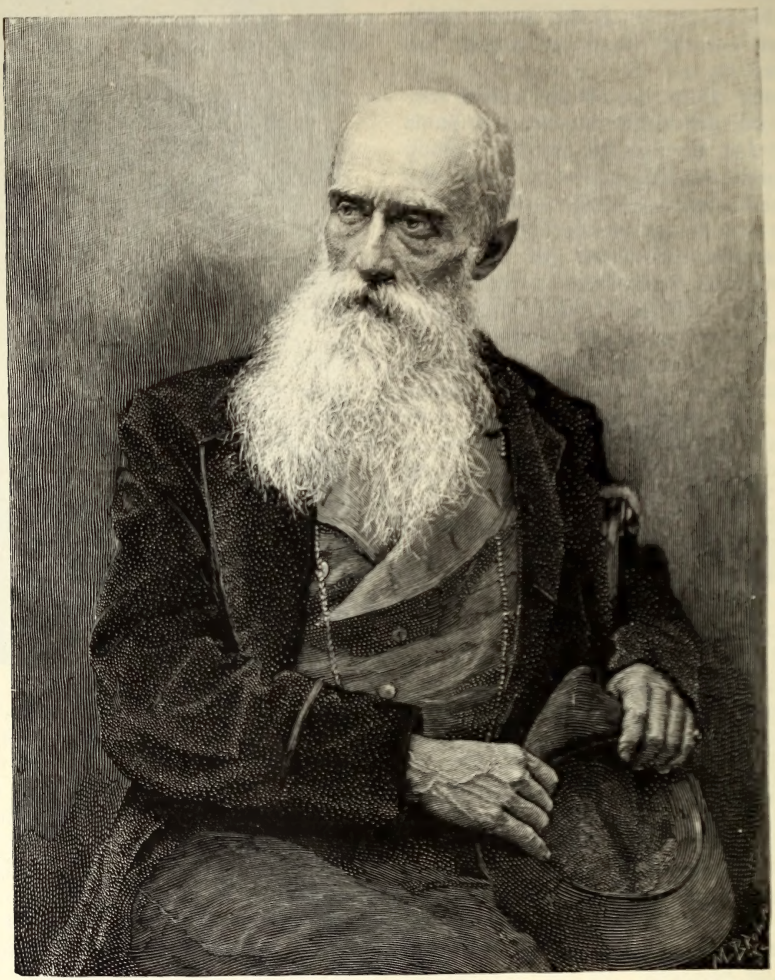
artists. He moved from Philadelphia to Boston about the time of the opening of the Athenæum, and became a regular exhibitor at its annual exhibitions. There are two of his landscapes in the Corcoran Gallery at Washington, and three of his works were shown at the World's Fair. The Pennsylvania Academy possesses several of his pictures.

Asher B. Durand was another honorable practician of the Hudson River School, and for many years occupied an enviable position as one of the most esteemed artists in New York. He was president of the National Academy for sixteen years. His landscapes would be considered old-fashioned nowadays, but they are still delightfully atmospheric, sincere and picturesque. His mountain scenes and wood interiors are painted

with close fidelity to nature, and are elegantly drawn and composed.

Kensett, who had studied in Europe several years, also painted wood interiors with a certain poetry and delicacy of color. He treated the hazy, dreamy afternoons of the White Mountains and their later productions have seemed to be less directly inspired by the study and observation of nature.

Of Frederick E. Church, the painter of the "Heart of the Andes" and of "Niagara," we have space for but a passing word. He is the best example of



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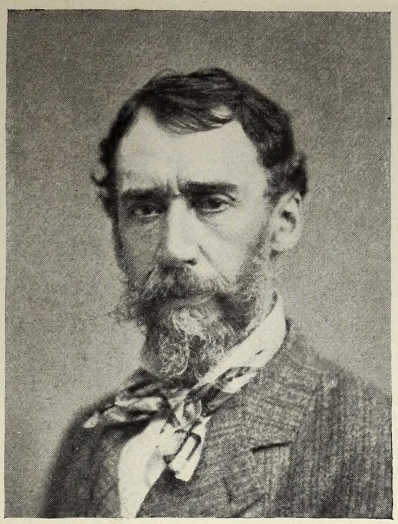
WILLIAM MORRIS HUNT.

the beach of Newport with a sympathetic, facile manner that was most agreeable; and his popularity was unbounded.

The earlier examples of McEntee's and James Hart's works were original and full of promise, and some of the former's autumnal landscapes are admirably truthful and sympathetic; but the old school of American painters, a man of lofty and original ideas, who sees far above his head into the upper ether and among the great elevations of the mountains, as no other painter of our time sees. His work, compared with that of Bierstadt or of Thomas Moran in the same vein, possesses infinitely more

vitality and grasp, and we must surely place Church well above all other competitors in the field of mountain pictures such as were the fashion half a century ago.

With the beginning of the second quarter of the nineteenth century we find a new group of portrait painters coming to the front and replacing gradually the older men in the three eastern cities of New York, Philadelphia and Boston; and among these nineteenth century artists are several of the very highest rank. We need allude only to Inman, Alexander, Healy, Page, Elliott, Ames, Staigg, Gray, Hicks, Baker and their contemporaries, who flourished between 1820 and 1860.



SANFORD R. GIFFORD.

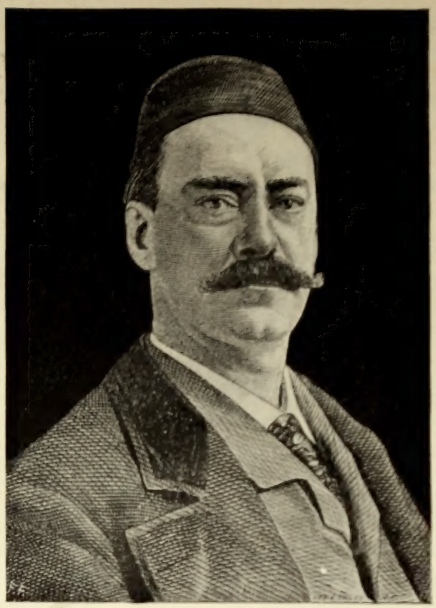
Henry Inman, a native of Utica, New York, painted the portraits of many distinguished men, including Macaulay, the historian and essayist, Wordsworth, the poet, Dr. Thomas Chalmers, Chief Justice Marshall, Henry Clay, Thomas Sully and Dr. P. S. Physick. Most of his works are in New York, Philadelphia and Boston. He painted a few landscapes and genre pictures also. Among the latter the best known are his "Boyhood of Washington," "Rip Van Winkle," and "Ruins of Brambletye House."

Francis Alexander, born in Connecticut in 1800, was an excellent portrait painter, who passed most of his professional life in Boston. There are good examples of his work to be seen in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts and the Harvard Memorial Hall. Alexander was a refined and sympathetic artist, and his pictures are full of intelligence and sensibility. The story is told of him that while he was in Rome Sir Walter Scott visited his studio, and seeing a small painting of a Magdalen on the artist's easel, took a good look at it, and then remarked: "She's been forgiven." It was a neat compliment.

G. P. A. Healy, who died in 1894 at the age of eighty-seven, has probably painted the portraits of as many famous people as any American artist. The list of his distinguished sitters comprises Longfellow, Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Guyot, Seward, Grant, Thiers, John Quincy Adams, Andrew Jackson, Martin Van Buren, Tyler, Polk, Fillmore, Pierce, Buchanan, Lincoln, Grant, Arthur, George Peabody, and many others. His immense historical picture of "Webster Replying to Hayne," which hangs in Faneuil Hall, Boston, contains one hundred and thirty portraits, including those of Webster, Hayne, Everett, Story, Ticknor, M. de Toqueville, John Quincy Adams, General Scott, Calhoun, Polk, Cass, and many other celebrated people who were present on that great occasion. The canvas is sixteen by thirty feet in dimensions, but it is mediocre in point of color.

William Page, born in Albany in 1811, and spending his professional life in Albany, in New York, in Boston and in Rome, was the leading portrait and figure painter of his time in this country, and was in all respects a most remarkable man. He is the author of some of the most notable portraits ever painted in the United States, among which are those of John Quincy Adams, Josiah Quincy, Charles Sumner, James Russell Lowell, Wendell Phillips, President Eliot of Harvard, Colonel Robert G. Shaw, Governor Marcy, Governor Fenton, Henry Ward Beecher, Charlotte Cushman and Robert Browning. What a gallery of celebrities! Page also painted some extraordinary historical and religious works, such as his "Farragut's Triumphant Entry into Mobile Bay," "Ruth and Naomi," "Moses," "Venus" and "Shakespeare." He was one of the most picturesque and interesting characters of modern times.

He lived in a world of the imagination, and was a man of intense intellectual activity and original thought. His penetration was wonderful, and he could read the very minds of his sitters.



ARTHUR QUARTLEY.

Close to Page comes Charles Loring Elliott, born in Scipio, New York, in 1812. He was located in New York City most of his life. The amount of work turned out by this accomplished artist in his too brief career — some seven hundred portraits, many of them of the eminent people of his day — is not less surprising than the superb quality of the work. His drawing, color and command of character and expression were all that could be desired, and the artists who are familiar with his best canvases say that he was a master. There are six of his portraits in the Corcoran Gallery in Washington. They represent William Cullen Bryant, Mr. W. W. Corcoran, the founder of the gallery, Asher B. Durand, and some others not so well known. Others whose portraits were painted by Elliott were Fitz-Greene Halleck, Matthew Vassar, Fletcher Harper, James T. Brady, Fenimore Cooper, Governors Seymour and Hunt, Erastus Corning and the artist himself.

Joseph Ames, born in 1816, was, like Chester Harding, self-educated; and in the days of Allston's ascendancy in Boston he was one of the foremost portrait painters in that city. He also painted the likenesses of many distinguished people, — Webster, Lincoln, Choate, Prescott, Emerson and others. His likenesses of Webster have become widely recognized as the best counterfeit presentments of that statesman. These works are strongly modelled and vigorous in handling, but wanting in refinement and sympathy. Ames's portrait of the eminent Grecian, President Felton, is in the Harvard Memorial Hall. Ames was the author of the painting of the "Death of Webster," which has been made extensively known by the engravings of it.

Richard M. Staigg, born 1817, was a miniaturist and a fairly accomplished painter of portraits and genre pieces in oil. He was a pupil of Allston. The memorial exhibition of his works, soon after his death, at the Boston Art Club, contained over one hundred and forty pictures, of which the miniatures were the best.

Henry Peters Gray, born 1819, was a painter of portraits and genre pictures in New York, a fond student of the Italian old masters, president of the National Academy of Design, and a skilled academic artist. He will be remembered by his mellow-toned ideal heads and a few of his imaginative subjects such as "The Birth of our Flag," the "Apple of Discord" and the "Wages of War."

Among the most conspicuous works of Thomas Hicks, born 1823, are his portraits of Edwin Booth as Iago, Dr. Kane, Henry Ward Beecher, William Cullen Bryant, Bayard Taylor, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, William M. Evarts and Hamilton Fish.

George A. Baker, born 1821, was an extremely popular painter of the portraits of ladies and children. He died in 1880.

We must not omit a mention of the venerable president of the Academy, Daniel Huntington, born 1816, who has painted a vast number of portraits of famous people.

Passing somewhat rapidly over the names of about a score of artists belonging to the past of our art history, in the field of figure and genre painting we would recall the achievements of Mount, Bingham, Fuller, Hunt, Irving and Schussele. In historical work we must review in the same cursory way the efforts of such men as Leutze and Rothermel. In landscape, cattle and marine painting we must not forget to pay our tribute to Cranch, Gignoux, Hamilton, Gifford, Bellows, Wyant, Johnston, Cole, Robinson, Quartley, Tilton, Bispham, Morvillier and Dick Fuller. This enumeration virtually exhausts the roll of our dead painters of note, and brings us up to the men of to-day.

William Sidney Mount of New York was one of the most successful delineators in color of the rustic folk and the negroes of the early part of the century; and a good idea of the character of his work can be obtained from such titles as "The Long Story" (in the Corcoran Gallery), "Turning the Grindstone," "Bargaining for a Horse" and "Raffling for a Goose."

George C. Bingham is principally known by his pictures of life in the West, among which his "Jolly Flatboatmen," "Stump Speaking" and "Election Returns" were seen in the World's Fair at Chicago. The engravings of these subjects have made them famous.

George Fuller, who died in 1884, attained to the highest plane of ideal painting in his "Winifred Dysart," his "Romany Girl," "The Quadroon," "Arethusa," "Nydia," etc. We have had no better work in this imaginative vein than Fuller's since the demise of Allston. Fuller was in the full tide of success and recognition, after many years of patient obscurity and groping, when he died; and the memorial exhibition held in the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston soon after his death proved that he was one of the most poetical and well-inspired of American painters.

William M. Hunt, who is closely identified with the local traditions of art in Boston, was a great power in the development of our school between 1860 acter made him a leader, and as a painter he was inventive, graceful and exceptionally strong. He painted figures, genre, portraits and landscapes. His services to art included the introduction into this country of the works of Millet, the peasant-painter, of whose pictures Hunt was a profound admirer. He painted some very fine portraits of noted persons, among others Judge Shaw, Governor Andrew, Charles Sumner, Oakes Ames and James Freeman Clarke. Of his important figure pieces we may mention the "Prodigal Son," "Marguerite," "The Bathers," "Ploughing," "Girl at Fountain" and "Boy and Butterfly." His "Niagara" was shown at the World's Fair. Most of his works are owned in Boston. His *magnum opus* consisted of the mural paintings of "Discovery" and "The Flight at Night" in the Assembly Chamber of the State Capitol at Albany, now unfortunately ruined. Hunt was in every respect a remarkable artist, and with favorable surroundings and conditions would have made a great name as a decorative painter. As it is, he has left an ineffaceable impression on the art of the country.

J. Beaufain Irving painted small genre pictures in the style of Meissonier with considerable success. His work was skilful but rather niggling. Some of his best paintings are "A Banquet at Hampton Court in the Sixteenth Century," "The End of the Game," "Cardinal Wolsey and his Friends" and "Washington's Visit to General Rhann."

Christian Schussele was an Alsatian who settled in Philadelphia and painted ambitious historical, biblical and genre compositions such as "The Iron-Worker and King Solomon" and "Queen Esther Denouncing Haman," which are now in Philadelphia collections.

Emanuel Leutze, a mediocre historical painter of German birth, is best known for his "Washington Crossing the Delaware," his "Western Emigration," which is in the Capitol at Washington, his "Columbus Before the Council of Salamanca" and his "Storming of Teocalli, Mexico." The Corcoran Gallery has his "Cromwell and Milton" and "The Ama-

Leutze's work has received the amount of attention that has been given it only serves to emphasize our lack of competent historical painters.

Peter F. Rothermel of Philadelphia was a much more skilful painter of historical subjects on a large scale than Leutze, and will rank perhaps next to Trumbull and Hovenden as a specialist in this difficult and comparatively little tilled field. Among his best known pictures are "Patrick Henry Before the Virginia House of Burgesses," "St. Paul on Mars Hill," "Amy Robsart Interceding for Leicester," "Christian Martyrs in the Coliseum" and the colossal painting of the "Battle of Gettysburg," ordered by the legislature of Pennsylvania, and on view in the state Capitol at Harrisburg.

Christopher P. Cranch was a respectable landscape painter and poet who lived in New York, Cambridge and in Italy.

Gignoux, a Franco-American, devoted his pencil to landscape painting with considerable success. His "Mount Washington" was in the A. T. Stewart collection.

James Hamilton, a native of the Emerald Isle, settled in Philadelphia, and became quite well and favorably known as a marine painter. His list of works comprises such things as "Old Ironsides," "Wrecked Hopes," etc., and he made sets of illustrations for Dr. Kane's "Arctic Explorations," the "Arabian Knights" and the "Ancient Mariner."

Sanford R. Gifford was one of the leading American landscape painters of his time. His pictures are sweet and pleasant in color, picturesque in subject and arrangement, and painted with no little charm of style. They represent many different kinds of landscape effects and subjects, from Venice to the Rocky Mountains, and, as Professor Weir has well said, this artist was varied in his powers, and sustained, free and finished in his methods.

Albert F. Bellows was a very popular genre and landscape painter, who had much facility and a taste for picturesque subjects which attracted a good deal of attention. He was one of the first American artists to devote his attention to water colors.

A. H. Wyant was one of the most capable landscapists in New York, and painted the woodland scenery of the Adirondacks and of New England as well as of the South and West with great skill and personal force. Some of his later works, hardly more than rough sketches, are superb in poetical suggestiveness, breadth and strength. Wyant will always be remembered as a remarkable landscape master.

John B. Johnston of Boston was a cattle painter. His works are not extensively known outside of his own town, but they are very highly esteemed there and with good reason. He was a son of D. C. Johnston, the caricaturist, and younger brother of Thomas Johnston, a brilliant figure painter who was cut off in his youth. John B. Johnston's small studies of cattle are splendid in color and vivid in characterization. His "Newborn Calf," in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, is worthy of Troyon.

J. Foxcroft Cole was a great figure in the art life of Boston, perhaps the most influential man there after Hunt had passed away. He was a very accomplished and learned cattle and landscape painter, educated and strongly influenced by the modern Frenchmen — Lambinet, Héreau, Jacque and their compeers. With Cole and Robinson the group of Hunt's associates virtually disappeared from view. Cole's works were exhibited in the Museum of Fine Arts soon after his death, and made a fine impression.

Tom Robinson was also a painter of landscapes and animals. He was a disciple of Gustave Courbet. His "Ploughing" is in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. Although rather a rough diamond and one of the last representatives of the old Bohemian class, he was a wonderfully powerful painter of big landscape effects. His sketches of horses, cows, dogs, cats, etc., are beautiful in color and not less charming in the sympathy they display for the animals.

At the time of his death, in 1886, Arthur Quartley was esteemed one of the foremost American marine artists. His color, atmosphere and composition left little to be desired in his best examples,

and although we have to-day several admirably equipped painters of the sea — such as Halsall, Norton and, above all, Winslow Home — it is quite probable that had Quartley's life been spared he would have taken rank with the best.

John Rollin Tilton was a landscape painter who passed the later years of his life in Rome. His large compositions depicting Italian scenery have made for him a sort of international reputation which is perhaps due more to the picturesque subjects than to the manner of treatment.

Henry C. Bispham was a Pennsylvanian, whose bold and vigorous cattle pictures are well known for their authenticity and learned draughtsmanship.

Morvillier, by birth a Frenchman, lived in Boston over twenty years, and had a good reputation as a landscapist. His best works were his winter scenes.

Dick Fuller of Boston took up art as his profession about the time of our Civil War, when he was a night watchman in Chelsea. He had a wonderful facility, and met with rapid success, which continued up to the time of his decease in 1871. He was an imitator of Lambinet.

Those artists of whom we have spoken are not the only artists who should be included in a complete historical review of American art. Doubtless there are many more who would be well worthy of an honorable mention at least.

THE "DAILY MORNING CHRONICLE."

By Annie Eliot.

THE village lay still and silent under the observant sun. The village street stretched in one direction down the hill to the two-miles-off railway station, and in the other to the large white house with pillared portico, from which there was a fine view of the sunset, and beyond which it still continued, purposeful but lonely, until it came suddenly upon half a dozen houses which turned out to be another village.

Not a man, woman or child crossed from one house to another; not a dog or a cat wandered about in the sunshine. The white houses looked as if no one lived in them; the white church, with its sloping approach, looked as if no one ever preached in it and no one ever came to it to listen. It seemed to Lucyet Stevens, as she sat at the little window of the post office, behind which her official face looked so much more important than it ever did anywhere else, as if the village street itself was listening for the arrival of the noon mail. For it was nearly time for the daily period of almost feverish activity. By and by up from the station would come Truman Hanks with the leather bag which, in village and city alike, is the outward and visible sign of the fidelity of the government. It is probable that he will bring it up in a single carriage, for though sometimes he takes the two-seated one, in case there should be a human arrival who would like to be driven up, this possibility was so slight a one at this time of year that it was hardly worth considering. Then the village will awake; the two little girls who live down below the sawmill will come up together, confiding on the way a secret or two, for which the past twenty-four hours would seem to have afforded slender material. Then old John Thomas will come limping across from his small house back of the church, to see if there is a letter for "her," — she being his wife and in occasional communication with their daughter in the city. Then the good-looking, roughly clad young farmer who takes care of the fine place with the pillared portico on the hill will saunter down to see if "the folks have sent any word about coming up for the summer." Then Miss Granger, who lives almost next door, will throw a shawl over her head and run in to see who has letters and, incidentally, if she has any herself; and then one or two wagons will draw up in front of the little store, and the men will come in for their daily paper.

As Lucyet came around to the daily paper, she flushed and looked impatiently out of the door down the street. Not that the thought of the daily paper had not been all the time in the background of her mind, but having allowed her fancy to wander toward the attitude of the village and its prospective disturbance, she returned to the imminence of the daily paper again with a thrill of emotion. It was not one of the metropolitan journals which, as a body, the village subscribed for, nor was it one of the more widely known of those issued in smaller cities; it was an unpretentious sheet, neither very ably edited nor extensively circulated, — the chief spokesman of the nearest county town. But with all its limitations, its readers represented to Lucyet the great, harsh, unknowing and yet irresistibly attractive public.

It was not the first time that she had thus watched for it with mute excitement. Such episodes, though infrequent, had marked her otherwise uneventful existence at irregular intervals for more than a year. It would be more correct to say that they had altered its entire course, that such episodes had given to her life a double character, — one side of calmness, secrecy, indifference, and the other of delight, absorption, thrilled with a breathless excitement and uncertainty. But this time there was a greater than ordinary interest. The verses that she had sent last were more ambitious in conception, they had description in them, and mental analysis, and several other things which very likely she would not have called by their right names, though she felt their presence: her other contributions had belonged rather to the poetry of comment. She was sure, almost sure, that they had accepted these.

Unsophisticated Lucyet never dreamed of enclosing postage for return, so she could only breathlessly search the printed page to discover whether her lines were there or in the waste-basket. Friday's edition of the *Daily Morning Chronicle* was more or less given over to the feeble claims of general literature. To-day was Friday. Lucyet glanced through her little window at the tastefully disposed merchandise of the general store, one corner of which was dedicated to the postal service, — at the tin of animal crackers, the jar of prunes, the suspended bacon, and the box of Spanish licorice, — and pondered half contemptuously, half pitifully, on what had been her life before she had written poems and sent them to the *Daily Morning Chronicle*. Then her outlook had seemed scarcely wider than that of the animal crackers with their counterfeit vitality; now it seemed extended to the horizon of all humanity.

There was the sound of horses' feet coming over the hill. Was it the mail wagon? No, it was a heavier vehicle; and the voice of the farmer, slow and lumbering as the animals it encouraged, sounded down the village street. Over the crest of the hill appeared the summit of a load of hay going to the scales in front of the tavern to be weighed. So silent were the place and the hour, that it sounded like a commotion when the cart drew up, and the horses were unhitched and weighed, and then the load driven on, and the owner and the hotel-keeper exchanged observations of a genial but not exuberant nature. Finally the horses and the wagon creaked along the hot street down the road which led by the pillared white house, and again the village was at peace. Lucyet glanced at the clock. Was the mail going to be late this morning? No. The creaking of the hay wagon had but just lost itself in the silence, when her quick ear caught the rattle of the lighter carriage. Her first impulse was to step to the door and wait for it there, but she did not yield to it; she would do just as usual, neither more nor less. She would not for worlds have Truman Hanks suspect any special interest on her part. He might try to find out its cause; and a hot blush enveloped Lucyet as she contemplated the possibility of his assigning it to the true one. But one person in all the village knew that Lucyet Stevens wrote poetry.

"Most time for the mail to be gittin' heavy," said Truman as he handed over the limp receptacle; "the summer boarders 'll be along now, before long."

"Yes, I s'pose they will," answered Lucyet, her fingers trembling as they unlocked the bag.

"It's a backward season, though," he went on, watching her.

"Yes, it is uncommon backward; the apple blossoms aren't but just beginning to come out."

It seemed to her that there was suspicion in his observation. He leaned lazily over the counter, while she took out the mail within the little office with its front of letter boxes.

"This hot spell 'll bring 'em out. It's the first *hot* spell we've had."

"Yes," she assented, blushing again, "it will."

She had spoken of the tardy apple blossoms in her poem; it was entitled "Spring." Two or three people, having seen the mail go by, dropped in and disposed themselves in various attitudes to wait for it to be distributed. She hurried through the work, her fingers tingling to open each copy of the newspaper as she laid it in its place. At last it was done; the little window, which had been shut to produce official seclusion, was reopened; and the people came up, one by one, without much haste, and received the papers and now and then a letter. It did not take long; and afterward they stood about and talked and traded a little, their papers unopened in their hands. It was not likely that the news from outside was going to affect any one of them very much; they could wait for it; and reading matter was for careful attention at home, not for skimming over in public places.

Lucyet found their indifference phenomenal; they did not know what might be waiting for them in the first column of the third page. Was it waiting for them? The suspense was almost overwhelming; and yet she did not like to open the copy which lay at her disposal until the store was empty; she had a nervous feeling that they would all know what she was looking for. Slowly the group melted away, till there was no one left except the proprietor, who had gone into the back room to look after some seed corn, and Silas, the young farmer, who had thrown himself down into a chair to read his paper at his leisure, and was not noticing Lucyet. Eagerly she opened the the joy of assurance. There it was — "Spring." It stood out as if it were printed all in capitals. After a furtive look out at the quiet street, where, in a rusty wagon, an old man was just picking up his reins and preparing to jog away from the post-office door, and a side glance at Silas's broad back over by the further window, Lucyet read over her own lines. How differently they looked from the copy in her own distinct, formal little handwriting! They had gained something, — but they had lost something too. They seemed unabashed, almost declamatory, in their sentiment. They had acquired a new and positive importance; it was as if the assertions they made had all at once become truths, had ceased to be tentative. She read them over again. No, they did not tell it all, all that she meant to say; but they brought back the day, and she was glad she had written them, glad with an agitated, inexpressible gladness. She would like to know what people said of them; for a moment it seemed to her that she would not mind if they knew that she wrote them.

"Well," said Silas, laying down his paper and standing up, "there isn't a blamed thing in that paper!"

Lucyet looked up at him startled. Had she heard aright? Then the color slowly receded from her face and left it pale. Silas was quite unconscious of having made an unusual statement.

"Well, Lucyet," he went on, "going to the Christian Endeavor to-night?"

"I don't know," she stammered. "No," she added suddenly, "I am not." All endeavor was a mockery to her stunned soul.

"I dunno as I will either," he observed carelessly as he lounged out.

It was nothing to her whether he went or not, though once it might have been. She sat still for some minutes after he had gone, looking blankly at the paper. The page which a few minutes ago had seemed fairly to glow with interest had become mere columns of print concerning trivial things; for an instant she saw it with Silas's eyes. John Thomas came limping for his mail. He had been detained on

handed him his paper through the window, dully, indifferently. She was suffering a measure of that disappointment which comes with what we have grown to believe attainment and is so much more bitter than that of failure. But the revolt against this unnatural state of mind came before long. The elasticity of her own enthusiasm reasserted itself. It could not be that there was nothing in her poem. She read the lines over again. Two or three were not quite what they ought to be somehow; but the rest of them the world would lay hold of — that big, sympathetic world which knew so much more than Silas Stevens.

When the hour came to close the office at noon, she locked the drawer and passed out of the door to the footpath with a sense of triumph under the habitual shyness of her manner. She still shrank from the publicity she had achieved, but she was conscious of an undercurrent of desire that her achievement, since it was real, should be recognized.

When the old postmaster died, leaving Lucyet, his only child, alone in the world, and interest in official quarters had procured for her the appointment in her father's place, a home had also been offered her at Miss Flood's; and it was thither that Lucyet now went for her noonday meal. Miss Delia Flood was of most kindly disposition and literary tastes. That these tastes were somewhat prescribed in their manifestation was no witness against their genuineness. It must be confessed that Miss Delia's preference was for the sentimental — though she would have modestly shrunk from hearing it thus baldly stated — and, naturally, for poetry above prose. The modern respect for "strength" in literature would have impressed her most painfully had she known of it. The mind turns aside from the contemplation of the effect that a story or two of Kipling's would have produced upon her could she have grasped their vocabulary; she would probably have taken to her bed in sheer fright, as she did in a thunder storm. Poetry of the heart and emotions, which never verged, even most distantly, upon what her traditions and her susceptibilities told her was the indecorous, satisfied her highest demands, and the less said about nature, except by way of an occasional willow, or the sad, sweet scent of a jasmine flower, the better. Miss Delia had fostered Lucyet's love for literature; and it was to Miss Delia that Lucyet hastened with the great news of the publication of her poem. It was for this acute pleasure that she had hitherto kept the knowledge of her attempt from her, — and, too, that her joy might be full and she would not have to suffer the alternating phases of hope and fear through which Lucyet herself had passed.

As she entered the room where dinner stood on the table and Miss Delia waited to eat it with her, she suppressed the trembling excitement which threatened to make itself visible in her manner now that the words were upon her very lips. They seated themselves at the table. Miss Delia was small and wiry and grave, and never spilled anything on the table-cloth when helping.

"Miss Delia," said Lucyet, "I've written a poem."

Her companion looked at her and smiled a shrewd little smile. "I've guessed as much before now," she said.

"But," said Lucyet, laying down her knife and fork, "it has been printed."

"Printed, child!" exclaimed Miss Delia, almost dropping hers. At last the cup of satisfaction was at Lucyet's lips; at least she had not overestimated the purport of the event to one human being.

"Printed," repeated Lucyet, smiling softly. "Here it is in this paper."

Miss Delia pushed aside her plate, seized the paper and, opening it, searched its columns. She had not to look long; there was but one poem. Lucyet watched with shining eyes. This is what it meant; this was the realization of her dreams — to see the reader pass over the rest of the page as trivial, to be arrested with spellbound interest at the word "Spring," to know that the words that held that absorbed attention were her words — her own.

As Miss Delia read, gradually her expression changed; from eagerness it faded into perplexity. Lucyet watched her breathlessly, her hands clasped, her thin arms and somewhat angular elbows

resting on the coarse table-cloth. From perplexity Miss Delia's look was chilled into what the observant girl recognized, with a dull pain in her heart, as disappointment. Lucyet averted her gaze to a dish of ill-shaped boiled potatoes; there was no need of watching longer the face opposite. Miss Delia read it all through again, dwelling on certain lines, which she indicated by her forefinger, with special attention; then she looked up timidly. She met Lucyet's unsmiling eyes for a moment; then she too looked away, hurriedly, helpless, to the dish of boiled potatoes.

"I'm sure it is very nice — very nice indeed, Lucyet," she said.

"But you don't like it," said Lucyet.

"Oh, yes, I do," poor Miss Delia hastened to say. "I do like it; the rhymes are in the right places, and all, and it looks so nice in the colyum." Mechanically she pulled her plate back again, and Lucyet did the same. "I'm proud of you, Lucyet," she went on with a forced little smile, "that you can write real poetry like that."

"But what if it isn't real poetry?" said Lucyet.

The doubt was wrung from her by the overwhelming bitterness of her disappointment. A rush of tears was smarting behind her rather inexpressive eyes; but she held them back. Miss Delia was thoroughly distressed. She put aside her own serious misgivings.

"But it must be," she argued eagerly, "or they wouldn't have printed it."

Lucyet shook her head as she forced herself to eat a morsel of bread. How unconvincing sounded the argument from another's lips! and yet she knew now that secretly it had carried with it more weight than she had realized. Miss Delia glanced almost apprehensively at the folded paper as it lay on the table. She herself was disappointed, deeply disappointed; she had expected much, and this — why, this was, most of it, just what any one could find out for herself. But she must say something more. Lucyet's patient silence as she went on with her dinner, never raising the eyes which had shone so when she first spoke, demanded speech from her more urgently than louder claims.

"I suppose I thought perhaps there would be more about — about misfortune, and scattered leaves, and dells," — poor Miss Delia smiled deprecatingly while she felt wildly about for more tangible reminiscences of her favorite poets, that she might respond to the unuttered questioning of Lucyet, — "and" — she dropped her eyes — "lovers."

"I don't know anything about dells and lovers," said Lucyet simply; "how should I?"

Miss Delia started a little. It had never occurred to her that one must know about things personally in order to write poetry about them. If it had she would never have dreamed of mentioning lovers.

"No, of course not," she said hastily; "but writing about a thing isn't like knowing about it."

Lucyet was not experienced enough to detect any fallacy in this, and she dumbly acquiesced.

"You have in all the grass and trees and — and such things as you have in — very nicely, I'm sure," went on Miss Delia; "only next time" — and she smiled brightly — "next time you must put in what we don't see every day — like islands and reefs and such things. I know you could write a beautiful poem about a reef — a coral reef."

Lucyet tried to smile hopefully in return, but the attempt was a failure. She had finished her dinner, and she longed to get away; she was so hurt that she must be alone to see how it was to be borne. She helped Miss Delia clear the table and wash the dishes, almost in silence. Two or three times they exchanged words on indifferent subjects; Miss Delia asked who had had letters, and Lucyet told her, but it was hard work for both. When it was over, Lucyet paused in the doorway, putting on her straw hat to go back to the post office.

Miss Delia stood a moment irresolute, and then stepped to her side. "Lucyet," she said, her voice trembling, "I don't understand it exactly. It isn't like the poetry I've been used to. There are things in it that I don't know what they mean. To be sure that's so with all poetry that we do like," — the tears were in her eyes; it is not an easy thing to disap-

point one's best friend and to be conscious of it, — "but it isn't like what I thought it was going to be, just about what we see out of the window. But it's my fault, just as likely as not," — she laid her hand on Lucyet's arm, — "that's what I want to say, you mustn't take it to heart — just's likely's not, it's my fault."

Miss Delia did not believe a word of what she was saying, which made it difficult for her to articulate; but she was making a brave effort in her sensitive loyalty.

"I know," said Lucyet gently; "but I guess it isn't your fault;" and she slipped out to the road on her way to the post office. Miss Delia went back, picked up the paper and, seating herself at the window, she read "Spring" all through again, word by word; then she laid it aside again, shaking her head sadly.

Lucyet went quietly behind her little window. Her disappointment amounted to actual physical pain. She found no comfort, as a wiser person might have done, in certain of Miss Delia's expressions; she only realized that her best friend and her most generous critic could find nothing good in what she had done. Her duty this afternoon was only to make up the mail for the down train; then her time was her own till the next mail train came up at half past five. At two o'clock she closed the office again and started on a long walk. She longed for the comfort of the solitary hillsides, where warm patches of sunlight lay at the foot of ragged stone walls, and there were long stretches of plain and meadow to be looked over, and rolling hills to comfort the soul. As she climbed a hill just before the place where a weedy untravelled road turned off from the highway leading between closely growing underbrush and stone walls, where now and then a shy bird rustled suddenly and invisibly among last year's dried leaves, she saw three countrymen standing by the wayside and talking with as near an approach to earnestness as ever visits the colloquies of the ordinary unemotional New Englander. One of them held a copy of the *Daily Chronicle*, gesturing with it somewhat jerkily as he spoke.

For a moment the hope that it is hard to make away with revived in Lucyet's breast. Were they talking of the poem, she wondered, with a certain weary interest. She dreaded a fresh disappointment so keenly that it pained her to speculate much on the chance of it. It was not impossible that they were saying such meaningless stuff ought never to have been printed. As the pale girl drew near with the plodding, patient step which so often proclaims that walking is not a pleasure but a necessity of country life, the men did not lower their voices, and she heard them distinctly as she passed.

"Wal, I tell you 'twas that," said one of them. "He didn't live more'n a little time after he took it."

"Mebbe he wouldn't have lived anyhow."

"Wal, mebbe he wouldn't. 'Tain't for me to say," responded the first speaker, evincing a certain piety, which, however, was not to be construed as at variance with his first statement.

"Wal, 'twa'n't this he took, was it?" demanded the man with the *Chronicle*, waving it wildly.

"Wal, no, 'twa'n't," responded the other reasonably. The third member of the party maintained an air of not being in a position to judge, and regarded Lucyet stolidly as she approached.

"Do, Lucyet?" he observed, unnoticed of the other two.

"I tell you this'll cure him. It'll cure anybody. Just read them testimonies," — and he pressed the paper into the other's meagre hand. "Read that one, 'Rheumatiz of thirty years' standin',' — it'll interest ye."

Lucyet went on up the hill, and turned into the weedy road. She had not a keen sense of the ridiculous. It did not strike her as funny that they should have been discussing a patent medicine instead of the verses on "Spring;" but her shrinking sense of defeat was deepened, and she felt, with an unconscious resentment, that most people cared very little about poetry. She wondered, without bitterness, and with a saddened distrust of her own power, if she could write an advertisement. Once within the pre-

cincts of the tangled road, her disquieted soul rejoiced in the freedom from observation. She felt as bruised and sore from the unsympathetic contact of her world as if it had been a larger one; and with the depression had come a startled sense of the irrevocableness of what she had done. Those printed words seemed so swift, so tangible! They would go so far, and afford such opportunity for the grasp of indifference, of ridicule! If she could only have them again, spoken, perhaps, but unheard!

Yet here, at least, where the enterprising grass grew in the rugged cart track, and the branches drooped impertinently before the face of the wayfarer, no one but herself need know that she was very near to tears. But as she came out of the shut-in portion of the road to a stretch of open country, where the warm light lay on the hillsides, and the air was sweetened by the breath of pines, her depression gave way to a keen sense of elation. She turned aside and, crossing a bit of elastic, dry grass, climbed to the top of the stone wall and looked about her. Her heart throbbed with confidence, doubly grateful for the previous distrust. Her own lines came back to her; it was this that she had seen and felt, and it was this that somehow, imperfectly, but somehow, she had put into words. It was still spring, a late New England spring, though the unseasonable warmth of the day made it seem summer. The landscape bore the coloring of autumn rather than that of the earlier year. The trees were red and brown and yellow in their incipient leafage. Now and then, among the sere fields, there was a streak of vivid green or a mound of rich, brown, freshly turned earth; but for the most part they were bare. Here and there was the crimson of a new maple; in the distance were the reds and browns of new, not old life. Only the birds sang as they never sing in autumn, a burst of clear, joyous anticipation — the trill of the meadow lark, the "sweet, sweet, piercing sweet" of the flashing oriole, the call of the catbird, and the melody of the white-bosomed thrush. And here and there a fountain of white bloom showed itself amid the sombreness of the fields, a pear or cherry tree decked from head to foot in bridal white, and a bit of fleecy cloud dropped from the floating masses above to the discouraged earth; along the wayside the white stars of the anemone, the wasteful profusion of the eyebright, and the sweet blue of the violet; and in solemn little clusters, the curled-up fronds of the ferns, uttering a protest against longer imprisonment — let wind and sun look out! they would uncurl to-morrow! All these things set the barely blossomed branches, the barely clothed hillsides, at defiance. It was the beginning, not the end, the promise, not the regret — it was life, not death. Summer was afoot, not winter.

It was worth a longer walk, that half hour on the hillside; for it restored, in a measure, her sense of enjoyment, and substituted for the burden of defeat the exultation of expression, however faulty and however limited. But like other moods, this one was temporary; and as she retraced her steps and turned into the village street, she felt again the lassitude which follows the extinction of hope and the inexorable narrowing of the horizon which she had fancied extended.

It was usual for her at this hour to stop at the tavern for the mail which might be ready there, and herself take it to the post office. In midsummer this mail was quite an important item, but at this time of year it amounted to little; nevertheless, she followed what had become the custom. She found one of the daughters of the house in the throes of composition.

"Oh, Lucyet," she exclaimed, "you don't say that's you! I want this to go to-night the worst way. Ain't you early?"

"Yes, I guess I am," said Lucyet rather wearily.

"If you'll set on the piazzer and wait, I'll finish up in just a minute. You see we had to get dinner for two gentlemen as came down to go fishin' to-morrer, and it sorter put me back. I wish you'd wait."

"Well, I guess I can wait a few minutes," said Lucyet, the line between her personal and her official capacity being sometimes a difficult one to maintain rigidly. She seated herself on the piazza,

not noticing at first that she was just outside of the window of the room within which the two fishermen were smoking and talking in a desultory fashion. Later their voices fell idly on her ear, speaking a language she only half understood, blending with the few lazy sounds of the afternoon. The conversation was really extremely desultory, being chiefly maintained by the younger man of the two, who lounged on the sofa of unoriental luxury, with a thorough-going perversion of the maker's plan, his head being where his feet ought to have been and his feet hanging over the portion originally intended for the back of his head. The other man wore the frown of absorption as, a pencil in his hand, he worried through some pages of manuscript.

"Oh, I say," observed the idler, "ain't you 'most through slaughtering the innocents? I want to take that walk."

"I told you half an hour ago that if I could have a few uninterrupted minutes I'd be with you," answered the other man without looking up. "They haven't fallen in my way yet."

"It's pity that moves me to speech," rejoined the first speaker, rising and sauntering to the window, — not that one outside of which Lucyet was sitting, — "pity for those young souls throbbing with the consciousness of power, who may have forgotten to enclose a stamp for return. I feel when I interrupt you as if I were holding back the remorseless wheel of fate."

His companion allowed this speculative remark to pass without reply. The idler sauntered back to the table.

"What'll you bet, now, before you go any further, that it'll go into the waste basket?"

"Stamped and addressed envelope enclosed," observed the patient editor absently.

"Well, what odds will you give me of its being not necessarily devoid of literary merit, but unfitted for the special uses of your magazine?"

The other was still silent as he laid aside another page.

"Half the time," continued the idler, "to look at you, you wouldn't believe that you speak the truth when you express your thanks for the pleasure of reading their manuscripts. It would almost seem that that too was simulated."

The older man picked up a soft felt hat and threw it across the room at his companion, without taking his eyes from the page.

"Oh, well," went on the other, "I can read the newspaper. I can read what is printed, while you're reading what ought to be. Of course you and I know the things are never the same."

Picking up the paper, he resumed, approximately, his former attitude, and applied himself to its columns for a few moments of silence. Outside Lucyet sat quietly, her head resting against the white wooden wall of the house; and the editor made a mark or two.

"Now this is what the public want to know," resumed the idler, with a gratuitous air of having been pressed for his opinion. "You editors have a ridiculous way of talking about the public —"

"It strikes me that it is not I who have been making myself ridiculous talking about anything."

"The public! You just tell the great innocent public that you are giving them the sort of thing they like, and half the time they believe you, and half the time they don't. Now this man" — and he tapped the *Chronicle* — "knows an editor's business."

"Which is more than you do," interpolated the goaded man.

"'The frame for William Brown's new house is up. William may be trusted to finish as well as he has begun,'" read the idler imperturbably. "'Miss Sophie Brown is visiting friends in Albany. The boys will be glad to see her back.' 'Fruit of all kinds will be scarce, though berries will be abundant.'"

The older man stood up, his pencil in his mouth. "Confound you, Richards! Either you keep still, or I go to my room and lock the door."

"Oh, I'll keep still," said Richards, as if it was the first time it had been suggested. Again there was a silence.

The letter must be to Ada's young man, who was doing a good business in cash registers, it took so long to write it. It was within five minutes of the time

Lucyet must be at the office. She moved to leave the piazza, when a not loud exclamation from Richards fell on her ear with unusual distinctness.

"By Jove! I say, just listen to this."

The editor looked up threateningly, and went back to his work again without a word.

"No, but really — it's quite in your line. Listen."

Lucyet had moved forward a step or two, when she stood motionless. The words that floated through the window were her own. Richards had an unusually sweet voice, and he was reading in a way entirely different from that in which he had rattled off the "personals." There seemed a new sweetness in every syllable; the warmth of the hillside, the perfume of opening apple blossoms, breathed between the lines. He read slowly, and the words fell on the still air that seemed waiting breathless to hear them. When he finished, Lucyet was leaning against the side of the house, her hand on her heart, her eyes shining, — and the editor was looking at the reader.

"There," he concluded, "ain't there something of the 'blackbird's tune and the beanflower's boon' in that?"

"Copied, of course?" inquired the editor briefly.

"No. 'Written for the *Daily Chronicle*,' and signed 'L.' Not bad, are they? Of course I don't know," Richards scoffed, "and the public wouldn't know if it read them, but you know —"

"Read 'em again."

A second time, with increased expression, half mischievous now in its fervor, the lines on Spring fell in musical tones from Richards's lips. Still Lucyet stood breathless, her whole being thrilled with an impulse of exultant, inexpressible delight, listening as she had never listened before. It was as if she stood in the midst of a shining mist.

"She's got it in her, hasn't she?" Richards added after an instant's pause.

"Yes," said his companion slowly. "She's got it in her, fast enough;" and he returned to his page of manuscript. "Much good may it do her!" he added with weary cynicism.

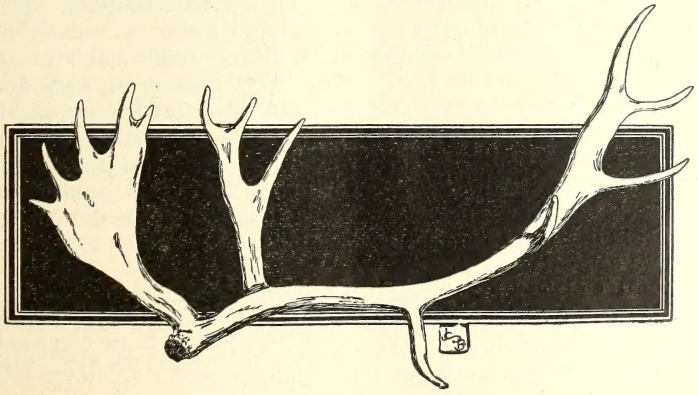
Richards laughed, and pulled a pack of cards out of his pocket. "I'll play solitaire," he said.

"Thank Heaven!" murmured the other devoutly.

Ada arrived breathless. "Here 'tis," said she. "Did you think I was never comin'? You've got time enough; they ain't very prompt. There ain't anythin' the matter, is there?" she asked.

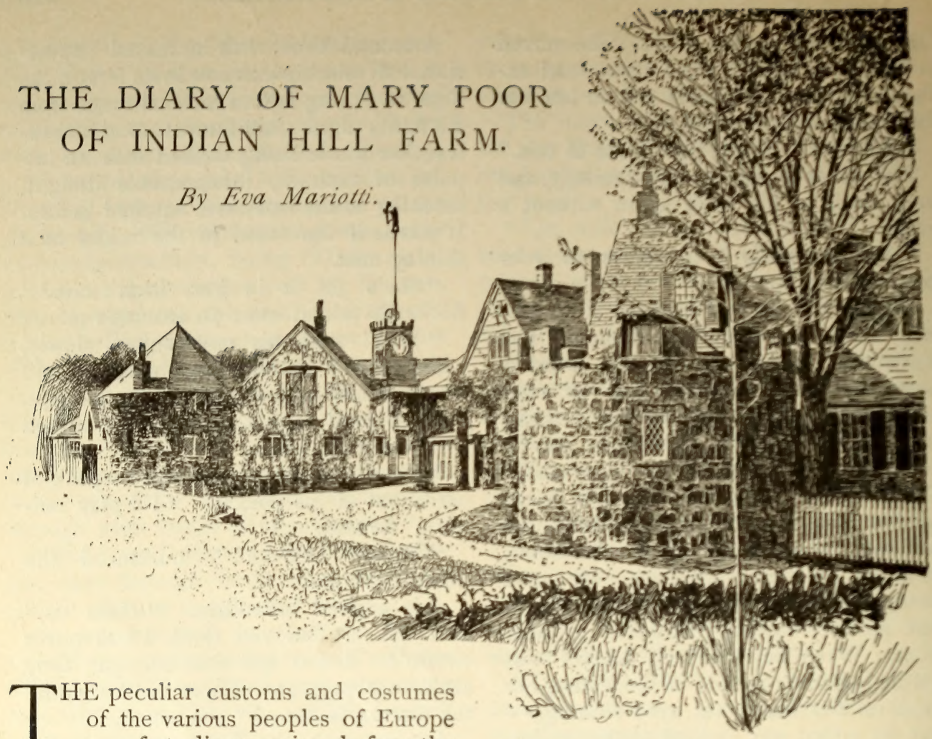
Lucyet took the letter mechanically. "No," she said, "there isn't anything the matter."

As she went swiftly toward the little post office, the rhythm of those lines was in her ears; the assured, incisive tones of that man's voice pulsed through her very soul. She was conscious of no hope for the future; she had no regret for the past; the present was a glory. In that moment Lucyet had taken a long, dizzying draught from the cup of success.



THE DIARY OF MARY POOR OF INDIAN HILL FARM.

By Eva Mariotti.



THE peculiar customs and costumes of the various peoples of Europe are fast disappearing before the equalizing march of progress.

Only in hidden nooks of Spain and Russia can the artist of to-day revel in the picturesque dress of a peasantry to whom railroads have as yet brought no fashions from the outer world, nor intruders put to shame the richly colored garments their ancestors wore. The real world in which you and I live and battle is being circled by electricity. You live in New England, I in Italy; but the current under the ocean can bear my thought to you in a few hours, and very soon perhaps we shall be able to speak to one another across the sea; then some day, more wonderful still, a flash will show me your face. There will no longer be such a thing as absence; for absence, robbed of its weary silence by the sound of the voice, and comforted by an occasional glimpse of the face, will lack but the warm grasp of the hand to break its cruel power, — and for that too we can patiently wait.

Leaving the great Chicago Exposition after three months of daily contemplation of its wonders, with weary brain and nerves tired from the sight of many faces, I found rest in the absolute quiet of my old New England home, four miles from a railroad, a quarter of a mile from any other house. They will hardly believe in overcrowded Europe that there are such homes within twenty-five miles of Boston; houses like this, built in 1728, with rafters of solid oak, which stood stanchly through the great September gale; villages where poverty is unknown and where thrift and intelligence go hand in hand; where the girls after graduating at the free high school continue their studies at Bradford Academy, walking five miles sometimes morning and evening; where the soldiers' monument, a gift from a citizen, and the little flags fluttering in God's-acre testify to the many brave sons who gave their lives for their country in the Civil War; where Goldsmith's well-known words almost describe the life of the village preacher:

"A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place."

The only turmoil the village ever knows is caused by those interesting naughty boys suspended from Phillips Academy, who are sent from Andover to the home of a retired minister here, whose combined severity and knowledge of Greek and Latin, united to the tender motherly care of his good wife, have been known to work miracles in these wilful members of society.

This ideal village is nestled amid beautifully rounded hills which remind one of Derbyshire and recall Mrs. Browning's line:

> "God's finger touched, but did not press, in making England."

Everywhere the landscape is dotted with lakes, — "ponds" the simple New Englanders insist upon calling them, — blue expanses of water, one of them nine miles in circumference, glistening with water lilies in June, and reflecting as in a mirror the gay colors of autumn. There are seven such ponds within a radius of five miles from my home, where in my childhood I have patiently waited for a "bite" in the long summer days, and eagerly pulled up pickerel through the ice in winter, when the bit of red flannel was lowered to the unwary fish. There are few such spots left in the world, even in New England.

It was in the attic of this old house that I came across an old chest, one August day, and among the papers in it was a diary written by a woman who had once inhabited the house, — an ancestress of mine, who had come there, a bride, in the year 1770. From the simple recital of her daily life, so narrow in its activities and events, so infinitely broad in the self-control and self-forgetfulness displayed, I have learned so much that I feel impelled to lift with reverent hands the veil from off the life of this typical New England woman, who labored so faithfully in her appointed path and circumscribed orbit, never having seen Boston, twenty-five miles away, nor received a telegram in the whole course of her life, to whom a sewing machine would have been more of a curiosity than a flying machine to us, and whose sense of propriety would have been greatly

great-grand-daughters would ride about on bicycles and order their groceries by telephone. Her name was as simple as her life, — Mary Poor of Indian Hill Farm.

It is not necessary to tell any New Englander of that romantic region of West Newbury, with the distant sails and spires of the "Port" gleaming against the blue of sea and sky. Truly there is no more lovely spot on earth than that where the little River Artechoke joins the Merrimac, with beautiful farms on either bank crowning green fields which slope gently down to the water's edge. Right in the midst of Newbury is Indian Hill, long the residence of the late Ben: Perley Poor, whose antiquarian tastes preserved so much of interest in and about the quaint-looking house with its stone turrets, from which, in the olden time, his forefathers fought the Indians. The story is still told of the deed of land from the Indians and their removal from the vicinity, — all except one poor old squaw, too old and infirm to go with them, who was left behind by her tribe and died peacefully in her wigwam beneath the hill which we climb to behold the wondrous view.

Here Mary Poor was born on October 17, 1747; and here the first twenty-three years of her life were spent. Her childhood was doubtless much like that of other little girls in New England then, her hours divided between the schoolhouse, whither she went with her brothers and sisters, and the homely duties of farm life,— her joys, the huskings in the autumn evenings, the hazel-nutting with the other children after school hours; her griefs, the long, long seam of the sheet which appeared endless to her childish fingers, and the shirt-making at home.

One day there was a wedding at Indian Hill Farm; her elder sister Rebecca married and went away to her husband's home in a neighboring town. Great was the love between these two sisters, and frequently the young bride visited Indian Hill and brought away her sister Mary for a long visit. It was upon one of these occasions that Mary first saw her future husband. You shall have the story as she loved to tell it to her grandchildren, from the lips of one of whom I heard it.

land by his father, and had built himself a house. He was working outside it one summer day, putting some finishing touches to a lattice beside the porch, when the two sisters rode by on a pillion. Mary, with her arms around Rebecca, laughingly said: "I wonder who the fool will be who will marry that man and come here to live;" and as she always ended the story, "I was that fool."

They were married on January 12, 1770. Their wedding garments are still preserved in a beautiful old chest at Indian Hill Farm. I remember his vest of scarlet satin, and the quaint cut of the bride's dress. There is no record of the early years of her married life. Who is it that says that happiness has no historian? Perhaps that was the case with Mary; for in course of time the oaken beams of the new home resounded to the merry sound of children's voices. First came Asa, born July 20, 1771, who died of yellow fever in the island of St. Thomas, when he was twenty-nine years old. Years afterward we find this simple entry in the mother's journal:

June 30. Sixteen years to-day since Asa died.

Just that and nothing more; not even the weather mentioned, a most unusal omission with her. Perhaps that day she did not notice whether the sun shone or the rain fell, — there are such days in women's lives.

Their second child was Stephen Kimball, born in 1774. He became the village schoolmaster and the father of many boys and girls; his wife, Elizabeth Haseltine from Haverhill, is the "Bets" so often spoken of in Mary Poor's diary. But this son too was laid in his narrow grave years before his mourning mother; she had been a widow for eleven years when Stephen died. One daughter was born to them in the October of 1776, named after her mother, but always called Polly. Polly married a man who owned the adjoining farm; and thither Mary Poor went to live soon after the death of her husband. In the record of her daily life this son-in-law is always mentioned by his initials as J. F., thus:

Sat. June 2. J. F. to Salem, Mis Foster to Israel's, wind northwest, aknitting.

Tues. Sept. 6, 1830. Cool, aspinning, began my wool, J. F. to Ipswich.

Sat. Oct. 15. J. F. to Salem. Sold my yarn, Roxana Tyler here.

J. F. to Byfield for hay, to Salem with cider.

Her life in the new home seems to have been a pitiful one; but never a word of complaint escapes her. Once the following simple entry occurs, in which we can believe there was a great patience:

Sunday, March 28, 1830. Nineteen years since I came.

She had gone to the new home a widow, owner of many broad acres of land, and had seen one green field after another put up at auction and bid in by the son-in-law to pay the long board bill he held against her. For every pail of water brought to the old lady's room she was charged a quarter; every stick of wood to keep her warm was duly put into her account, till all her land was eaten up, and in her old age she saw her son's widow forced to depart with her children from the old home. Considering the amount of work accomplished by the active old lady in her son-in-law's home, as made so plain by the diary, and the consequent saving of hired help, it would seem as if her hardships were most unjust. It is probably another story of things so often seen in old New England family life.

In the diary Polly's children are mentioned daily. The girls were Mary, Eleanor and Eliza; the boys, Edward, Asa, Sam and George. Asa Foster was a poor, half-witted lad. When the memorable fall of stars occurred in 1833, he was found holding his hat out of his window in the hope of catching some. Perhaps he is mentioned more than any of the others; one feels the secret sympathy the grandmother must have had for the poor youth in memory of that other Asa, her first-born, lying in his distant island grave. This Asa lived to be twenty-eight, and was called home only two months before her own summons came. Eliza had died of consumption in the May of that same year, aged twenty-four. When I came across their graves in the quiet churchyard, I remembered the many entries in the diary such as these:

Sun. June 3. Cloudy, folks to Meeting, Asa, Eliza, myself at home.

Sun. 24 June. Warm, all to Meeting but Asa, myself.

Of the simple New England life, with its rigorous winter weather, — "folks breaking paths," — and the few pleasures such as the country singing school, I leave Mary Poor to tell in her own quaint words. It is the very brevity and bareness and meagreness of the record which have given it so much meaning to me, and I give these sections of it here in the thought that they will affect other hearts as they affected me. They are a curious and touching revelation of a woman's life in the New England country a century ago.

Jan. 5, 1830. Cloudy, began to snow at ten o'clock.

Jan. 6. A snow storm, a great snow, folks breaking paths.

Fri. Feb. 12. Cold, a party here at night.

Sat. Feb. 13. Buried Mis Wood aged one hundred and one.

Mon. Feb. 15. Cloudy, the school done, all to school house.

Thurs. Cold, asewing, and a singing school at night.

Mon. Rain, Edward came home at six o'clock.

Fri. Moderate, aknitting, Edward sick.

Sun. 18. All at home, Rain and snow, rained all night.

March 1. Very warm, aweaving, Mary making candles.

Oct. 25. Asewing to Bets, took tea, Eliza with me.

Nov. 1. Pleasant, to see my sisters to Dan Adams.

Nov. 2. To Sam Kimball's and home, Hannah with me.

March 25. Aknitting, all gone to the sing.

April 7. Cloudy, wind North-east, aknitting.

Wed. 28. Sister Pearl died yester morning.

Thurs. 29. Fair, at the funeral Sister Pearl.

May 22. Cool, Asa and Mary to the Cape.

Sept. 4. Eliza come [from Bradford Academy].

Sept. 15. Moses Spofford had a fall.

Sept. 17. Moses Spofford died at six o'clock this morning.

Dec. 2. Thanksgiving, all to meeting but Eliza and her mother.

Dec. 5. The schoolmaster came last night.

Dec. 7. A high wind, snow flies smartly.

Dec. 8. Cloudy, Jane Tyler married to our house yesterday.

Aug. 30. Eleanor, Edward, George to Plum Island.

Sun. Sept. 4. To meeting all day. Three sermons preached.

Sat. Sept. 1. Aknitting, Eleanor to Joe Tyler's.

Jan. 13. Awashing, Asa to Bradford. Two gentlemen to lodge.

Feb. 13. Fair, windy, awashing, folks killed hogs, town meeting.

Fri. June 1. Cloudy, Edward and Asa to Andover. Mis Foster come.

June 15. Very warm, aknitting, and sewing, folks to work highway.

June 22. Pleasant, Eleanor and Eliza to Andover to meeting, four days meeting.

Aug. 21. Cool, ahurtleberrying, tired, Mr. Eaton here this morning. [Mr. Eaton was the village pastor, a true shepherd of the flock.]

Wed. Aug. 22. Warm, aknitting, folks to Haseltine meadow.

Sat. 25. Very warm, asewing, picked herbs for the sick.

The time came when the girls left home. We find no more "Eliza cutting rags." On Monday, May 7, we have, after the usual "awashing," "Mary to Methuen, began school;" Monday, May 14, of the same year, "Eleanor to Bradford, began school." Each year the approach to Thanksgiving is heralded as follows:

Mon. Nov. 26. Awashing, folks picking chickens.

Tues. Nov. 27. Warm, asewing, J. F. to Salem with turkeys.

Wed. 28 Nov. Cloudy, folks making pies, Webster come.

Thurs. 29. Thanksgiving day. Webster to Meeting with rest, Mary at home.

Christmas is despatched with the old Puritanical severity:

Sat. Dec. 25. Christmas, folks to Meeting House.

The writer's interest in the varied phenomena of nature is always shown.

July 27. A great eclipse of the sun, rain last night.

Monday, March 12. Thunder and lightning this morning.

Sat. 23 Sept. A very great wind to Joe Kimball's blew down trees.

Sun. Dec. 12. Very light last night in North, cold at home.

Sat. Feb. 12, 1831. Cold, an eclipse.

April 8. Yesterday Fast Day, cold.

Sat. April 9. Snow, very cold, wolves about.

April 25. Pleasant, awashing, all to meeting, a temperance society.

Of her sister Rebecca there is frequent mention all during her life.

Wed. Nov. 15. Warm, to meet sister in the woods.

Sat. Nov. 18. Rebecca went home, I went to the Pine Plain [to accompany her].

Oct. 17. Acranberrying with Rebecca, tired.

She was an industrious little person, with the old-fashioned conscientious scruples regarding the use of her time which have almost become obsolete. We find this entry on her eighty-fourth birthday:

Oct. 17. This day eighty-four years old, awashing, very warm.
Dec. 20. Pleasant, aspooling.
Dec. 22. Awarping my web, warm.
Dec. 23. Warm, atying in my web.
Feb. 19. Warm, amaking fish lines, knitting.
Feb. 23. Warm, began to spin Sam Spofford's flax.
Wed. May 18. Abraiding rags, all unwell amost.
Sat. May 21. Cloudy, Mary sick, Dr. Mighill here.
Aug. 6. Wind North-east, amending.
Mon. 23. Asewing and scouring, Mary awashing.
Tues. 24. Rainy, acarding and sewing.
Tues. 10 July. Cloudy, awashing, very tired, Mary weeding garding.
Wed. 18. Lame my side and arm, can't work.

But five days later she writes: "Cool, awashing, tired, took a nap."

Thurs. 26 July. Warm, acutting shoe linings and poking about.
Tues. Feb. 6. Warm, awashing, tired, areading and nothing else.
Wed. 7. Windy, apoking, Mary and Nathan to Rowley.
Sat. 10. Warm, asewing, Mary made a kittle of soap.
Sun. 11. Cold, at home all day, time mispent.
Mon. Aug. 6. Cloudy, awashing, very tired, areading and set still.
Wed. Feb. 8. Cloudy, astarching caps, cold, Bets and Susan come.
Thurs. Feb. 9. Asnow, cold, amending my gown.
Tues. Feb. 20. Warm, aweaving, washed my floor.
Wed. 21. Cloudy, to Haverhill, bought my glass, tongs, shovel.
Sat. 24. Warm, amending, and made my silk handkerchiefs.
Mon. 26. Cool, aspinning shoe thread and washing.
March 7. Awashing, very tired, a pedlar lodged here.
June 12. Warm, up on the hill, aknitting, tired.
July 21. Warm, aquilting and knotting.
Sept. 20. Awashing and clubbing yarn.
Tues. 21. Atwisting my yarn.
April 23. Warm, aknitting, took up my roots.
April 22. Cool, amaking my apron.
May 12. Warm, ascouring my cupboard.
Oct. 29. Asa to Charlestown, awashing, got a new gown.
Nov. 22. Rainy, all day apoking.
Nov. 23. Fair, ascouring yarn.
June 9. Pleasant, up on the hill strawberrying in the morning.
June 21. Warm, aknitting, George made my shoes.
July 23. Very warm, Mary papered my room.
Tues. Aug. 8. Ahurtleberrying, got none.

Two days later we have this entry: "A sore mouth, can't eat;" but with the exception of a serious illness that came to her in 1834, she seems to have enjoyed remarkable health. During this illness the daily record fails not:

Thurs. Jan. 31. Sick abed, cold, could not sit up.
Feb. 2. Sick, took a new cold, quite sick.
Mon. Feb. 4. Dr. Mighill came.
Thurs. 7. No better.
Fri. 8. J. F. for the doctor, he came.
Sat. 9. Dr. Mighill here, wrote for me.
Sun. 10. Sick, Doctor here at one o'clock.
Mon. 11. A little better.
Tues. 12. Better, cold, stormy.
Wed. 13. Storming, sick.
Thurs. 14. Sick abed.
Fri. 15. No better.
Fri. 22. Warm, no better.
Sat. 23. Warm, sick, I do nothing.

But on the twenty-seventh she writes: "Cold, awashing, very tired." That year was a cold one.

March 1. A great storm of snow.
Sat. March 2. Folks making paths, high wind.
Sun. March 3. Very cold, all at home.
Mon. March 4. Windy, cold, no work to do, set still.
Tues. May 30. Folks set off land for me. [This land was her widow's portion, which, according to law, J. F. could not sell.]

No life is entirely devoid of brightness, and it is with pleasure we read of her occasional teas with old ladies in the neighborhood, and of the rarer visits to Indian Hill Farm.

Tues. July 3. To Bradford to Mr. Gilmore's with Eliza. [Mr. Gilmore had married Susan, one of Stephen's daughters.]
Thurs. 5. Warm, a good time here with my grandchildren.
Sat. 7. Cloudy, Mary came for me, we took tea and home.
Mon. Sept. 25. Washing, to Newbury with Mary to Benjamin Poor's.
Tues. 26. Aknitting, Mis Tracy and a great many folks here.
Wed. 27. To Micaiah Poor's all day. To Sam Poor's, took tea.

And so on from one relative's house to another's till

Oct. 10. To Ben's, Mary came for me, got home.

The next day, "Awashing, tired," and the day after, "Atraining at home all day." The dear little old lady evidently found it difficult to settle down once more into the routine of J. F.'s household, after her visit to West Newbury. On March 2, 1830, we find these words, "High wind, Harriot and babe here." Harriot was her grand-daughter, one of Stephen's daughters, who had gone away with her mother, "Bets," years before, and had since married and have the old house inhabited again; and frequent mention is made in the diary of her spending the day there with her knitting.

July 17. To Harriot's, got cherries, very warm.

Sept. 19. To Harriot's, took tea, cool.

Aug. 27. To Harriot's, got my pears, tired, aknitting.

The pears still in autumn cover the ground beneath her favorite tree, though she has been sleeping in her nameless grave for many a year.

A clear October day was drawing to a close when I entered the old graveyard in search of Mary Poor's grave. No one in the village seemed to remember where they had laid her, but I was advised to direct my steps to the F—— graves. There they were, all in a neat row, directly in front of me as I entered, their foot-stones facing me, and on the very first one I read the familiar initials, "J. F." I hastened to the front to read the pious epitaph of the deacon, who had departed this life in the fear of the Lord, November 17, 1856, aged eighty-two years. His wife lies beside him, and



THE HOUSE IN WEST BOXFORD WHERE MARY POOR SPENT HER MARRIED LIFE.

come back to live in the old house, and the babe grew up to manhood and became a prosperous business man in New York, and bought back, acre by acre, the fair fields which his great-grandmother had seen taken from her and put up at auction by her son-in-law. It reads like a romance, but it is all true, and surely truth is stranger than fiction. Mary Poor, however, did not live to see that day; the little Stephen was only ten years old when his great-grandmother died. But it must have

near by their children Eliza and Asa, with their respective tombstones. But in vain I searched for the name of her who had sat at their table and shared their joys and sorrows for so many years. In a far-away corner I found a moss-grown tombstone "to the memory of Nathan Kimball and Asa, son of Nathan Kimball and Mary Poor, who died of yellow fever on the island of St. Thomas, June 30, 1801," and next to it, as close as may be, is an unnamed grave, wherein doubtless reposes all that is mortal of Mary Poor of Indian Hill Farm.

EACH IN HIS OWN TONGUE.

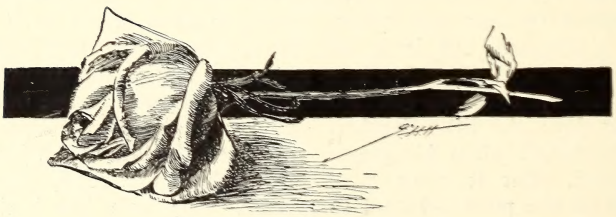
By William Herbert Carruth.

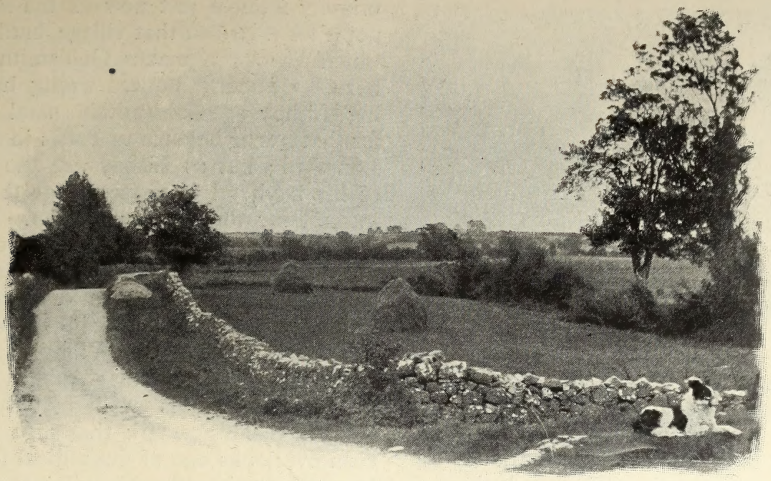
A FIRE-MIST and a planet,—
A crystal and a cell,—
A jelly-fish and a saurian,
And caves where the cave-men dwell;
Then a sense of law and beauty
And a face turned from the clod,—
Some call it Evolution,
And others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon,—
The infinite, tender sky,—
The ripe, rich tint of the corn-fields,
And the wild geese sailing high,—
And all over upland and lowland
The charm of the golden-rod,—
Some of us call it Autumn,
And others call it God.

Like tides on a crescent sea-beach
When the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts high yearnings
Come welling and surging in,—
Come from the mystic ocean,
Whose rim no foot has trod,—
Some of us call it Longing,
And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty,—
A mother starved for her brood,—
Socrates drinking the hemlock,
And Jesus on the rood;
And millions who, humble and nameless,
The straight, hard pathway trod,—
Some call it Consecration,
And others call it God.





"SWEET AUBURN."

GOLDSMITH'S "DESERTED VILLAGE."

By Henry C. Shelley.

With Photographs by the Author.

WHEN Thackeray roamed through the Green Isle in search of material for his "Irish Sketch-Book," his route, for his sins, led him along a "more dismal and uninteresting road" than he had ever before seen. That road brought him "through the 'old, inconvenient, ill-built and ugly town of Athlone.' The painter would find here, however, some good subjects for his sketch-book, in spite of the commination of the Guide-Book. Here, too," Thackeray continues, "great improvements are taking place for the Shannon navigation, which will render the town not so inconvenient as at present it is stated to be; and hard by lies a little village that is known and loved by all the world where English is spoken. It is called Lishoy, but its real name is Auburn, and it gave birth to one Noll Goldsmith, whom Mr. Boswell was in the habit of despising very heartily."

Thackeray was right to qualify what he calls the "commination of the Guide-Book." Athlone, the most convenient starting point for a visit to Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," is, on the whole, of all the many provincial towns I visited in a tour which embraced the greater part of Ireland, decidedly the most pleasing and picturesque. The most pleasing, even apart from its associations with Goldsmith. Starting from the one bridge of the town, which spans the broad Shannon and links the two parts of Athlone together, the main street of the place straggles gently upward, and soon merges into the charming country road which stretches out to Auburn. Thus far the citizens of the midland town have done little to cultivate the gentle art of laying traps for the literary pilgrim. "There are two hotels in Athlone," said an Irishman to me when I was miles away from the place, "and whichever one you go to, you will wish you had gone to the other." That main street in which those two lucky-bag hotels are situated, and the old castle, are much the same in objective appearance as they were during the two years which the boy Oliver Goldsmith spent in Athlone at that "school of repute" kept by the Rev. Mr. Campbell. No one knows the fate of



ATHLONE.

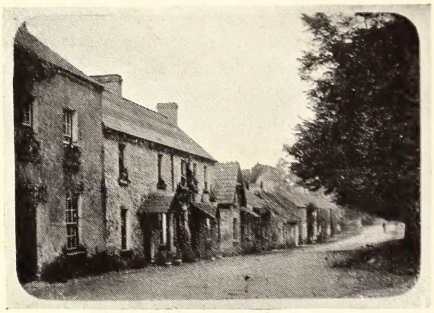
that school; its locality in the town and its history subsequent to the pupilage of its most famous scholar are as shrouded in mystery as the place of his burial in the Temple graveyard. Thwarted, then, of the pleasure of paying homage at that shrine, it only remains for the lover of Goldsmith to diffuse his adoration among those aspects of the town upon which the eyes of his hero must have fallen. There are, of course, many houses in the principal street which have survived the ravages of a century and a half, including one three-storied building, once occupied by some of Goldsmith's family; but probably the hand of time has rested with the most ineffective touch upon the sturdy walls of Athlone Castle. Some seven centuries have come and gone since those walls first saw their own outlines reflected in the placid waters of the Shannon, and between then and now the castle has played no inconspicuous part in Irish history.

But Athlone — "the ford of the moon," from *Ath Luain*, a name given because there was a ford here used in Pagan times by worshippers of the moon — is of primary interest just now as the starting point for a visit to that village hard by in which Thackeray makes Goldsmith to be born. Of course he was wrong in naming Lishoy as Goldsmith's natal place, for that honor belongs to Pallas in county Longford; but as Lishoy was the home of his boyhood it possesses quite equal interest for the literary pilgrim. Moreover, *pace* Lord Macaulay, there can be no question that it was in Lishoy he stored up those pictures of rural life which he afterward set in the framework of "The Deserted Village." Lord Macaulay's assertion that Auburn is not an Irish village is well met by Mr. William Black's remark that such a criticism overlooks one of the radical facts of human nature — the magnifying delight of the mind in what is long remembered and remote. "What was it that the



ATHLONE CASTLE.

imagination of Goldsmith, in his lifelong banishment, could not see when he looked back to the home of his childhood, and his early friends, and the sports and occupations of his youth? Lishoy was no doubt a poor enough Irish village, and perhaps the village preacher, who was so dear to all the country round, had to administer many a thrashing to a certain graceless son of his; and perhaps Paddy Byrne was something of a pedant; and no doubt pigs ran over the 'nicely sanded floor' of the inn; and no doubt the village statesmen occasionally indulged in a free fight. But do you think that was the Lishoy that Goldsmith thought of in dreary lodgings in Fleet Street courts? No. It was the Lishoy where the vagrant lad had first seen the 'primrose peep beneath the thorn;' where he



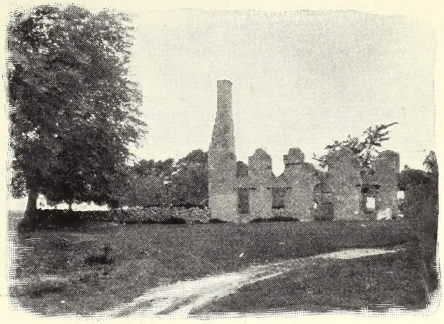
GLASSEN.

had listened to the mysterious call of the bittern by the unfrequented river; it was a Lishoy still ringing with the glad laughter of young people in the twilight hours; it was a Lishoy forever beautiful and tender, and far away. The grown-up Goldsmith had not to go to any Kentish village for a model; the familiar scenes of his youth, regarded with all the wistfulness and longing of an exile, became glorified enough."

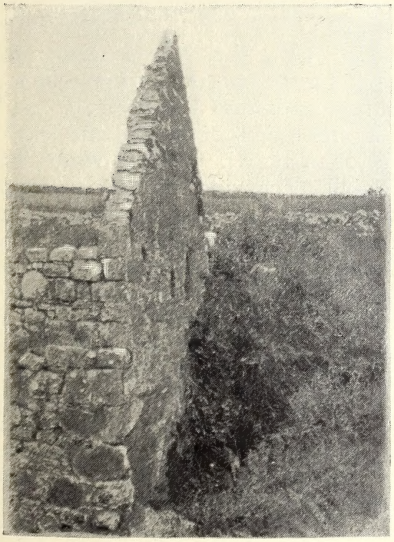


THE ROAD TO AUBURN.

Lishoy, or "Auburn," as it is much oftener called, is about seven miles from Athlone. The drive thither, on a mellow end-of-the-summer day, lingers in my memory as a quietly moving panorama of subdued pastoral pictures. Athlone is no sooner lost behind bosky trees and gently swelling hills than, to the left, away down there at the edge of emerald fields, Killinure Lough holds up its mirror to catch the mingling glories of a cerulean sky shot with fleecy clouds. Slowly this picture fades away and gives place to another of the village of Glassen, than which I was to see no more picturesque hamlet in all my travels through Ireland. Approached at either end through an avenue of spreading trees, the one street of the village is lined with neat little cottages, now roofed with thatch and anon with warm red tiles. Although abutting sharp upon the road, each house has its climbing rose or trailing vine, and it was the exception rather than the rule to note a window-sill without its box of flowers. A mile or so further, and the road dips down between rows of pines and beeches, the pronounced



THE GOLDSMITH HOUSE.



lines of the one accentuating the flowing outlines of the other. And so the jaunting-car bowls merrily on, pausing at last before the ruins of the Goldsmith house. Now the pilgrim seems to tread familiar ground. The journey has taken him through scenes which recall no associations, but at the sight of these falling walls, unseen before, the lips murmur almost unconsciously:

"Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose."

And no sooner does the mind assent to the accuracy of Goldsmith's description of the outward setting of the house than memory offers her aid to the imagi-



THE "GLASSY BROOK."

nation in an effort to call up again some of the scenes which passed within its walls:

"His house was known to all the vagrant train —
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard, descending, swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began."

The house must have been a spacious one for a Protestant village parson in Ireland. It stands back some two hundred yards from the road, and is approached by a broad avenue of springy grass, bordered with fine old trees. Five windows and two stories give hints of ample accommodation, and the walls are so stoutly made that the building, considering its history, might well be restored to a habitable condition again.

Leaving the Goldsmith house on the left, a walk of a few hundred paces along the road that turns sharply round past its end brings the pilgrim to an admirable standpoint from which to gain an adequate impression of "Sweet Auburn" as a whole. Irregularly hedged pastures rise and fall in gentle undulations, and the road has that welcome grass-fringe so common in England and Ireland but so rare in Scotland. Here and there the outline of the hedges is broken by tapering or spreading trees, and through those trees peep glimpses of the "sheltered cot, the cultivated farm." No wonder the memory of this peaceful spot became such a prized possession of the London-pent Goldsmith. No wonder he broke forth into that pathetic apostrophe:

"O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreat from care that never must be mine,
How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labor with an age of ease;
Who quits the world, where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!"

Of the many sights of Auburn that were familiar to Goldsmith's eyes, only a few remain. The "busy mill" is still there, but idle now for many a year, and roofless, and overgrown with tangled



"THE DECENT CHURCH."

weeds. Close by, too, is the "glassy brook," more true to its name than would be imagined from the poem, so perfect is its reflection of hedge and sky. A mile or so away a "decent church" tops the hill, occupying the same site and doubtless perpetuating the outward image of the building in which the boy Oliver often listened to the sermons of the Vicar of Wakefield. Not far distant, on the summit of a modest hill that rises from the roadside, stands a rudely built circular stone pillar, which is said to mark the exact centre of Ireland. The wayfarer in these parts cannot resist the thought that in the near future, when Ireland gets its share of those who travel in search alike of the beautiful and the shrines of the great, this Goldsmith country will become indeed the centre of the Green Isle.



THE OLD MILL.

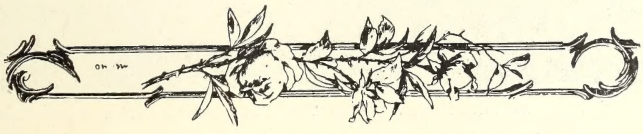
By Frank Roe Batchelder.

IT stands where the elm trees shade it
And woodbines over it climb;
Dust now are the hands that made it
Too strong to be wrecked by Time.
The snows and the summer's burning
It has weathered for years five score;
And still is the millwheel turning
And the grist is ground as of yore.

The brook that runs by the highway
And flows to the little pond
Comes still from some mountain byway,
Goes still to the sea beyond.
The miller waits for the grinding
And serves at the saw as well;
And yearly is old Time finding
That the builders builded well.

Here still comes the farmer, drawing
His grain in the early morn,
And the logs come in for the sawing,
And the nopper is filled with corn.
The miller's hair has grown whiter
As the sands of the years have run,
But his burdens are growing lighter,
For he has a stalwart son.

And still, the marauder defying,
Does the stanch old frame endure;
There are births among men, and dying,
But the old mill stands secure, —
Fit type of that strong generation
New England can never forget,
Who builded their mills like their nation: —
May it stand for a century yet.



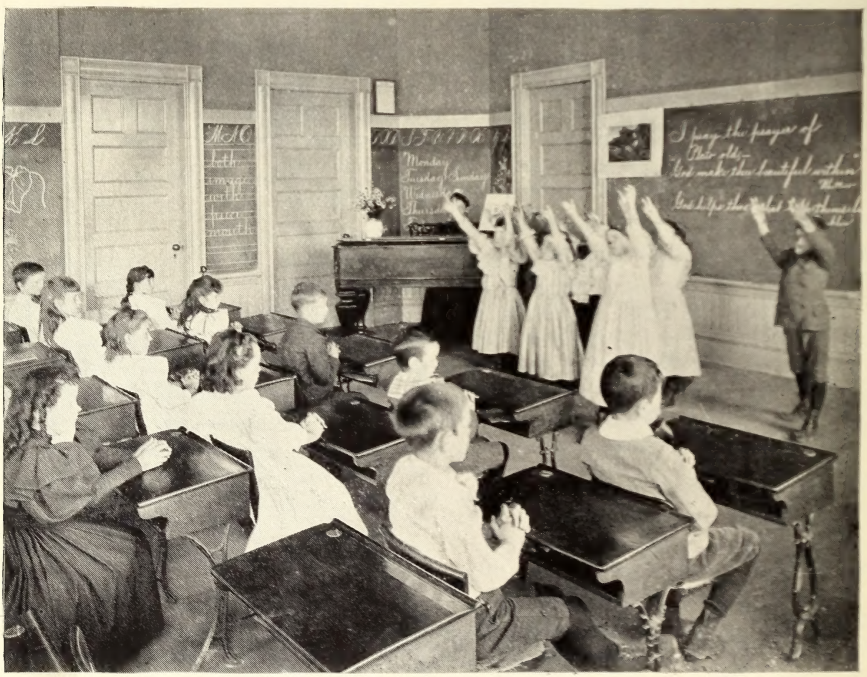
PUBLIC SCHOOL MUSIC.

By Samuel W. Cole.

EVERY candid and well-informed American must admit that his own country is yet far behind the great nations of Europe in the appreciation and patronage of the arts, — music, sculpture and painting. It is true that we have produced men who have achieved an enviable reputation in all these arts, who have received recognition from the great men in art the world over; but the fact that these gifted Americans have been trained for their profession in Europe and that no young artist considers his education complete until he has spent years in the artistic atmosphere of the Old World is sufficient proof that we are yet far behind.

In music especially is the contrast most marked. If we confine our view to professional circles, we discover that we have many good musicians, some fine artists, and a few good composers, yet no American musician, nor composer, nor composition of the highest rank has yet appeared. If we extend our view to the people, the contrast is still more striking. Our national music is nearly all borrowed or stolen, and the music which catches the popular ear is of very questionable character and origin.

A visitor from Europe, speaking of our Chicago of twenty years ago, said that he was invited to many homes where the appointments were elegant and the furnishings rich, the host and hostess cultured people in many ways; but on the piano he found chiefly such compositions as "Shoo, Fly." The same man visited us again during the Columbian Exposition, and expressed his surprise at



SUPPLICATION. FROM THE "STATUE SONG."

THIRD CLASS, ROBERT C. WINTHROP SCHOOL, BROOKLINE, MASSACHUSETTS.

the improvement which he witnessed in this particular. The sin, however, is not peculiar to the West; there are not a few homes of refinement and culture even in our American Athens, where "Ta-ra-ra-boom-di-ay" and "You Can't Play in our Yard" find a luxurious refuge. Among our professional educators there is a pitiful lack of knowledge regarding what is really worthy in music, as well as regarding its educational value. As to the former, it may be remarked that good music *ought* to be known by the company it keeps; as to the latter, the writer cannot adequately express his astonishment that a body of educators so able, so cultivated and so advanced as those who are responsible for the late "report of the fifteen" should issue a document destined to affect the educational interests of the country, and out of several thousand lines devote but ten to music and its relation to the public schools.

A certain gentleman well known in musical circles engaged himself as the organist of a celebrated church not far from Boston. From several brief conversations with the pastor, he concluded that for once in his experience he was to be associated with a clergyman who could appreciate good music. A time was set at which he was to regale his new acquaintance with some choice selections. Both clergyman and musician were prompt to keep the engagement, and the latter performed finely some of the gems of Bach, Mendelssohn and Gounod, which the clergyman politely applauded, and then asked the organist if he could play "Sweet by and by." Such things are to be expected from the uneducated; but from a gentleman of liberal education and literary attainments they are discouraging and humiliating.



THE SHARP. FROM "MUSICAL GESTURES."

SIXTH CLASS, WILLIAM H. LINCOLN SCHOOL, BROOKLINE.

But what has public school music to do with all this? It has much to do with it; it alone can speedily remedy such conditions; it touches our musical future at every point, and, could it find friends enough among those who control our educational affairs, would change such a state of things in a single decade. The public school has been the conserver of all that is best in American life and history up to date; and it has yet a mighty work to do in the line of music, while music has a mighty work to do for the nation through the public



GROUP FROM SIXTH CLASS, PIERCE SCHOOL, BROOKLINE.

Up to a recent date, it has been the custom of many musicians engaged in teaching the higher forms of music to ridicule and decry public school music, — and not without reason; but within a few years, particularly since one of the best musicians among us has undertaken to prepare a course of study for the use of public schools, such an advance has been made that those musicians who hear only the echoes of it have ceased their ridicule, while those more closely connected with it have become exceedingly hopeful for the future. I propose to describe briefly some of the accomplishments of the past ten years, and from these predict what may be in our coming musical history. It is proper that I should say that I assumed the supervision of public school music in Brookline, Massachusetts, in 1884; in Dedham, in 1886; and it is from my experience in these places that I write. The Normal Music Course was adopted in both places in 1888, and I wish to express my indebtedness to it. About that time several so-called helps, which I had found to be hindrances, including the well-known Italian syllables, were discontinued, and the study of real music was pushed with much vigor.

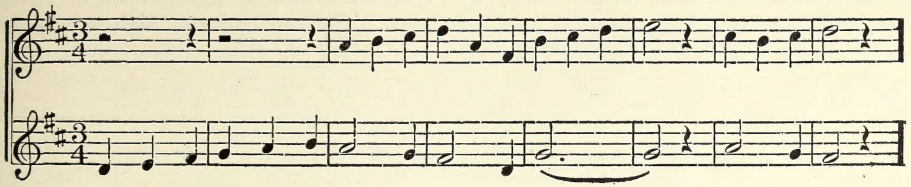
In June, 1889, the Dedham High School produced several oratorio selections with so much success that I was convinced that it was possible to do an entire work. After careful consideration, Haydn's "Creation" was chosen and placed in the hands of the school some time in September of that year. On the evening of the eighteenth of February, 1890, the oratorio was given before a large audience, which included many who wished us well, but who were not a little sceptical as to the ability of the school to perform what had been advertised. We were assisted on that occasion by Mrs. E. Humphrey Allen, Mr. Myron W. Whitney and Mr. George J. Parker as soloists, Mrs. Abby Clark Ford as pianist, and a small orchestra selected from Carter's Band. A few cuts in the work were made, including the second "Achieved is the glorious work." Our friends were delighted at the successful rendering of such a difficult work, and we were immediately invited to repeat it in Boston, which was done on the afternoon of April 1, in Tremont Temple. The soloists were the same as at the previous performance, with the exception of the soprano; Mrs. Allen having gone abroad, Mrs. Jennie Patrick Walker assumed that *rôle*. A full orchestra was also employed, and the *entire work* was sung. The critics from all the Boston newspapers were present and gave fine notices.

The success of this experiment was so marked that we were encouraged to undertake a still greater task, and in September, 1890, we began the study of the "Messiah." On the evening of March 25, 1891, this work was given in Memorial Hall, Dedham, before a much larger audience than that which greeted the school on its first appearance in oratorio. The same soloists were again secured, with the addition of Miss Gertrude Edmands in the alto *rôle*: the orchestra on this occasion was from the Germania

Band. The same choruses were given as at the performances of the "Messiah" by the Handel and Haydn Society in the previous December. The rendering of this work was adjudged to have been even more creditable than that of the "Creation," while the demands upon the chorus were much more severe. To the writer, the success of the school, both as regards the comparative ease with which the works were learned and the certainty and confidence of attack, whether by the different parts or the whole body of singers, was a constant surprise. I shall never forget the singing of the "Amen" chorus in the "Messiah," perhaps the most difficult task in the whole work. The entire programme had been sung at the orchestral rehearsal in the afternoon, and again before the audience in the evening; yet this final number was sung with so much spirit and with such an apparent reserve of power that the strains still linger in the memory.

The educational value of this work can scarcely be overestimated; it was musical culture and training of the best kind for these young people to be associated for hours at a time with such artists as those who sang the solos and played in the orchestra. It gave them new and exalted ideas of what music really is, to study the master works of such writers as Haydn and Handel. The education extended beyond the school and entered every home there represented; hundreds heard oratorio music for the first time because some member of the household was among the performers. This school has given several other classics, including Rossini's "Stabat Mater," Parker's "Redemption Hymn," "The Pilgrims" by G. W. Chadwick, besides other lighter works.

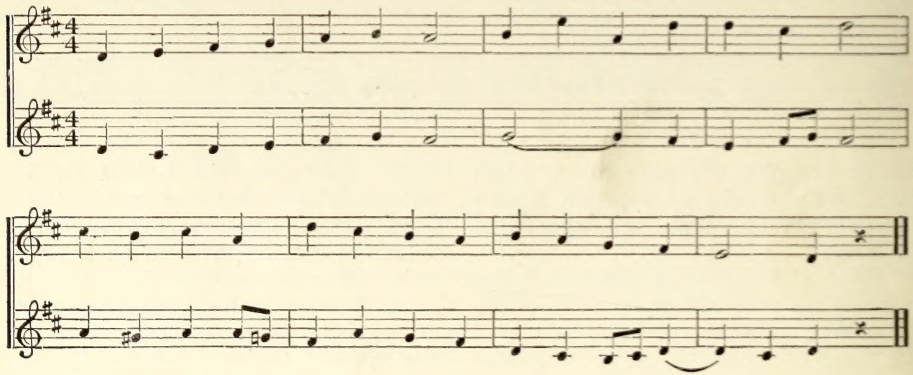
While these works were under study in the high school, all the lower grades, from the first year primary to the ninth year grammar, were engaged, for a portion of each school day, in the study of music. The writer has held for years that music should be taught like language, and music reading like language reading. Children learn to talk and then to read; precisely so should they learn to sing and then to read music. As a result of the application of this principle, even the lowest class in the primary school has been taught to sing and read music as a class. The conditions which surround public school music have not yet permitted individual recitations in music to any extent. Two-part singing is commenced in the third year. The following exercise is a fair sample of the music studied in this grade:



The class from the Robert C. Winthrop School would sing such a test at sight. The illustration shows this class in the act of singing the "Statue Song," in which the children near the piano, at a given point in the song, take the attitude of supplication, then of the diver and others, while the remainder of the class sings; I am sorry that we cannot illustrate the singing. In the fourth year two sounds to the pulse are introduced, also a few chromatic tones, while two-part singing receives more attention. In the fifth year more difficult forms of measure and new chromatic tones are studied, and a good deal of ability in two-part singing is acquired. The class in the illustration is from the William H. Lincoln School. It is shown while doing an exercise in "musical gestures," in which the attempt is made to correlate the study of music with physical exercises. This system was invented and elaborated by Dr. Bridge, the organist and director of music at Westminster Abbey. Could these exer-

cises be introduced into the schools so as to take the place of the usual gymnastics for two days in the week, there would be a gain, as the children would thus be benefited mentally as well as physically.

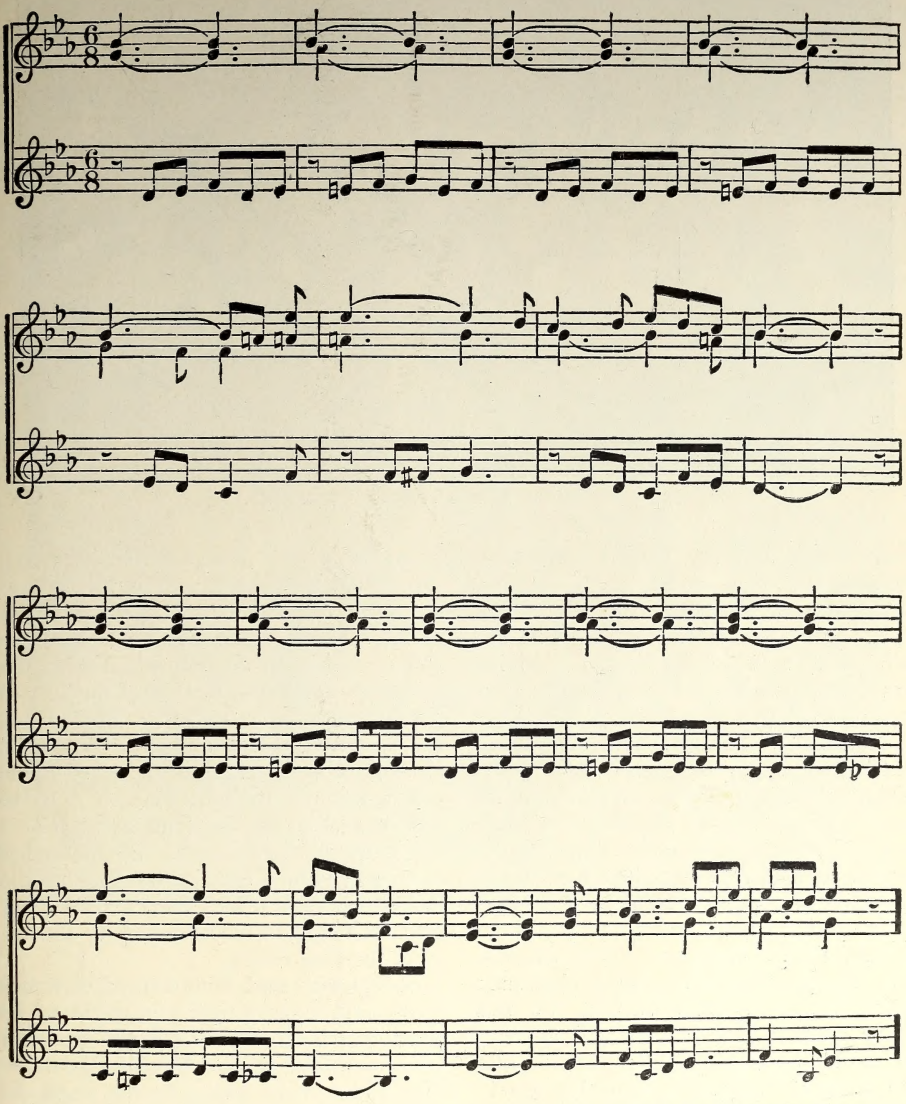
Three-part singing is begun in the sixth year, and there are many very interesting exercises and songs in the work assigned to this grade. The group of girls with their teacher, shown in one of the illustrations, from the Pierce School, is from a sixth-year class. These girls participated in a sight-singing contest before the New England Conference of Educational Workers, on the ninteenth of January, 1895. In this contest the tests were chosen by lot. The following exercise fell to this class and was sung with perfect correctness at the first trial, the only success of this sort in this grade which occurred during the competition:



I have good reasons for believing that any exercise among the tests for that contest, whether in one, two or three parts, would have been sung by these girls with equal accuracy. The seventh-year class shown in the illustration is also from the Pierce School. The work for this year is in three parts, and contains many added difficulties in tune and time. The study on the next page is one of the more difficult exercises which are easily conquered in this grade.

During the eighth and ninth years the study of intervals is introduced, by which the pupils are prepared to understand the language of musicians and to approach intelligently the most difficult musical problems. The bass clef and four-part music are also taught in these grades, the tenor being taken as a contra-alto by the boys who have lost their high notes and the girls who have low voices. This arrangement of parts is continued through the high school course. The material for these two years contains the special study of chromatic tones, minor keys and modulation, together with a fine collection of part songs and well-known patriotic selections. The illustration shows these two grades assembled in the hall for their music lesson.

I have thus merely sketched the course of musical instruction in the primary and grammar schools, in which we attempt to fit the young people to participate actively in church and social music, to form a taste for good music, and to lay a foundation for a higher musical education. The work of the high school has already been touched upon in connection with the Dedham school; but the Brookline High School contains, in its orchestra, a feature which is at once most interesting, not only in consideration of what has already been accomplished, but also as a prophecy of what may yet be done by the public schools in the line of the higher forms of instrumental music. The idea of organizing the members of the school who were studying some orchestral instrument into an orchestra was suggested by one of the older pupils some four years ago. The attempt resulted in a body of about twelve members, all of whom played the violin. The school au-



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thorities kindly furnished us with two violas, and two of the violin players were selected to play them; a young lady from outside the school was engaged to play the violoncello; and thus was formed our first orchestra, consisting of five first violins, five second violins, two violas, one 'cello, and the piano. Some surprising work was done even with this arrangement. During the next year the work was extended, and at the closing concert in connection with the graduating exercises of the high school a few wind instruments were engaged, which gave new enthusiasm to all the members. At the opening of the schools in September, 1893, it was decided to undertake a complete work. The "Rose Maiden" by F. H. Cowen was chosen and placed under study in November. On the evening of May 24, 1894, the work was produced. At this concert the school furnished the chorus, the violins, the violas, one of the two 'celli, the kettledrums, side drum,



SEVENTH CLASS, PIERCE SCHOOL, BROOKLINE.

great drums and the pianist. We had the assistance of Miss Elizabeth Hamlin, Miss Gertrude Edmands, Mr. George J. Parker and Mr. Heinrich Meyn in the solo parts, with contra basses, wind instruments and harp from well-known Boston organizations. The performance opened with Weber's "Jubilee Overture," and included every number of the "Rose Maiden" except one short selection for male voices. The whole affair was pronounced a decided success. The soloists expressed themselves as more than satisfied with the accompaniment furnished by the young band; and the players from outside freely expressed their surprise that the young people could play such music so well. The success of this effort opened such unexpected avenues of usefulness to the public schools that the writer determined to visit Europe in order to witness the accomplishments in public school music of Germany, France and England, and returned convinced that America can lead the world in this line of education if she will.

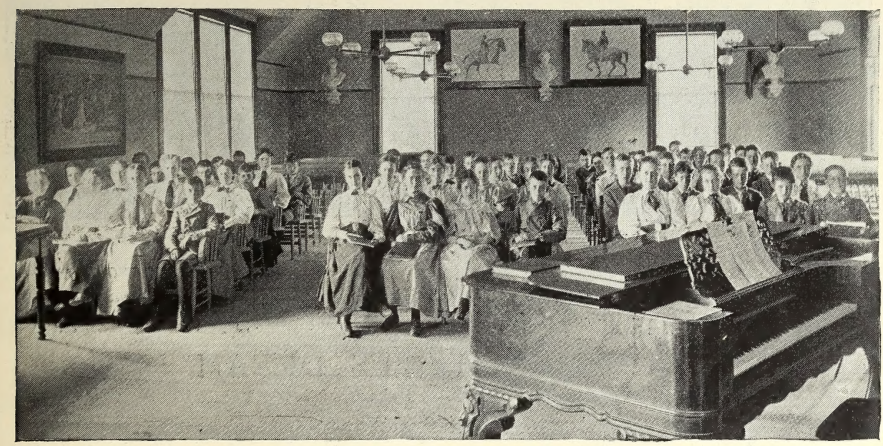
The efforts to develop the wind-instrument section of the orchestra were begun in January, 1895, and have been continued with such success that we expect to have during the present school year an orchestra which shall contain all the strings except the contra-bass, one flute, one oboe, two clarinets, one bassoon, two cornets, one trombone, and all the drums. The members of the orchestra are all either present or past members of the school. What has been done up to date has been accomplished with the sympathy and co-operation of the school committee, superintendent and teachers, but without a large amount of financial assistance, the movement being so novel that it was not thought wise to draw to any extent upon the fund appropriated for contingent expenses. So much has been successfully done, however, that the movement cannot long lack for whatever financial support is necessary to accomplish the best results.

Surely with such facts behind us something still more surprising ought to be possible. That is in the hands of those who read these lines. The past achievements have been owing to the perseverance and enthusiasm of a few individuals and not through the force of public sentiment. One grand mistake is still made by the general public, the mistake of supposing that the ability to sing belongs only to a few. Public sentiment says that every child who can speak must learn to read; suppose that public sentiment should also say that every child who can speak must learn to sing. Impossible, say you? A long experience has taught me that as many children would learn to sing as now learn to read

if singing and reading were surrounded by the same conditions and supported by the same force of public sentiment. The lack of such a public sentiment in the case of music as a common school study has probably allowed many of those whom nature had endowed with the rarest musical gifts to live and die in ignorance of their powers. Not every Trilby has a Svengali; but let us have, for a generation, the same force of public sentiment behind our public school music as we have had for many generations behind our public school reading and arithmetic, and what should we witness? First, a nation of singers and national songs which are neither borrowed nor stolen; second, songs where now often are tears, — for music is a mighty consoler; third, good instrumentalists in every well-ordered home; fourth, a taste for good music in the community and surely among the cultivated; fifth, educators who can appreciate the educational value of music; sixth, an American school of music as truly as there is now a German, a French and an Italian school; seventh, the development of a heredity from which shall come the great American composer. Our symphony orchestras are imported from countries where music is patronized. Are Americans too poor to patronize it?

Suppose again that in one hundred towns in the land there should spring into existence such an orchestral development as I have described, as well furnished with necessary materials as the school carpenter's shop now is, and as cordially supported by the school authorities: is it not self-evident that there would be discovered here and there young men — yes, and young women — whom nature has endowed with the power to excel on the instruments they represent? Behold! here is our American symphony orchestra.

How then shall such a state of affairs be brought about? In the same way that a public sentiment in favor of manual training has been created. Some town or city must take the lead and carry the matter forward to a successful issue; that being accomplished, other towns and cities will follow, and the thing is done. The intelligent supervisor of public school music, by virtue of his position, knows who the musical children are and whether they have the other elements necessary to success in music or any profession. He knows this as no other person in the community can know it; he is the person to put such children forward and thus conserve the musical interests of the nation. Where is the town or city which shall take the lead in this matter? Within a few months there has been a warm discussion over the question of which town was the first to establish a free school. It is still un-



EIGHTH AND NINTH CLASSES, LAWRENCE SCHOOL, BROOKLINE.

settled; but here is an honorable position going begging, a chance for some community to make itself historic, to place itself in a position where future generations shall rise up and call it blessed. Where is that community?



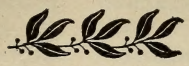
THE BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA.

THE MERCHANT'S DREAM.

By Minna Irving.

DREAMING in his dusty office,
As the sultry day declines,
Far away the city merchant
Sees a cottage in the vines,
With a crescent moon above it,
And a maiden fair and tall
In among the purple lilacs,
By the gray and mossy wall.

All the chilly clay above her,
All the years that lie between,
Cannot pale her cheeks of roses,
Cannot dim her tresses' sheen.
And again he feels the pressure
Of her arms about him thrown,
And again he tastes the sweetness
Of her lips upon his own.



"Must you go? Then, oh, remember
Every evening I shall wait
In the dews and in the starlight
For your coming at the gate!"
"Keep your troth with me," he answered,
"And you shall not wait in vain;
I will come to claim your promise
When the lilacs bloom again."



With his youthful pulses bounding
At the kisses of the maid,
Forth he went to seek his fortune
From the gods of toil and trade.
There was gold to count and coffer,
And he had no time to wed; —
So the lilacs bloomed unheeded,
Till he heard that she was dead.



But her cottage in the ivy,
And her grave upon the height,
And the rustic gate are nearer
Than his palace home to-night.
'Neath the touch of maiden fingers
That are dust for forty years,
Lo! his withered heart is softened,
And his eyes are wet with tears.



So they find him in the morning,
Stiff and silent in his chair,
With a ray of sunlight falling
O'er his crown of silver hair;
On his brow a marble pallor,
On the floor his scattered gold,
And a spray of faded lilacs
Underneath his fingers cold.



ORGANIZED LABOR.

By N. O. Nelson.

ALL human institutions are in need of apologists when subjected to critical examination. The greatest of them, the State and the Church, fare badly at the hands of unfriendly critics. It is not difficult to convict any movement, be its motive ever so pure and perfect, if we hold all its methods to rigid accountability. It is a fair requirement of criticism that it shall be sympathetic, that it shall take its subject at its best. It is less harmful to slander a neighbor by cataloguing his frailties and omitting his merits, than to marshal the shortcomings of a cause and point to them as the full fruitage of the principle. Every form of social organization may be taken at its worst and condemned; there is an exposed spot in the heel of every Achilles. For all this, organization is the necessary means to development. Organization is the method by which nature does its work, alike in the moral and material realms. If Mr. Kidd is right in saying that if each of us were by the conditions of life allowed to follow his own inclinations, the average of one generation would have no tendency to rise above the average of the preceding one, but distinctly the reverse, then organization is the only means that can save laborers from continuing to be in the future as they have been in the past, the substructure on which the edifice of aristocracy may securely rest.

From the simple organization of the patriarchal tribe we have advanced to the complexity of democratic government; we have added wheel within wheel, until the larger part of our activities from birth to death are performed in some relationship to other parts of a social organism. Home, kindergarten, common and professional schools, corporation industry, political parties, propagandist leagues, cemetery and crematory — these are the organized accessories of our every-day civilized life. Man has risen to his present vantage ground by means essentially social: it is equally true that, if deprived of the powers over nature which union alone can supply, he would revert to his animal prototype, — if, indeed, retrogression would end there. By its very nature, the upper class, the ruling and directing class, is organized. Though constantly changing in its individual parts and in its aims and methods, it constitutes a permanent structure, shaken now and then from its foundation as in the French Revolution, only to be quickly rebuilt. It is said with half truth, that reforms come from the top downward, that noble hearts and strong heads of the aristocracy are the projectors and makers of reforms. But the whole truth is, that such reforms find no response, or at least no foothold, unless the spirit of the people is prepared and awaiting a leader. Organization is the necessary means to this preparation; without organization it is impossible for the masses either to originate their own salvation, to utilize it when offered, or preserve it when acquired. History points clearly enough to the progress of social amelioration through the instrumentality of institutions; and the more elastic and adjustable and the less rigid and authoritative these are, the greater will be the strides of advance. Voluntary association brings out more generally diffused spirit and individuality; the authority which depends on voluntary adherence will be more discreetly progressive than that which is backed by force.

From institutions for common utility we branch out into associations devised for special purposes, to promote par-

ticular interests, to disseminate particular doctrines, to foster the hopes and pleasures of classes. There are Free Trade and Home Market Clubs, national and local associations of bankers, of lawyers, of doctors and of undertakers. There are trusts to regulate production and prices, associations of railroad managers to pro-rate traffic and to resist the demands of employees, and Salvation Armies to circumvent the devil. The means of production are organized into great factories, trunk lines of railroads, enormous stores, banks and trust companies. In only a few vocations can a living be earned except in the service of one of these aggregations of active capital. The material with which to work and create is accessible only at the will of the captains of industry, who command enterprises as admirals command ships and generals command armies. The wage-earner's very life is dependent upon the terms of his employment; his bargaining is with powerful organizations; he faces a partisan whose manifest interest is to retain the largest share of labor's product that he can. Dealing for himself alone, he is a helpless atom; he competes with numberless others of his vocation; he must accept any terms — for the alternative is destitution. He, too, must organize, that he may deal on comparatively equal terms. The associations already named subserve the convenience and relative advantage of their members; the wage-earner's associations are the essential guardians of his liberty and life.

Within the present century, labor (as we habitually term the mass of manual workers for hire) has organized extensively upon two distinct and divergent lines — trade unions and co-operation. Unions undertake to regulate wages and the hours and conditions of work; co-operation aims to secure the means of self-employment and to economize in the processes of exchange. Unionism is more frequently heard of, is more aggressive and demonstrative; co-operation is quiet, methodical, and embodies an inherently energetic principle. It embraces the commercial paradox of uniting reli- co-operation is economic and constructive.

Guilds of craftsmen, designed to better the condition of their members, appear almost continuously in the annals of the industrial nations of Europe from the twelfth to the seventeenth centuries. They were composed of the small domestic masters and their journeymen; their chief functions were mutual aid and relief and the regulation of wages and prices to consumers. They were subject to the town authorities, and strictly regulated by parliamentary acts and charters. Usually they drifted into the control of the masters, became monopolies, and accumulated important properties, some of which remain intact. The trade union is a product of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries; it was born of the factory system. For a hundred years the statutes and courts persistently endeavored to destroy the unions — ostensibly for being in restraint of trade, but in reality to protect the privileges of the masters. Till within the last fifty years, prosecutions for conspiracy were of constant occurrence. The repeal, in 1824, of the Anti-Combination Acts was signalized by a craze for union organization and strikes for higher wages. Under the enthusiastic leadership of Robert Owen, a general combination of labor of all kinds was projected with the purpose of merging into co-operative productive associations. A veritable millennium was thought to be at hand, — doomed, of course, to sad disappointment. As unions have gained in experience and strength, they have mended their methods and reputation. Conciliation and arbitration have supplanted the machine-breaking and brutal beatings and murders not uncommon in the earlier stages. The riots which now occasionally accompany strikes are not the work of the unions, but arise from the exasperation of excited crowds and reckless spirits. In its primitive stage, a union deals only with the simple and immediate questions, as wages and hours. Later come the benefit funds for sickness and old age, agitation for factory laws, demands for union conditions in public work, and finally the promotion of

ence to workingmen. It is commonly believed that, in joining a labor organization, a man resigns all his individual judgment, and subjects himself to the caprice of irresponsible agitators. Nothing can be farther from the truth. There is no more thorough-going democracy than a trade union or a Knights of Labor assembly, whether local or national. Its policy is directed by a constitution, its officers rule within expressly limited powers, and the enforcement of their decrees depends entirely upon the voluntary concurrence of its members. Loyalty, not coercion, is the source of power. The Knights of Labor lost a half million members by the Southwestern Railroad failure of 1886, and the loss of membership consequent upon the mine and railroad strikes of last year has been very large. Success is the price of leadership, as Martin Irons and many another have found. There is not the least ground for supposing that leaders or members carry chips on their shoulders, and go recklessly into fights. The men pay dues, and submit to the hardships of strikes, not to get themselves out of work or to let "scabs" steal their jobs, but to maintain wages, to shorten hours, to enforce sanitary and safety regulations, and to get preference in securing work. Going on a strike means no pay; losing a strike means hunting another job and another home. Sometimes a foolish leader will be supported in a foolish and hopeless strike; but a dozen or a hundred disputes are settled amicably by argument and appeals to reason and justice, to one that is carried to the final resort of striking. Every peaceable expedient is exhausted before going to the hazard of battle. The best established unions, like the machinists' in England and the typesetters' and the locomotive engineers' in this country, rarely have a strike. Arbitration is a fundamental principle in all well-established trade unions; but employers rarely consent. In the great railroad strike in St. Louis, in 1886, appeals for arbitration were made by Mr. Powderly and by the citizens, but curtly refused by the railroad managers. The American Railway Union strike of last year was ordered only after arbitration had been repeatedly rejected. Last winter the Brooklyn strikers offered to submit their grievances to the director of another Brooklyn road, a man of long experience in railroad operation; but President Norton declined to treat with the committee in any way. It marked a new and most important departure, when Judge Gaynor proposed to compel the company to operate its road or forfeit its charter. A company chartered by the public, he said, must make such terms with its employees as will secure service to the public.

A majority of strikes fail to carry their immediate point; but they are still, in most cases, a gain for their cause. The strikers lose their wages; but in a month or two after the strike is over, they are about as well off as before. Conditions are hard while it lasts; but with work and pay resumed, the hardship is soon forgotten. But the loss to capital is not so lightly forgotten. Loss of trade and profit to a manufacturing company, loss of traffic and income to a railroad, make proprietors and managers exceedingly reluctant to allow future differences to degenerate into open war. They are thenceforward ready to confer and conciliate. The great strikes usually fail, but the majority of small ones succeed. From 1881 to 1886 inclusive, Commissioner Wright reports that out of one and a half million men involved in strikes and lockouts in the United States, forty-six in one hundred succeeded, thirteen in one hundred were partially successful, and forty in one hundred failed. The money loss was heaviest on the men, as sixty to thirty-four; but at the increased wages obtained, ninety-nine days would even up the men's lost wages. To the employers the immediate loss is aggravated by consequential damages.

Unions have their imperfections, as all other human institutions have. The leading spirits are sometimes ignorant, impulsive or arbitrary; they do not know much of political economy, or of that broad altruism which recognizes the good of all as the standard of conduct. But acting as a class, selfish in a class spirit, the unionists at least depart from the naked selfishness of the single individual.

Sympathetic strikes, which sometimes take a wide range, are berated as foolish and suicidal; but they are at any rate tangible proof of self-sacrifice. As we send war-ships to defend the meanest citizen whose rights have been infringed in a foreign land, so the wrongs done to one set of men are taken up by the rest.

Unions are defensive, not constructive. They put co-operation in their platforms, but are not among the first to join co-operative stores or start co-operative factories. Employers denounce unions as reactionary and obstructive; they charge that if unions are allowed to fix scales of wages they will want to run the whole business, and ruin must be the result. On this point it is instructive to draw upon history for testimony. England is the hotbed of unionism. All the leading trades are dominated by it. Wages and hours are fixed absolutely by the unions, and it has been so for half a century. Yet England has lost none of her industrial pre-eminence. She is still the mistress of the world's commerce. She mines and manipulates the iron, weaves the woollens, welds the cutlery and builds the ships for almost every market in the world. And when we check off the list of her greatest productive counties, we find that these counties stand highest in the percentage of unionists to total population. The United Kingdom has four unionists to one hundred of her population, or say one in six of adult men. Durham and Northumberland lead, with almost one half of their men in unions; Lancashire, Leicestershire, Derbyshire and Yorkshire, one third; Staffordshire and Cheshire, one fifth, — and these are recognized as the prominent centres of English industry. If union demands were dangerous to business, these counties would be as desolate of factories as Ireland, where there are three unionists in one hundred, or Alderney, where there are none. In the United Kingdom there are one million five hundred and seven thousand ascertained unionists; while in the United States, with twice the population, there are probably not quite a million. Yet England is the spectre with which American manufacturers terrorize the American people into an antediluvian system of prohibitory tariffs.

As in other fields of social development, evolution has played its part in the policy of unionism. Again and again new needs and new opportunities have given impulse to so-called new unionism. In 1834 the new unionism substituted all trades for single trades. All laborers were to be united in one general organization, with altruistic co-operation as its practical aim. In 1845 benefit funds were the distinctive feature of the new unionism. Industrial peace and mutual aid in sickness, old age, and when out of work, were the leading principles. From 1867 to 1870 the chief effort was directed to securing factory regulations and uniting all kindred trades in federate councils. The new unionism of to-day is political and strongly socialistic. It seeks to get all labor organized — not simply for protection in immediate relations, but more especially for the broader effect it may thus have on public policy and affairs. The great leaders — Tom Mann, John Burns, Ben Tillett — are all active socialists of the Fabian type. They are in well-defined opposition to the Social Democracy led by Hyndman and William Morris, whose programme is the immediate and complete transfer of all means of production from individual to government ownership and control. The Fabians, comprising such able writers as Sydney Webb, Bernard Shaw and William Clarke, with hundreds of lecturers, numerous branch societies, and pamphlets and leaflets innumerable, advocate the gradual assumption by municipal government of all public service like street cars, water and gas works, direct employment of men in construction of public works, free libraries, town halls, artisans' dwellings, organization of the unemployed into self-supporting employment, and, eventually, the creation of capital for industrial production. It is not in the programme of this conservative wing of socialism to provide work, or control men, or insure a living, but to provide the necessary facilities for men to work with. The workers must then, by individual initiative, organize the working forces, provide the active

capital, and find their market. It is to this evolutionary, scientific socialist programme that the new unionism of England now stands committed. By massing the labor vote, many unionists and Fabians have been elected as councillors, vestrymen and school guardians, and not a few of the socialist measures have been already successfully applied in London and other cities. John Burns is perhaps the leading spirit in the London County Council, as well as in the organized labor movement. He is a man of practical ability, and an indomitable worker. He is paid by workingmen's subscriptions, and his living is the same as when he worked at his machinist's bench.

The American Federation of Labor, at its congress in 1893, passed a resolution in favor of government ownership of the means of production; but it rescinded this at the recent Denver convention. Government ownership of railroads, telegraph, telephone and all public service had been demanded by nearly all union bodies for the last decade. It would be quite accurate to designate this new departure of unionism as a separate movement of organized labor.

Adam Smith may be said to have invented the theory of free trade — not simply free trade between nations, but between individuals. He argues with convincing logic the advantages of division of labor and exchange of products, instead of attempting to force each locality to provide for its own wants and restraining men from buying and selling as they please. There should be perfect freedom in bargaining, whether for the sale of labor or merchandise. Employers should be free to hire men and women and children, at wages and hours and conditions mutually agreed upon. There was no more ground for interfering with eight-year-old children working in damp cellars fifteen hours a day for seven cents a day, or women working alongside men at forges and in mines, than for regulating by law the price of wheat or cloth. If we find anything abhorrent in the practical aspect of this free-trade theory, if we doubt the wisdom of leaving individuals perfectly free to contract for themselves, then we reject the whole theory upon which the competitive system of business rests. If we are justified in interfering at all, then it becomes simply a matter of judgment as to what matters shall be restrained, and to what extent. Adam Smith's invention of the doctrine of free trade and unrestricted contract exactly fitted the simultaneous invention of labor-saving devices. The cheaper production in factories forced the workers away from domestic hand industry; unskilled labor could do a large part of the work which formerly required masters and journeymen; unwholesome conditions, long hours and bare subsistence wages became the rule. All classes but the commercial class recognized the injury to human well-being that was arising from the beneficent forces of nature, which had promised so much. Then began the system of government regulation, known as the Factory Acts, which Herbert Spencer has so bitterly denounced as the beginning of the coming slavery. The appalling evils gave rise to unionism, and it was the unions which did the persistent agitation and resistance which brought about, little by little, the factory regulations. In these laws are included restriction of child labor, the length of working hours for women and children, sanitary appliances, safeguards for dangerous machinery, prohibition of truck stores, payment of wages at stated times, employers' liability for accidents, and many other such provisions.

But while the unions have struggled for better wages and shorter hours, seeking to improve conditions under the wages system, co-operation has been quietly attacking the system itself. Its cardinal principles are self-help, equality and fraternity. By economizing expenses the co-operators have created capital; by adopting the cash principle they have gotten out of debt; by managing their own affairs they have learned the elements of business. The Owen co-operative movement, like the Owen trades-union movement, succumbed from undertaking too much, though there yet remain a few of the societies which Owen founded. It was due to the enthusiasm for co-operation which Owen

spread throughout the western world, that an amended plan of business co-operation was set in practice in a very small way at Rochdale, England, just fifty years ago. It started more as a moral than as a business reform, but it recognized the necessity of working while it prayed. Owen's ideal of universal co-operation, the Chartist ideal of complete political and industrial emancipation, the misery of the working class, the selfishness of private profit-making, — all entered into the motives which impelled the twenty-eight Rochdale pioneers to scrape together their little capital, with which to buy at wholesale a barrowful of groceries for their own mutual use. They bought for cash and sold to themselves for cash at the ordinary shop prices. They did the work, weighing and parcelling after working hours in a member's back room. At the quarter's end they found a considerable addition to their capital, the whole difference between original package and retail prices. Great was the rejoicing when in a year or two they opened a little store in Toad Lane, and employed a clerk. They had organized labor, not for negative, but for positive action. They saw its possibilities — not only in constructive economy, but in applied religion. By adding a profit to cost they accumulated capital; by rejecting credit they fostered frugality; and by returning dividend on purchases instead of on capital they set men above money. They were reformers of ideas as well as of business. An educational fund received a regular portion of the profits; they lectured on co-operative fellowship; they sent missionaries among their neighbors. To this day the same principles are adhered to, the same enthusiasm is alive. The ten by fifteen Toad Lane store has given way to a magnificent structure; branch stores, free libraries, reading and lecture rooms have been built and equipped; and Rochdale may well be called an independent industrial commonwealth. The least of their merits is the accumulation of over one and a half millions of capital, besides regular returns of about two and a half shillings in the pound on purchases, and five per cent interest on their money, during these fifty years. The plan was so sensible, so feasible, and so purely a self-help movement, that it spread and grew strong — until now one sixth of Great Britain's population are co-operators, their annual sales exceed two hundred and fifty millions, and the profits returned to members amount to twenty-five millions. Through their Federative Wholesale Company they buy from first hands the world over, sail their own ships, make a large part of the goods they consume, and maintain a propaganda at an outlay of about $50,000 a year. Among the most instructive facts, and to many minds the most incredible fact pertaining to this wonderful organism of labor, is the salaries paid to the heads of this enormous business. Mr. Mitchell, as general manager of the English wholesale, and Mr. Maxwell of the Scottish, receive about $1,000 a year and pay their own incidental expenses. They are undoubtedly the peers of the highest business men, they are able speakers and writers, they could easily command large salaries in private employment; but they have a conception of duty which would resent as treason any consideration of mere money. While the movement has been almost exclusively one of workingmen, it has had the moral direction of such ardent Christian socialists as Maurice and Kingsley, Neale and Hughes, such social reformers as Holyoake, Odger and Ludlow, churchmen like the Bishop of Durham, and statesmen like Derby and Gladstone, Ripon and Rosebery.

England ranks foremost in co-operation as it does in unionism and in practical socialism. France, Germany and Italy are well advanced, each having its national association and annual congress. There are in the United States many co-operative stores and factories, but so far no united action has been taken. An International Co-operative Alliance has been formed in Europe, "to secure mutual support, produce a more powerful volume of co-operative opinion, and carry the movement forward to new development." In the list of members of this important propagandist body I find six English lords and earls, many honorables, professors, clergymen, members of Parlia-

ment, some scores of labor leaders, co-operators and profit-sharing proprietors. We are amply justified in asserting that the co-operative movement is steadily edging out competitive business, and has in it the vitality to revolutionize the commercial world and to reunite the religion of brotherhood and the (not necessarily immoral) business of making a living.

I have scarcely touched upon the relation of organized labor to the orthodox political economy. There is so wide a stretch of waste between the economics of the chair and the laborer's means of earning a living, that we are almost sure to lose our way in going from one to the other. We seem just now in danger of being buried under a cloudburst of economic facts and theories, of nostrums and panaceas. Of all the derelictions that may be laid against the slave system of ancient times and the wage system of modern times, is not one of them the soulless discussion of the mere wealth-producing capacity of men? Beasts of burden and makers of profit are the classes that stand ever pitted against each other in the market and the forum. Nowhere in the songs that stir the human imagination, or in the religions that purify men's souls, are the poets' or the prophets' ideals born of price-currents or economic formulas. Adam Smith threw new light on the wealth of nations; but did he lighten men's burdens, did he inspire men's hopes, did he still the cry of forlorn children? Professor Thorold Rogers tells us that England's homes were happier three hundred years before the steam engine and the spinning jenny quadrupled the productiveness of labor than they are to-day. The economic teachings of Adam Smith and of Malthus marked the birth of that gloomy half century known to history as the period of white slavery, which had a fitting finale in the tragic self-murder of Lord Castlereagh, its political protector. Can we find anywhere that love and kindness, justice and mercy and noble enthusiasm have sprung from scholastic inquiries into the production of wealth, regardless of its use? Give us one General Booth, and take all the economists; for it is Booth who verily recreates men from the wrecks that wealth-making has strewn in its track. We have had the age of the divine right of kings and the divine right of the Church. May not our own time go down in history as the age of the divine right of property? The sacredness of property is dinned in our ears, our national pride is in the splendor of our estates, our homes are made the warehouses of confused masses of laboriously fashioned things. Does it need argument to show that the corollary of magnificence is penury, that great individual wealth can arise only from corresponding poverty? No man earns riches; he can get rich only by withholding from others. It does not lie in any man's power to render services to the equivalent of great wealth. We may paraphrase Theodore Parker, and say that we have substituted the tyranny of property for the tyranny of force. The jugglery of the grain pit and the stock exchange, the wrecking of railroads and the cornering of food are typical of the processes by which fortunes are made; and by travesty on an honest word, this is called earnings.

Had a looker-on, in the year which saw the completion of political freedom in America and the birth of political freedom in France, been told of the natural forces that invention would bring to the service of the man in the century to follow, he would have envied the splendid opportunities for comfort and leisure, the relief from slavish toil and privation, which his posterity would enjoy. Should he now reappear and look upon the colored diagrams that we find in Mr. Charles Booth's exhaustive book on "Life and Labor in London" and Riis's pen pictures of "How the Other Half Lives" in New York, and the army of homeless, hopeless and aimless tramps who beset the rescue homes, the police stations and our back doors, he would turn from the tons of economic literature and the tables of trade statistics in despair, and pray for some new gospel that should at least give work to willing hands and bread to hungry mouths. If steam and electricity and cog wheels have yielded us submerged Londons and Coxey armies, need we wonder that the

protests of Ruskin and William Morris against the whole brood of steam machinery have reached a sympathetic spot in millions of hearts? Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" is a true congener of many of the fairest portions of the world. The black country of England, the factory towns and factory districts of cities everywhere, are sadder sights than deserted villages turned into deer parks. The marvellous ingenuity of the human mind has brought into service forces that should supplement industry and art and make every country a garden, make every home happy. But its fruit has been as ashes of the Dead Sea. It has multiplied the palaces and luxuries of many, but it has intensified the struggles and the degradation and despair of many more. Like a mountain torrent which carries devastation in its path, but whose waters may be spread over fruitful fields, this vast stream of production may be a blight or it may be a blessing. There is more need for science and wisdom in the distribution and use of wealth than there is in its production. It is for this that labor needs to be organized. The crafts guilds and trades unions are not the limit of labor's needs; they are but the means of resistance to a vigilant foe. They may be likened to suddenly improvised dikes which divert the flood from one threatened area only to flood another. The unions serve a useful purpose to protect their own members; they parry somewhat the power of concentrated capital; they teach solidarity. But organic relief must come from a system of industrial organization which shall rob capital of its terror, which shall give equal opportunity in work as well as in voting; a system which shall supplant the anarchy and waste of private speculation with the order and economy of collective ownership and direction; a practical application of the brotherhood and equality so distinctly and impressively taught by Jesus; — and this system is co-operation.

THE NAMES OF NEW ENGLAND PLACES.

By Edward F. Hayward.

A STRANGER for the first time making the acquaintance of English towns and villages might easily be misled as to the character of their inhabitants. Judging by their romantic and suggestive names the impression would be natural that here was a poetic people with whom the ideal counted for more than the practical. A fuller knowledge of the actual conditions of English social and industrial life would of course disillusionize him, revealing to him that worship for plain matter of fact and that passion for utility which in the English people are so much at variance with the rural flavor of this local nomenclature. He would finally come to agree with Emerson that the people are "full of coarse strength, rude exercise, butcher's meat and sound sleep, and suspect any poetic insinuation or any hint for the conduct of life which reflects upon this animal existence, as if somebody were fumbling at the umbilical cord and might stop their supplies." Then looking deeper he would come to see that the naming of towns in England was according to the fashion of an earlier and more ideal time, before her manufacturing system was dreamed of and when as yet her daily and familiar life was identified with her outdoor scenery. Then the Beauchamps, Brookebys, Wynstays and Penshursts came naturally to the lip. "The names," again says Emerson in his "English Notes," "are excellent — an atmosphere of legendary melody spread over the land. Older than all epics and histories which clothe a nation, this undershirt sits close to the body. What history too, and what stores of primitive and savage observation it infolds! Cambridge is the bridge of the Cam; Sheffield, the field of the river Sheaf; Leicester, the *castra*, or camp, of the Lear, or Leir (now Soar); Rochdale, of the Roch;

Exeter, or Excester, the *castra* of the Ex; Exmouth, Dartmouth, Sidmouth, Teignmouth, the mouths of the Ex, Dart, Sid and Teign rivers. Waltham is strong town; Radcliffe is red cliff; and so on — a sincerity and use in naming very striking to an American, whose country is whitewashed all over by unmeaning names, the cast-off clothes of the country from which its emigrants came; or named at a pinch from a psalm-tune."

But America has profited to a large extent, and especially in her older sections, by this poetic impulse which is embodied in the roots of our familiar speech. Many other strains have mingled with and modified it, but English remains still the basis of our geographical nomenclature. In the West particularly there has been great freedom in the use of English names, many new ones being coined by the combination of common words with the affixes of *ville* and *ton* or *town;* and there also the domestication of Indian names has been especially noticeable.

To consider merely the towns, it would seem as if the colonists of New England lived too near the savage in his primitive state to care for unnecessary reminders of him in the language of their daily life; for out of a total of three hundred and fifty-one towns in Massachusetts there are only seven with Indian names; while Connecticut has only one in one hundred and sixty-seven, New Hampshire two in two hundred and thirty-six, Rhode Island three in forty. Vermont has no towns with Indian names at all, while even the wide and remote territory of Maine furnishes only fifteen. In all New England twenty-eight is a smaller number than might have been expected, indeed a tribute barely adequate to the early lords of the soil whose living representatives are still to be found in scattered instances upon it to-day.

It is curious to note, however, that where nature rather than man was involved the original names were far more frequently allowed to stand. Massachusetts and Connecticut are the exceptions among the states themselves; and an examination of the map of New England will show that the counties are almost universally a reproduction of good old English names.

Twenty-three years after the landing at Plymouth, Massachusetts was given four counties by one act of incorporation; and these, Suffolk, Essex, Middlesex and Norfolk, were named for east of England counties from which the colonists mostly came. In each of the first three there were eight towns, and in Norfolk six, which were also for the most part named for places with which they were familiar at home. Wessaguscus, now Weymouth, Winnisimet, Agowamme and Merrimacke were notable exceptions, seldom repeated as the naming process went steadily on. The scenery of their lives might be strange and forbidding, but in the localities about them they listened for the old and endearing sounds. It was still Boston and Dorchester and Newbury and Sudbury and Gloucester and Hull. Worcester, Hampshire and Berkshire were soon added to the list of counties, and also Hampden, Plymouth, Bristol, Barnstable, Dukes, representing English towns, not counties; with Nantucket, the only county bearing an Indian name. Maine, Rhode Island and Vermont have each a Washington county; and Maine and Vermont, besides Massachusetts, have each a Franklin. These, with the exception of Hancock, Knox and Lincoln in Maine, and Sullivan in New Hampshire, are the only patriotic survivals in New England county names. One third of the Maine counties have Indian titles, and New Hampshire has a Merrimac county; but the rest are for the most part reminders of the mother country, — York, Cumberland, Oxford, Somerset, in Maine; Cheshire, Strafford, Hillsborough, Rockingham, Grafton, in New Hampshire; Windham, Windsor, Rutland, Addison, Caledonia, Bennington, in Vermont; Litchfield, Fairfield, New London, Windham, Tolland and Hartford, in Connecticut; and Kent, Bristol, Newport and Providence, in Rhode Island.

It is, however, very different when we come to the mountains, and especially to the lakes and rivers. These largely keep the wild flavor of the original speech. Perhaps the honors are evenly divided in the case of the mountains, the massive

proportions and the peculiar conformations of which have always been stimulating to the imagination of men, suggesting now some group of great men, like the Presidential range in New Hampshire, and now some familiar quality or object of daily life, like Saddleback, Greylock or Camel's Hump. But there are Katahdin, Chocorua, Monadnock and Wachusett to offset these.

To mention any lake of importance is to see how difficult it was to dissociate these wide, free bodies of water from the poetic names which they received from the aborigines, and so happily they mean to-day in our speech just what they did to the people who lived nearest to them and knew them best. Memphremagog, Winnepiseogee, Quinsigamond and the rest, — how their very sound quickens the fancy and imparts an adventurous zest to even the belated explorer of to-day! Still more truly does our river nomenclature perpetuate for us the charm of a day when large bodies of water flowing to the sea suggested a poetic symbolism rather than mere commercial power. In Maine and New Hampshire none of the great rivers have been renamed, and it is still Penobscot, Androscoggin, Kennebec, Piscataqua, Merrimac, Connecticut, with a host of smaller tributaries keeping up the primitive tradition of an earlier time. The same is true of Rhode Island and Connecticut on a smaller scale, and relatively true of Vermont and Massachusetts. In the latter, the Westfield, Deerfield, Blackstone, Charles and Concord are familiar streams; but many smaller ones bear Indian names, like the Chicopee, the Assabet and the Shawsheen.

In regard to the charge of undue pietism in the naming of towns, it is hardly borne out by the facts in the case. Connecticut would perhaps be expected to show the greatest preference for Bible names; and she does in reality lead off with twelve. Maine comes next with eleven, New Hampshire and Vermont following with seven each, while Puritan Massachusetts has only four. Self-reliant Rhode Island has not called the Scriptures to her aid at all, although Providence and Bethel are found on the map of Rhode Island, the former having a too exclusively secular flavor. The smallness of her area and the need of few names may, however, account for this. Four of the six states have a Canaan. Four also have a Goshen; while Sharon appears on the map of New England as many times as there are states. With hardly an exception, the great natural features of the country, such as mountains, lakes and rivers, have been kept free from scriptural names.

The idiosyncrasy of the early settlers appears better perhaps in some of the eccentric titles adopted by the three northern and more recently developed states. The hamlets of Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont were the afterthought of men who had already acquired experience and self-confidence in the New World; and this feeling occasionally expresses itself in some sentiment which is made to do duty as the name of a town. Thus New Hampshire and Vermont have each a Victory; while the latter rejoices in a Success, a Freedom and a Unity. Some of the inhabitants of Maine may be found living in the town of Flagstaff; and others make their home in Industry, Amity and Harmony respectively. Hope, Liberty and Freedom are still further illustrations of this tendency on the part of the founders of the Pine Tree State to idealize the geography.

Another way in which this is shown is in the frequent biographical allusions embodied in the names of New England towns. Massachusetts has most of them, and Rhode Island has none, but all the other states have done something toward paying their debt to history in this way. Connecticut is the only one which has a Cromwell; but two have a Milton; two, a Walpole; two, a Chatham; and two, a Wellington and Hampden each. William Pitt, however, seems to have been the general favorite, as is indicated by a Pittsfield in Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Vermont. Five of the states have a Washington; three, a Clinton; two, a Hancock, a Webster, a Monroe, a Randolph, a Franklin and a Stark each. Trumbull and Putnam are commemorated in Connecticut; Otis, Blackstone, Adams, Pepperell, Williams,

Massachusetts; Jefferson, Jackson and Madison in New Hampshire, and Jay in Vermont.

It is interesting to note that there is a Plymouth in every state but Rhode Island, and also that the characteristic affixes most commonly used in the names of towns would indicate, if they were determined consciously, a preference for city rather than country life. Considering the rural habits and occupations of the colonists and their immediate descendants, one might have looked for a preponderance of names with such endings as *field*, *ham*, (hamlet), *brook*, *ford* or *chester*. In fact, however, those ending in *ton* or *town* largely outnumber the others in every state. A simple table will serve to show the preferences of the fathers in this respect.

	Me.	N. H.	Ver.	Mass.	R. I.	Conn.	
Whole No.,	414	236	241	351	40	167	1449
ton or town,	33	30	34	56	11	26	190
bury, boro, burg,	14	14	26	24	0	11	89
field,	22	13	12	23	2	12	84
ford,	11	6	12	10	0	17	56
ham,	8	10	7	18	0	2	45
ville,	20	5	3	3	1	2	34
land,	10	4	5	8	1	4	32
chester,	3	6	6	8	0	4	27
wich, wick,	5	2	3	7	3	2	22
port,	9	1	2	2	1	2	17
mouth,	5	2	2	5	1	1	16
bridge,	1	1	3	6	0	0	11
brook,	2	2	0	1	0	4	9
minster,	0	0	1	2	0	0	3

One may easily exaggerate the significance of this showing by overlooking the fact that the duplication of English names in this country often indicates a mere survival of old home attachments. The idea of a town or city differed too in ancient use from the conception which we have of it in America. The question of population did not originally enter into the account, but the fact of its intrinsic importance as a cathedral town entitled a place to the distinction of being a city. Under the modern industrial system, where great aggregations of people assume a corporate existence under one government which is self-administered, the pride of numbers has come to have an entirely new influence. We have cities sometimes in which the only ideal suggestion resides in the name which has come down to them. We may hope that this strain of freshness and beauty which we have received from English and native sources alike will help in time to correct the over-practical tendencies of our life.

REMEMBRANCE — HOPE.

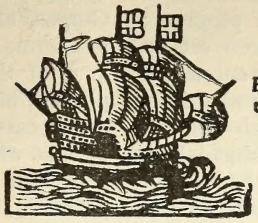
By Elizabeth R. Anderson.

OH, would it were May instead of November! —
That June would come next, in place of December!
The young, they can hope; the old, but remember.
Oh, would it were May instead of November!

Give thanks and rejoice, for this is November.
We've garnered May's blooms in fruit of September.
Though dark days approach, hope bids us remember
Life springeth from death, New Year from December.

THE STORY OF PORTLAND.

By James P. Baxter.



A THOUGHTFUL Gallic penman wrote that "there is nothing beautiful, sweet or grand in life but its mysteries;" and we may well agree with him that those things which lie beyond the scope of sense and reveal themselves only to the eye of sentiment give life and meaning to everything about us. What are the crowding tenement and lofty mansions, the massive towers and cloud-kissing spires of a great city, if the mind contemplating them does not feel behind them the varied forces which have contributed to the city's construction, from the time when its last building was completed, back to the pioneers who fixed upon its site in the wilderness, or among the ruins of aboriginal camps?

Here on the shores of Casco Bay, by shelly beach and bowlder-strewn headland, or under the dark pines which shade its verdant slopes, we may picture to ourselves scenes which have taken place, now visible but to the eye of imagination, but as real as any which lie within the compass of bodily sight. Here the ice age reigned, holding the land with relentless grasp and crushing out every vestige of life which it sustained. Glaciers from the north, resistless save by the sea, which devoured them as they advanced, tore the mountain crags from their foundations and strewed them along their way; forces of hidden origin, amid terrors too appalling for human vision to behold, moulded the peninsula known by the red man as Machegonne, outlining valley, and cove, and waterway, lifting crag and hill to place, and making them things of beauty to delight forever the eyes of man.

Thus this beautiful peninsula, rising by perennial springs, in due time became the abode of men, of wild men whose tastes were simple and wants such as sea and forest could amply supply. Generation after generation of these people came into existence and passed out of it as the seasons rolled by, cherishing with childish delight the mysteries of a past of which they knew little, until a time came when a greater wonder than any of which they had before dreamed appeared to their awe-stricken vision. In from the mysterious sea, whose boundless waters somewhere in space washed the shores of dreamland, came a ship — a white-winged monster it seemed to their eyes — bearing visitants whose aspect and speech were to them alike strange: indeed superior beings. Along the shores which the red men had ever regarded as their own, these white-faced men erected their habitations; and Machegonne began to be the abode of civilization.

Who were these early comers? Some have supposed them adventurers from the sterile shores of Greenland, the kin of the Norse sea-kings, whose dragon prows were the terror of those who dwelt by the sea; but no remains exist on the shores of Maine to give support to this supposition. The Venetian Cabots may have looked into the harbor palisaded by wooded islands, or the Spanish Cortereals, or the weather-beaten toilers of the sea from the rocky shores of Brittany, or Verrazzano, or Pring, or Gosnold; but this is uncertain. Providence seems to have jealously preserved this jewel for the Anglo-Saxon; for even that noble man, the brave and pious Champlain, when in the spring of 1606, after a winter of suffering at Saint Croix, he searched

upon it. Passing outside the islands at its mouth, he skirted the shores of Cape Elizabeth, not suspecting that he had passed the noblest haven to shelter the ships of his beloved France to be found on the coast. And what a Providence was this! — for Champlain, noble as he was, represented a power which was a menace to human liberty and progress; and had Gallic government been set up here, the history of the continent might have been widely different from what it is.

Two years after this, Ralegh Gilbert, exploring the coast from Sagadahoc, probably looked into the harbor of Machegonne, and perhaps drank of the spring at Clay Cove; and in 1614 the ship of Captain John Smith anchored here, seeking fish and furs. Thomas Dermer, too, in 1619, — the agent of Sir Ferdinando Gorges, the father of American colonization, — must have been here when exploring the coast, and have taken account of the advantages which the harbor afforded for a maritime settlement. Still we have no definite description of the locality from any of these.

In 1623 Christopher Levett, the son of an innkeeper of York, in the native county of Frobisher, inspired with a zeal for adventure, conceived the plan of founding a city in New England. In furtherance of this project he obtained, May 5, 1623, from the council established at Plymouth for governing New England, a grant of six thousand acres of land to be located by him upon any territory belonging to the council. Levett well understood the advantage of official patronage, and he at once undertook to enlist the interest of Lord Conway, then Secretary of State, Lord Scrope, and even royalty itself in his enterprise. To gain the support of his Yorkshire friends, as well as to gratify his patriotic pride, he proposed to name this projected city in the New World, York, in honor of the stately city of his nativity. His efforts in obtaining financial support for his enterprise do not appear to have been attended with much success; but his energy attracted the attention of Sir Ferdinando Gorges, who was about to send his younger son Robert to the New World to represent the council of which Sir Ferdinando was the moving spirit, as Governor and Lieutenant General of New England, — and Levett received the appointment of councillor in the new government.

Thus equipped, Levett set out on his voyage, and in early autumn reached the mouth of the Piscataqua, where he met Gorges, and assisted him in setting up the forms of government within the domain of the council. This duty accomplished, he set out on a voyage of exploration eastward, being joined on the way by men whom he had engaged to accompany him. The season was late for exploration, and Levett possessed only open boats with which to coast along the wild shores of Maine, bleak and dangerous in winter; but with a bold heart and cheerful spirit he pushed on, lightening hunger and hardships with a quaint tale or pleasant joke. At night Levett and his men encamped on the seashore, protecting themselves from the wintry storms which swept around them as best they could by such rude structures as they were able to hastily erect. After several days of severe toil and exposure, the islands at the mouth of Portland harbor were reached. Levett examined the harbor and passed up Fore River, which he was told by the Indians abounded in salmon in their season. Upon this pleasant stream he bestowed his own name; and wishing to continue his explorations farther east, he passed around Munjoy to the mouth of the Presumpscot. The shores of this charming river and the lofty island at its mouth, dividing its waters as they mingle with the sea, were the haunt of the red man. To an Indian town located near the first fall of the Presumpscot, which Levett declared to be "bigger than the fall at London Bridge," he proceeded, and was received in friendly fashion by the chief residing there, Skitterygusset by name, who gave him comfortable shelter in the royal wigwam. The town was a convenient rendezvous for the eastern Indians on their way west to barter their furs with the English traders, who were now becoming numerous on the coast; and while sojourning with the friendly chief of the Presumpscot, Levett became acquainted

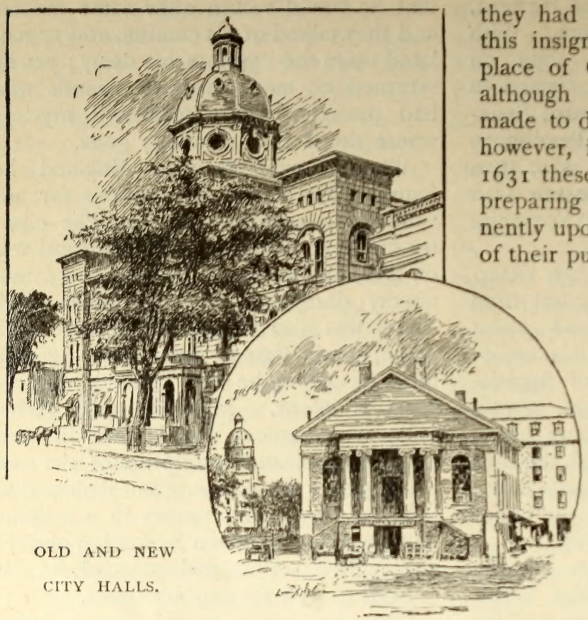
with a number of the friends of his host, both from the east and west. With these rude people he was soon on friendly terms; and when he started to pursue his explorations eastward, Sadamoyt, the sagamore of the Penobscots, pressed upon him a beaver skin, then the savage's most coveted treasure, as a token of his esteem for the Yorkshire adventurer.

Though Levett had probably determined already to locate his grant from the council for New England about Portland harbor, he extended his explorations to the neighborhood of Sagadahoc, where his patron Gorges, always confident of retrieving his failure under Popham and Gilbert, cherished the idea of founding a "state county" and building a city which should have the honor of being christened by the king.

Levett, in his exploration of the Maine coast, found the natives hospitable; and although he saw sites suitable for settlement at many points along the coast, his heart was fixed on the region about Portland harbor, which experience told him afforded a site of unsurpassed advantages for a maritime city. After a brief exploration of the coast to the east, he returned there and selected the site for his proposed city of York. With conspicuous wisdom, instead of seizing upon the land by virtue of his English patent, as others had usually done in the New World, in disregard of the natives' rights, he proceeded to obtain from Cogawesco, the sagamore of Casco, and his wife, to whom the land belonged by inheritance, the right of occupation. He accomplished this in an amicable manner, and then, to afford shelter and protection for his men, erected a fortified dwelling upon one of the islands at the mouth of the harbor. Here he placed a garrison of ten men; and in the summer of 1624, greatly to the grief of the Indians, whose friendship he had won by his unselfish course, he set sail for England, in order to obtain men and means to enlarge his enterprise. The friendly savages, who stood on the shore regretting his departure, and saw the ship which bore him vanish from sight, looked upon him no more. He had promised them that he would return after some moons, and they talked of his coming, and speculated upon the cause of his delay; yet he returned no more than the friends who had passed to those realms of mystery where dwelt their shadowy gods.

When Levett reached England he found affairs there unpropitious for advancing his colonial projects. The charter of the council for New England was on trial, and had been pronounced a monopoly dangerous to the public weal. There was also threatened trouble with Spain, and France was claiming the territory where he had located his prospective colony. Men who under favorable circumstances would have listened to his enthusiastic description of the new country over the sea were not disposed to risk their lives and money in a scheme likely to be overthrown by foreign power; and, baffled but not disheartened, he was obliged to wait for happier times.

Over two years passed away. What had in this time become of his fortified dwelling in Portland harbor, and the men he had left there, we know not. The pretensions of the French king had just been put to rest, and interest in colonial enterprises began to revive. Levett seized the occasion to press his design upon the attention of the king, and with the aid of powerful friends succeeded in obtaining a proclamation directed to the ecclesiastical authorities, requiring the churches of York to take up a contribution in aid of the colonial enterprise in Casco Bay. The king's reasons for this extraordinary order were that, his colonial plans in New England having been interrupted by his difficulties with France and Spain, it had become necessary, in order to secure English interests in the new land, to render assistance to those who had entered upon such enterprises, and that, as his "well-beloved subject, Christopher Levett," was willing to risk to the utmost both life and estate in order to establish a colony in New England, and was well acquainted with the Indians, he had thought best not only to make him Governor of New England, but to order churchmen to contribute means to aid him in his undertaking, the success of which would enable the



OLD AND NEW CITY HALLS.

poor and ignorant savages to acquire a knowledge of the true faith, a work which especially commended itself to the king's affection. This scheme, promising as it seemed to be, failed of result. Levett, however, to bring his plans more prominently before the public, prepared and published an account of his voyage to New England and his explorations of its coasts. Shortly after, Buckingham, upon whom he largely relied for support, fell by the knife of an assassin, and troubles with France and Spain recommenced. Three more years passed, during which time we know little of Levett's motions; but in 1630 we find him at Salem welcoming John Endicott to the New World. Shortly after, he sailed for home, and died on the voyage. His patent passed into the hands of Plymouth merchants, to whom he was probably indebted, and the city of York in Casco Bay proved truly to be but the insubstantial fabric of a vision.

In 1631 George Cleeve and his associate, Richard Tucker, had erected a rude habitation at the mouth of the Spurwink River, opposite Richmond's Island. The exact date when they landed here has never been revealed, and from what port they came is still as unknown as if they had dropped from the skies upon this insignificant spot. Even the birthplace of Cleeve is involved in mystery, although persistent efforts have been made to discover it. For most readers, however, it is sufficient to know that in 1631 these pioneers were here, evidently preparing to establish themselves permanently upon these unpeopled shores, one of their purposes being traffic with the natives and fishermen frequenting the coast. Cleeve had received from Sir Ferdinando Gorges a promise of land to be located by him on territory not already granted to any person, and had taken possession of territory which had been granted by the council for New England to one Bradshaw, of whose claim he had possessed himself. He therefore felt his tenure of the land he occupied fairly secure, although to make it really so would have required a confirmation of the title to him by the council.

A few straggling adventurers had begun to make their appearance in the vicinity of their place of settlement: Bagnall at Richmond's Island, Stratton on another island near by, Bonython, Lewis and Vines on the Saco, and Mackworth on the point which still bears his name, at the mouth of the Presumpscot. These were their only neighbors within a radius of a dozen miles or more, unless a few fishermen were plying their toilsome vocation at one or two points in the vicinity which are still the haunts of those who gather their harvest from the sea. All about these pioneers of civilization reigned a silence unbroken save by the voice of bird and beast. On one side, an illimitable expanse of ocean, with no sail to suggest the proximity of human life; on the other, an equally boundless extent of forest. From contemporary accounts we have some knowledge of the incidents common to the daily life of our pioneers. Something new and strange was before their eyes from morn when they were awakened by the clamor of innumerable sea-fowl which crowded the shores of bay, cove

and inlet, until nightfall, when the strident notes of these wild choristers gave place to the harsher voices of the wolves, whose sharp barks re-echoed through the gloomy woods. The deer, the moose and the caribou came out into the clearing to browse upon the new grass; wild pigeons settled down upon the tall pines in myriads, bending and breaking the branches with their weight; shoals of seals at flood-tide sought the shore to bask in the sun; and at ebb clumsy bears clambered over the rocks in search of shell-fish.

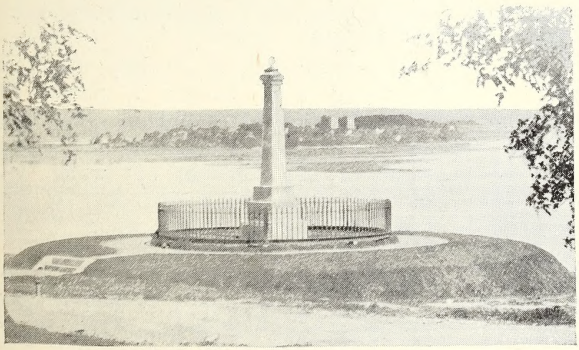


SITE OF THE FIRST HOUSE, RICHMOND'S ISLAND.

But Cleeve and Tucker were not to plant themselves permanently upon the banks of the Spurwink. Other work more important, although they did not know it to be so, was to be assigned them. One day a sail appeared in the offing, and was doubtless watched by them with deep interest as it drew near. It proved to be a vessel from home, sent out by Robert Trelawny, a Plymouth merchant, and was in charge of an agent commissioned to take possession of Richmond's Island and the opposite shores, where they had settled. While they were busy building their new home, the enterprising merchant had procured of Gorges a patent of the territory; and they were peremptorily ordered by his agent, John Winter, to vacate the premises, or to become tenants of his master. It would seem as if the generous air from ocean and mountain inspired those who breathed it with the spirit of independence as soon as they landed upon the shores of New England. Cleeve, who had grown to manhood under a government where prerogative was still potent, replied to Winter that "he would be tenant to never a man in New England."

Five days after Winter's arrival, a second vessel arrived with another colonist, Captain Thomas Cammock, who had a patent for land west of the Spurwink, comprising what is now known as Prout's Neck.

The position of Cleeve and Tucker was humiliating. They were but interlopers, and Winter having procured the official aid of Captain Walter Neale, who was in the vicinity, they were promptly served with a notice to quit. It was but a paper notice, however, and Winter was not in a position to employ force. He had come here only to make arrangements for a future settlement, and was to return to England immediately for men and materials to effect this purpose. Needing men to leave in possession until his return, he engaged three fishermen, who were living "in a house at Casko," probably the one erected several years before by Levett, and, placing them in charge of his patron's property, set sail for England in July, leaving Cleeve and Tucker to harvest the crop which they had planted. They, however, well knew that he would return the next



THE CLEEVE MONUMENT.

season with a force sufficient to drive them out; hence they began looking about for a new place of settlement.

Several miles northerly from their present habitation was a neck of land which seemed well adapted to their purpose; and when John Winter returned, March 2, 1633, they were ready to leave the Spurwink and begin again the foundations of a home on the shores of Casco Bay. Leaving Winter in undisputed possession of his employer's rights, Cleeve, with his wife and daughter, his partner and a servant, set out in an open boat for the neck known to the Indians as Machegonne. This neck terminated in a rounded hill crowned with a forest, to the west of which rose another hill, and between them lay a valley, through which coursed a brook to the sea. Near the mouth of this brook the little party landed, and here again began a habitation. A finer site for settlement could not have been found on the entire coast. Between the place where they had broken ground and the opposite shore of Cape Elizabeth was a broad and deep harbor, so shut in from the sea as to afford a safe anchorage for the royal navy. Cleeve's simple dwelling was soon erected, on the southerly slope of the cove, protected by the wooded hill in its rear from the north winds, and looking out upon the harbor and the green shores of Cape Elizabeth.



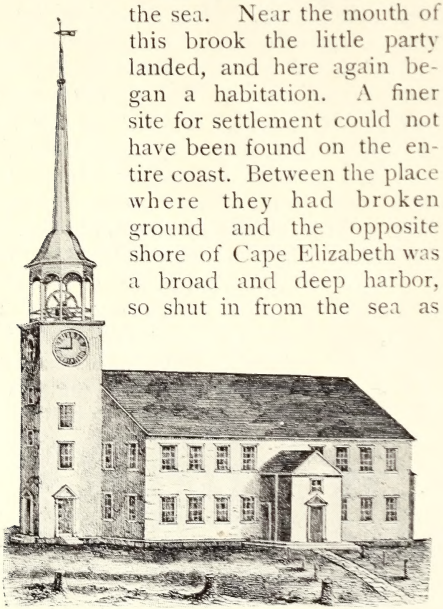
REV. THOMAS SMITH.

Although Cleeve had again a shelter for his family, with a garden and cornfield about it, he must have been troubled with many anxious thoughts. Like others, he had emigrated to the New World under a promise from the council for New England, or its moving spirit, Gorges, of a grant of land to be selected after arrival in the country from any land not already occupied; besides, a proclamation of the king entitled every man to one hundred and fifty acres of land for himself and for each person whom he should transport thither. He had secured Levett's grant of 1623; but this was a title of doubtful value at that time, and he must have realized that he was liable at any minute to be supplanted by some one with a patent fresh from the seal of the council.

The details of the disputes concerning his title in which Cleeve became involved, of his difficult trips to England to confer with Gorges, and of his quarrels with Winter and Trelawny it is impossible to give here.

He succeeded, in January, 1636, in procuring from Gorges a patent for fifteen hundred acres of land, comprising the entire neck, which bore the Indian name of Machegonne, but which was changed to Stogomor, in honor of Stogumber, the little village where Tucker was born.

His first act was to obtain the services of Arthur Mackworth, who as the agent of Gorges was to complete his title by delivering him possession of the terri-



MEETING-HOUSE OF THE FIRST PARISH, 1740–1825.



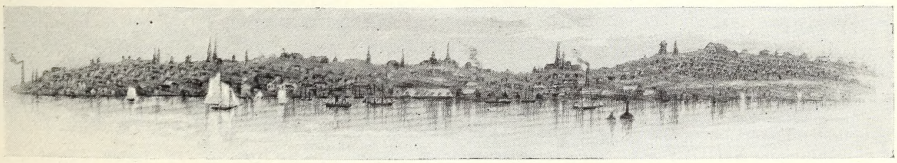
"THE TOWN OF FALMOUTH, BURNT BY CAPTAIN MOET, OCTOBER 18, 1775."

FROM "IMPARTIAL HISTORY OF THE WAR," BOSTON, 1781.

tory. This formal act was accomplished in the presence of several of Cleeve's neighbors on the eighth of June.

Cleeve had other enemies than Winter and Trelawny, who were active in placing him before the eyes of Gorges in unfavorable light; and in this they so far succeeded as to call forth a letter from the Lord Proprietor to Henry Vane, Winthrop and other magistrates, requesting them to interfere in the controversy. But Vane had already sailed for England, and Winthrop with his usual sagacity refrained from involving himself in the affairs of his neighbors. Cleeve, however, must have felt that his position, which had appeared so strong upon his first return from England, had become insecure, for his enemies were influential, and he well knew what such influence could accomplish.

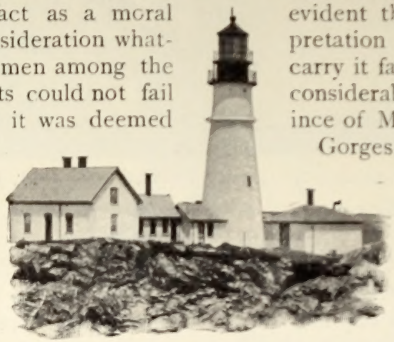
The year following that in which Cleeve reached home was marked by many events. Emigration was active, and new settlers were rapidly finding their way to Stogomor, where they received a warm welcome from the patentees, who were glad to grant lands to them upon almost any terms. Among those who came into the vicinity was John Josselyn, the genial author, then fresh from his studies, who accompanied his aged father, Sir Thomas, to visit his brother Henry at Black Point. From him we get many interesting glimpses into the life of that period, which, in spite of the hard conditions surrounding the people, was often spiced with conviviality. Josselyn describes to us a merry evening passed at Cammock's house, at which Michael Mitton, who had recently married Elizabeth Cleeve, was present. Josselyn, was in western parlance, a "tender-foot," and Mitton and Cammock imposed upon the credulity of the new-comer by the relation of marvellous tales, which were evidently taken seriously by the verdant young Englishman.



PORTLAND, FROM THE HARBOR.

Intoxicating liquors formed one of the chief articles of import; and Rich-

mond's Island became the centre of the traffic. Trelawny's ships brought, in exchange for the furs, fish and other products of the vicinity, Spanish wines and various more powerful intoxicants, greatly to the demoralization of the colonists, and especially to the injury of the Indians, who would part with all they possessed to obtain the coveted fire-water. Although this traffic did not touch the public conscience, in fact as a moral question received no consideration whatever even with the best men among the colonists, its deadly effects could not fail to arouse attention, and it was deemed necessary for the preservation of society to pass laws regulating it as soon as courts were established in the country.



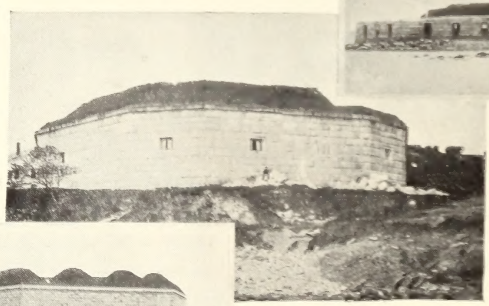
PORTLAND HEAD LIGHT.

Religion, although not regarded as the mainspring of social order to the degree that it was in Boston, was nevertheless not neglected in Maine; and the early comers to Stogomor could, if they chose, occasionally receive religious instruction from Richard Gibson, a young Episcopal clergyman, whom Trelawny had sent in 1635 to minister to the spiritual needs of his colony at Richmond's Island and Cape Elizabeth. There was no settled religious feeling among the new settlers. Nominally the principal portion of them belonged to the Church of England; and this fact, with the natural feeling always entertained toward a strong rival, kept alive a sentiment of opposition to Puritan Massachusetts, whose influence, owing to the wise management of Winthrop and his able associates, was rapidly making itself felt among the little settlements along the coast. Massachusetts realized its growing strength and the necessity as well as the duty of establishing as widely as possible its authority and discipline, if it would permanently maintain its supremacy. Its northeastern boundary was still undetermined, but it was evident that a strict legal interpretation of its charter would carry it far enough to include a considerable portion of the province of Maine.

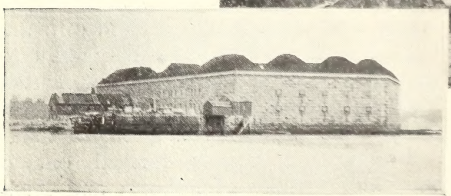
Gorges had been censured by impracticable zealots for making his province the asylum of dissenters, and to quiet their clamor he undertook to set up the forms of ecclesiastical government in his possessions. An elaborate plan was formulated, and numerous officers chosen to put it into operation, a proceeding which he doubtless feared Massachusetts would not regard with favor. At the first court set up under the new government, Vines, Godfrey and Winter appeared as litigants against Cleeve, who in turn pressed claims against his inveterate enemy Winter for dispossessing him of his property on the Spurwink and disturbing him in his possession of Stogomor. Cleeve's position, without money or influential friends in England, grew desperate, and he would soon have succumbed but for political troubles in England. In 1642 came the



FORT PREBLE.



FORT SCAMMEL.

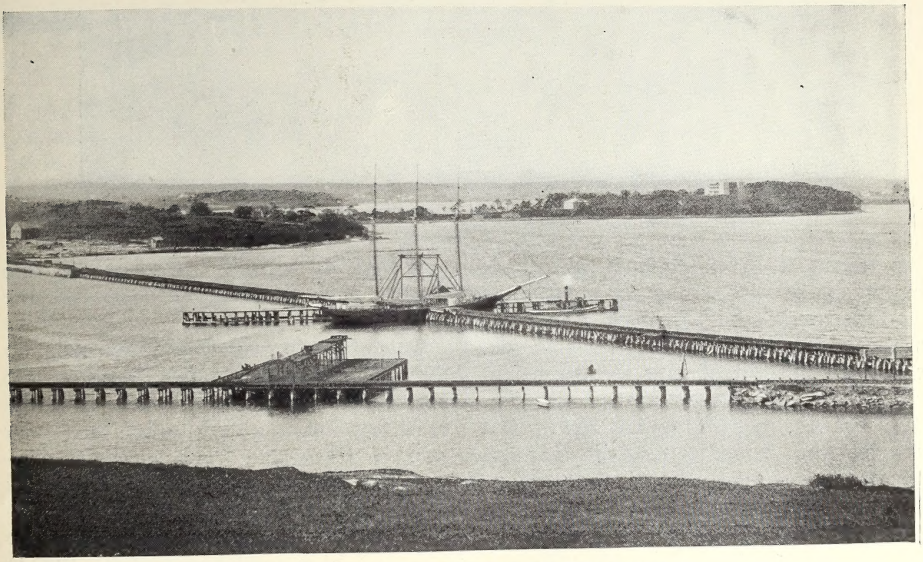


FORT GORGES.

great Civil War, and Trelawny, Winter's powerful protector, was thrown into prison, where he soon died.

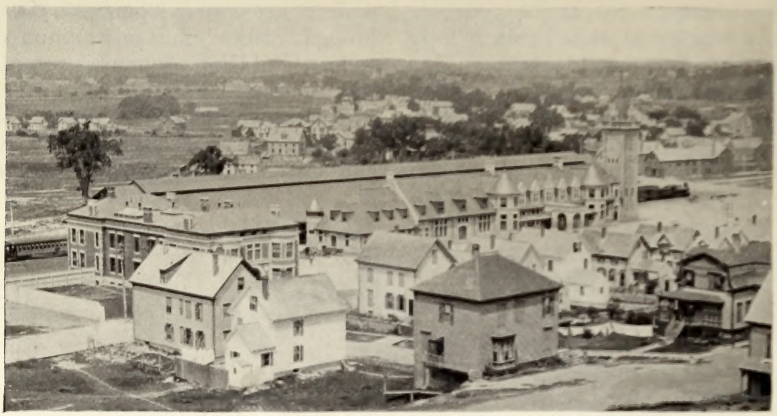
Seeing now an opportunity to strengthen his position, Cleeve again set out for England, where he succeeded in gaining the attention of Sir Alexander Rigby, a powerful parliamentarian, whom he induced to purchase a dormant title to the province of Ligonia, which comprised territory forty miles square between and including Cape Elizabeth and Cape Porpoise; and in the early autumn of 1643, with his commission of deputy governor of the province in his hand, he appeared, to the consternation of his enemies, at Stogomor, or Casco, as it was familiarly called. The royal or Gorges party were not disposed to yield gracefully to the new order; and Richard Vines, the founder of Biddeford, was chosen by them deputy governor. For three years there was a conflict of authority between Cleeve and Vines, when it was brought to an end by the decision of the Commissioners of Plantations in England, which sustained the claim of Rigby, and Cleeve assumed full sway in the province. Trelawny had died, Gorges and Winter soon followed, troubles of Cleeve were ended. Under his management the town of Casco began to assume importance, when in the summer of 1650 Rigby, his patron, died. Again Cleeve took the long journey across the ocean, and the affairs of the town were thrown into confusion.

At this juncture, Massachusetts having defined her eastern boundary, Casco was brought within the jurisdiction of that colony, and Cleeve upon his return found new troubles awaiting him. A conflict of authority ensued, which continued until 1658, when Massachusetts triumphed and Casco with adjoining territory was organized into a new town under the name of Falmouth. From this time we hear little of the original proprietor of the thriving settlement on "the neck." His brief power had passed away, and death soon found him, a broken-down and poverty-stricken man. But Falmouth continued to thrive, in spite of the rival claim of Massachusetts and the heirs of the former Lord Proprietor, Gorges. Its greatest danger was from the savages, who regarded the settlers with distrust and aversion, which were encouraged by French emissaries; indeed so threaten-



THE DRAW. MARINE HOSPITAL IN THE DISTANCE.

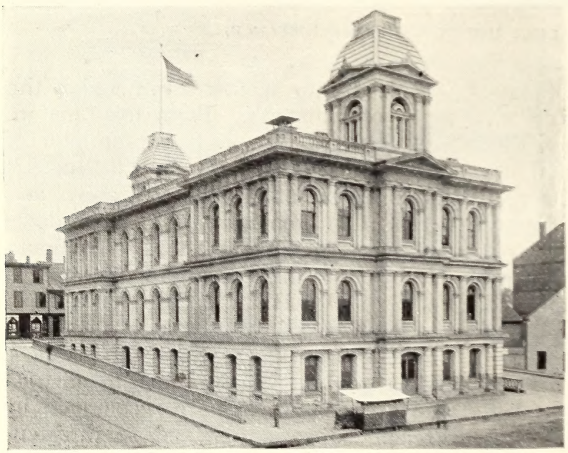
felt obliged to pass a law that every man should "take to meeting on Lord's days his arms with him with at least five charges of powder and shot." In 1676 the fears of the people of Falmouth were realized by an attack of the savages upon the town, destroying it and dispersing those of its inhabitants who were happy enough to escape their fury.



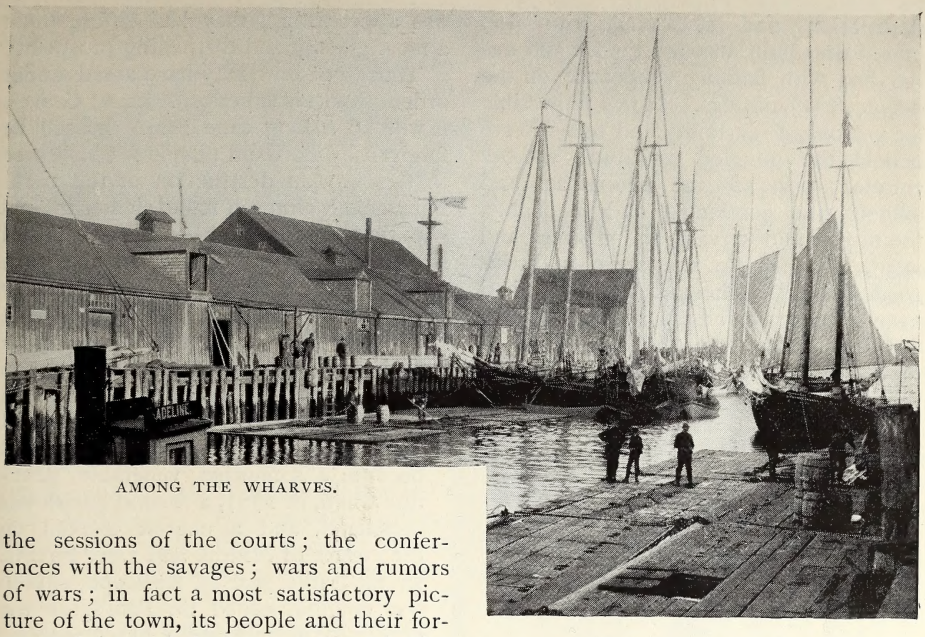
THE UNION STATION, FROM THE WESTERN PROMENADE.

With the establishment of peace the scattered inhabitants returned one by one, and with the aid of new settlers began relaying the foundations of Falmouth. The growth, however, was slow. The savages were feared, and their frequent outbreaks rendered life and property insecure; hence most of the dwellings were clustered about Fort Loyal, which was near the site of the present Grand Trunk Railroad station. In the autumn of 1689 the savages made an attack upon Brackett's farm, and killed a number of persons. The next spring, with their French allies, they attacked the fort and captured it, making prisoners of the people in it, and again destroyed the settlement.

In 1716 there were but fifteen men on the neck; but its superior position soon began to attract settlers, and in 1718 the town was incorporated under its former title of Falmouth. The savages, however, instigated by the French, continued to threaten the stability of Maine settlements. This retarded the growth of the place. But in 1725 a treaty of peace was ratified at Falmouth, the result of a vigorous war, in which Norridgewock was destroyed and the savages of Pequawket driven to take refuge with the French in Canada. At this time the town numbered fifty-six families, according to the Rev. Thomas Smith, upon whose invaluable journal we are obliged to rely for particulars of the history of the time. It presents to us most vividly the most notable persons of the period; the visits of the royal governors to the town;



CUSTOM HOUSE.



AMONG THE WHARVES.

the sessions of the courts; the conferences with the savages; wars and rumors of wars; in fact a most satisfactory picture of the town, its people and their fortunes, for a period of more than a half a century, — a picture which cannot be better painted, and which all should study who are interested in New England history.

In 1740 the church known as the First Parish Church was erected for Parson Smith; and in this he labored through a



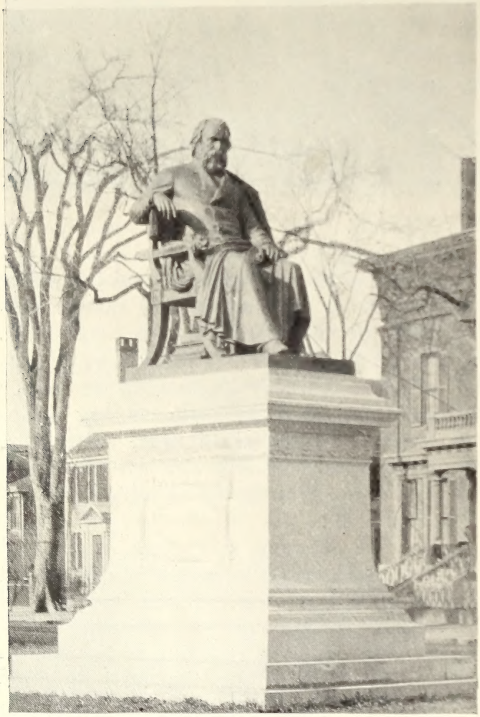
THE PUBLIC LIBRARY AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY ROOMS.

long life to improve the spiritual condition of the people. His life was passed amid stirring scenes. Wars and rumors of wars

agitation. The siege and capture of Louisburg in 1745, its surrender to France and subsequent recapture, and the fall of Quebec in 1759 were some of the incidents of the period; and Smith was preaching when, in October, 1775, Captain Mowat's fleet appeared in the harbor and bombarded the town, causing its destruction for the third time. The Rev. Jacob Bailey, who was an eye-witness of this affair, gives the following graphic account of it:

"The morning was clear, calm and pleasant, without a breath of wind, and the town was crowded with people and carts from the country to assist in removing the goods and furniture of the inhabitants. . . . At length the fatal hour arrived. At exactly half an hour after nine the flag was hoisted to the top of the mast, and the cannon began to roar with incessant and tremendous fury. The streets were full of people, oxen and horses. The oxen, terrified at the smoke and report of the guns, ran with precipitation over the rocks, dashing everything to pieces and scattering large quantities of goods about the streets. And now a scene inexpressibly grand and terrible was exhibited in view of thousands of specta-

destruction and streaming with fire, blazed dreadfully through the air and descended with flaming vengeance on the defenceless buildings. It was impossible for persons of sensibility and reflection to behold the mingled multitude without emotion, — to see the necessitous and affluent, the gentleman and mechanic, the master and servant, the mistress and maid, reduced to the same undistinguished level. Those ladies who had been educated in all the softness of ease and indulgence, who had been used to the most delicate treatment, and never ventured out of town without an equipage



THE LONGFELLOW STATUE.

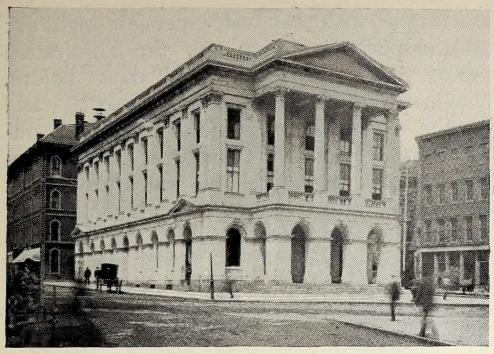
and proper attendants, were now constrained to travel several miles on foot to seek a shelter from the cold and tempest. About three quarters of the town was consumed, and between two and three hundred families, who twenty-four hours before enjoyed in tranquillity their commodious habitations, were now in many instances destitute of shelter for themselves and families; and, as a tedious winter was approaching, they had before them a most gloomy and distressing prospect."

Though Mowat may have acted under orders from his superior, Admiral Graves, it will be a long time before he will be forgiven by Portland people for his share in this wanton destruction of the town. Parson Smith himself found shelter in Gorham, where some of his descendants still live. Many relics of this notable man are still in existence, and are carefully treasured by their fortunate possessors.

But the town was again to arise from its ashes; and a few years after peace was declared it began to assume an air of importance. Parson Smith's old church escaped destruction, and had become a somewhat venerable structure when, in 1787, a second parish was organized, and a church erected on the corner of Middle and Deer Streets. In the same year an Episcopal church was erected, called St. Paul's, on the corner of Middle and Church Streets; all of which made the good Parson Smith exclaim: "Poor Portland is plunging into ruinous confusion." Only the year before he had presided at the christening of Portland, that part of Falmouth known as the Neck having had that name bestowed upon it in 1786.

From this time the business of Portland began to increase, until troubles with England resulted in the Embargo, which gave a death blow to foreign commerce. The vessels which had brought wealth to Portland merchants tugged at their rusty chains in the harbor or chafed their weather-stained timbers against the deserted wharves, and many an opulent citizen saw the savings of a lifetime rapidly disappear.

In 1812 came the war with England, and Portland became a theatre of activity. Military companies were formed, fortifications for defence erected, and privateers armed and sent forth to make reprisals upon the enemy. These privateers wrought great havoc among British merchantmen, and when they came into port with their prizes, the victors were welcomed vociferously and feted to their hearts' content by the enthusiastic citi-



THE POST OFFICE.

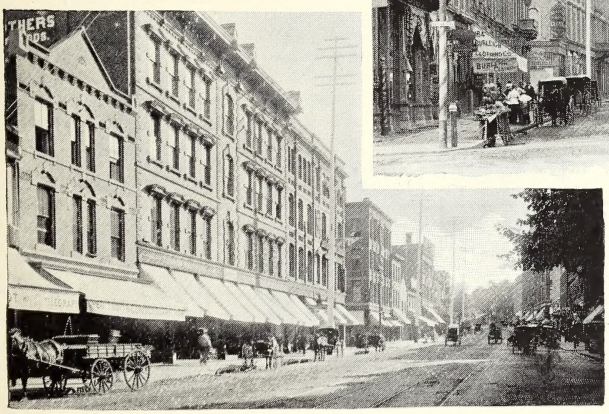
The most noted event, however, which occurred was the battle between the *Enterprise* and *Boxer*, which was fought September 5, 1813, inside of the island of Monhegan. The vessels, although nearly forty miles distant, could be seen from the observatory with a spy-glass, and the keeper when he saw the battle going on communicated the news to the excited crowd below. Although no one could see the vessels from the observatory with the naked eye, an aged gentleman, who was a lad at the time of the battle and in the crowd on Munjoy, gave an account of the event a few years ago in a manner to convey to the hearer the idea that he heard the guns and saw the vessels engaged, so deep an impression did the repetition of what the lookout saw from the observatory make upon his youthful imagination.

In this battle both commanders exhibited heroic qualities, and both were killed. Blyth, the British commander, nailed his colors to the mast, and Burrows, while lying mortally wounded upon the deck of the *Enterprise*, ordered that his flag should never be struck. The vessels were brought into Portland harbor with their dead commanders, who were buried side by side in the old cemetery, where their tombs are objects of ever increasing interest to those who visit the Forest City.

Although Portland did not suffer directly from the war, her business was almost annihilated; yet she slowly recovered from its effects. In 1819, when the separation between Maine and Massachusetts took place, Portland was regarded as the proper capital of the new state. A state house was erected where the city building now stands; and here the state legislature held its annual sessions until 1831, when it removed to Augusta, somewhat to the chagrin of the citizens of Portland, who still feel that their beautiful city, from her commanding position and ease of access from all parts of the state by rail and water, should be the capital of the state.



MIDDLE STREET.



One of the most note-



LONGFELLOW'S BIRTHPLACE.

people of Portland was the building of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad. It was a great undertaking, and but for the energy and ability of Portland men would not have been built. The building too of the Portland and Ogdensburg Railroad, through the notch of the White Mountains, was a Portland enterprise. The men who labored with heroic zeal to open these grand avenues of traffic between the seaboard and the producing centres of the West should ever be held in grateful remembrance by the people of Portland.

Among those who led in the construction of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad were John A. Poor, William Pitt Preble and Josiah P. Little, who made themselves conspicuous in the enterprise by their untiring efforts in its behalf. The first was a man of great breadth of intellect, a genius whose dreams were all too splendid for complete realization. Such men are, however, among the world's benefactors. It may not be possible for clumsy hands to reproduce the airy fabrics which they so deftly construct, but they may imitate them in some degree and so make practical what else might never have been attempted. The breaking of ground at the Atlantic end of the line was a great event to Portland citizens. Preble, with a shovel especially made for the purpose, which was the admiration of the town for several days before, threw up the first clod of earth amid the enthusiastic plaudits of the thousands assembled to witness the beginning of the work. He was a prominent lawyer, and lived to an advanced age. Little, who was as able, but of less conspicuous talents, died comparatively young.



THE LONGFELLOW MANSION.

Every great enterprise has its leader; and as the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad had its Poor, so the Portland and Ogdensburg had its Anderson. But for General Samuel J. Anderson, assisted by his brother, the late John F. Anderson, by whose engineering skill the road was carried through the notch of the White Mountains, Portland would not to-day possess this valuable avenue of traffic.

Portland has been prolific of men conspicuous for ability in every walk of life, men who would have made themselves leaders in any community and under any conditions. Though not a native of Portland, Chief Justice Mellen resided here during the better part of his life. His brilliant son, Grenville Mellen, whose early promise of poetic



PORTLAND YACHT CLUB HOUSE.

fame failed of fulfilment, is still held in pleasant remembrance by the older citizens. Portland was also the native home of that erratic genius, John Neal, an American of Americans, whose "fierce gray bird with a startling shriek" made his name famous for a season the world over. Although exceedingly passionate, he was a most polished gentleman, and prided himself in the gentle accomplishment of fencing. The surprising dexterity with which he delivered flanconade and carte over the arm cannot be forgotten by any one who witnessed it.

throngs of tourists. It is still in a fair state of preservation, but the locality where it stands in severe dignity has deteriorated since Longfellow's father lived in it, and now looks unkempt and slovenly. Longfellow, when in Portland, lived in the house known as the Longfellow house, on Congress Street, which is often mistaken for his birthplace. Here it was that he passed his youth, and the house is more intimately associated with him than the one in which he was born. This house, it is understood, will eventually come into the possession of the



EVERGREEN CEMETERY.

N. P. Willis was also born here, and some of his best work was done amid the congenial surroundings of Casco Bay. Here, too, resided William Willis, the historian, and his successor, William Goold, Seba and Elizabeth Oaks Smith, and Henry W. Longfellow, whose name is immortal.

Longfellow loved Portland beyond any spot on earth, and never tired of her shady streets, her old wharves, and Deering's Woods, of which he so pleasantly sang. The house on Fore Street, where

Maine Historical Society and be preserved as a memorial of the poet.

No citizen of Portland, excepting Longfellow, has a wider celebrity than William Pitt Fessenden. Not only was he eminent as a lawyer, but as a statesman he achieved well-merited fame. No one ever hated shams more than Fessenden. He never learned the arts of the politician, and achieved political success by sheer force of intellect. In debate he was the opposite of Charles Sumner, his *confrère* in the United States Senate,

him. Nor did Sumner sympathize with the Portland statesman, whose trenchant logic made him shiver; hence there was not that friendship between them which ought to have existed between such noble men. Sumner regarded Fessenden as cold and cynical, while Fessenden regarded Sumner as a literary coxcomb, who would have found a more appropriate field for the exercise of his talents in Utopia than in the United States Senate. As a matter of fact, both were mistaken in their estimate of each other. Fessenden, in spite of his cold exterior, was kindly and sympathetic, a close student, and honest to the core. Sumner possessed the same admirable qualities; and had the men known each other more intimately, they might have been warm friends, as they should have been.



WILLISTON CHURCH.

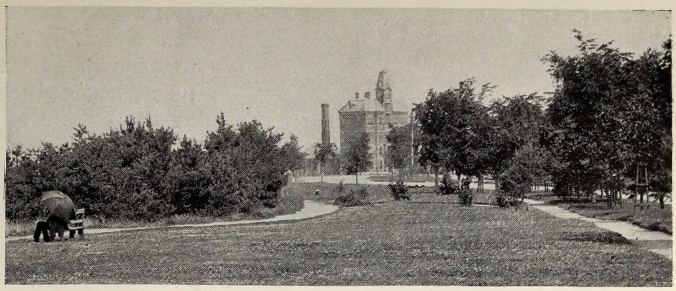
Although it is not intended to speak here of living citizens of Portland, two exceptions may be permitted. Everybody is familiar with the name of Neal Dow, the author of the Maine Law, so called. General Dow is now upwards of ninety years of age, but is still hale and hearty, and apparently as capable of delivering telling blows at the monster Intemperance as ever. He is a most aggressive man, but only aggressive against wrong. Socially no man is more genial and sympathetic. He is an admirable story-teller and full of interesting reminiscences, which he relates with a charming simplicity and directness.

Of Thomas B. Reed, who is the other living citizen in whose favor an exception is here made, it may be truly said that he is a Portlander *a capite ad calcem*. Mr. Reed is a descendant of George



THE DEERING OAKS.

Cleeve, the founder of Portland; he played in Portland's streets when a child, in youth was educated in her public schools, and almost upon attaining manhood was her chosen representative in the legislature of the state, and later in the councils of the nation. He is as loyal to Portland as Portland is to him, and both are proud of each other.



ON THE WESTERN PROMENADE. THE MAINE GENERAL HOSPITAL.

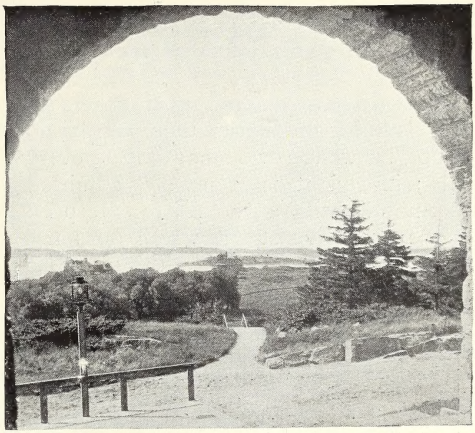
In 1866 occurred the great fire, which laid a large portion of the city again in ashes. The loss wrought by this terrible conflagration can never be wholly repaired. Ancient documents, invaluable to the historian, priceless heirlooms, which had come down through many generations, rare books, the spoil of patient book hunters, all were swept away, with the ancestral homes of many happy families. But the people of Portland were not discouraged, and under the exhilaration which great loss often occasions they sprang to the task of rebuilding the town before the fires had died out, and within two years the city was practically rebuilt and the wheels of business were again prosperously revolving.

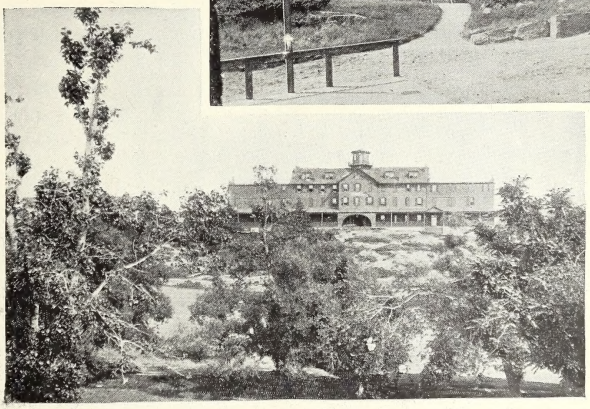
Up to this time the principal trade of Portland had been with the West Indies. Longfellow has sung how, standing on the wharves of the old town, he saw

> "The Spanish sailors
> with bearded lips,
> And the beauty and
> mystery of the ships,
> And the magic of the
> sea."

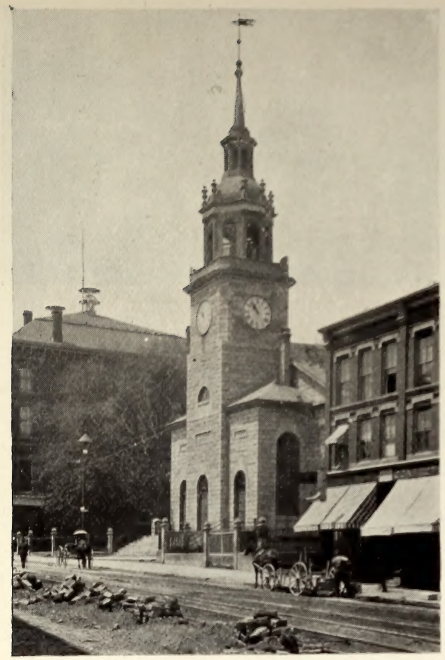
The West India trade of Portland, however, like the East India trade of Salem, has dwindled away, until now it is but one among many kinds of business carried on by her enterprising merchants.

While Portland is well situated for many kinds of manufacturing industries requiring small plants, it can never become a large manufacturing centre. A commercial and residential city, however, is the best kind of a city, and this is what Portland is to be. Hence to extend her commerce and to make her attractive for residents will be the aim of her citizens. The latter can be accomplished by beautifying and adorning her streets and by enlarging and im-





VIEW FROM THE OTTAWA.
THE OTTAWA, CUSHING'S ISLAND.



FIRST PARISH CHURCH.

proving her park system as far as possible.

That we have entered upon an era of park building in America there can be no doubt, for we see evidences of it on every side; indeed it is generally admitted that no city with any claim to enterprise is worthy of existence which does not provide its inhabitants with generous park privileges. It has been well said that a man may as well do without lungs as a city without parks. Nor are parks now built for the rich alone, as in bygone times, but for the poor also, who are confined a large portion of their lives within narrow limits, and to whom an opportunity, however brief, to breathe pure air and enjoy the beauty of green lawns and umbrageous walks is a boon of incalculable value. Hence parks are built in the poorest localities, like the Charles River Embankment in Boston. Here a few years ago for nearly half a mile extended a dilapidated row of old buildings in the midst of heaps of filth alike offensive and dangerous to all who had to be near them. Could this polluted piece of earth ever be converted into verdant lawns and umbrageous paths — this hades of ash heaps and tin cans and innumerable forms of dirtiness, into a paradise of bloom and beauty? It demanded the vision of a seer to forecast for it such a bright destiny; but inspired with something akin to faith the work was begun, — and, presto! an Eden where before was a desert waste. On her park system Boston has already expended over ten millions, and probably it will require as much more to complete it. A wiser expenditure of money was never made by any American city, and she is already reaping the benefit of her enterprise and liberality. Portland will be wise to follow her example; and as she possesses great natural advantages, she can do so with a good prospect of success.



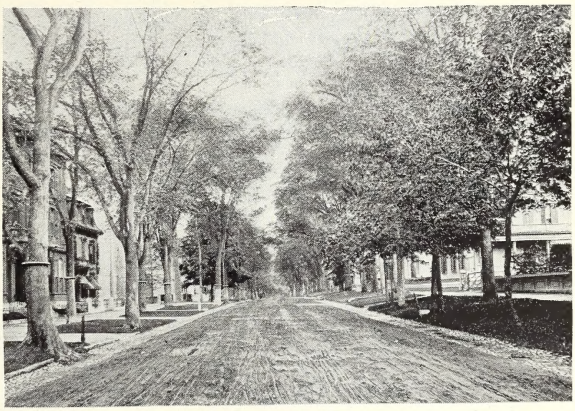
DIAMOND ISLAND.



LINCOLN PARK.

Up to the fire of 1866 Portland possessed no park; but then, during a period of great suffering, when the demands upon her citizens were all too great to be satisfied, the city council was wise enough and broad enough to purchase and set apart for public use a park in the midst of the burnt district. It was a commendable undertaking, and furnished one of the best exhibitions of wise enterprise which Portland has ever made. This park was named for our martyred President, Lincoln. The benefit which the public derived from the opening of Lincoln Park awakened popular interest in public grounds. Deering's Woods, the haunt of Portland's youth for generations, whose beauties Longfellow had embalmed in poetic memories, were regarded by all as most suitable for park purposes. These extensive grounds, so near the best residential portion of the city, were valuable for building purposes; and the severe loss which the people had sustained from the great fire rendered the immediate acquisition of the woods impracticable. This was fully realized by the Deering heirs, who with commendable generosity conveyed them to the city. Under the wise administration of the Park Commission, whose chairman, Mr. A. W. Smith, has devoted himself personally to their development, Deering's Woods have become a park in which the citizens of Portland take a commendable pride. Here they take the strangers who visit the city, and in the shadows of the ancient oaks repeat to them the familiar lines of Longfellow's "My Lost Youth:"

"And Deering's Woods are fresh and fair,
And with joy that is almost pain
My heart goes back to wander there,



STATE STREET.

And among the dreams of the days that were
I find my lost youth again.
And the strange and beautiful song,
The groves are repeating it still:
'A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'"

That no one may forget these lines they have been inscribed upon a table of stone



A FOREGLIMPSE OF THE ENTRANCE TO THE NEW PARK.

over the fireplace in the picturesque shelter near the entrance.

The city of Portland, occupying as it does a point of land extending into the waters of Casco Bay, would, if the land were level and but slightly elevated, be favorably situated for residence; but with a considerable eminence at either extremity, from which extensive views may be had of the country and White Mountains to the west and north, and the island-dotted waters of Casco Bay and the Cape Elizabeth shore to the east and south, it is more beautifully situated for a residential city than any other on the Atlantic coast. The people of Portland have not been slow to recognize the beauties of their surroundings and the capabilities which they afford for improvement; they have therefore begun a



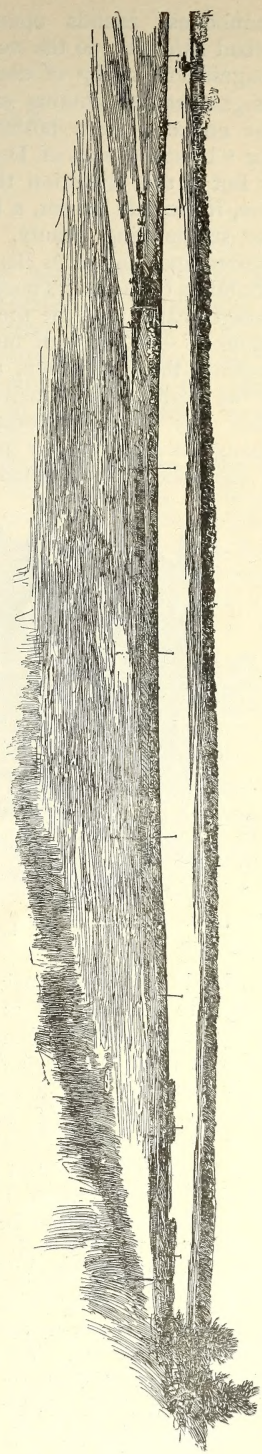
AS IT MAY BE IN THE PROPOSED PARK.

system of improvements upon the two hills, Munjoy and Bramhall's, over whose summits and slopes, with the intervening valley, their city has spread itself. Partially encircling each of these hills a broad driveway has been laid out, which when adorned with trees and shrubbery will be extremely attractive.

Although much has been done in improving these two promenades, much remains to be accomplished. Adjoining lands are to be acquired, and arbor ways and outlooks created, such as landscape architects now so artistically fashion. From the Bramhall promenade, upon which the landscape gardener has done some modest but commendable work, a beautiful strip of country is spread before the visitor. Not only does the eye rest delightedly upon outlying hamlets and villages, green fields, wide woodlands and gleaming waters; but when the atmosphere is clear, upon the White Mountains, nearly a hundred miles distant, whose lofty slopes beaming in the sunlight reveal the reason why the savages so aptly named them the crystal hills and believed them to be the abode of spirits, the happy hunting grounds which they hoped finally to attain.

From the eastern promenade an entirely different view is obtained. From Fort Allen Park, a small park laid out on the southern extremity of Munjoy, we may look out over the waters of Casco Bay to the gleaming waters of the Atlantic dotted with innumerable sails, or may glance directly down upon the harbor, where "commerce plies its busy trade," and watch the ships unloading at the wharves and steamers and vessels with outspread sails moving here and there; or may follow the Cape Elizabeth shore, taking in the forts and lighthouses and ever increasing lines of summer cottages, around to the islands which Christopher Levett, nearly two and three quarters centuries agone, looked upon and thought worthy to describe to his noble patrons in England, — namely, House, Cushing's, Peak's and Diamond, now adorned with summer cottages, as alluring to those who draw near their charming shores as the Hesperides of which the poets have sung so persistently, but which were not a whit more beautiful than these "gems of Casco Bay." Or one may pass round toward the north and delightedly follow the panorama of sea and island to the cove-indented shores of old Falmouth, as beautiful a scene as may be found in this world of beauty.

On the side of Munjoy looking down upon the city is another small park called Fort Sumner Park, which affords a bird's-eye view of the city, of great beauty. Standing here and looking over the scene, one is impressed more than anywhere else with the wonderful beauty of situation possessed by Portland. To the south and east lies Casco Bay with its



SITE OF THE PROPOSED NEW PARK.

numberless islands opening into the broad Atlantic; to the north and west, a magnificent sweep of country walled by magnificent mountains extending along the entire western horizon. Nearer lie the "breezy domes of Deering's woods."

But in this direction the eye encounters, if the tide be out, a blot which mars the surrounding beauty. It is the ill-odored spot known as Back Bay. It was doubtless owing to its oozy waste that the savages came to name the neck "Machegonne" — a place of much slime. To improve this foul place, alike dangerous to the health and offensive to the eye, a plan has been elaborated which will change it into a water park, and which, if the scheme is carried out, will give Portland a unique park system. The plan is to dam the waters of the bay and to lay out around its shores a park. By filling a short distance from high-water mark and building a sea-wall so as to preserve a depth of water about the shores sufficient for sailing yachts and steam launches, Portland will possess the finest sheet of water for regattas and other marine sports to be found on the seaboard. Taking advantage of the undulating line of the shore, its indentations and projecting points, the landscape architect will have ample scope for the exercise of his art. What can be done with such natural features has been shown in Franklin Park, Boston. Groups of evergreens, mingled with birches, willows and other deciduous trees of light foliage, intermingled with clumps of flowering shrubbery, will change one of these points, now covered with rank grass, into a paradise. Here rustic shelters may be erected and refectories maintained for the convenience and pleasure of visitors, and mazy paths amid sheltering shrubbery take the place of muddy creeks. Back a short distance from the water line, a broad corso for carriages may be laid out, commanding an uninterrupted view of the water from all points around the shore. Separated from this carriage road by trees and shrubbery, amid which paths and arbor ways for pedestrians may be constructed similar to those in the arboretum and other parts of the Franklin Park system, it is proposed to lay out an equestrian way, which can be made one of the most attractive features of the park.



BASIN, NEW PARK.

The high ground which surrounds the Back Bay, and which is now of insignificant value, will afford hundreds of fine building sites and make this the most attractive portion of the Back Bay region. With this park completed and connected with the promenades and Deering's Oaks, Portland and its suburbs will offer advantages for residence unequalled by any city in New England. Indeed, it is becoming every year more and more sought by summer tourists on account of its situation on the sea. A fleet of pleasure steamers afford the summer resident water excursions in every direction. One may skirt the rockbound shores of Cape Elizabeth, visit the numerous islands in the bay, trace the romantic coves and headlands of old Falmouth, or take a farther flight to Harpswell or the storied Orr's Island, within the compass of a few hours. When Portland shall have completed her park system, adorning herself within as she is already adorned without, no city on the continent will match her as a residential city.

EAST WINDS IN HAGAR.

A THANKSGIVING REVERIE.

By Arthur W. Colton.

THE Anglo-Saxon is an orderly person on both sides of the Atlantic. Order, Heaven's first law, is one of the Saxon by-laws. It is an important item in his success, and every one knows that he is successful. While no one is more deeply in earnest, no one carries business principles as he does into the method of his earnestness. He alters his garb and expression on Sunday partly for the sense of sharp precision and arrangement. It helps him to correct the vicious tendency of time to move inaccurately; to keep closer watch of that shiftless ancient and know what he is about. He likes to transpose wild human impulse into civilized custom; consequently, being naturally a thankful man, with a strong native sense of obligations, it suits his temperament to have a day appointed which can be depended on to appear annually in a business-like way and make statement of the fact. "Praise be to God for our sister, the water," is no doubt on a higher spiritual plane than the Governor's "Whereas;" nevertheless the Governor's message is good for an annual visit, and St. Francises only write hymns as the wind bloweth. In New England they frequently write hymns as the east wind bloweth.

East winds in November blow up all manner of rains and fly in the face of Thanksgiving. The Puritan fathers at first planted a Thanksgiving Day wherever they wanted one temporarily, a Fast Day when things went wrong and a Thanksgiving Day when things went right. Sometimes that strong generation gave thanks whether things went right or wrong, as in a certain bitter year at Plymouth for "permission to suck of the abundance of the seas and the treasures hid in the sands," when there was nothing to eat but clams. Their faith was steady if not cheerful. One had only to shift the margin and be thankful for something a little further down the scale of well being, which was quite the brave and wise thing to do, in whatever terms you may justify it.

In course of time it came to a settled abiding place and the more exclusive significance of gratitude for crops safely in and a well-fortified store-room to face withal the stern months of the lower year. But when east winds come up from the sea and hang the moaning harps of the sea on the tree-tops, fill the woods with the chill desolateness of deep seas, and dim the land with rain, Thanksgiving becomes the inauguration festival of indoor living, a feast to the penates of board and hearth. The sentiment changes from jubilant gratitude to self-hugging comfortableness. The romance of the hearth's "tumultuous privacy of storm" is the great peculiar victory of our race. Man primarily should be miserable in bad weather, but he is not. He has made his own seasons, and enjoys them as much as he does what nature gives him, — which is a great credit to his courage. The colonists lived close enough to primary things to appreciate the value of a goodly remove from that "state of nature" which philosophers of the old world were beginning to discuss. They performed their Thanksgiving with a will, whether as symbol of gratitude to Providence for passively neglecting to interfere with the crops or actively aiding in their fruition, or as a feast of the victory of man over nature.

I was saying that east winds are not uncommon in November, and sometimes blow on Thanksgiving Day. I used to think it happened, when New England remembered the many barren and unlovely lives which her stern maternity

had bred, that she took to wailing and weeping so inappropriately, too fierce self-repression revenging itself in self-pity. Parson Royce, I remember, did not like the idea, though he admitted that there might be something in it.

Thanksgiving Day of '65 in Hagar was windy and wet; but the Durfey family gathered loyally to its feast. Chubby faces of Durfey children rubbed against the cold window-panes, wondering at the rain. Gray-bearded Durfeys discussed cattle and crops, unmindful of the rain. Mothers and wives of Durfeys bustled about, intermittently lamenting the rain. The sentiment of all the congratulant Durfeys, through morning hours preceding the service in the church of the bended weather-vane, was more or less unconsciously altered and colored by the rain.

The Durfey farmhouse lay half a mile west of the village, with long low-roofed L's on either side. It maintained its connection with the road by means of a walk and a horse-block, and gently marked its independence with a decrepit board fence. On the other side of the road, a driveway passed through a stone-guarded entrance, climbed accurately to the crest of a rounded hill, and stopped short before a large square cupolaed mansion, which seemed placed there for the special purpose of forbidding its further progress.

"The old man ain't stirrin' about much this morning," remarked Durfey paternal. "He most generally walks round a bit mornings, rain or shine."

One of the Durfeys fraternal joined him at the window, and the two brothers gazed ruminatingly up at the house on the hill. "Must be twenty years now since Gerald and Morgan Map cleaned out. Seems to me about time something else happened," said Durfey fraternal.

The other gray-bearded Durfeys came one by one to the windows to gaze at the Map mansion and ruminate.

The New England farmer is a deliberative person. He chews his cud leisurely and digests it with forethought. According to the testimony of tradition, one would think a bargain between two New Englanders to be a scene of noisy chaffering. On the contrary it is almost as slow and calm as a similar scene between two of Irving's own Knickerbocker Dutchmen, each remark followed by a cautious silence, during which its value and bearing are considered; then it is filed for reference. If he ever was characterized by that traditional air of bustling keenness, he has sent it west along with the pick of his sinewy sons. So the Durfey brethren ruminated with occasional remark over recollections connected with the Map mansion.

Up on the hill the rain beat disconsolately against rows of closed shutters and blank spaces of slate roof. It had tried so often and for so many years to get behind those shutters and be rid of a slate or two, and nothing seemed to be accomplished. If something would grow now on the roof or the steps, — lichens, say, or moss! Or if one could get creepers to climb even one pillar, or a bush or bramble of any decent size to consent to stand near the corner! That Durfey house, for instance, gave no worry at all. One had only to tattoo around occasionally and leave a little dampness here and there, and living things sprang up eagerly. It did one's heart good to see the moss on that roof; and as for the porch, it was all those funny Durfeys could do to keep the Virginia creeper out of the house. Now this Map place, — why there was quite a fair-sized tree once in the front yard, and it faded away, actually snubbed to death by this beast of a house. If there were another house in the county like it, it would be more than a conscientious climate could stand. "Rat-a-tat-tat," went the rain, "Whirr! Whew!" the wind. "Look here now! Come out of that! What a beast of a house!"

The solitary occupant of the objectionable structure sat through the morning hours at one of the broad front windows, looking down on the Durfeys' busy chimneys. It was a keen, deep-browed face, the lines in it not so many as drawn heavily and in significant directions. The wrinkles on the face of old age are the memoranda of the recording angel. Whether he keeps another book and does double entry or not, he enters his items here from time to time sufficiently for his

purposes and keeps the account well up to date. An expert might possibly infer from the handwriting something of the angel's own personal characteristics. When the lines are wandering and faint, he might say, it commonly means that, the policy of the department insisting on details of individual value, he is embarrassed for something to put down. But there was no trouble of the kind here.

The old man sat in his large leathern chair, a table drawn in front of him, and a gray shawl over the sunken ruins of his broad shoulders. Papers of various kinds lay before him; but he paid them little attention, watching the driving rain and the incidents transiently visible at the Durfeys'. Like the ruminating brethren there, he picked his way among recollections connected with the old mansion, over the tangled path of a long life, difficult and slow to tread, because of the many memories that obstructed it, — fallen tree trunks which once were ambitions, upright and defiant; ruins of structures built for pleasance, roofless and tenanted only by ghosts of former selves; gravestones, too, some to be sure planted at a comfortable distance aside, but others imperiously in the middle of the road, — so moving interruptedly onward till he reached a point something over twenty years back.

Squire Map of Hagar was an important man in the county then, and even in the state, — his wife, once Edith Lorne, the courtliest lady of a courtly family. His two sons had the squire's deep brows and broad shoulders, each, as it turned out, as fierce a belief in his own individual destiny.

At this point the old man's memory met with such crowded masses of obstruction and began to climb such piled-up ruins with the ghosts whispering behind, insisting and moaning, that the lines in his face grew deeper with the effort and the pain. First, there lay the stately lady, statelier than ever, with gray hair across her temples and white hands crossed, which never were familiar. The ghost of a dead self, dying then or shortly to die, seemed to stand beside the coffin, wondering if he cared as much about it Or if she should open those tranquil eyes and remark in that liquid voice of hers, and with that air of distant contemplation: "My dear Gerald, will you never realize your position?" — would he feel his position improved by the circumstance? Oh, on the whole, yes, but the remark had lost much of its impressiveness in thirty years. Numerous carriages of the Lornes trailed through Hagar with all respect to the ceremony. The Lornes were always in their element at ceremonies. Edith's principal function seemed to be to officiate as a Lorne and the wife of the Honorable Gerald Map. At a ceremony she was a great success, and now performed — whatever part a deceased may be said to have in its own funeral — with as much dignity as ever at a Governor's reception.

The obstruction of the coffin and its tranquil occupant with difficulty surmounted, he was suddenly brought up by another more bitter and difficult still. It was even in this very dark wainscoted room, with an east wind driving on the windows. Father and sons sat at dinner alone, each several Lorne not being asked to remain, having departed in polite dudgeon.

The squire considered that he knew these two sons of his fairly well. He had a strong suspicion that there was something in their temperaments as hard-edged as in his own.

"These boys tug at the bits badly," he said to himself; "and they're good mettle too, good mettle. They'll compromise us with some craziness or other, if I don't look out. No doubt about it, a man should start in politics at, say, thirty-five, with a few gray hairs and no notions. However, they'll be tickled enough with what I can offer them to put up with considerable tutelage yet. Hum, yes, — I should hope so," — and he smoothed his waistcoat comfortably.

"I think it well to tell you now, boys," he began, tapping the table judicially with his fingers, "that your mother has left the bulk of her estate between you. I have no objections to this, although my own resources are limited comparatively, and the drains upon them considerable.

fortunes will follow mine, and without doubt eventually surpass them."

The sons bowed deprecatingly.

"Allow me to suppose it," said the squire. "I wish to deal frankly with you; and, by the way, I should like you to remember that the first lesson in political tactics I ever gave you was that, in dealing with men, in nine cases out of ten a real frankness, and not a pretended one, is the best policy. Say to a man virtually this: 'I wish to use you, and I will make it for your interest to allow me to do so.' Then don't labor to deceive him, but labor to create interests for him that lie along with yours. Don't trust so much to your powers of persuasion as to your power to make it worth his while. It is safer to credit men with shrewdness than with folly, — and in the main it is more correct.

"I was speaking of your future careers. I have observed more than you are perhaps aware. I believe you both to be men of ability. Independent fortune adds to your importance. You will observe the connection between these remarks and that importance," — and the squire smiled with the cordiality of an expected mutual understanding. "Well, I only wished to assure you that you could count on me to push you, both for family reasons and because I need your help."

Gerald tipped his wine-glass back and forth for some time while the squire paused for confirmation.

"I hardly think this the time to discuss the matter, sir," he said; "but since you have brought it up, I must confess surprise that you did not know my political leanings and connections were hardly the same as your own."

"Your what?" asked the squire politely. "I did not inquire after your opinions, if that is what you mean by leanings; — but did you say connections?"

"One moment, sir. I knew my mother's intention with regard to her estate, and should have made this announcement sooner if it had not been for her opposition. My mother, you remember, made it a principle to avoid disturbing even an apparent tranquillity. I think it well to tell you now," — reproducing the squire's inflection with grave irony — "that I am engaged to be married to the daughter of Colonel Holmer."

The squire started. "May I ask how old is this interesting fact?"

"About two months, — since August."

"And Holmer was nominated to the convention in July. Your caution and promptitude are equally admirable."

Gerald flushed, but made no motion. "If we understand each other, I suppose we may change the subject." After a pause: "I must say this claret of yours is remarkably good."

"Let me beg you to accept a case of it, as you may not have occasion to drink it here again. Miss Holmer is expecting you, perhaps, to-morrow? You may omit me from your wedding guests. Morgan, I will continue this conversation with you. Are your political leanings and connections different from mine? It would be an interesting experience for a father to have both his sons spring mines under his feet, when he supposed them still amusing themselves with firecrackers in the general way of young patriotism."

Morgan shifted his long legs lazily. He was larger than his brother and slower of speech and movement.

"Oh, no, sir," he said, "but I'd as lief put off the discussion for the present."

The squire sprang to his feet and leaned forward, his hands resting on the table.

"Morgan Map, we will settle this now."

Gerald rose, lighting his cigar. "It isn't my affair, you know," he said, and left the room.

"Well, sir," said Morgan slowly, "I don't see any absolute necessity for our breaking. Would it not be better to be seated? But you know as well as I do — beg pardon, I know as well as you do — that as a matter of habit you would demand a degree of subordination that I would not give to any other man, and in this case would find difficult to give to you. Do you think we could find a mutually satisfactory ground to stand on, and maintain it? I doubt it. I shall be gratified to make a deal with you, but it

must be on an entirely new footing. It seems strange that you did not think it wise to make this arrangement some time ago, when it would have been even more gratifying to me, and certainly from a better vantage ground for you."

"Which arrangement you would have religiously observed when the advantage was lost," added the squire.

Morgan reddened. "Possibly not. You have the better of me. I quite expected you would," he said coldly.

"You forget the maxim I laid down a moment ago, Morgan. My method is to make a way for your interests."

"I admit the interests," said Morgan, "but doubt whether the attitude of years can be laid aside so easily."

"And what is your alternative, sir?" asked the squire. "I presume you do not expect to begin swimming without a plank."

"You will admit that the interests of the Lornes go with Jacob Lorne," said Morgan. "I do not see why it must be an alternative exactly, but I cannot hide from myself the nature of the partnership you propose."

The squire's wrath was too much for his suavity. "You are either with me or against me," he thundered. "Jacob Lorne means to shelve me if he can. I know that now, — and I know why. I have the honor to present you with another case of claret with the same remark. I wish you good day, sir, and a family of the same stamp as mine."

The two men rose. "I regret this outcome," said Morgan, turning to go, "and as I said before, I don't see the necessity of it."

"You will regret it some time more than now," called the squire after him, and sat down again.

Several wagon loads of Durfeys issued on the road and turned down to the village, where the bells of the morning service made dull sounds in the mist. One small toddler was making desperate efforts over the dashboard to get a hair out of the horse's tail, and Mrs. Durfey, on the back seat, seemed to be remonstrating vigorously with her husband's laxity of discipline. The squire saw the lished under his father's protecting umbrella, and sank back feebly in his chair, wondering whether he got what he was after.

Another difficult memory surmounted, and he picked his way on again. Gerald and Morgan Map were seen no more in the house on the hill; and after the elections of '46, in which the dissensions of the Maps came in for a variety of editorial playfulness, and the squire experienced for the first time the momentous cold shoulder of the Lornes, he took up the lonely and eccentric course of life from which he never afterward varied. One servant after another was dismissed, until only old Janey was left; one shutter after another was closed, apparently marking the master's deepening misanthropy. There is a tree that stands a mile north of Hagar, which was once hollow, and open at the side, and the school children filled it with stones. It grew together years ago, the stones still in it, and Sandy Campbell called it the "Parable of the Squire," seeing that, if he had a hard heart, which was not at all sure, his children had put it there. Sandy I think was better at moralizing than analysis. There was another tree down Westford way, hollow quite down to the ground; and a child, who is long since an old woman, planted roses and sweet peas in it and called it her garden. But this tree also grew together, and the roses died early in the process, — which was probably a parable too. Parables are dangerous tempters to conclusions that do not follow. Mother Nature is busy with other things than twisting herself into moral analogies for the chance observance of the dominant race.

Lonely years were those which the squire's slow-footing memory now trod, lonely and world-estranged. It certainly did not seem a necessary issue for a man in the early autumn of his years. We talk of chance impulses that grow and harden into habits, until the light meadow paths which at first we tread in easy-going choice are worn deep and walled in imperatively, and there is no other way. But, after all, analysis is as inadequate as parable, and lacks its flicker of suggestion.

years fill the mind with memories of mental experiences and small observations. The squire found himself chronicling the advent of each new Durfey, and estimating the weather with reference to the farmer's crops.

The dark November afternoon passed on, each sister hour dimmer, grayer and more bowed of head than the last.

"Rat-a-tat-tat," went the rain, "Whirr! Whew!" the wind. "Look here! I'm a cyclone, if the old man hasn't gone to sleep in our faces."

No, he was not asleep, for his eyes were open and staring blankly at the opposite wall, where the picture hung of Edith in her bridal robes, tall and smiling. "Gerald," she seemed to say, "I wonder if you realize your position now."

"I believe I'll send the squire some of this marmalade," said Mrs. Durfey. "Took him some last Thanksgiving, an' he was so grand about it, he most scared me to death. Old Janey was asleep or somethin', so I rung the front door bell, an' the squire opened the door. Says I, 'I've brought you some marmalade.' Goodness! I was scared. 'I hope you'll like it,' says I. 'Madam,' says he, 'I like it already, for I taste the flavor of your courtesy,' says he, puttin' his hand on his heart. He certainly is queer. Here, Jim, get an umbrella an' take this up to the squire's. Tell Janey I sent it."

Jim was the fourth, fifth or sixth Durfey. Half an hour later he tumbled in without either umbrella or marmalade.

"Mother," he shouted, "he's got his mouth open, an' old Janey's on the floor mumblin' and mumblin'."

Indeed it was much as Jim described. Among other circumstances, on the table before the squire lay a sheet of tremblingly written paper.

"The last Will and Testament of Gerald Map. November, 25, 1865. I give and bequeath to my sons, Gerald and Morgan Map, all property of which I die possessed, except my house and land lying in the town of Hagar, and the personal property and effects connected with them; also except whatever sum may be necessary for my decent and suitable burial, and the erection of a stone of white marble, costing not less than $200, with my name carved upon it, the dates of my birth and death and the inscription, 'This stone was erected according to the directions and at the expense of the deceased.' I order that there shall be no further inscription whatever. I give and bequeath my house and land in Hagar, and the personal property and effects connected with them, to Elihu Durfey of the town of Hagar, and I desire him to remember that I wished well by him and his. GERALD MAP.

"Codicil. My sons, Gerald and Morgan Map, may, if they wish, take from the house their mother's picture, and whatever personal effects, once belonging to their mother, there may be in the house. GERALD MAP."

"Tell you what, Gerald," said Morgan, "it sets a man speculating about his own actual character, doesn't it?"

"He can count on its being well mixed," returned Gerald.

"I don't flatter myself about that business, anyhow, and I don't know as the squire did. He was as good as you or I, — and maybe better."



GREATER BOSTON.

By Edward Atkinson.

HAVING been requested to give my views of the growth of Greater Boston in the next half century, and to state whether or not the curve of increasing population which is given in the report of the State Board of Health for 1895 by comparison with other cities will be attained, I am led to deal with the question on very broad lines in order to sustain my own view that the progress of the city and its surroundings, so far as it is to be estimated by an increase of population, will be greater rather than less than that curve indicates, for the reason that during the last thirty years Boston has been subjected to certain retarding forces which have not so greatly affected other cities, especially New York and Chicago.

New York has much the advantage of position in respect to foreign commerce in its connection with the great through lines of railway with the West, while Chicago has grown by force of purely domestic production and trade, being relatively much less influenced by the conditions of foreign trade than either New York or Boston.

The retarding forces which have prevented the growth of Boston from being as rapid as it would have been under other conditions are partly natural and partly artificial. The latter may be dealt with first; and in order to avoid the prejudice and bitterness which are apt to ensue from the discussion of free trade and protection or of a tariff for revenue only, I will venture to ask the readers of this memorandum to conceive of Boston and that part of the adjoining territory which is within the ten miles' circuit becoming a free port or bonded warehouse or workshop, to which the products of all foreign countries might be brought for conversion into finished goods either for domestic or for foreign consumption. In that event Boston would become the great port of Canada for the distribution of Canadian products, especially in winter. Free access would then be given, as it may soon be given by a treaty of reciprocity, to the crude food products, the coal and the ores of the Maritime Provinces. There are probably few persons who comprehend what that means. The last dinner which the writer shared with the late Governor Andrew was tendered to him on a return from an official visit to the Maritime Provinces of Canada, which he was called upon to make in order to settle certain railway questions. One of the most prominent gentlemen present at that dinner said to him, "Now, Governor, tell us in a few words what impressions you have gained from your trip." To which the Governor responded, "Conceive an area but little less than the area of the states of New York and Pennsylvania combined, possessing the power to produce agricultural products, minerals and coal equally, with the coast line and the fisheries added, — then you have a comprehension of the future of these provinces." One can readily conceive the influence upon the growth of Boston which would be felt at once if a territory possessing even one half the potentiality attributed to these provinces by Governor Andrew were opened in such a way as to bring their trade rapidly and surely up to that which is enjoyed by New York and Philadelphia in their relation to their respective states.

Again, let it be conceived that a reciprocity treaty which is now supported by the members of both political parties should be enacted, through which Boston might share in the traffic of the central and western part of the Dominion.

Again, if Boston were a free port, the great metallic industries which have been carried away from Boston since our supplies of old scrap iron and steel and our

supplies of coal and our supplies of copper ores were cut off by duties on imports would be rapidly restored to activity.

The next reform which, in the judgment of the writer, is sure to come sooner or later will be the surrender of the effort to tax personal property. The writer long since came to the conclusion to which nearly all students of the subject have come, that the effort to tax invisible and intangible property merely led to injustice, inequality and wrong, and that it would be judicious for the city of Boston, even if separately authorized to do so, to put all taxes upon real estate, land and buildings and upon franchises, so as to invite the owners of machinery, tools, implements and merchandise to come into the city for their manufacture and distribution, and also to make it expedient and for the interest of the innumerable persons to come here who desire to make Boston their winter dwelling place in order to secure the advantages which it offers, where they might soon become owners of their own dwelling places. That possible reform ought to be taken into consideration in contemplating the future of the city.

The natural disadvantages of Boston may in part be overcome: — first, the narrow area and the great concentration of business; second, the Charles River bridges on the north, the South Bay and Fore Point Channel on the south, and Harbor Channel between the city proper and East Boston. These natural disadvantages have exerted their adverse influence to the utmost for lack of any comprehensive and suitable connection of the railways entering the city, such as might have been established many years ago. It is perhaps too late to contemplate the cutting of a canal across the narrow point which separates the Charles River from the Mystic, which could once have been made at moderate cost from the Charles River basin in the rear of Charlestown, whereby the main outlet and inlet of the Charles River could have there been established, enabling Charlestown and Cambridgeport to be joined practically to the city with only tide-way gates of moderate capacity for the scour of the great basin, which might then have formed so vital an element in the city proper.

It is not too late to deal with the South Bay and the Fore Point Channel, and that is an urgent problem in connection with the future. No one can deal with the future progress of the city in the next fifty years without giving the closest attention to this element of obstruction and to the ready manner in which the obstruction can be removed, coupled with a very much greater development of the harbor frontage and of the facilities for loading and unloading vessels than could ever be attained in the narrow South Bay as it will exist on the present commissioner's lines. Any one can conceive at a glance what an immense benefit would be given if South Boston were joined by solid land to the South End. The opportunity for increasing the very limited area of our Boston harbor, especially for the accommodation of coastwise traffic, is in Dorchester and Quincy Bays. I will not attempt to enter into the figures, but a glance at the map will show to any one capable of comprehending the subject that there is room to dredge out a deep water channel to give access to Dorchester and Quincy Bays, and that this area may be devoted in part to very extensive docks and in part to solid land, the value of which, when filled by dredging from these prospective docks, would far more than cover the cost of such improvements.

Moreover, the way is still open for the concentration of the railway service of all the western and northwestern and southeastern lines of railway, including the Fitchburg, now entering into Boston at these points and at the docks which may be constructed on the South Boston Flats, while the very short extension over a substantially unoccupied territory to a junction with the Boston and Maine Railway in Wilmington would bring that line also into connection with this railway. There is, however, probably a better way of bringing all the eastern and northern lines of railway into connection with South Boston and with the city proper. The Greathead tunnel system, so called, which is now being so rapidly developed

in London, offers an effective method of carrying iron tubes very much longer distances and under deeper water than would be required to connect East and South Boston under the fifteen hundred feet of water in the ship channel which separates the two shores. By this method of tunnelling, the problem of bringing several railways to this point, beneath parks and under the more crowded sections which lie to the south and west, may be rendered simple and effective at very moderate cost.

It may be held that the curve of accelerating increase in the population of Greater Boston will bear a due proportion to the adoption of the several elements which have been previously stated, each of which will be conducive to the increase of population. The mere increase of population is not, however, a true standard of progress in material welfare. It may be the reverse, tending to congestion and to the development of slums. A few words may therefore be given to the tendency of the forces which are now in action, which, if properly directed and provided for in advance, may make an increase of population consistent with and promotive of better conditions of life for rich and poor alike.

It is becoming manifest decade by decade that through the improvements in the mechanism of agriculture, the application of science to the use of the soil as a laboratory of production rather than as a mine subject to being exhausted, and the lessening cost of transportation and distribution, a more abundant supply of food and other farm products is and will be yielded as time goes on by a lessening proportion of the working population. This gain is brought about by the intensive system of farming and the production of more abundant and better crops from a lessening area of land. This tendency not only renders it expedient for an increasing proportion of the population to pass from the rural districts to the towns and cities, but it also renders it easier and less costly for those who dwell in towns and cities to improve the conditions of life, the energy expended upon having heretofore constituted nearly one half the cost of living. The forces to which I have referred are diminishing the relative cost of food and thereby leaving a larger share of each man's income to be expended upon clothing and shelter.

On the other hand, the development of electricity, of fuel or heating gas which may be distributed over wide areas, the telephone, and the more rapid transit from the centre of cities to the surburbs, with the not unimportant element of the bicycle added, are tending to a wider and wider distribution of the manufacturing and mechanic arts in the neighborhood of cities, to some extent changing the place of many arts, which under the application of steam and illuminating gas had heretofore of necessity been concentrated in the more crowded portions of the city proper. Hence much better conditions of life for those who constitute the urban population, with a tendency to increase that part of the population at the expense of the country districts.

It will presently become necessary to discriminate in classifying population so that those who dwell in the thickly occupied parts of the city, as, for instance, on the old peninsula of Boston, may be counted and classified separately from those who dwell outside the peninsula and its immediate filled lands but within the area of the ten-mile circuit; then, again, to separate those two classes from the rural or agricultural population. It is also expedient to discriminate, in classifying occupations, those who are occupied in the workshop or in the lesser arts from those who are occupied in strictly collective or factory work. Under the title of "Manufactures," in the Census of the United States, nearly three hundred and fifty different arts are recited; yet a very small part of those who are occupied in these arts will be found in the factory, where the work is very greatly subdivided and is to a large extent automatic, — by far the larger portion being occupied in the lesser arts of the workshop, by which individual aptitude and capacity are developed and in which they are absolutely necessary to

workshops far excels the town or city of factories in the development of welfare and of individual capacity.

It may therefore be held: First, that the nearer Boston comes to a free port or great bonded workshop or warehouse, to which all the materials may be brought without obstruction and from which the finished goods may be distributed wherever needed, the greater will be the increase of population. Second, the more free the mechanism, tools, implements and stock of the mechanic and manufacturer may be from taxation, as in Philadelphia where they are absolutely free, the more numerous will be the arts undertaken, the greater will be the demand for real estate, and the greater may be the revenue which the city will derive from a tax levied exclusively upon real estate and franchises. Third, the more the obstructions are removed to uniting the railway service and developing docks and harbors by corporate or individual enterprise, free of the competition of state undertakings of that kind which check, cramp and almost stop individual progress, the greater will be the gain in welfare and in population. Fourth and finally, it may be held that as time goes on Boston may become a more and more attractive place of education, of summer and winter resort, and as a dwelling place for those who have achieved success in places where the conditions of life are not so conducive to the education of children and are not as attractive in other ways. The more such persons are invited to come by the exemption of personal property from taxation, the more will they occupy the real estate, increase the population, develop the welfare of the city, and also increase its revenue from well adjusted taxes.

I submit all these views as matters which may well be considered by any one whose duty it is to forecast the future of Greater Boston, whether in respect to its traffic, its harbor, its docks or its water supply.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN once said with deep seriousness that the power of the great monied interests of the country, of the corporations and monopolies which already in his own time were waxing so gross, was destined to become stronger and more tyrannous than the slave power, its menace to the liberties and institutions of the country more subtle and dangerous, and the struggle of the people to maintain their rights against it more difficult. Henry D. Lloyd's remarkable book, "Wealth against Commonwealth," which has now been before the country for almost a year, is the most powerful and impressive, because the most detailed and definite statement which has ever been made of the character and methods and achievements of the baleful power whose advent and ascendency Lincoln so clearly foresaw. When Edward Everett Hale first read this book he said, "It is the 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' of the present crisis." Widely as it has been read, and deeply as it has affected the earnest thinkers of the country, it has not been read half enough nor aroused half enough discussion. It is not a book for scholars simply; it is a book for the people. Every man and woman who has at heart the interests of the republic should become acquainted with the startling facts here presented — none can afford not to do it — and should then act upon them seriously and resolutely, as Otis and Adams and Washington acted in their day, as Phillips and Sumner and Lincoln acted in theirs. The reference to Lincoln and to the struggle with slavery leads us to add that the issue of "Wealth against Commonwealth," as Mr. Lloyd defines it, is an issue as distinct as that between slavery and freedom, and it is the issue of the time. "Our rising issue is with business. Monopoly is business at the end of its journey. It has got there. The irrepressible conflict is now as distinctly with business as the issue so lately met was with slavery. Slavery went first only because it was the cruder form of business."

Mr. Lloyd's book is strong because, facing all the facts, stating them all at their worst, it is not a black and despairing book, like the books of so many of our present social reformers, but a hopeful, brave and confident book. He believes in the American democracy, in the people. The reason why the people permit such things as he details to go on, insidiously robbing them of their liberties and sapping the life of the state, is because they have no real or adequate knowledge of them. "If they know," he says, "they will care. To help them to know and care, to stimulate new hatred of evil, new love of the good, new sympathy for the victims of power, and, by enlarging its science, to quicken the old into a new conscience, this compilation of fact has been made. Democracy is not a lie. There live in the body of the commonalty the unexhausted virtue and the ever-refreshened strength which can rise equal to any problems of progress." He recognizes that the mania of business and the evils of

capitalism have reached an acuter and extremer development in America than elsewhere, precisely because opportunities and freedom here are both so great. But "the hope is," he says, "that the old economic system we inherited has ripened so much more rapidly than the society and government we have created, that the dead matter it deposits can be thrown off by our vigorous youth and health. . . . In making themselves free of arbitrary and corrupt power in government, the Americans prepared themselves to be free in all else, and because foremost in political liberty, they have the promise of being the first to realize industrial liberty — the trunk of a tree of which political liberty is the seed, and without which political liberty shrinks back into nothingness." This thought, that the problem set for this time is to extend to our industrial organization the same principles which we have applied so successfully, or at least with such general acceptance, to our political organization, is the thought which runs all through Mr. Lloyd's book. "Political government by the self-interest of the individual," he says, "we call anarchy. It is one of the paradoxes of public opinion that the people of America, least tolerant of this theory of anarchy in political government, lead in practising it in industry. Politically, we are civilized; industrially, not yet. . . . The word of the day is that we are about to civilize industry. Mankind is quivering with its purpose to make men fellow citizens, brothers, lovers in industry, as it has done with them in government and family, which are also industry." "There is to be a people," he says again, "in industry, as in government. The same rising genius of democracy which discovered that mankind did not co-operate in the state to provide a few with palaces and king's-evil, is disclosing that men do not co-operate in trade for any other purpose than to mobilize the labor of all for the benefit of all."

Mr. Lloyd is no abstract or exclusive socialist, nor in any point a dogmatic doctrinaire. His mind is a true English mind, dealing with the masses of facts which confront us in the commercial world in a practical way, only in a courageous and Christian way; recognizing the validity of conflicting principles in society and the state, in whose everlasting adjustment and readjustment history and progress consist, and recognizing this work of adjustment as the task of the sagacious statesmanship of each time, only insisting always on the subordination of the lower to the higher. "The true *laissez faire* is, let the individual do what the individual can do best, and let the community do what the community can do best. The *laissez faire* of social self-interest, if true, cannot conflict with the individual self-interest, if true, but it must outrank it always."

The trouble with our business is that we do not respect in it the first principles of the brotherhood which we extol in all the other provinces of life. "'It is a law of business for each proprietor to pursue his own interest,' said the Committee of Congress which, in 1893, investigated the coal combinations. . . . 'The weakest must go first,' field of human associations," says Mr. Lloyd, "in which any such rule of action is allowed. The man who should apply in his family or his citizenship this 'survival of the fittest' theory as it is practically professed and operated in business would be a monster, and would be speedily made extinct, as we do with monsters. . . . In trade, men have not yet risen to the level of the family life of the animals. The true law of business is that all must pursue the interest of all. In the law, the highest product of civilization, this has long been a commonplace. The safety of the people is the supreme law. We are in travail to bring industry up to this."

Violating every principle of brotherhood and social obligation, the great monopolies of the country have come also to the violation of all law and to menace the very order and safety of the state. "The flames of a new economic evolution run around us, and we turn to find that competition has killed competition, that corporations have grown greater than the state and have bred individuals greater than themselves, and that the naked issue of our time is with property becoming master." The object of Mr. Lloyd's book is to show in detail how this is true — to show how the great trusts and corporations which he subjects to special analysis "evade or defy the laws of the states and of the nation, and the decisions of the courts, state and national. Guided by the advice of the skilfullest lawyers, they persist in open violation, or make such changes in their procedure as will nullify statute and decision without danger to them. . . . They rise superior to our half-hearted social corrections: publicity, private competition, all devices of market-opposition, private litigation, public investigation, legislation and criminal prosecution — all. Their power is greater to-day than it was yesterday, and will be greater to-morrow."

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THERE are many counts in Mr. Lloyd's indictment. By the policy of competition which results in killing competition, it has already come about that competition in our supply of bread, of meat, of sugar, of coal and of oil is ended or lies between as few men as can be counted on one's fingers; and when we have said bread and meat and sugar and oil and coal, do we realize how much we have said touching the material basis of life? One gigantic trust controls substantially the whole sugar market of the country — and the power of that trust in the United States Senate was demonstrated in the settlement of our present tariff bill. Half a dozen men determine whether bread shall be cheap or dear. The "big four" control almost the entire meat supply of the country. Our coal barons are a handful of men. The transportation interests of the country are dominated by a group but little larger. The Standard Oil Company has an almost absolute monopoly. At all of these great combinations, and at the whiskey trust, — for it is coming about that the American cannot even get drunk without paying tribute to monopoly, — Mr. Lloyd glances, pointing out the colossal crimes — the truth permits no milder term —

dimensions and power. The chapter on the whiskey trust is an appalling chapter, detailing the story, already forgotten by most of our people, of the detection of the secretary of the trust in plans for blowing up one of the great competing distilleries in Chicago, involving the probable loss of many lives, and of the law's delays and quibbles, through which the president and trustees of the trust stood by the secretary, by which he finally escaped all penalty for a crime which would have landed any man less powerfully backed in the penitentiary. This incident is almost exactly paralleled in the history of the Standard Oil Company at Buffalo. "The only result of the testimony and hearing of the committee," said one of the members of the congressional committee of investigation of the whiskey trust, knowing too well the history of such investigations, "will be to educate the public to the trust methods. It will have no effect on the trust." That will continue to be the verdict in all these matters until the American people makes up its mind to look into them in earnest, to find out the facts, and to mix knowledge with conscience.

Glancing briefly at most of the great trusts, it is only one of them, the Standard Oil Company, whose history and operations Mr. Lloyd studies in detail — so full detail that the study constitutes three quarters of his book. The very purpose of his book is to give the country an object lesson, and he makes the selection which he does because it serves him best. "To give the full and official history of members of these combinations, which are nearly identical in inspiration, method and result, would be repetition. Only one of them, therefore, has been treated in full — the oil trust. It is the most successful of all the attempts to put gifts of nature, entire industries and world markets under one hat. Its originators claim this precedence. It was, one of its spokesmen says, 'the parent of the trust system.' It is the best illustration of a movement which is itself but an illustration of the spirit of the age."

It is a startling story for a citizen of the republic to read — that of the steps, the wreckage of industries, the conspiracies to annihilate competition, the games with stock, the expert lying, the crimes under the forms of law, the bold defiance of law, by which "the little nest-egg of nothing of the group which came into the field in 1862 grew to $1,000,000 in 1870; to $2,500,000 in 1872; to $3,500,000 in 1875; to $70,000,000 in 1882; and in 1887 to a capital of $90,000,000, which the New York Legislature reported in 1888, 'according to the testimony of the trust's president,' to be worth 'not less than $148,000,000,'" with net earnings in one period of six years, when the operations of the trust were vastly less than what they are to-day, of $55,000,000. The book, which is a monument of industry and devotion, "has been quarried out of official records. . . . Decisions of courts and of special tribunals like the Interstate Commerce Commission, verdicts of juries in civil and criminal cases, reports of committees of the State Legislatures and of Congress, oath-sworn testimony given in legal proceedings and in official inquiries, corrected by rebutting testimony and by cross examination, — such are the sources of information."

It seems to us that this story of sin and shame culminates in the unexampled briberies by which Henry B. Payne was made United States senator from Ohio in 1884; just as the most startling thing in connection with the sugar trust is its manifest shaping of tariff legislation in the Senate two years ago. That Senator Payne's seat was bought with Standard Oil money no rational man who reads the evidence can doubt; yet how quickly the people have forgotten it, and how inadequately they realized at the time the terrible significance of such a thing in a republic! Senator Edmunds of Vermont realized it. "This is a day of infamy for the Senate of the United States," he exclaimed when the vote of the Senate not to investigate the case was announced. Senator Hoar of Massachusetts realized it. "The adoption of this majority report," he said, "will be the most unfortunate fact in the history of the Senate;" and he closed the debate with these memorable words: "A senator who, when the governor of his state, when both branches of the legislature of his state, complained to us that a seat in the United States Senate had been bought; when the other senator from the state rose and told us that that was the belief of a very large majority of the people of Ohio, without distinction of party, failed to rise in his place and ask for the investigation which would have put an end to those charges, if they had been unfounded, sheltering himself behind the technicalities which were found by some gentlemen on both sides of this chamber, that the investigation ought not to be made, but who could have had it by the slightest request on his part, and then remained dumb, I think should forever after hold his peace."

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"WEALTH AGAINST COMMONWEALTH" has provoked warm feeling and discussion. Newspapers of the *Outlook* sort have praised it, and newspapers of the *Nation* sort have damned it. We have seen only one considerable attempt to answer it — an article of a dozen pages in one of the economic reviews, by a writer, curiously enough, whose name rumor has associated with the service of the great monopoly itself. Rumor is very likely false in this case as in so many others. If it is true, however, the article has the double interest of a quasi-official defence — plenarily inspired, as it were — and may be viewed as the best which the oil trust, feeling that an impeachment like the present cannot be left unnoticed, can say for itself, or that its friends can say for it. It is a melancholy defence — a mixture of paltry detraction, of fustian virtue, of distortion of fact, and the befogging of issues, inferior only to the testimony of some of the Standard Oil Company's trustees before legislative committees, as reported in chapters of Mr. Lloyd's book. And yet the impeachment must be answered. The American people cannot permit it to remain unanswered — nor to let the various commercial and industrial iniquities now so clearly revealed to them go on, corrupting the very life of the nation, while they shout them-

selves hoarse over differences in the McKinley and the Wilson tariff.

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To us the most melancholy word in Mr. Lloyd's book — the word indeed which has prompted us to write as we do at this time — is this: "In America, where the supreme political power and much of the government of church and college have been taken out of traditional hands and subjected to the changing determinations of popular will, it has inevitably resulted that the state, church, and school have passed under this mercantile aristocracy to a far greater extent than in other countries where stiffer *régimes* under other and older influences still stand."

This is unquestionably true. As concerns the church, there is no other country in the world where considerations of wealth count for so much as here, or where the class spirit makes itself so strongly felt; there are no cities where we hear so much and see so much about this or that church being "aristocratic" as in New York, Philadelphia, Boston and other great cities of America; no churches where white light is softened by so many windows in memory of millionnaires instead of saints; no places where the getting of this or that monied man into "our church" is made so much of as in American places. Money seals the lips of rebuke, earns condonation for sin and even ostentatious courtesy for the sinner. Probably no man in our time did more to debauch the ambitious young business men and the general commercial conscience of America than Jay Gould. Probably there was no Presbyterian minister in the city of New York who did not know it. Yet when, a brief time before his death, the Presbyterian clergy of New York were to hold a conference touching city missions or some pious enterprise, they readily accepted the invitation to hold the conference in Jay Gould's parlors, and duly rendered thanks for the check for $10,000 — which we certainly do not criticise them for putting to good use — which followed the grotesque conjunction. And so far as we know, there was but one minister of Christ in the city of New York — let it be written down that this was William S. Rainsford — who made the proceeding the theme of his sermon on the next Sunday or had the heroism to remind his brethren that a church or a Christian conference in the house of Jay Gould, with the master of the house a party to it, is a long way from the house of Aquila and Priscilla.

In a little village near the Catskills there has risen, in memory of this wrecker of railroads, a church — a church costing two hundred thousand dollars, we are told, of the Gould money. And on the corner-stone of this church it is inscribed: "To the glory of God and in memory of Jay Gould." We do not know what the dedication ceremonies were; we do not know what gospel is preached there, nor what silences are observed. But in God's sky above the Catskills it is written, to be read by all who see, that God and Gould are names which cannot stand together, and that it was not on a rock commemorating such strange partnership that Christ promised he would build his church.

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By the very irony of fate it happens that the great monopoly whose crimes Mr. Lloyd exposes is also mixed with the church. "The oil trust," says one of its reverend apologists, "was begun and carried on by Christian men." "He and his family," urged the leading Baptist paper in New York, defending the president of the trust, as the charges against him multiplied, "are at church every Sunday when in the city, and no husband and wife keep up the good old Baptist habit more faithfully of exchanging a kind word with the brethren and sisters after the regular services are over." Let us not here forget that the leading Baptist paper of Philadelphia denounced it as a breach of propriety to bring private character into such discussions, and in response to the appeal to men's creeds to prevent judgment on their deeds quoted the reply which Macaulay makes Milton give to the similar pleas urged for King Charles: "For his private virtues they are beside the question. If he oppress and extort all day, shall he be held blameless because he prayeth at night and morning?" "It will be a sorry spectacle," continued the *National Baptist*, "if the secular papers shall be ranged on the side of justice and the human race, while the defence of monopoly shall be left to the so-called representatives of the religious press."

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It is this president of the oil trust and "magnate of the church" who has been the principal endower of the great new university at Chicago, whose matters have been brought before the country at this time in so unhappy a manner on account of the dismissal of one of its professors of political economy. He gave to the university at the beginning $600,000, "which was equal to his income for a fortnight;" and he has given it altogether three or four times that amount, his benefactions being so much greater than all others that his name is printed on the institution's letter-heads, etc., as its "founder."

We do not propose to enter here into any discussion of the differences between the president of the University of Chicago and Professor Bemis. The columns of the newspapers are a fitter place for that. No one would fail to pay to President Harper always the tribute which is due him for his conspicuous fertility and energy and for the miracle which he has wrought in creating in a moment, as it were, a full-grown university, organized on a basis so broad, manned by a corps of scholars so eminent, and destined surely to a future so brilliant. In every important criticism he will have the indulgence due to every man who is charged with the duties of large administration and the reconciliation of complex interests. Our purpose here is simply to direct attention to the danger which threatens the higher education in America through the passing of so many of our colleges and universities under the influence of a mercantile aristocracy — "the benumbing influence," as Professor Bemis so well describes it, "of a certain class

of actual or hoped-for endowments, whether this influence is directly exerted by donors or only instinctively felt by university authorities and instructors."

When one looks back to the founding of the colleges of New England and traces their early history, — Harvard, Yale, Williams, Amherst, Bowdoin, Dartmouth, Brown, — he sees that every stone was laid in prayer, that every year was a record of consecration, that the college lived and grew by the self-sacrifice and high purpose of a whole people determined that godly ministers and learned schoolmasters should be well trained, and that knowledge should be spread in the land. The college was a place of plain living and high thinking, of economy and of aspiration, the place where the spiritualities were magnified and the materialities held cheap, the nursery of everything that has been most strenuous and disciplined and noble in the American commonwealth. When New England went west, into Ohio, the same story was repeated, — in the little college at Marietta, in the college in the Western Reserve; and in how many places farther on and in the South it has been repeated also! These colleges had their beginnings in the day of small things, and this is the day of large things. The country was poor; it is rich — and it is right that many things should now be done magnificently and in a moment, which have been done severely and painfully in a century or in two centuries. We do not rail at great givers; they give to a grateful country — and among them are some of the noblest names of the century. But we do say that, at a time when in so many provinces of our American life the old simplicity is giving way to luxury, ostentation and indulgence, and the love of money and the power of money are roots of evil as never before, it is doubly incumbent upon the church and the school to see to it that they do not become contaminated with base bribes nor let the taint of materialism or commercialism blight them and make them centres of confusion instead of nurseries of truth. We may not analyze too strictly the contents of the contribution-box. There may be much conscience money in it; let it stay, and be put to use. But let no giver be honored — least of all in church and school — simply because he is a giver; nor be permitted, simply because of that, to exercise control or to radiate awe, in the precincts of education or religion, by any scholar or any constable of the kingdom of God. It is a distinct misfortune to the cause of higher education in America that, of the two great universities whose rich endowment in this time has attracted most attention, the money of the one should now be under attaint in the United States courts, the money of the other be money got together by the unrighteous processes described in Mr. Lloyd's "Wealth against Commonwealth." It is a misfortune for any seminary of "sound and religious learning," where young men are trained for leadership in the church and in the state, to have to look to a man of the type of John D. Rockefeller as its "founder," instead of a man of the type of John Harvard. Such a misfortune, however, is not irreparable. But it would be a misfortune almost irreparable if such a foundation or the hope of more such money to build upon it were permitted by the officers and scholars charged with the interests of this great institution to affect their policy one jot or tittle. It would be a misfortune if any pressure were brought to bear upon any professor to make him put truth and the pursuit of truth in the second place and not the first. It would be a special misfortune at this time if any teacher of political economy or social science in any university, where students are supposed to be not boys but men, were led to feel that he must be silent or diplomatic concerning the infamies of our commercial and industrial life. Better two centuries more of economy and poverty in the American college, of small wages and bare floors, than that great gifts of bad money — which we criticise no college for taking, although we declare even this a subject for casuistry — should beget any intimidation or deference inimical to the scientific spirit or to perfect freedom and courage on the part of every faithful college man. Above all, let there be no "orthodoxy" in American political economy. The effects of such an orthodoxy would be far more immediately disastrous than those of any orthodoxy in theology. We have seen one attempt to enforce such an orthodoxy, in the case of Professor Ely in Wisconsin, and witnessed its complete and fortunate failure. Let the agitation aroused by the case of Professor Bemis in Chicago, whatever the facts may be shown to be and whatever the outcome of the discussion, be a new call to the scholars of the country to make the cause of academic freedom in America as sacred as it has been for three quarters of a century in Germany. It is a time when the men administering our universities should construe their offices heroically and determine that no peculiar circumstances, no environment, no criticism of the clubs, and no endowment in the hand or in the bush shall be permitted to hamper their administration or the independence of any soldier in the host which they lead in the cause of culture and of conscience. It is a time when the men charged with the intellectual and spiritual interests of the country cannot afford even the appearance of evil or compromise with ill-gotten wealth. The American school, high and low, must be above all other places, as it always has been, the nursery and home of freedom, of democracy, and of courage. With God alone worshipped in the church, and with a brave public spirit informing the school, we need not fear the most nor the worst that mammon can do to the republic.

Press of Skinner, Bartlett & Co., Boston.



FROM A DRAWING BY EDMUND H. GARRETT.

"BUT CHRIST HATH SENT ME HERE TO-NIGHT
TO BEAR HIS GIFT TO THEE —
A CHRISTMAS GIFT — THE COSTLY CROWN
OF IMMORTALITY!"

THE

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES. DECEMBER, 1895. VOL. XIII. NO. 4.

The Heiress to the Skies.

The bells of Christmas Eve rang out —
The bells rang sweet and clear —
Across the white and ghostly hills,
Across the frozen mere.
They left the ancient log of yule,
That hissed and flamed and roared,
And crowded to the door to hear, —
The children of the ford;

All save the little Margaret,
The slender orphan child,
Whose mouth was like a budding rose,
Whose eyes were blue and mild,
Whose golden locks caressed a cheek
As white as frozen foam,
And who with these, her distant kin,
Had found a grudging home.

She sat apart, her lashes wet
With bitter tears to see
The others hang their stockings up, —
For none to hang had she.
Barefooted or in wooden shoes
The housewife made her go,
And early to her attic bed
She crept, to hide her woe.

"But I shall have a jewelled crown,"
The little maid would say
When sore of heart, "for I was born
Upon a Christmas Day!"
And so to-night she thought, and slept
Amid her tangled curls.
The moon looked in upon her tears,
And changed them into pearls.

Beneath her coverlet of snow,
Far off upon the hill,
The pale, dead mother in her shroud
Unclasped her fingers chill.
She lifted up the coffin-lid
And left her narrow bed,
And forth she passed on naked feet:
They feel no cold — the dead.

Straight up the glimmering road she went,
And through the haunted fen;
And when she crossed the frozen pond
The village clock struck ten.
She softly raised the wooden latch,
And glided up the stair,
And found her pretty babe asleep,
Divinely pure and fair.

"For five long years, my child," she said,
"I've lain beneath a stone,
Because I would not mount to heaven
And leave thee here alone.
But Christ hath sent me here to-night
To bear His gift to thee—
A Christmas gift—the costly crown
Of immortality!

Then through the gloomy garret room
Sweet strains of music rose
And quivered on the frosty air,
And died across the snows;
And from the stars the angels came
And bore their twain away,
While rosy on the hilltops streamed
The dawn of Christmas Day.

The cottage by the lonely pond
Is now a ruin old,
With bare, black rafters, over which
The knotted ivies fold.
But all the country people say
(And cross themselves with fear)
That who goes there on Christmas Eve
Strange things shall see and hear.

At midnight from the empty walls
Mysterious carols steal;
The little orphan girl appears
In gems from head to heel.
No queen on earth was ever clothed
In such a splendid guise.
The child who died in poverty
Was heiress to the skies!

Minna Irving.

THE BUILDER OF THE OLD SOUTH MEETING-HOUSE.

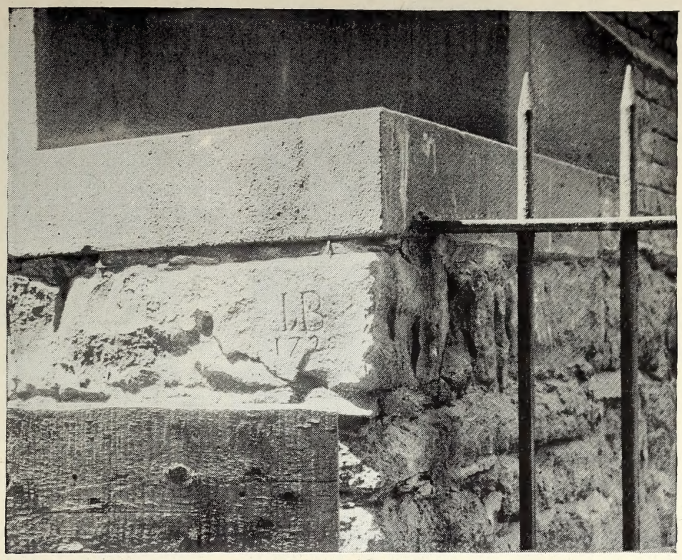
By Abram English Brown.

WHO *saved* the Old South Meeting-House? is a question so well answered that no one to the latest generation will fail to accord to the patriotic women of Boston, and in particular to Mrs. Mary Hemenway, the honor of having preserved that sacred and historic structure. The old meeting-house, around which clustered the memories of Adams, Hancock, Warren, Otis, and so many more whose voices had been raised within its walls in the cause of liberty, was on the verge of destruction. It was no mere sentiment which prompted Mrs. Hemenway to give one half of the $200,000 immediately necessary for the work of rescue; it was a deep-seated reverence for the hallowed associations which made the Old South Meeting-House to her a temple of patriotism. She wished it to be such to coming generations, and she made this possible by her later munificence.



A building of such sacred memories, for one hundred and sixty-five years so closely identified with the interests, not only of Boston, but of New England and of the Republic, and for the saving of which so great sacrifice has been made, can occupy no ordinary place in our annals. So much has been written of the history of the Old South Church, the third church of Boston, that it seems as if nothing of interest could remain. When in possession of the exhaustive diaries of Judge Sewall, the records of his honored son, Dr. Joseph Sewall, the pastor of the Old South Church for more than a half century, and the thorough history by Mr. Hamilton A. Hill, one might well feel that nothing could have escaped notice. The history of the Old South Church covers a period of more than two and a quarter centuries. The long chain of events, beginning with the gift of Mary Norton and ending with the gift of Mary Hemenway, contains many links of great historic value; but the object of this article is to supply one missing link. We wish to consider the builder of the Old South Meeting-House. In all the volumes written and all the public records, we have failed to find the name of the builder of this historic church. We have learned that the bell was purchased with a legacy from Captain Timothy Cunningham, and suitably inscribed; that the vane or weather-cock was the work of Shem Drown; and that the clock was built by Gawen Brown, a celebrated clock-maker of that time. But the public records are silent as to who laid those brick walls, which have withstood the vicissitudes of one hundred and sixty-five years, which have stood in their solid perfection through the earthquake's shock,

when the vane of Faneuil Hall came tumbling into the street and scores of smaller buildings were shattered, withstood the devastation of fire, when the angry flames were roaring and crackling about them, echoed the eloquence of Adams and Warren, sheltered the hostile army of the king, witnessed the stately presence of Washington, been the peaceful temple of worship.



THE CORNER-STONE OF THE OLD SOUTH MEETING-HOUSE.

To the yellow leaves of an obscure journal, kept for generations in a family residence on Beacon Hill, we inadvertently turn, and there find with other items the following:

"1729, Aprell the 1st. I with other layd the foundation of the South Brick meeting house and finished the Brick work ye 8th of Octr. following."

We turn to the title-page of this journal and read: "1722 Joshua Blanchard his book." The natural conclusion is that Joshua Blanchard laid the corner-stone and built the South Meeting-House, and that, in addition to all else, it is a monument to his faithful workmanship. There now confronts us the foot-note in volume I., page 450, of Mr.





THE GRAVESTONES WHICH CONFIRM THE THEORY.

Hill's history of the Old South Church: "In the southwest corner of the building, just above the sidewalk, there is a stone bearing the letters N. E., and the date, March 31, 1729. . . . Dr. Wisner mentions another stone, in the northwest corner, on the west side, inscribed with the letters S. S., and another in the northeast corner, on the east side, inscribed L. B., 1729. The letters S. S. probably stand for Samuel Sewall, . . . but we are unable to explain those on the other stones. Robert Twelves is said to have been the builder."

It is apparent that the old-time people were not intent upon advertising their craft with the distinctness of many modern architects, builders and committees, else they would have chiselled something more than these simple initials and a date unintelligible so long and to so many. The inscription at the southwest corner we leave with no attempt at an explanation, unless it be to suggest, as a shadow of a possibility, that it was intended to signify *newly erected.* In this church, as is generally the case when the question of a new house of worship is under consideration, there was a division as to the wisdom of the proceeding. A respectable minority favored repairing and enlarging the Cedar Meeting-House, in which they had worshipped so long and about which many precious memories clustered. We find that on that date, March 31, they began to lay the stone foundations, that these were on the same spot occupied by the Cedar house and previously by the dwelling of the colonial governor; and it may have been a desire of the minority to perpetuate this fact.

We readily accept the explanation of that at the northwest corner, "S. S.," Samuel Sewall, notwithstanding the Chief Justice's persistent opposition to the erection of the brick meeting-house. He was an honored member of the church, and we can but believe that his opposition was overlooked by his associates as the strong attachment of an old man for the hallowed associations of his life. Following so soon upon the death of the father, it would be natural for the son to waive the honor which custom might have allowed the minister of the church, and place the initials of his lamented sire on a corner-stone of the new meeting-house. It seems to have been a habit of Samuel Sewall to leave his imprint in that manner. "Monday, May 5, (1712.) I lay a stone at the South east corner of the town House and had Engraven on it, S. S., 1712." This custom was not peculiar to Mr. Sewall; we find that another member of the Old South Church, Peter Sergeant, a prominent merchant of the day, attempted to perpetuate his name in a similar manner, when building his residence, which later became the Province House. Hawthorne, in his descrip-

tion of the old Province House, says: "These letters and figures: 16 — P. S. — 79, are wrought into the iron work of the balcony, and probably express the date of the edifice, with the initials of its founder's name."

Passing to the northeast corner, the east side, we find what has been interpreted as "L. B. 1729." This corner is reached by the passageway from Milk Street, in the rear of the meeting-house. A high board fence obscures the view; but having the barrier removed, Mr. Edward Wheelwright, a man well known in Boston, and the custodian of the journal, — a family relic, — was successful in obtaining a photograph of the corner-stone.

At first examination one would say that the inscription is "L. B. 1729." But upon having the photograph magnified, we find that what has been regarded as the curve of the letter L is a groove or defect in the stone, which, when covered from sight, leaves a perfect letter I; and the inscription stands, "I. B. 1729." Remembering that I and J were but one character in Latin, and in our colonial literature were constantly interchanged, we are ready to conclude that the inscription is to be read J. B., and that Joshua Blanchard attempted to perpetuate his name in connection with this work of his hands. Leaving Robert Twelves as the possible carpenter of the house, we would next show that Joshua Blanchard was a man of literary taste, and that there was a reluctance to giving up the Latin usage on the part of the family.

Mr. George D. B. Blanchard, a lineal descendant of Joshua, was for many years a merchant in Boston, and is now a resident of Malden, prominent in the Malden Historical Society. He is a man conversant with several languages, and a most intelligent historian. In his company we turn our steps to the old Malden burial-ground or Bell Rock Cemetery, and there find gravestones which confirm our opinion. It seems that these stones are at the head and foot of the grave of the mother of Joshua, the builder, and were erected by his son Edward, who was at

School. The inscription on the head-stone is in substance as follows:

> "On the twelfth day of February, A. D. 1745, her grandson erected this stone, sacred to the memory of Mistress Mehitable Blanchard second wife of Master Joshua Blanchard who died on the tenth day of January, Anno Domini 1742, in the seventy-sixth year of her age."

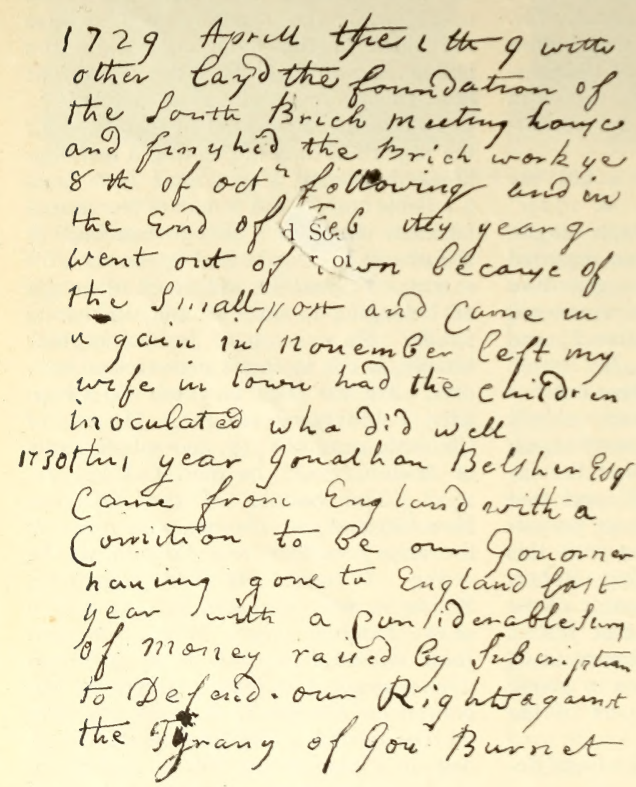
The inscription on the foot-stone is a quotation from the "Æneid" in the original Latin, the following being a free translation: "While the rivers shall run to the ocean, while the shadows shall traverse the sides of the mountains, while the hollow heaven shall feed the stars, your honor, name and praise shall endure."

To have been selected at that time for the important duty of erecting a meeting-house in Boston, a man must have been a reliable builder and a man of recognized business integrity. That Joshua Blanchard was such is evidenced by the record's extent. He had the additional advantage of belonging to an old and influential family. He was son of Joshua and Mehitable, as the mother's gravestones indicate. He was born in June, 1692, baptized February 16, 1692–3. He was of Charlestown until 1715, and subsequently of Boston, where he died October 27, 1748. The founder of the family in New England was Thomas, who came in the ship *Jonathan* from London, in the spring of 1639. He first settled in Braintree, and purchased in 1651 a farm of two hundred acres. It was the Rev. John Willson farm, and is described as "lying nexte the land granted to Mr. Nowell on the south, & nexte Medford, on the north." The Blanchard estate, first in Charlestown, fell to Malden in 1726, remaining in that town until 1815, when, through a change of boundaries, one half was recorded as belonging to Medford; and still later the whole of the estate is taxed in Medford. Subsequently the town of Everett included the whole of the estate; but soon one half was returned to Medford — and it is now known as Wellington.

Here Joshua Blanchard, the builder, was born in the old gambrel-roofed house, yet standing, not far from the famous Craddock house, now owned by

ginal Blanchard dwelling antedated the Craddock house; for it appears by records that the workmen while erecting that lived in the Blanchard dwelling.

It is apparent that Joshua took up his permanent abode in Boston soon after quitting the homestead, for in his journal of 1718 we read: "I built my house in Adkson's Street." He was then twenty-six years of age, and had married the previous year. He soon



REDUCED FAC-SIMILE OF A PAGE FROM "JOSHUA BLANCHARD HIS BOOK."

appears in the town records as a man worthy of confidence — a co-worker with Hancock, Faneuil and others of like prominence in the town of Boston. At a meeting of the selectmen, September 12, 1733, "Messrs. Cookson and Adams having made complaint of a defect in the chimney of an old house, behind the 'three Crowns' in Fish Street, by which the neighborhood is in danger of having their Houses set on fire — Voted — that Mr. John Goldthwait & Mr. Joshua Blanchard be desired to view the same and to acquaint the Selectmen what they think proper to be done, to prevent Damage."

March 3, 1735, Joshua Blanchard is made one of a committee "to build five tombs in the South (Granary) Burying place."

"March 23, 1736 — Voted — that the thirteen Tombs lately erected in the South Burying place, numbered from sixty eight to eighty, inclusive, be and hereby are granted and confirmed unto the Persons hereafter named, their Heirs and assigns, respectfully forever." Number 73 is to Mr. Joshua Blanchard.

"June, 1738, Dea. Parker & Mr. Blanchard were granted liberty to build 4 Tombs in South Burying place, making 13 in number on the Northerly side."

"Sept. 13, 1738, Voted — that Joshua Blanchard collect money from the Proprietors, now due, and that part thereof be applied to and for the Building a small piece of Brick Wall at the north Corner of said Burying place, against which part of Mr. Joseph Green's tomb, No. 80, now stands."

In addition to his prominence as a builder of tombs, etc., we find that for a long series of years he was a member of the town's committee of visitation, and of the assessors, and was licensed to sell strong drink. On July 4, 1728, we find that he was called to serve as one of "the jurymen on the inquest on the body of Benjamin Woodbridge, killed by Henry Phillips of Boston, merchant, on the Common, July 3 inst." Woodbridge was

the victim of the first duel fought in Boston, and this upon the Common. We read that both parties were young men of prominence who sat down to a friendly game, and when excited with strong drink arose from the table, went to the Common, and there engaged in a duel, which resulted ultimately in the death of both young men. For although Phillips, aided by Peter Faneuil, succeeded in making good his escape from the country, he soon died of remorse.

The successful completion of a structure of the importance of the Old South Meeting-House must have established the reputation of the builder. The faithful work was his best testimonial. It has been said of this meeting-house by Richard Grant White: "It is the perfect model of a New England meeting-house of the highest style in the olden time. Bare of the beauty of architectural detail, it delights the eye by its fine symmetrical proportions."

It is a pleasing coincidence, if not detected until this late day, that the builder of the Old South should have had a part also in the construction of Faneuil Hall. It is natural enough that it should have been so, for Joshua Blanchard and Peter Faneuil were flourishing at the one time. On September 2, 1740, the selectmen held a meeting of importance. "Present, the Hon. John Jeffries, Esqr., Caleb Lyman, Esqr., Mr. Clark, Thomas Hutchinson, Esqr., Mr. Cooke. Mr. Joshua Blanchard presented a plan from Peter Faneuil, Esqr., of a House for a Market to be built on Dock Square (agreeable to his Proposal to the Town at their meeting on Monday, the 14th of July last, and their votes thereon), Desiring the Selectmen would lay out the Ground in Order to begin the Foundation. The Selectmen accordingly met, went on the place in Order to view the Same. Mark'd and stak'd out a Piece of Ground for that use, measuring in length from the lower, or Easterly end pointing the ware houses in Merchants Row, One Hundred feet, and in Breadth forty feet, which leaves a Passage way of thirty feet wide Between the Town's shops and the Market House to be built."

ment as to the builder of the first Faneuil Hall, we can but infer from his connection with it, that it was Joshua Blanchard, and regard as testimony to him the statement published after the fire of 1761, when all perished save the brick walls. "It was a noble building, esteemed one of the best pieces of workmanship here, and an ornament to the town."

In the Probate Records of Suffolk we read: "April 11, 1749, Petition of Edward Blanchard, minor, aged 15, son of Joshua Blanchard, *brick layer*, that his mother, Sarah Blanchard, be appointed his guardian."

Tomb Number 73 in Granary Burying-Ground, which we have shown was assigned to Joshua Blanchard, may be seen in the corner nearest to the old Tremont House and the street. The rear wall being a part of that which separates the burial-ground from Tremont Place, the booth which occupied the site of the former garden of the Tremont House, where Ann Jane Boyden successfully cultivated the "old-fashioned posies," obscured a part of this tomb; but the number and name may be seen from the street. In the corner, close to the iron fence and near where the booth stood, may be seen a second slab, on the greensward, which must have been placed there at a later date. On this may be read: "No. 73. Joshua Blanchard a mason."

We trace Mr. Blanchard at one time to Watertown Bridge, whither he fled to escape the scourge of small-pox, of which his brother Josiah had died. We find him there selling "English goods, 7 by 9 and 8 by 10 glass, etc." This might be regarded as in some respects in the line of his legitimate business, and a very wise course when the builders' occupation was hazardous in the town of Boston.

Toward the end of his busy and prosperous life, we find him an interested owner in Blanchard's, now Rowe's, wharf, and also engaged in the publishing business.

"Notwithstanding the feeble support extended to periodicals at that time, a new one was undertaken in the autumn of

azine and Historical Chronicle. The numbers were issued monthly, containing about forty-five pages octavo, and appeared as well in all respects as similar works of the time in England, except that they had no plates. Some of the early numbers had a cut on the first page intended to represent Boston, which it did quite as well probably as that in the *London Magazine* represented London. But the *American Magazine* had a brief existence, extending only three years and four months. It was published by Samuel Eliot in Cornhill and *Joshua Blanchard* in Dock Square, and printed by Rogers and Fowle in Prison Lane. Dr. Thomas notes that it has been said that Jeremy Gridley, Esq., who had edited the *Rehearsal,* was the editor of this magazine. In the imprint, the following publishers are named: B. Franklin, in Philadelphia; J. Parker, in New York; J. Pomroy, in New Haven; C. Campbell, Port Master, in Newport. The price was three shillings, new tenor, a quarter, equal to about two dollars a year."

In one place in the ancient journal we find a simple entry, made by other hands than the owner's:

"Oct. 27, 1748. My husband Dyed Æ 56."

It was a short life, but we are led to conclude a useful one. For one hundred and forty-seven years Joshua Blanchard's dust has reposed in the Granary Burying-Ground, with that of Sewall, Hancock, Faneuil and other co-workers in the development of Boston, and many more of distinction who have enjoyed the fruit of his labors. As long as the Old South Meeting-House shall stand, an educator of the people, let its corner-stone give silent testimony to the faithful workmanship of Joshua Blanchard.

The whole of Mr. Blanchard's journal, in the possession of Mr. Wheelwright, is here reproduced, the pages of the journal being indicated.

1722 1722

JOSHUA BLANCHARD HIS BOOK

1722

2

I was Born in June 1692
My father dyed July 1716
I was maried to Sarah loring on the
14 of March 1717.
our first child Joshua was Born
July ye Eight day 1718
Brother Caleb dyed the 18 day
of august this Year
also this Year I built my house
in adksons street
1719–20 Febry the tenth, Caleb our
Second child was born and
dyed the 27 of May 1720
Caleb our third child was Born
the 17 of March 1721 and dyed
October 7 1722
Sarah our fourth child was
Born the ninth of Jan 1722
and dyed the ninth of Jany 1722
Brother Josiah dyed with the
small pox the last day of Jany
1721
I went out of Boston with my
family because of the Small pox
the 17 day of July 1721 and returned
again the 27 of March 1722

3

July 30 1724 Isacc our fifth
child was born ——
and dyed ye 27 of August 1724
Sepr 29 1725 Sarah our Sixth child
was Born
May 28th 1727 thomas our Seventh
child was Born
Septr 1728 Jonathan our eighth
child was Born lived about
ten days
Janr 2th 1729–30 Caleb our ninth
child was Born
Sepr 6th 1731 William our tenth
child was Born lived about
fourteen days.
Decr 2th 1733 Edward our
Eleventh child was Born
July 1th 1735 mary our
Twelveth child was Born
and lived about 10 days
Feb 12th 1737 Mary our
Thirteenth child was born
Sarah our Sixth child dyed Augt 28
1746

4

Octor 27 1748
My husband Dyed Æ 56——

5

Anno Dom 1721 in may the Small
pox came into Boston and continued
untill Aprell 1722 in which time
dyed between Eight and nine—
hundred persons in July Docor
Boilston innoculated his Child and
negro which was the first in new
England afterwards maney came
into the practice to the number
of sum hundreds ——

In 1722
Aboute this time there was great

disputing aboute perogative and
libirty and property the Rich opress
the poor complain
Anno Dom 1722 a war broke out
with the indians the general-court
orders men and money to be Raised
to prosecute the same but it not
being done so vigorously as was
expected and many Complants
being brought the oficers are
called home maney Casheer'd and
new ones put in there places, but
behold the governer Samuel Shute
imbarks for england with the greatest
Secrecie imaginable and leaves us
in the midist of our confusions
which caused a general consternation
in his creatures in so much as several
of them was in danger of King James pickel

6

Anno dom 1722 Mr Cutler
the presidant of Connecticut
colige with six other clergiemen
declared for the church of england
and three of them went home to
england
this year there was a tory plot
discovered by an abbot upon some
differance with the pretender
this year one mr James Franklin
was put in prison twice once for
printing in his Courant Something
that was taken as a joke upon ye
generall Court then Seting and the
other time for printing something
which was pretended to be a reflection
on religion.
this year in Feby the tide rose
some feet higher then ever thay
ware known to do before in so much
that some people was obliged
when thay came from meeting
to be caried to their houses in
chairs — it was thought the
damage that the town sustained
was aboute thirty thousand pounds.
the armie that went out against
the indians went to penobscot &
burnt their fort but found no

7

indians upon their return many
are sick with feaver as like wise
many towns in the Countery which
was very mortal
1723 a new church was built at
the north end of Boston
this year the town was Sate
a fire Sundery times by the
negero's as it was thought and
one was convicted and condem'd
and hanged this year thare was
a snake killed at newbury with a
head at both ends a boute a foot &
a half long
1723 in July there was 26 men
hanged at Road iland for piriecy
1723 in August a boute sixty
mohaweks came down and
entered into a league with us
and promased to make war with
the est ward indians
this year mr Cutler was made Doc
Devinity and when the news came
three Tory Gentlemen was so zealous
to tell doc mather that thay
called him out of bede to aquaint
him with it

8

1723 a bout fifty men in Boston
one half knaves the other half
fools adressed his majesty as the
principle men to corroberate
a scandalous memoral the gouoner
Exhibeted against the Countery
Mr Valintine ye lawyer who
was supposed to have a hand in
said memoral hanged him self —
1724 Mr Hopstill Foster hanged
him self —
John Chickley Published a book
in-titled a discourse of Epispecopi
and was presented by the jurry
for the same and upon trial
was found Gilty of Sundery
siditious and Scandoulus frases
and was fined 50 pounds
Mr John Usher curate of the
church in bristol was fined
50 pound for marying contery
to law
The indians take Sundery Shallops
at the Estward
Mr Leveret the president of harvard
colidge Dyed very Sudenly —
Augst m Hach ware house belonging
to mr paine's was burnt

9

1724 this winter Capen Lovell
with a company of volenters killed
one indian & took another beyond
winepiecokey ponds after wards
thay killed ten a boue oster River
1725 May ye 8 Capn Lovell
was killed at Pigwocket with about
14 of his men twas thought the
Enemy lost aboute thirty
this year a young man which came
from England hanged himself
In mr Walkers ware house
A woman that lived betwean
Cambridge & Charlestown had the
Small pox it was supposed she
got it by a pillow
Mr Benjan Wadsworth was chosen
president of Harford collidge
Dec 2 Doct" Cook Returned
from England & some time
after we have an explanatory
charter as it was called which
was excepted by the generall
Court

10

1727 very unusual lighting this
Summer Sepr 10 a great storme
Sunk several vesells at the wharf
and Oct 29 the Great Earthquack
this year mr Charls Chancey
ordained Pastor of the old church

11

1729 Aprell the 1th I with
other layd the foundation of
the South Brick meeting house
and finished the Brick work ye
8th of Octr following and in
the end of Feb this year I
went out of town because of
the small-pox and came in
againe in November left my
wife in town had the children
inoculated who did well
1730.* this year Jonathan Belsher Esqr
Came from England with a
Comition to be our Gouorner
having gone to England last
yeare with a Considerable sum
of money raised by subscription
to Defend our Rights against
the Tyrany of Gour Burnet

*"1730" should have been higher up on the page, it being the year when Joshua Blanchard went out of town. He was building the Old South Meeting-House in 1729. — A. E. B.

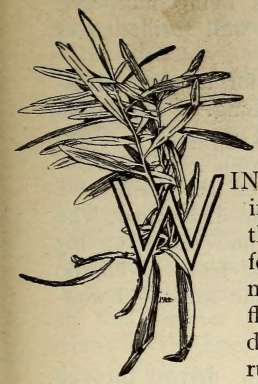
1722
Joshua Blanchard his Book 1722

THE COLONEL'S FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY.

By W. C. L.

NOT for him, surely, to cry "Woe! alas!"
As the inevitable milestones pass.
How should he wish the tale of years were less?
One decade younger, and that sudden stress
Of war that thrilled with life a nation's heart
Had found, no youth prepared to play his part
In that stern drama, but — a child. If so,
The victory still had been, I doubt: but know
Our chimney-piece had lacked the Colonel's sword,
And history's page, for us, its brightest word.

Still he repines? Let him remember this:
Of old the Hamadryad's single kiss
Made ten years younger even gray-haired men.
How safe from age is he enfortressed, then,
Who in his quiver hath so goodly store
Of shafts, — and, for the days that are before,
Companionship assured him that but grows
Fuller and sweeter as the river flows!



ONE TOUCH OF NATURE.

By Lucian Child.

WINTER was late that year in New England. Although it lacked but a few weeks of Christmas, not so much as a frost-flake was visible on the dry grass, and the breeze rustling the scanty yellow leaves of the poplars was soft as a breath of spring. It would have been dreary travelling otherwise at that season on that special line, for the train which lay panting before Murty's flag station had come by a road nearly impassable in times of heavy snow. Sometimes, shaking down earth and stones in its passing, it rushed through gorges that looked deep as mid-ocean, and sometimes crept along the side of the hills, slowing its pulses and counting each step for fear of a fall into the valley beneath. But after Murty's its course lay along a pleasanter way, strewn with hamlets and villages, where welcomes awaited the travellers come by that weary road. Now it had been delaying some little time for a young man, who at last came at a run down the slope into the hollow where stood the station, crossing the clearing and cleaving his way through the trees, just in time to board the train as it was put into motion. As he came into the rear car, its only occupant looked up with interest.

"Why, Bill, that's not you, is it?"

"Bill Sterry, as sure as you're alive," — and the new-comer shook hands with a vigor that threatened to be interminable. "Jim, old fellow, I shouldn't scarcely have known you. What's brought you to these parts again?"

"Thought I'd give the old folks a surprise for Christmas time."

A year's sad history lay hid in the words, for sorrow and disappointment had their share in bringing back from the West a man who had gone out cheerful and confident the year before. Sterry recalled what rumor said, and forbore further questioning.

"What are you doing up this way?" asked James Melvin.

"Oh, business, you may be sure. The county sheriff doesn't have Christmas holidays, — not the sheriff of this county, at any rate." But the young sheriff settled himself down for a talk with a twinkle in his eye that said his fate needed no bemoaning.

"What's up at Murty's?"

"Oh, nothing much. See here, Jim, you used to know this locality. Did you ever hear of a lad that called himself Lem Brackett?"

"Don't know any such name."

"Well, it's curious, but seeing you brings to mind the last time I was up Murty's way. Do you remember before going west advising me not to go up Mt. Olga as I'd settled, to look a little into the charcoal burners' life?"

"Yes, I do. But you went, didn't you?"

"Yes, — I went. And a queer sort of time I had there. I've never talked much of it; but if you like to hear the story you may. I've just about time enough to tell it. I know you'll not speak of it."

"Not if you say so," acquiesced the other.

His face had brightened since this meeting with an old friend. Sterry pulled out his pipe, looked at it longingly and then replaced it in his pocket. He was a strongly built man under thirty, a little shaggy as to hair, and very merry as to eye. In fact there was an habitual drollery about his manner hard to reconcile with the sterner side of his calling.

"I went up the mountain," he began, "and had dealings with some of the men. I had just been put on new to this work, so I wasn't known. There didn't seem anything that needed my tender care, though. There had been

talk of some rough work up there; but one of the men told me a man called Red Schmidt had died there the past week of measles, and as he was one they couldn't anyways get on with, they were well quit of him, and all was peaceable now he was gone. Well, there were two boys, little fellows, down too with the measles, and lying in a poor sort of shed. They hadn't had much nursing, and I thought I'd tend them a little. One night, what do you think those youngsters told me? Why, that that fellow, Red Schmidt, had been murdered, — and they'd seen it done! He was down sick with measles, bunking the other side their partition; and this Lem Brackett I spoke of had gone in to see him. The two got quarrelling, and the boys were listening and watching through a crack in the boards. At some speech of Schmidt's, Lem starts up and makes for the door. Schmidt heaved himself over toward the wall, flinging a last bit of slang after Brackett. Whatever it was, it hit the boy hard, for he faced round like a flash, and when he saw Schmidt had his face turned away, made a dive for him like a wildcat, and drove his knife into him up to the haft, — then was out through the door.

Now it seems those boys never told on him. No fuss was made. Perhaps the men knew who did the deed, — perhaps they didn't. Anyhow, they all hated Schmidt, and the way they looked at it was that if one of them hadn't knifed him, another would have. They're a wild lot, I can tell you. Well, you mayn't believe it, but I didn't take the matter up either. The boys pointed Brackett out. He was a pretty boy, — as pretty as a picture, seen amongst those others, — quite fair-skinned, but his hair and eyebrows were as if the black and soot had settled there and were likely to stay. The whole thing seemed a little off my beat; and since the other man was buried, I thought I'd let him rest in peace, since his mates had once decided that way. However, I managed that Brackett should have a warning to leave that part of the country, and I guess he did, and pretty quickly too."

"Well, I don't know that you did right," said Melvin, shaking his head. "Good Lord! who is being murdered now?" An unearthly wail shrilled over their heads.

"Only the whistle for my last crossing," said Sterry, laughing. "You go on to the next put-off, I suppose. Good night! Glad I met you."

He swung himself off the train. "I wonder why I told him that story," he said to himself. "I had made up my mind to let the thing rest. Well, no harm done. But all the same — I wonder why."

The county sheriff was driving through Manasses on his way home after a three weeks' absence. Manasses was a law-abiding place, as befitted the abode of the county sheriff, and even the fences which ran in parallel lines on either side the broad central street looked as if they had chosen the straight way and meant to keep to it. It was very quiet there that afternoon, — quiet indeed any afternoon throughout the entire year, — but the atmosphere of repose was intensified by the stillness of the hour, an hour when the pale December sunlight was fast fading from the air. The only sounds to be heard were the hoof-beats of Jenny, the mare, as house after house was left behind and the road stretched on before.

Jenny was a beautiful animal and dear to her master's heart, — "his only sweetheart," he had been used to say. But he had not said that for a year now. It was just that long ago that his cousin Nelly had come to live in his father's house; and Nelly — well, Nelly had made a difference someway. Not that he was at all sure that she cared about him, either. Perhaps even uncertainty had its charms in this case.

He pulled up short as he reached the bridge by the meadow, and looked over toward the farmhouse that showed behind the trees to the right. There was a light in the sitting-room. That meant that his father was in and waiting for him. But he lingered on the bridge a moment, thinking. There was a sweep of meadow on either hand, threaded by the winding water-course; on the far right the mountains, like a purple wall, shut out the west; and in the immediate

background rose a hillside, barren, yet grand to look upon. But the sheriff was rather listening than looking. Water was dropping from some unseen beam of the bridge into the pool below; and the sound called up memories of summer days spent by the pools and waterfalls of the woods with Nelly. Why, he had even told her that water dropping like that always sounded to him like her own liquid little name repeated softly over and over. But such imaginings were, after all, only fit for summer days. It was growing chilly on the bridge; and Jenny, at least, was impatient. So in another moment the sheriff was drawing up in the rear of the house at his own barn door. There was a barking of dogs. The cook looked out from her precincts to watch the rush of her small offspring for the honor of holding the master's horse.

"Here, Joe, you young catamount, take Jenny, will you?"

Sterry sprang down, with a word to Hannah, hurried through the kitchen to the sitting-room, and opened the door between.

"Well, father, here I am," he broke out. His father, crouching by the fire, looked aged and bowed down, — unlike his usual self. "Why, father, what is it? You have not had a shock, have you?" The localism by which Manasses describes a stroke of paralysis came from him rather huskily.

"It's what'll be worse for you, I'm afraid. Nelly's gone."

"Nelly! Where to? I'll bring her back."

He spoke confidently and, in spite of the grim sound of the news, stooped to give his father a rough sort of embrace, half welcoming, half consoling. "How is it you mean, father?"

"She's gone where you can't reach her," said old Sterry. "No, Will, I don't mean she's dead, but I don't know but it's worse as it is. She's married and run away."

"I don't believe it!" said Sterry. Used as he was to news of fraud and crime of every sort, he could not credit this. "There's been some mistake! She's been carried off against her will. But who has done it? — that's the question." He was deeply agitated now, but not shaken out of his self-possession.

"No," said his father, "she's gone of her own accord. The man worked on her sympathies, — that's the way of it, as I'll show you. He's a rascal, if ever there was one. He took two of Hiram Lane's horses, too, — not that Nelly would have known where he got his horses. Lane tracked them as far as Milton; and when he found they were married there, he came back and brought the news to me. He won't follow the man up now, he says; he's always a good friend of mine, you know, and he'll keep things quiet about Nelly till we see what to do. No one here but thinks she has gone off on a visit."

His words were poured forth without interruption from his son, who still stood incredulous, though stupefied.

"Here's the letter she left."

Sterry caught the paper from his father's hand. As he read, the simple words brought conviction.

"Dear Uncle," it ran, "I am going away with Lem because he needs me so much that I must. I can't bear to go without a word, but I feared you would not say I could go, and I had to. I would come back if you wanted, but of course I can't come without Lem. Don't let Will feel badly.

From your loving

NELLY."

"Lem who?" demanded the sheriff. The mist seemed suddenly to be gone from his brain, leaving it clear and bright, a steel free of its scabbard and sharp for vengeance.

"Brackett. He was from Whitby. Nelly must have met him there when she went to nurse old Aunt Ally. Will, where are you going?"

"After those horses. You know it's my business to track that thief."

He was out again in the air without staying for the old man's entreaties. Had anything ever stopped the sheriff when a duty lay before him? Yes, he had been slack once, just once, when he had let escape the murderer of Red Schmidt, the charcoal burner, — and this was his punishment. This time no one should accuse him of slackness. In a few seconds

Jenny was spurning the road back through Manasses. Sterry meant to go to the next village and get his friend Melvin to join him. Melvin was a man to be trusted. He would help him trace the criminal, and see that he received the just penalty for his crimes. The work must be carried through with expedition. When Nelly learned to what sort of a man she had gone, — Nelly, half a saint, as she had seemed always, — she would be glad that they should take the loathsome insect that had fastened on her and crush him as he deserved. But would she? Once only had he seen Nelly cry, but that was when he had put his foot on the wood-spider that had tried to crawl on her dress.

Black specks danced before Sterry's eyes and seemed like so many vermin. He tried to brush them away. "This is worse than the tremens," he said aloud. All this time the hand that held the reins was perfectly steady. He would get Nelly out of this. No one should know her connection with the murderer of Red Schmidt. For this Brackett was the murderer. He had the proofs ready to hand to substantiate that fact. Yet when all had been done, how would things be changed? They never could be as they had been. The only relief from that thought lay in planning out his course of action. First, he would track the horse-thief. Once the man held for that offence, he would gather his witnesses. The boys who knew of the murder should lodge their accusations against Brackett. What a sensation the case would make, — the cowardly stabbing of a man lying sick and helpless! Why, Brackett was a dead man before his trial. But if not — if the jury failed to convict — then there was always Judge Lynch. Truly the mind of the representative of the law was taking strange flights.

The second village was reached and entered, Melvin called out, and Sterry's story briefly told, — the more briefly that Melvin already knew the history of Schmidt's murder. Melvin hastily provided himself for the journey, and accounted to his household, in some fashion, for the necessity of it. On what he had been told he scarcely commented, but Sterry cared little. He wanted practical aid, not sympathy.

His plan was to take the train at Milton for Gilead. When he had heard his father's account, Brackett's possible destination had at once flashed through his mind. After leaving Milton, the fugitives would have been likely to turn toward Gilead. Over that way rose what is called Gilead Mountain. It had once been a charcoal-burning district, though now deserted; and there Brackett might hide without fear of detection from any one not acquainted with his past life. The locality was wild and little known.

The two men left their horse at Milton, and took the train to Gilead. It was late when Gilead was reached, and Sterry took Melvin at once to the inn, a rough place of its kind, a little out of the hamlet. There they might pass the night until such an hour as their search might be resumed. Up to this time there had been almost unbroken silence between the two. Sterry was absorbed in elaborating his scheme of vengeance, and Melvin, taciturn at best, respected his mood. But once in their room for the night, Melvin broke the silence.

"Sterry," he said, laying a hand on his friend's shoulder, "this is a hard bit of road that's come to you, but I want to say one thing. I've had to travel such places myself, and I have found that when a thing has once happened, it's a sight better plan to think how you can make the best you can out of it — anyhow, not the worst."

Sterry turned himself about and looked the other directly in the face. "If you want to back out of this," he said, "you're welcome. But you should have said so sooner."

"I mean to stand by you, whatever you do," said Melvin. "But I want you to think about it before it's too late. I want you to think of her."

"This isn't a case for thinking; it's a case for acting," said Sterry.

Not a word farther passed between them that night. In the morning they learned that a man and a woman answering to the desired description had passed that way some days before. So very early the two men took a horse and buggy

and started up the mountain, Sterry telling Melvin that to find Brackett's hiding-place would probably take half the morning. Melvin asked how he was going about the search.

"Well," Sterry said, "about two thirds the way up, off this road there's a little road, not much more than a path. I guess we will follow that for a little."

It was about half past nine when the turn was reached. The soft air of yesterday had grown raw and chilly. Flakes of snow were dropping at intervals. Melvin suggested that there appeared to be a heavy storm brewing; but Sterry's assent was given without a glance at the sky. A few rods farther on, there whinnied out on the air a sound that made Sterry draw in his reins and spring out.

"I think we will fasten here, and go afoot now," was all he said.

They came the next moment upon a small house in a clearing. There were the two horses hard by under a shed. In the porch of the house stood a young man whittling at the doorway with a long knife. Even at that distance Melvin could see that his eyebrows were very strongly marked.

"Hullo!" called out Sterry. "Can you tell us does this road lead up the mountain?"

"No, it stops short just ahead." The answer was curtly made.

"That's a pretty good-looking yoke of cattle you have there," said Melvin. "For sale, are they?"

"Don't know as they are."

"Any objection to our looking at them?"

"Suppose not."

The man came down, knife still in hand, and stood between them as they inspected the horses. As he came to a standstill by the sheriff, Sterry turned suddenly and brought his hands down heavily on the other's arms.

"*You* are all the cattle *we* are after," he said.

At the same minute Melvin, with a quick movement, jerked the knife from the young man's hand. When he felt himself seized, a trembling ran over his body. He made no resistance as Melvin produced the handcuffs and locked them about his wrists. At last he articulated, "What for?"

"That," answered Melvin, with a sweep of his thumb toward the horses. Sterry watched grimly what seemed a look of relief on the questioner's face.

"Where's your wife?" Melvin asked abruptly.

The black eyes of the prisoner held a look of keen inquiry.

"I mean no harm to her," reassured Melvin; "only thought she'd better know we were taking you off."

"She went down the mountain early this morning," was the unexpected reply.

Even the hearing how nearly they must have missed meeting Nelly failed to shake Sterry out of his stolidity.

"Melvin, you follow with those horses," said he; "I'll lead the way with this concern."

Melvin accomplished the harnessing of the horses, and overtook the sheriff and his charge a little farther down. The way down was harder than the climb up. The snow-flakes thickened and blew in their faces till it grew difficult to see the path. Each moment the storm gathered in power. It seemed as if all the forces of the air were assembling to block their path. The prisoner's shivering had increased to a very ague fit. Still Sterry urged his horse steadily forward and downward, and Melvin followed after. Once the sheriff, looking down at Brackett, noticed how lightly he was clad and, after a curious look of contempt at the cowering figure, dragged off his own coat and threw it round the man. The snow stung his neck sharply, and hastened to gather in the crevice left exposed there.

"Sterry," said Melvin from behind, "we should not keep these horses out much longer like this. There's a house and barn farther down that I noticed this morning. Perhaps we can put up there."

Sterry checked his horse an instant and tried to see ahead through the whirling flakes. The snow was driving in their faces, and the creaking and straining of the branches overhead had an ominous sound.

"Then let's keep straight on till we get there," he called back.

And they kept straight on. But it was a half-frozen party of men and horses that finally reached old Jere Mulcahy's cabin. The prisoner by that time was incapable of speech or motion, so that Sterry had to pick him up bodily and carry him in. He was trying to revive him when Melvin and old Mulcahy, who had been putting up the horses, came back with a rush into the warm room.

"Glad I've sich a good fire for ye," puffed Mulcahy, shaking off the snow. "'Pears to me that critter's pretty well frozen, though," taking a look at Brackett.

"Certain," said Sterry laconically. "But you might thaw him out with a little whiskey,"—which suggestion being acted on, Mulcahy proposed to make his way upstairs to try to find them some warm clothing. Left alone, Sterry and Melvin looked at each other.

"The very best thing that could happen to him," said Melvin, indicating Brackett, "would be never to come out of this."

"Think so?" answered Sterry. "Well, he's coming."

With a moan of pain, Brackett opened his eyes. His whole face was contorted with suffering; he writhed and twisted, pressing both hands to his chest, as if the seat of the agony was there; then, choking back his cries, lay looking up at the two men with eyes full of an entreaty hard to witness. They were too humane not to wish to relieve him, and they did what they could with hot drinks, dry clothing and hot cloths on his chest; but he seemed to know what they were doing, and tried to push them away, and called for Nelly — always Nelly. He took the name on his lips and rang every change of intonation on it. Now he moaned it in entreaty, and now he uttered it softly like a caress. If Nelly were only there, this pain would go away, this horrible griping pain that seemed crushing the life out of him. "Nelly! where was Nelly?" A new idea seemed to enter his half-delirious brain. His voice grew shriller as he cried that Nelly was out in the snow,—she was wet, —she was cold, — she would be frozen out there. They must let him bring her in — he *must* go and bring her in.

These cries became so unendurable that they tried to reason with him. Nelly was not out there; she was safe and warm; she was waiting till the storm was over; she could never have started in such a storm. But his wiry fingers caught Sterry around the wrist, and held him in spite of himself.

"Listen," he said in his delirious whisper. "I killed a man once, — and when I am left alone, he comes, he comes always. His beard is all red, and his hair, and there is a hole in him that is red. But Nelly has the angels with her, and when she is there they keep him away. So she won't stay away from me — she will try to come back, and she will be drowned in the snow! Let me go and find her!"

He made a wild effort to rise, but they held him, and he fell back on the couch with the name of "Nelly" dying away in a croon.

"Raving mad, isn't he?" whispered Mulcahy. "I hope his Nelly ain't out in the snow. There was a little girl storm-stayed here an hour ago. But she got in before the worst of it, — tired enough, though, as 'twas, with fighting it. I looked in on her just now and saw she was sound asleep — spite of all the noise, too."

His croaking whisper must have penetrated to Brackett's bewildered brain, for he sat straight up and uttered a cry of "Nelly!" that rang through the house. There was a sound of flying steps through the upper passage, a light, swift rush down the stairway, and there in the doorway stood poised a girl, her little yellow head all ruffled like the down of a bird warm from its nest. For an instant she let her startled glance rest on the group; then her great blue eyes expanded. With a little cry she sprang across the floor and knelt down beside the couch. At sight of her all the lines smoothed themselves from Brackett's face; he lay back with a long sigh of relief. Only his eyes sought Nelly with a rapture in their depths beyond anything those men had ever seen. Then his gaze turned on Sterry, and for a moment the look of fear and distress returned.

"Nelly," he whispered, pointing to the two men, "I took their horses, and they

came for them." A look of perplexity was on the girl's face for a moment; then she said in a soothing tone, "You shouldn't have done that, Lem."

"Not even to get *you?*"

She shook her head. He seemed trying to master his confused thoughts, then gave up the struggle, but with a smile of childlike triumph.

"She came and brought the angels, as I said she would!" he said, and fell fast asleep.

"Oh! what does he mean? What does it all mean?" Nelly asked, rising softly to her feet. "Did Lem get hurt in the storm, trying to look for me? But why are *you* here, Will?" He said —"

She paused, trying to remember what Lem had said, something which, in the absorbing surprise of finding her husband there helpless, she had failed to understand. Sterry interrupted her gently:

"Don't ask me about it now, Nelly," he said. "I will tell you to-morrow. Stay here now. You must look after —"

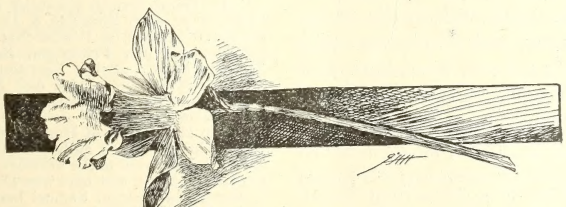
He turned his eyes on Brackett, and then made his way out of the room. Melvin stayed to pacify Nelly with an evasive account of their meeting Lem out in the storm and bringing him in. She accepted it all with a simplicity that surprised him, and seemed to attribute all of Brackett's remarks to the disordered condition of his mind. Her present anxiety was too great for her to care to think of anything beyond.

They seemed, both the husband and the wife, so like children, and children playing at a tragedy, that Melvin found his eyes wet as he left them. He dared not go near Sterry. Had the latter realized in the last hour what the task was he had undertaken? Had his heart been at all softened by the sight of a love he of all men should have understood — a love inspired by Nelly? Or had the whole scene had a contrary effect, by bringing home to him that the boy had gained what he had lost? Would he go on and break his sweetheart's heart and take away all chance of life and improvement from a man who seemed never to have had a chance; or would he try to straighten out this coil of sin and sorrow for the sake of pity and mercy? Melvin's notions of right and wrong were very simple. Apart from the sympathy Brackett and Nelly had awakened in him, he felt that there was something else at stake — Sterry himself.

"He will never be the same after this," he said to himself. "He'll either be better or worse. Oh, God! I hope it won't be worse!" The prayer was unintentional, but it was none the less prayer.

So darkness came on and night followed and wore itself away, while Lem's sleep grew easier, and Nelly, worn out, slept too on the chairs beside him. With morning the sun broke out, and light glinted everywhere on snow that made all the barren mountain-side white and fair. Sterry came down into the little sitting-room. Lem was still asleep, with Nelly keeping guard beside him. As Sterry came up, he opened his eyes. Intelligence had returned to them, though they were still heavy with sleep. He turned them first on Nelly, and then on Sterry; and as if sleep had banished from his consciousness Sterry, the sheriff, and left only the nurse of the night before, he said simply, "You see we are both quite safe now."

And something almost of the old mirth mingled with the wild sadness in Sterry's eyes as he answered, "It does look that way."



IN AN OLD COLONIAL LIBRARY.

By Frank Sewall.



HEN, in the year 1754, the venerable Tutor Flynt of Harvard College invited David Sewall, then a "junior sophister" in the college, to be his companion on a journey by carriage to Portsmouth,* his reason for so doing, as expressed in his note of invitation, was that he knew the young man to be "a safe driver of a chair." Did the tutor perhaps remember the tradition of the old Quincy house in Braintree, the home of his sister Dorothy Flynt Quincy (mother of the "Dorothy Q" of Holmes's familiar verses), that in the room adjoining his own, the chamber "looking toward the brooke," the illustrious diarist, Judge Samuel Sewall, had slept when he "turned in to cousin Quincy's" one rainy night in March, 1712; and was there a feeling of distant relationship through the connection of the Flynts, Quincys and Sewalls, that seemed to justify his selection, at the advanced age of seventy-eight, having been for over sixty years a fellow of the corporation of the college, of an undergraduate of nineteen years to be his fellow traveller on a week's journey during term time?

If, after all, it were for no other reason than that he had detected in the face and manner of young Sewall that combination of genial humor with ready wit and a warm heart that make up the unfailing conditions of good fellowship, he, as the event turned out, made no mistake. The friendly twinkle in the eye and healthy glow in the complexion shown in the handsome portrait of that companion and chronicler of this celebrated tour, which, representing him in the justice's robe of his subsequent high station as United States Judge for the District of Maine, hangs in the stairway of the house he built, show him to be the kind of man in whose most familiar society no one need fear a compromise of dignity; and the events of the journey, as well as the humorous record young Sewall has left of it, prove his ability to enter sufficiently into the moods of his aged companion without ever forgetting the respect due to his venerable years and rank.

The narrative duly records the interviews with the parsons' families with whom they turned in either to dine or to tarry the night, as well as the stations where they "oated" or had a "nip of milk punch." But the interest of this journey culminates in the unlucky upsetting of the "chair" just as Mount Agamenticus hove into view on their nearing Portsmouth, and the tutor's narrow escape from broken limbs, which accident the tutor was glad to improve to the profit of his young companion by warning him thereafter against "too much gazing on the mountains." The accident had occurred "in full view of Clark's Tavern," and the tutor was without much difficulty, after being revived "by two or three bowls of lemon punch made pretty sweet and pretty well charged with good old spirit," gotten safely under the roof of his friends, while his faithful companion went for a few days' visit to old York, where was the homestead of that branch† of the Sewalls to which David belonged.

* For the quaint and amusing narrative of this journey written by Sewall, see "Proceedings Massachusetts Historical Society," 1878, pp. 5–11.

† The common ancestor of the New England Sewalls was Henry, son of the mayor of Coventry, England, who first came to New England in 1634, then returned to Old England and had issue born there, namely in Bishop Stoke and in Baddesly, Samuel, John and Stephen, besides four or five daughters. In 1659 he returned with his family to New England, and died May 16, 1700, aged eighty-six, and was buried at Newbury, Massachusetts, where in the old town cemetery stands his tombstone bearing this inscription:

"Mr. Henry Sewall (Sent by Mr. Henry Sewall His Father in ye sloop Elizabeth & Dorcas Capt. Watts Commander.) Arrived at Boston 1634. Winter'd at Ipswich, helped begin this Plantation, 1635, furnishing English Servants, Meat, Cattel & Provisions. Married Mrs. Jane Dummer March ye 25 1646 died May ye 16 1700 Ætat— His faithful vine being disjoined Fell to ye ground januar ye 13 following ætat—"

Of the above sons of Henry, Samuel became the Chief Justice, known as the author of the Diary. The descendants of John moved to the province of Maine, and acquired property in York, and here was David born, one of seven brothers, sons of elder Samuel Sewall and grand nephews of the Chief Justice.

Among the classmates of David Sewall at Harvard College in the illustrious class that graduated in 1755, was his friend John Adams, afterward President of the United States.

The following letter written by the ex-President to Sewall when they were both of an advanced age is among the manuscript data collected by the late Joseph Sewall of York, and forms an interesting sequel to the account of the ride to Portsmouth:

MONTEZILLE, 31st December, 1821.

Thanks dear Sir for your favour of the 14th. In this famine of news, reminiscences & recollections furnish the principal entertainment of the newspapers, and they have recorded many curious and memorable facts. You, I perceive, are seized with the spirit of the times, and have recollected a journey more amusing to me than any of them. I seem to see you and your Rev. companion in your dignified chair and pacing horse, and to follow you in every step of your progress. At most of the houses where you stopt, I have been entertained. The character of Mr. Flint is well supported throughout. As you advanced towards Portsmouth I conceived a wish and a hope that you would make a visit to Newington and pass a night with my Father's oldest brother, Joseph Adams, minister of that town. I would give an eagle for an evening's conversation between those two patriarchs; they were nearly equal in learning, and as preachers there was not two pence to boot, for I have heard them both. My Uncle had been a great admirer of Dr. Mather, and was said to affect an imitation of his voice, pronunciation and manners in the pulpit. His sermons though delivered in powerful and musical voice consisted of texts of scripture, quoting chapter and verse, delivered memoriter and without notes. In conversation he was vain and loquacious, though somewhat learned and entertaining. Flint was equally remarkable for reserve and taciturnity. Flint was full of dry wit, humour and satire. Adams had none of either. You may judge then what an entertainment you would have had in the sharp shot now and then bolted by the one or the other. Reminiscences, I find, are associated with other reminiscences. Your journey has brought to my recollections one of my own, made two or three years before yours. I went with a young preacher, Ebenezer Adams, the son of that Uncle, up through Chelmsford to London Derry, and a place beyond it called Litchfield, if I remember right, and from thence down through Kensington to Newington and Portsmouth. Either going or returning we visited Parson W., whose lady persecuted me as much as she did afterwards Father F. The lady had a fine figure and a fair face. At dinner I was very bashful and silent. After dinner Parson W. invited us into another room, where he took a pipe himself and offered us pipes. I was an old smoker and readily took one. I determined not to be frightened out of my pipe, so I continued to puff away. You may suppose that I bore no very good will to that Lady till I afterwards became acquainted with the character of Miss ——. The excellences of the daughter very early atoned for all the severity of the mother, and I have long since esteemed her an amiable and intelligent woman, though sometimes a little too free with her guests. I recollect nothing more worth recording in my tour, except that we called at Parson B.'s in Chelmsford and Parson F.'s at Kensington, where we had much conversation respecting Mr. Wibird, afterwards my minister, then much celebrated for the elegance of his style.

By this time you will be fatigued enough to be glad to read the reminiscence that I am your affectionate classmate and humble servant

JOHN ADAMS.

Hon'ble David Sewall.

Whether it was from "long gazing on Mount Agamenticus," or from the strong attachment to the soil which has always characterized the sons of Maine, it was hither to the ancient settlement of old York, the home of his boyhood, that David Sewall, after his graduation at Harvard and his study of law at Portsmouth, came and settled in his profession as a lawyer; and here he lived until his death at the age of ninety, occupying for twelve years the position of judge of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, and for over thirty years that of judge of the United States District Court for Maine. It was here that in the prime of his career, during the administration of Washington, he built the stately mansion which still stands to grace the village with its old-time dignity and beauty, and relics of whose library and furniture, having come down from the days of the mansion's first occupation, bear many interesting traces of the literary and social life of this part of the country in colonial days.

The style of the house itself can hardly be called colonial in a strict sense, as it dates from since the war of the Revolution; but it is an admirable specimen of the best class of country houses built during the administration of the first President, a period when the renaissance spirit was operating here as manifestly as in France during the First Empire.

In the colonial mansion proper the rooms, at least of the country houses, were generally low-studded, the ceilings broken by the heavy cross beams encased in ele-

gant panelling, the windows small and deep-set, and the exterior frequently quite void of cornice or of other architectural ornament. Many houses of this kind still stand in York County, erected before 1750, the wood work of rare beauty, the rich mahogany railings, the quaint Dutch tiles around the fireplace, and the elaborate and costly paper hangings revealing the degree of dependence the colony then maintained on the old country. With the Constitution and the first President came in the style illustrated by the mansion we are describing.

Exteriorly the house presents a lofty and simple Italian façade with elaborate cornice and pilasters and door-way of the Ionic order, a low-pitched roof with ornate balustrade, the panels of which are occupied at intervals by the low dormer windows of the attic. Within, a spacious hall contains a wide stairway with broad and easily rising steps handsomely panelled and balustraded. The large rooms open on either side, both above and below, with ample fireplaces panelled to the ceiling, elaborate cornice work in wood repeating in miniature that of the exterior of the house, the windows deep-set and provided with ingeniously folded shutters. The windows on the east look out through elms and apple trees, beyond an upland pasture, over the broad expanse of the Atlantic. On the west the quiet hayfields of the farm reach down to meet the ancient parish glebe, which stretches away to pine woods and the rough New England pasture with its tangled masses of barberry bushes, blueberries, brakes, wild roses, scarlet lilies, and the rich-scented bayberry. At the village end of the glebe are seen the gray stones of the cemetery clustered about the parish church, whose congregation was organized in 1672. Beyond this peaceful God's-acre the view stretches to where on the northwest rises the broad crest of Mount Agamenticus, a reminder with its forest-clad slopes of the days when the sweet vale of York River was an unbroken wilderness. But those were days long ago, since the traditions of the settlement of the York River valley and of the families still resident in York County reach back well-nigh to the time of Shakespeare and Elizabeth.

It was from James I. that Sir Ferdinando Gorges, the friend of Essex and the king's favorite, received the charter for the colonizing of the province of Maine. Agamenticus was to be the seat of Sir Ferdinando's government in Maine, and here was to be established a complete English municipality. Gorgeana was the name given to the city of the brilliant courtier's dreams, "as good a city," says Bancroft, as "seals and parchment, a nominal mayor and aldermen, oratory and chaplain, sergeants and white rods" can make. But in place of that dream never realized, and under the Puritan order of things that followed the downfall of the Stuarts, there arose the New England town, with now a venerable dignity and grace of its own, and family annals and title deeds old enough to outdate many a smart modern dynasty.

Traditions of courtly society and brilliant entertainments are not wanting in many a fine old house in York County, and after near a century there still linger in the village and the neighboring towns of the county the pleasant reminiscences of the stately hospitalities and happy festivities that lighted the great windows of the Judge's mansion in days long past.

A pair of little high-heeled white satin slippers, well yellowed with time, discovered in a neglected drawer; odd remnants of "Louisburg" china; the "helmet" cream-pitcher, and after-dinner coffee-cups of Madame Sewall, still standing in the cupboard; the deep, cool wine-closet and extensive cider-racks in the cellar; and the pewter platters large and small which for generations have delighted with their soft lustre the eyes of the housewife and her guests, still bear their testimony to that good cheer and broad and elegant hospitality which even the inscription on the Judge's tombstone in the old churchyard does not forbear to mention.*

* Inscription on the tombstone of Judge Sewall in the York Village Cemetery:

Consecrated to the Memory of the
HON. DAVID SEWALL LL. D.

An elevated benevolence was happily directed by an enlightened intellect.

Conscientious in duty he was ever faithful in its dis-

The house itself is built on the massive foundations of a much older building which, with the lands adjoining, formed a part of the large estate of Sir William Pepperrell, knighted by King George II. for valor in the capture of Louisburg in 1745.

Within, while the features common to all old New England mansions whose contents have not long since been given to the winds or sold to the collector, speak of the domestic and social life of past times, it is in the library, a considerable portion of which, in the house of



"THE JUDGE'S MANSION."

Judge Sewall, has happily survived the changing habits and tastes of successive occupants, that we find an interesting witness to the literary life of those colonial days. The books that remain occupy but a modest portion of space, a kind of cupboard well enclosed with solid doors opposite the best china closet of the mansion's mistress. But the volumes, few though they be that have survived the domestic changes of a century, tell proportionately much more for the liberal culture that collected them than would many times their number to-day.

We first notice, among the private and official papers, a singular and quaint composition, the manuscript copy being in the handwriting of David Sewall, without, however, any signature to indicate that the verses are his. It is in the nature of the broadside doggerel in vogue at the time, and seems to have been written for a college class reunion or some such occasion. A date affixed ("in 1775 or 1774") would lead us to infer that the verses were composed or copied some twenty years subsequent to Sewall's graduation. There are in the time-stained document nineteen stanzas of uneven length, and the full name and title of the subject of each is written across the margin. These seem to be chiefly the prominent clergymen of the day, and nearly all of them were students

charge. Piety with patriarchal simplicity of manners conspired to secure him universal esteem.

His home was the abode of hospitality & friendship. In him the defenceless found a protector, the poor a Benefactor, the Community a Peacemaker, Science, social Order & Religion an efficient Patron.

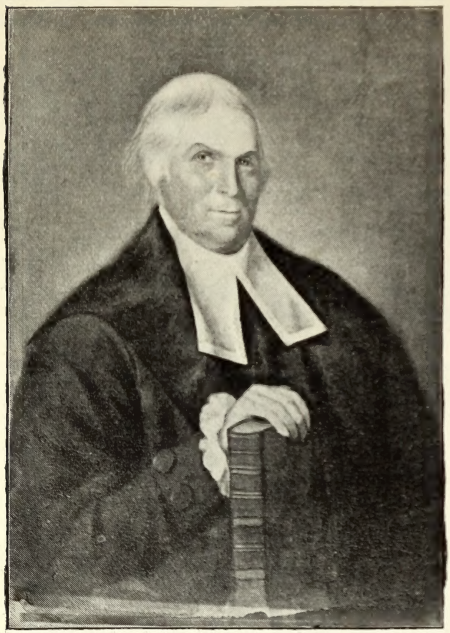
Distinguished for his patriotism, talents and integrity, he was early called to important public offices which he sustained with fidelity and honour.

Having occupied the Bench of the Supreme Court of the State and District Court of the U. States with dignified uprightness for forty years without one failure of attendance, he retired from public life in 1818 and died Oct. 22, 1825 Aged XC years.

of Harvard about the time of Sewall's life in college. A few of the verses selected at random indicate the character of the composition:

I.

That fine Preacher call'd a Teacher
Of old brick church the first,
Regards no grace to man in place
And is by Tories curst.
At young and old, he'll rave and scold
And is in things of State
A zealous Whig, than Wilks more big,
In church a tyrant great.



HON. DAVID SEWALL.

II.

From old Brick dome to new to come
To speak of *Pemberton*
Who credit gave to *Tom* the knave,
E'en lying *Hutchinson*.*
He from Nova-Cesaria
A grand diploma had
And preach can he *ex tempore*
To make the heart full glad.

III.

Mather † comes next who Hebrew text
And Greek too, cons with care
That no translator nor commentator
Can leave us in a snare.

Great friend is he to liberty
A man of real worth,
May heaven him bless with good success
With honour and so forth.

IV.

There's puning Byles ‡ provokes our smiles,
A man of stately parts,
He visits folks to crack his jokes
Which never mend their hearts;
With strutting gate and Wig so great
He walks along the streets
And throws out wit, or what's like it
To every one he meets.

* * * * *

IX.

At old South, there's a jarring pair
If I am not mistaken
One may descry with half an eye
That *Hunt* is wide from *Bacon*.
A Cambridge Sage of this our age
Did once a reason see
Why Churches are most happy far
Whose Preachers disagree.

A condensed but very comprehensive survey of the estate, civil, military and ecclesiastical, of the American colonies in the decade before the Revolution, is afforded by a little official Register and Almanack for the year 1768, a tiny book some four and a half by two and a half inches in dimension, containing a hundred pages and having the following on its title-page:

"MEIN AND FLEEMING'S REGISTER FOR NEW-ENGLAND AND NOVA-SCOTIA,

with all the British Lists, and an Almanack for 1768. Boston. Printed by Mein and Fleeming, and to be sold by John Mein, at the London Bookstore, North-side of King Street."

On the fly-leaf is written, "David Sewall 1768." In the "advertisement" or preface the editors apologize for the "incompleteness of the Connecticut lists which was occasioned by our depending solely on an application made by one of us, to a Gentleman of that Colony the best qualified from his office to assist us, but who in spite of early and repeated entreaties has not as yet condescended to bestow on us the smallest attention."

Notwithstanding this truly disappointing conduct of the gentleman of Con-

* "Lying Hutchinson," Thomas Hutchinson.

† The Mather here intended is undoubtedly the son of Cotton Mather, who led off in a disaffection in his father's church, and formed a new congregation, to which he ministered until his death in 1785. He took sides with the colonists against the crown, disinherited his only son for loyalty to the crown, and "doomed to perpetual infamy" his brother-in-law, Governor Hutchinson, and the whole "Body of Tories and Refugees." He was "the last and the least of the Mathers." — *Tyler's History American Literature*, II., 91.

‡ "Puning Byles" is unquestionably the famous Rev. Mather Byles.

necticut, the little volume contains so much of interesting information even regarding that undeserving colony, that we are inclined to pass over with the utmost indulgence any of its shortcomings. After a table of eclipses to occur, there follow tables of "Distances from Boston of remarkable Towns on the Continent," with the taverns in each and the intermediate distances. The longest journeys thus outlined are those to Quebec, a distance of eight hundred and thirty-two miles via New York and Albany, and to Charlestown, a distance of one thousand one hundred and twenty-one miles via New York, Princetown, Trentown, Philadelphia, Annapolis, Port Tobacco, Williamsburg, Newberne, Wilmington, Lewis Long Bay, and many intermediate stations. A foot-note at the end of these tables contains the following among the announcements to travellers:

"The Portsmouth chaise which passes through Newbury, Ipswich and Salem, arrives at Boston on Wednesday evening, sets out again early on Friday morning, and puts up at Mr. Hubbard's, King street.

"The Post from the Southward which comes from along the Sea coast, arrives on Saturday evening, the bag is closed at the postoffice on Monday, at one o'clock, forenoon; the post puts up at Mr. Sylvester's at the Sign of the Black and White Horse.

"The Post from New York &c by way of Hartford arrives on Monday evening, this bag is closed at the postoffice on Thursday at one o'clock in the forenoon.

"Between Boston and Providence two Stagecoaches pass and repass twice a week, and put up at Mr. Morton's at the Sign of the White Horse."

In the "Kalendar" are duly noted the church festivals and saints' days and other events which one would hardly expect to find in a work calculated for the meridian of Puritan Boston. Thus we find St. Patrick's Day, Lady Day, St. George's Day, St. Ambrose Day, the Martyrdom of Charles I., King George III. Born, the same Crowned, the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, St. Michael, St. Jerome, and the Powder Plot. Besides these we find also the dates when dog days begin and end, and the time of Commencement at Cambridge and at New Haven, and the dates of the general election at Boston, at Hartford and at Newport.

Under the Lists we now find duly enrolled the members of the Royal Family, headed by George William Frederick III., born June 4, 1738, proclaimed King of Great Britain, France and Ire-



THE STAIRCASE, COVENTRY HALL.

land and Elector of Hanover, October 26, 1760; also the English Nobility and His Majesty's Household, with the salary attached to each office therein. From the last-named table we learn that His Majesty's Lords of the Bedchamber, fifteen in number, received one thousand pounds each, the Grooms of the Bedchamber five hundred, the Master of the Robes four hundred, the Master of Harriers and Fox-hounds two thousand, the Master of the Buck-hounds twelve hundred, of the Stag-hounds three hundred, and the Duke of St. Albans as Master Falconer two hundred and ten pounds.



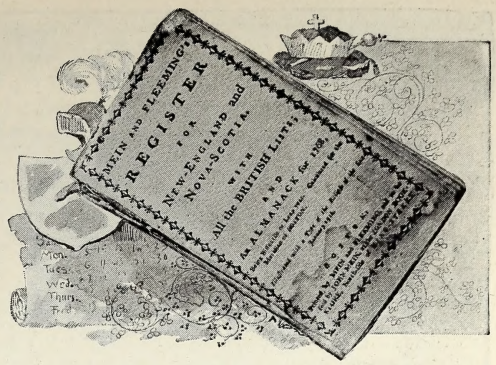
A COVENTRY HALL INTERIOR.

Likewise of Her Majesty's household all the offices are named with their incumbents and the salaries attached, including six ladies of high rank as Ladies of the Bedchamber, receiving five hundred pounds each, and six maids of Honor, three hundred, and "Mrs. Deborah Chetwynd, Sempstress and Laundress, two hundred." The Earl of Chatham is Lord Privy-Seal the Bishop of Bath and Wells the "Decypherer of Letters, £1000."

The lists for Massachusetts Bay now follow, showing the Governor, His Excellency Francis Bernard, Esq., the Honorable Thomas Hutchinson, Esq., Lieutenant Governor, and among the Councillors, William Brattle, James Bowdoin, Nath. Sparhawk, Harrison Gray and James Russell. "The members of the Honourable House of Representatives, the Honourable Thomas Cushing, Esq., Speaker," are given in full, and embrace from the county of York the names of Jonathan Sayward, Esq., the Hon. N. Sparhawk (son-in-law of Sir William Pepperrell) of Kittery, J. Wheeleright, Esq., of Wells, and others.

After the lists of the superior and inferior courts comes Harvard College, claiming precedence before the "religious assemblies" and the army. Founded in 1638, the college reports as its President the Rev. Edward Holyoke, and among its Overseers, besides "His Excellency the Governor, His Honour the Lieutenant Governor and the Honourable Council," a list of twenty-four clergymen, including the Rev. Joseph Sewall, D. D. (son of Justice Samuel Sewall of the "Diary"), the Rev. Samuel Mather and the Rev. Andrew Eliot. "The Honorable Thomas Hubbard, Esq., who is Commissioner General of the Colony, is also treasurer of the college. But three pro-

fessors are named, these being "John Winthrop Esq., A. M. and F. R. S., Hollisian Professor of Mathematics and Philosophy, Ed. Wigglesworth A. M., Hollis Professor of Divinity, and Stephen Sewall A. M., Hancock Professor of the Hebrew and other Oriental Languages." Seven names are given under the head of Tutors, but these embrace also the librarian, the steward and the butler.



The ministers, churches and religious assemblies for the several counties of the colony next appear, beginning with the list of the churches in the town of Boston, with the date of the founding of each and with the initials E., B., P. attached, showing to which of the three denominations each "assembly" belongs, Episcopalian, Baptist or Presbyterian. The absence of any Roman Catholic church is noticeable, and we are reminded of the non-existence at that time of Unitarians or Methodists. The "First or old church" in Cornhill, founded in 1630, enjoys the conjoint pastorate of the Rev. C. Chauncy, D. D., and the Rev. T. Foxcroft, as does the South Church, 1669, that of the Rev. Joseph Sewall and the Rev. Samuel Blair, the church being located in "Marlborough-Street."

There appear but two Episcopal churches in the list, viz., King's Chapel in "Tremount street" (1688), with the Rev. Henry Caves, D. D., and the Rev. John Troutbeck pastors, and Christ Church in Salem Street (1722), the Rev. Mr. Greaton in charge. In Back Street, however, there were no less than two Antipedobaptist churches, one of which is declared vacant. It is stated that "the house in which Mr. Croswell's Church congregate in School street (1748) was built by a number of French Refugees *anno* 1686, which French Church was dissolved, *anno* 1748." The religious list ends with the announcements of the Quakers' yearly meetings in New England in ten localities.

The army list is headed with the "Officers of his Excellency, the Governor's Troop of Horse Guards, now in Commission, David Phips, Esq., being Captain with rank of Colonel." The officers of "the Governor's Company of Cadets" and of the "Ancient and Honourable Artillery Company" are also given, Lieutenant Colonel Thomas Marshall, Esq., being captain of the latter, together with the officers of the Boston regiment of militia. The officers of Castle William include the Honorable Thomas Hutchinson, Esq., captain, Tim Hillyard, A. M., chaplain, and two gunners; and Thomas Goldthwait, Esq., is captain of Fort Pownal. The field officers in the several regiments of militia embrace distinguished names in every county, those for the York regiment being Nathaniel Sparhawk as colonel, who has already appeared in so many civil offices, and Jeremiah Moulton, Esq., as first lieutenant colonel, the same being the officer who had won distinction under Colonel William Pepperrell at the capture of Louisburg in 1745. The county regiments number in all, outside of the Boston regiment, thirty-two.

Lists similar to the above for the colony of Massachusetts Bay, including the civil, religious and military office-holders, are given for New Hampshire, the colony of Connecticut, the colony of Rhode Island and the province of Nova Scotia. The remaining colonies of the continent of "North America and Islands of the West Indies" are given in alphabetical order, those which now form the United States being in no wise discriminated from the others, and so allowing for the succession of states now so little affiliated as the following: Bermudas, Carolina (North), Carolina (South), St. Christophers, Dominica, Florida (East), Florida (West), Georgia, Grenada, Ja-

land and Elector of Hanover, October 26, 1760; also the English Nobility and His Majesty's Household, with the salary attached to each office therein. From the last-named table we learn that His Majesty's Lords of the Bedchamber, fifteen in number, received one thousand pounds each, the Grooms of the Bedchamber five hundred, the Master of the Robes four hundred, the Master of Harriers and Fox-hounds two thousand, the Master of the Buck-hounds twelve hundred, of the Stag-hounds three hundred, and the Duke of St. Albans as Master Falconer two hundred and ten pounds.



A COVENTRY HALL INTERIOR.

Likewise of Her Majesty's household all the offices are named with their incumbents and the salaries attached, including six ladies of high rank as Ladies of the Bedchamber, receiving five hundred pounds each, and six maids of Honor, three hundred, and "Mrs. Deborah Chetwynd, Sempstress and Laundress, two hundred." The Earl of Chatham is Lord Privy-Seal the Bishop of Bath and Wells the "Decypherer of Letters, £1000."

The lists for Massachusetts Bay now follow, showing the Governor, His Excellency Francis Bernard, Esq., the Honorable Thomas Hutchinson, Esq., Lieutenant Governor, and among the Councillors, William Brattle, James Bowdoin, Nath. Sparhawk, Harrison Gray and James Russell. "The members of the Honourable House of Representatives, the Honourable Thomas Cushing, Esq., Speaker," are given in full, and embrace from the county of York the names of Jonathan Sayward, Esq., the Hon. N. Sparhawk (son-in-law of Sir William Pepperrell) of Kittery, J. Wheeleright, Esq., of Wells, and others.

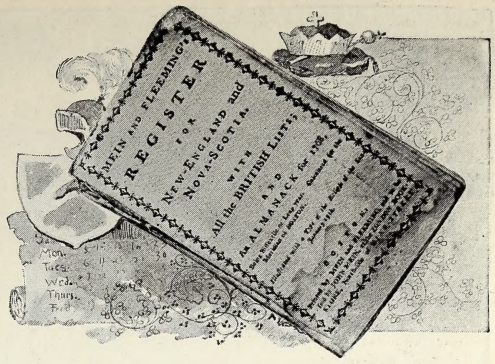
After the lists of the superior and inferior courts comes Harvard College, claiming precedence before the "religious assemblies" and the army. Founded in 1638, the college reports as its President the Rev. Edward Holyoke, and among its Overseers, besides "His Excellency the Governor, His Honour the Lieutenant Governor and the Honourable Council," a list of twenty-four clergymen, including the Rev. Joseph Sewall, D. D. (son of Justice Samuel Sewall of the "Diary"), the Rev. Samuel Mather and the Rev. Andrew Eliot. The Honorable Thomas Hubbard, Esq., who is Commissioner General of the Colony, is also

fessors are named, these being "John Winthrop Esq., A. M. and F. R. S., Hollisian Professor of Mathematics and Philosophy, Ed. Wigglesworth A. M., Hollis Professor of Divinity, and Stephen Sewall A. M., Hancock Professor of the Hebrew and other Oriental Languages." Seven names are given under the head of Tutors, but these embrace also the librarian, the steward and the butler.

The ministers, churches and religious assemblies for the several counties of the colony next appear, beginning with the list of the churches in the town of Boston, with the date of the founding of each and with the initials E., B., P. attached, showing to which of the three denominations each "assembly" belongs, Episcopalian, Baptist or Presbyterian. The absence of any Roman Catholic church is noticeable, and we are reminded of the non-existence at that time of Unitarians or Methodists. The "First or old church" in Cornhill, founded in 1630, enjoys the conjoint pastorate of the Rev. C. Chauncy, D. D., and the Rev. T. Foxcroft, as does the South Church, 1669, that of the Rev. Joseph Sewall and the Rev. Samuel Blair, the church being located in "Marlborough-Street."

There appear but two Episcopal churches in the list, viz., King's Chapel in "Tremount street" (1688), with the Rev. Henry Caves, D. D., and the Rev. John Troutbeck pastors, and Christ Church in Salem Street (1722), the Rev. Mr. Greaton in charge. In Back Street, however, there were no less than two Antipedobaptist churches, one of which is declared vacant. It is stated that "the house in which Mr. Croswell's Church congregate in School street (1748) was built by a number of French Refugees *anno* 1686, which French Church was dissolved, *anno* 1748." The religious list ends with the announcements of the Quakers' yearly meetings in New England in ten localities.

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Extemporanea: Or a Compleat English Dispensatory, in Two Parts, Theoretical and Practical: By John Quincy M. D. London: Printed for T. Longman at the *Ship* in *Pater-noster-Row* 1749." Among the *Officinal Compositions* here prescribed we find Syrups, Honeys, Tinctures, Elixirs, Electuaries, Balsams and Unguents of tempting variety; not less so are the *Extemporaneous Compositions*, which embrace the *Diet-drinks*, *Cephalics*, *Hysterics*, *Stomachics*, *Vulneraries*, *Alexipharmics*, *Emetics*, *Cathartics*, *Lumbatives*, *Sternutatories and Cataplasms*. Among all the remedies whose preparation is minutely described in this learned and elaborate work, none seem to occupy a more important place or cover a wider field of application than the "Electuaries," there being hardly a disease or accident known to the human system that does not seem to have its special electuary. As an example showing both the nature of the drugs in use and the degree of care and time required in properly "making an electuary," the following may serve, being the rule for making the "*Electuarium Orvietarium*," or "An Electuary against Poison":

"Take roots of white dittany, bistort, tormentit, masterwort, gentian, carline-thistle, both kinds of birthwort, cinquefoil, zedoary, valerian the greater, contrayerva, angelica, elecampane, *Virginia* snakeroot, leaves of carduus, of devilsbit, meadow-sweet, rue, savine, penny-royal, scordium, St. John'swort, citron peel, orange-peel, cinnamon, bay-berries, juniper-berries, toad's flesh, of each an ounce; of viper's flesh three ounces; best saffron 2 drams: reduce all to a fine powder, to which add extract of juniper-berries, made with white wine, and evaporate to the thickness of honey, enough to make an electuary, S. A. to every pound of which add mithridate and Venice treacle, of each 2 ounces."

authority for this remedy and its efficaciousness, but confesses that he "omits here the oleosacharums, because they make such forms less palatable and add little or nothing to their virtue." The above is admitted to be rather an officinal than a domestic remedy, "but it was thought too good a one to omit especially as it comes recommended to us." What wonder that the oleosacharums are believed to add little or nothing to the virtue of such an electuary as this, which seems to have compassed the universe already in its search for antidotes against every poison that one may encounter! And, truly, "to make it less palatable" would seem to be an unnecessary cruelty while there remains any doubt as to the actual virtue of these omitted features. Should the reader be incredulous as to the use of viper's flesh and other reptilian ingredients in this and in other electuaries of that day, directions might be quoted from this work for the "Distillation of Vipers," for "Prepared Toads," as well as for "Prepared Crabs' Claws," "Prepared Crabs' Eyes," and "Prepared Bees." The author discourses on the supposed virtue of "a dead man's hand" in dispersing scrofulous tumors, stating that report furnishes us with recent instances



of cures done thereby, but admitting that the practice is too whimsical to be regularly countenanced. Of the "*Manus Regalis*," "the Royal Touch," the author confesses never to have met it before in a catalogue of "medicinal simples," but is inclined to attribute whatever efficacy it may have to the peculiar effect upon the system "of the solemn appearance and ceremony of the matter." He notes with some jealousy the claims of the French royal family to exclusive possession of this healing gift, and while resenting any such infringement of the royal prerogatives of the English sovereigns, hopes that the latter may never stoop "to make use of such stratagems to awe superstitious subjects as may have been necessary to a weak or tyrannical governor."

Lastly we come to the books of devotion and religion, — stern, sombre and fearful, not only in their titles and subject matter, but equally in all that is suggested of serious and painful Sabbath-day study by their well-worn covers and dog-eared pages.

"A Token for Mourners," by John Flavel, preacher of the gospel of Christ, was printed in Exeter in 1795. It contains the "Advice of Christ to a Distressed Mother bewailing the Death of her dear and only Son; wherein the boundaries of Sorrow are duly fixed, Excesses restrained, the Common Pleas answered, and divers Rules for the Support of God's Afflicted Ones prescribed." At the close of a lengthy Epistle Dedicatory, in which the author sets forth under five heads the different objects he hopes to secure in addressing this book to his beloved brother and sister, he implores them, "his own flesh and blood, for religion's sake, for their own sake, and for his sake, that they read frequently, ponder seriously and apply believingly these Scripture consolations." The little worn and yellowed book bears unmistakable evidence of having been thus "pondered seriously and read frequently," by how many a mourning heart seeking and, may we not trust, finding consolation, if not in the contents of the book, in the self-subduing discipline that enabled one to

"Naked as from the earth we came
And crept to life at first
We to the earth return again
And mingle with our dust."

By its side we have an equally well handled and time-eaten little coverless volume:

"Time and the End of Time, in Two Discourses, by John Fox: Boston, in N. E. Printed for the Booksellers and sold in their Shops, 1729."

The author lays down the following plan of his treatise. He will show —

1. *When Time may be said to be redeemed.*
2. *What Time must be redeemed.*
3. *How Time must be redeemed.*
4. *Why Time must be redeemed.*
5. *Motives and directions to help you.*

Among these directions the first is, "Take heed of those things which rob you of your time;" and these "thieves" are named as follows: "1. Vain thoughts. 2. Worldly cares. 3. Unnecessary Visits. 4. Unprofitable Discourse. 5. Excessive Indulging the Outer Man. 6. Unlawful or immoderate Recreations."

"There are those who spend more time in looking in a glass than upon their knees in praying to God. A godly minister coming to a Gentlewoman's house to dinner, where he waited from ten of the clock till one, all which time she was dressing, burst into weeping to think that she should spend so much time in *Triming* and he so little in *Praying*."

Under rules for self-examination occur the following questions: "1. Is it most certain that I am in a state of Grace? 2. Is Grace thriving? Doth my inward man prosper?" Among other "directions" are the following:

"Read the best Books and those that treat of *Death* and *Judgment*. Read the Book of Job, the twelvth chapter of Ecclesiastes, Psalm 39, Psalm 90. Often be urging on your Hearts some of these Scriptures that set forth the dreadfulness of that place of torment that will be the portion of all that forget God. Every day think on your latter end, until Death and you become familiar. Converse with thy winding sheet, coffin, grave. Let thy great change be so upon thy Heart that thou mayest every Morning or Evening walk a turn or two with Death. Meditate on the raging furious flames, that dismal darkness, smoke and stink of the bottomless Pit, the shrieking of the damned and roaring of the Devils, the heartpiercing complaints for water to cool their scorching tongues. And when thou dost think on those

Surely there is no danger of this writer falling under the condemnation which he elsewhere administers to such as cater to the taste of those "who cannot endure that ministers should be severe, plain and piercing in their doctrines, so as Thunder and Lightning in the Eyes and Ears of sleepy Souls; they are well contented to sit under those that daub with untempered mortar, and who sew Pillows for their armholes under whose Ministry they may take a nap and sleep it out."

"An impartial Examination of Mr. Robert Sandeman's Letters on *Theron* and *Aspasis*, by Samuel Langdon, D. D., Boston, 1769," opens to view one of those strange doctrinal controversies which served to give stimulus and occupation to the somewhat empty and tedious religious life of those days, when even in religion itself such exhortations and threats as those above cited were necessary to attract due attention to its obligations.

We pass the volumes of religious controversy by, to bestow our last glance on a tattered and moth-eaten pamphlet of pathetic interest, it being none other than a

"*Discourse on Psal CXII. 7. Delivered Feb. 24, 1760, The Lord's Day after the Funeral of HENRY FLYNT, Esq. Who deceased Feb. 13, Ætatis 85. Having been a tutor 55, and a fellow of the Corporation of Harvard College 60 Years. By Nathaniel Appleton A. M. Pastor of the First Church in Cambridge, Boston; New England. M. DCC. LX.*"

In treasuring among his charily selected books this solemn tribute of the Cambridge pastor, the youthful graduate has proved his regard for his venerable tutor and fellow traveller on that memorable journey to Portsmouth with whose adventures we set out. After nearly a century and a half, still stands on the book shelf of his library this testimonial of the loyalty of the pupil to the illustrious memory of the master. We will not follow through the long *Discourse on the Blessedness of a Heart fixed, trusting in God.* We know that it is chaste and classical in form and exhaustive of the subject; treating all its subdivisions in due order; following these with the applications, first, secondly, and thirdly; and lastly pointing out to us the eminent virtue that distinguished that "aged and venerable *Servant of God* who has lately taken his Departure from us by Death, and whose funeral Solemnity was attended by us the last Week. And indeed it was with a special Eye to him that I pitch'd upon this subject for our Meditation this Day."

At the end of the pamphlet follows the

Oratio in Funere Viri Venerabilis
HENRICI FLYNTIJ, Arm.
habita
in
Sacello Holdeniano
Coll. Harvard. Cantab. Novang.
A Jacobo Lovell, A. M.

This oration was delivered in the funeral solemnity alluded to, the "Sermon" following on the Sunday after.

What suggestions of a past life, of an antiquity that belonged even to a New England that is no more but has passed forever into history and into the deep and tender hues which time casts on things long gone by, are aroused in us as we read these opening words of Lovell's oration:

"*Tandem, Beate Senex, placida compositus pace, mortales Visus reliquisti. Laboribus Vitæ functus, Votorum compos, tuorum, Nos Desiderio tui plenos deseres, Proemia fidelis Servi acceptu-rus!*"

And with what fitter words can we take leave of the old library, whose volumes have beguiled us into these reveries of the past, than these to which its collector, in the ardor of youthful affection and veneration, may have listened while his eyes filled with tears, on that day of his Alma Mater's solemnities:

"*Quam suavis Odor ex pretiosissimo Unguento se diffundit undique; tam suavis est Memoria Justorum, tam blande recreat Animos recordantium!*"

LOVE'S LOVER.

By Annie E. P. Searing.

I WAS more in love with Love, I think,
Than ever I was with you,
Before the sweets had bitter grown,
When half that was false seemed true.
Life then was rhythmic with unsung tunes,
Aglow with colors unseen by eyes,
While years-to-be seemed all blossoming Junes
Where fond caresses made paradise.

That you proved unworthy were easily borne,
If Love — the traitor — had not fled.
With him went the rose-flush and songs of the morn,
And he left me an image of care in his stead.
If I could but clasp him close once more,
What should I care that he brought not you?
I should gain my heaven on the hither shore,
And life would again be a dream come true.

NEW ENGLAND IN MICHIGAN.

By E. P. Powell.



MICHIGAN is peculiarly interesting as being the farthermost western point where New England reappears distinctively. Beyond that state the foreign element began to make itself a balancing if not preponderant factor in society. As long ago as 1640 "The Simple Cobbler of Agawam" had four great griefs, one of which was that foreigners were allowed to come so freely into the country as to crowd the native born to the four quarters of the earth. But it was not until just about two hundred years later that immigration set in with such force as to create a social atmosphere and a political power. I was surprised, when I went to Michigan in 1861, to find that the New England spirit was there almost as pronounced as many of the latter having made two moves, and not being at all loath for a compensation to try a third.

This of course characterized distinctively the second settlement of Michigan. The first visit was made by the French as early as 1641. The Jesuit fathers established a mission for the Chippewas in 1668. Father Marquette found there "consolation which God sends us, which makes us esteem our life more happy as it is more wretched." Detroit was founded in 1701. Antoine de la Motte Cadillac looked upon the most magnificent and unbroken stretch of forest filling up the whole peninsula. These forests were of oak, walnut, hickory, elm and maple. As late as 1861 I saw large barns which had been built of superb black walnut when the pioneers did not comprehend the possible future value of such timber. I

feet to the lower limbs. In the earlier days the forests were full of elk, deer, bear; and along all the streams were abundant beaver. Cadillac and Marquette were exactly opposites in character. The priests gathered the Indians into missions adjacent to trading posts, and softened their behavior as far as possible to a semblance to Christian habits. They certainly gained a vast influence over them, although this was not invariably exercised for the good of rival religionists. Cadillac insisted that all the use the priests were good for was to baptize babies and the dying; for as for the Indians, they were savages as long as they had life enough to exercise their instincts. "The Ottawas," he said, "would be baptized a hundred times a day for a hundred drinks of whiskey." The outcome of the missions and the final state of the Indians indicate that Cadillac made a fairly good estimate of their piety. There was some difference in the tribes; but on the whole, east and west, the Indian's state of mind is fairly illustrated by the following story: Dominie Kirkland used to be quite fond of setting a glass of cider and a plate of food before his Indian friends. A buck who had small ideas of Christianity resolved to get a share of the good things. He knew that the missionary Indians studied the Bible. He did the same; and when well qualified, as he supposed, called on the dominie. As soon as he had entered the house he began, "Adam, Cain, Eve, Noah, Beelzebub, Solomon." "What do you mean?" cried Kirkland. "I mean — cider!" was the answer. So far as the Indians of Michigan were concerned, no fruits remain.

The English were near at hand before the planting of Detroit, and never conceded that the peninsula was French property. Canada and New York watched and worked restlessly. Robert Livingston had planned the occupancy of the very spot taken two years later by Cadillac; but he was too late. The French were nearly always first; the English, however, have proved their ability to be last in possession of a given point. At the outset freedom of trade was considered unthinkable. Michigan must be either French or English, — not French and English. Whichever held possession anywhere adopted high tariff at once. The result of course was hate and war. It was impossible to build up agriculture to any extent while two nations, each eagerly using savage allies, were always alert to protect their exclusive trading privileges. The advantage fell to a few lucky speculators, for whom the rest had the pleasure of fighting and the honor of being patriotic. The Indians were not civilized, but constantly rendered restless and treacherous by finding two parties of whites in deadly antagonism. So it came about that for nearly one century under the French Michigan made no advance in civilization, — Detroit, Monroe and a few other posts remaining just able to defend themselves and carry on a lessening trade. In 1750 the commander and governor-general wrote to France that an agricultural population was absolutely necessary. English colonies grew; French colonies as invariably languished. The secret was governmental paternalism. There was total lack of freedom. America was decreed to be English simply because the English came first of all to settle; the French came to trade. The Frenchman who did seek to build a home and till the soil was under the most rigid supervision and hopeless restraint. For this reason Jefferson warned the American people that their best destiny lay involved in agriculture.

But all this while there was a curious development of free lances that escaped the governmental control. These were called *coureurs de bois*. They were hunters and traders who forsook civilization and even Christianity, living for the most part in Indian lodges on the most friendly terms. Many were married to Indian wives. English pioneers sometimes, but seldom, developed these bushmen; French methods multiplied them. The result was a rapid increase of half-breeds in Canada and about the French posts. I remember on my first trip about the lakes meeting one of these *coureurs*, but he was of English extraction. Sent over by the British Museum to hunt up aboriginal relics in the early part of the century, he had married a squaw and

reared a family of cross-breeds. He was a little, lithe fellow, over seventy, and when I first saw him was boastfully marking with his heel higher than the sailors could do. His religious views were purely naturalistic. He was on his first return to England in nearly half a century.

In 1759 the French gave up the struggle and evacuated Quebec. The next year the English formed a league with Pontiac, who claimed to be king of Michigan, and received the surrender of Detroit. Vaudreuil, the governor-general, took his departure with these words: "With these beautiful and vast countries France loses seventy thousand inhabitants of a rare quality, a race of people unequalled for their docility, bravery and loyalty." Michigan was now ready for New England. But before she could go in to possess, that principle of freedom of production and freedom of market, which to some extent marked distinctively the British colonies, must be defined and established as fundamental right. The colonies must first become states; the confederacy a union; the peoples a nation. Meanwhile the Indians, finding themselves waning away before invading civilization, were led by Pontiac in one of the most determined, and for a time successful, struggles to regain supremacy ever organized by the Indian race. All of Michigan was captured except Detroit. This war was directly owing to injustice, outrage and unjustifiable encroachments on Indian lands, and to the greed of those who sold intoxicating liquors. The French had always fraternized easily with the Indians, and with some show of decency; but the English of the baser sort used their greater freedom from supervision to commit unstinted profligacy. Pontiac was a hero, but he failed.

The Indian War and the war for independence ended; and in 1787 was enacted, two years before the Constitution, an ordinance which for inherent value and undying results was only second to the Constitution itself. There were six articles. The first established forever freedom of worship; the second was a bill of rights; the third decreed the immediate establishment of schools and equity in dealing with Indians; the fourth declared the permanency of the Union; the fifth regulated the creation of states from the territory; the sixth forbade forever slavery and involuntary servitude. General Harrison, afterward President, united with others in persistent efforts to get the sixth article abrogated or suspended, but fortunately in vain. Michigan was set off into a separate territory of the United States in 1805. Very little change had so far taken place in its population. But President Jefferson had sent a Massachusetts general, William Hull, to act as territorial governor, and a southern gentleman, Augustus B. Woodward, to act as chief justice. The latter was a chivalrous, scholarly person, who undertook to lay out Detroit on the scale of a second Rome. Those who have been puzzled at the "Campus Martius" of that beautiful city may know it was part of Justice Woodward's nomenclature. That it is now one of the first cities in the Union is due to the fact that he did not hesitate to run broad avenues off into the forests, and wait for future residents.

I am quite inclined to stop at this point to ask whether Mr. Henry Adams has not done violent injustice to this Governor Hull, who afterward as General Hull surrendered Detroit to the British. This action, eventuating in a horrible massacre, wrought the American people to such a pitch of madness that no one engaged in the transaction on either side stood a fair chance of justice. Mr. Adams perpetuates the bitter condemnation of General Hull as an incompetent coward. Hull had served under Washington at Trenton and Princeton, and for bravery was promoted. At the battle of Stony Point he served under Wayne, and directly commanded one third of the American forces. He was then promoted again. His state of Massachusetts made him a major-general; and he had been several years governor of Michigan. His officers had, before the ill-starred defence of Detroit, repeatedly written of his personal prowess. One of his aids says of an expected fight: "During the day it was remarked to me by several officers that General

Hull had no sense of personal danger, although surrounded by British and Indians." His force was very meagre, not at all what he had asked for, and it was composed largely of mutinous Ohio militia, who attacked their own officers and rode one on a rail. Yet General Hull marched these men with remarkable despatch and prudence through the wilderness to Detroit. There he had just about one twentieth the available force that he was expected to attack in Canada, besides protecting Detroit. The requirements made of him were astounding. He had to garrison Detroit, face a force at least as large as his own, with savages in his rear, re-enforcements always ready for the enemy, but none for himself; to capture the fortress on Malden; to somehow capture the British fleet on Lake Erie; to guard his own rear in an enemy's country; in fine, to conquer Canada and defend Michigan with a force never exceeding two thousand men, mostly militia. The Ohio militia was mutinous constantly; and General Cass told General Hull that if he gave an order to retire beyond the Maumee, these militia would desert in a body. But when the whole effort of the Americans was concentrated on the defence of Detroit, and General Brock was assaulting the same, two companies of the Michigan militia actually deserted to the enemy. It is a sorry tale at the best; and we can only hope that these Michigan troops were not New Englanders. At least a final rehearing of the story of General Hull will not pronounce him a coward. That he was a great commander need not be claimed. He did no more than Burgoyne at Saratoga.

Lewis Cass, the second governor, was also from New England. The fact that he was born in New Hampshire accounts for the very unusual number of New Hampshire people to be found in Michigan down to the present date. The French who remained in the territory were mostly those who had taken themselves to agriculture. Fur traders were abundant, and among the rest John Jacob Astor, who had his camp on the island of Mackinaw. Public lands were placed on the market in 1820 at one dollar and a quarter per acre, and in 1830 pre-emption rights were granted to actual settlers. The administration of Governor Cass began to lay out better roads. Population, almost wholly from New England, was doubled before 1825. A delegate in Congress was elected; the first being William Woodbridge, a New Englander.

Under the administration of Jackson this advance of New England sentiment met a counter sentiment. The author of the practice that all offices are spoils to be distributed to the partisans of the victor, selected Cass to occupy a seat in his cabinet; and to take his gubernatorial place he sent a Pennsylvania lawyer, who was most of the time absent from the state. For territorial secretary he appointed a boy of nineteen from Virginia, son of John Q. Mason, of notable influence in his own state. The people protested and laughed at the "little boy," — but all in vain. They did better: they organized as a state soon after, and elected young Mason governor. President Jackson was in a rage, and appointed another Virginian as territorial governor, refusing to recognize the "state." The struggle was sharp, but in the end Michigan was compelled to submit to Jacksonian dictation, and was then admitted to the Union. Once a state, an end was quickly put to federal impertinence. New England men, New England customs, swept everything before them, except the quiet, peaceable, thrifty French farmers. Raising-bees, husking-bees, quilting-bees, and even bundling were the features of common life. Mills, churches and schoolhouses went up together. Corduroy roads were laid; and these were soon followed by one of the first railroads ever built in the United States.

The glory belonged to Michigan of solving ahead of all other states the conflict of educational systems, which was found so insoluble in New England. Generously turning to the South for her ideal of higher education, she accepted the views of Jefferson as constituting the true conception of a state university. The University of Virginia, at which Jefferson toiled, was projected before that of Michigan; but that of Michigan was the first to secure its charter. The University of Virginia remains to this day alien

from the common schools; but in Michigan in 1840 the lower schools were graded to the upper; and for the first time in American history a unified, consolidated state system of education was created — the whole sustained generously by taxation.

At the founding of the university occurred one of the quaintest episodes in the history of any state. The two first and at that time the only professors appointed were a Catholic priest and a Presbyterian minister, — Father Richard and John Monteith. The university was named the catholepistemiad, a title originating in the head of Judge Woodward. The charter opens after this manner: "There shall be in the Territory a Catholepistemiad or university. The Catholepistemiad or university of Michigan shall be composed of thirteen didaxem or professorships. First, a didaxia of catholepistemia or universal science, the didactor or professor of which shall be president of the institution; second, a didaxia or professorship of anthropoglossica or literature, embracing all the epistemum of sciences relative to language; third, a didaxia or professorship of mathematica or mathematics; fourth, a didaxia or professorship of physiosophica or natural philosophy; fifth," etc., down to "thirteenth, a didaxia or professorship of ennoeia or intellectual sciences, embracing all the epistemum or sciences relative to the minds of animals, to the human mind, to spiritual existences, to the Deity and to religion, the didactor or professor of which shall be vice-president of the institution." The professors were to be appointed by the governor and paid by the state. To every subordinate instructor and instructrix appointed by the catholepistemiad or university there should be paid an annual salary. The catholepistemiad or university might propose and draw four successive lotteries, deducting from the prizes fifteen per centum for the benefit of the institution. "If the judges of the court of any county shall certify that the parent of any person has not adequate means to defray the expense of suitable instruction, that person's honorarium shall be paid from the treasury of Michigan."

This was the actual founding of the first of our great state universities. Almost coxcombical in its verbiage, it needs but careful study to discover that the charter is a most remarkable document for breadth and foresight. It does not hesitate to forestall Darwinism by speaking of the mind of animals. It presumes the appointment of women for professors as well as men. It provides for free education, even in the highest schools of the state.

Its use of lotteries was copied from New England custom. Harvard in 1794 enjoyed a lottery to this end: "The object of the lottery is to erect a new building at the University in Cambridge for the accommodation of the students. The friends of literature are to be found everywhere; and where its cause is to be served, and a *good chance* presents itself," the managers believed they would be patronized. The phrase "a good chance" has slipped into common usage as a survival of the lottery system. In 1796, "The managers of Dartmouth College Lottery" presented to the public a scheme so liberal that "they flattered themselves that the same public spirit will be displayed" as on former occasions.

After a study of this peculiar charter, which really was voted by the legislature of plain farmers, it will no longer seem wonderful that a Calvinist and a Catholic were selected as the first professors. And these two men really did work together. Mr. Monteith was made president, with seven professorships; and Father Richard held six more professorships. But above all else we must keep in mind that this was a unified system of education, the university being but the head of a single scheme that was graded from the primaries upward. This was Jefferson's idea, first successfully launched by the pedantic catholepistemiad. This solution of the school problem must, I believe, be that finally adopted by all the states: the common school as developed by New England at the bottom; the Jeffersonian university at the top; and "no distinction of sex or color."

The pride which the people of Michigan feel in their school system is as charming as it is conspicuous. Wher-

ever else there is to be economy, in the support of schools there is invariably the spirit of liberality. This is New England over again, and fortunately unhindered by the presence of a too strong system of church colleges. These exist in Michigan, but are recognized to be not a part of the public school system in any sense whatever, but are strictly church institutions.

Among these colleges not one is more interesting than the College of Detroit, to which the Indians by treaty granted six sections of land, "believing they may wish some of their children hereafter educated." This reminds us strongly of the founding of Hamilton College by the Iroquois; but the Michigan Indians were Catholics, and the Oneidas were Protestants. The state university, presided over at its origin by Protestant and Catholic professors in harmony, has never been other than a truly secular or state institution. It is, however, worth our while particularly to note that there was for many years decided antagonism to the state university and a struggle to fix on the state the incubus of sectarian colleges, to the exclusion of a secularized system. There is but one breach with the unity of the system as now established; and that is the fact that the university does not cover agriculture. By an unfortunate lack of apprehension that no branch of industry so closely involves applied science as agriculture, and therefore is so strictly a state affair demanding the highest state culture, in Michigan, as almost everywhere else, agriculture is taught in a separate institution. That it will become an incorporate part of the university, and that direct training for farming will become integrated in the whole system of public schools from bottom to top, is beyond question. This is the demand everywhere, and must be recognized.

It is a curious fact that when the first proposition was laid before the people to establish a legislature, it was emphatically voted down. The French had no tutelage in that direction, and no ambition for casting ballots. Accustomed to a purely paternal government, they desired no change. But as soon as the New Englander came in with his township, statehood and legislatures became a necessity. From 1820 to 1840 the tide of migration was immense. "Settlers with their wagons crowded the western roads, or forced their way through the forests to establish themselves alone." Michigan with its pine woods was sought for by consumptives as their great sanitarium. Some one says that it seemed as if all New England was on the point of bodily going westward. "Michigan fever" was an epidemic well understood. The following song is quoted from a loose ballad:

"Come, all ye Yankee farmers who wish to change your lot,
Who've spunk enough to travel beyond your native spot,
And leave behind the village where pa and ma do stay,
Come follow me and settle in Michigan-ia.
Yea, yea, yea,
In Michigan-ia."

And it turned out that there were abundant Yankees who had the requisite spunk. It was a gritty, determined, aggressive lot of people. Every one intended to do something in the way of betterment. Bishop Spaulding used to tell with great glee how he once found shelter in a log hut. It was clean, and for a wonder the food was appetizing. But to his amazement a negro came in to dinner, and proved to be the husband of the white woman who had welcomed him. The bishop showed some astonishment, when the wife quietly said: "Why, sir, it's all right. I did *e-enough* better than my sister. *She* married a Yankee." The Yankee has stood the yoke, and met the prejudice, and come out ahead. He has done enough better than live in log houses. He planted ideas as well as corn, and they grew into villages and farmhouses such as no other part of the country could show.

The first newspaper, established in 1809, seems to have been founded by the remarkable Father Richard. With New England came a succession of papers, none of which were permanent till, in 1831, the Detroit *Free Press* was established. Money was not abundant, and newspapers there, as in New England, had to share in the common custom of

barter. Editor Sheldon of the Detroit *Gazette* complains that sometimes he got only a pig or a load of pumpkins. This was not so bad, however, as what occurred after the rage for banking and abundant bank bills set in.

The history of Michigan is a splendid object lesson for those of our statesmen who advocate unlimited banking. There was, after the War of 1812, so little coin in circulation, that all the world issued shinplasters and due bills; even the churches did it. There were promises to pay; and by and by it was found out they were nothing but promises. In 1817 this currency and Ohio bank notes, many of which were worthless, had become a positive danger, so great that for once in history a vigilance committee on money was formed. Ohio notes were at a discount of twenty-five per cent in Michigan, and were worthless in Boston and New York. This condition of affairs wakened a great impulse for home banking. The free-spirited colonists abhorred anything that savored of monopoly; the result was a general law allowing any ten freeholders to organize a banking house and issue money on providing certain securities. Then came the great crash in the eastern states, a run on the banks and general suspension. The legislature of Michigan convened in extra session and passed a law permitting the banks to temporarily suspend specie payment, but at the same time to go on issuing paper currency. This made banking the most extraordinary business in the world. The result was banks in the remotest hamlets, banks in the woods, banks everywhere. "Every village plot with a house or without a house, if it had a hollow stump for a vault, was the site of a bank." To some extent this was the state of affairs throughout the West; but nowhere else was there such extraordinary legislation. Speculation boomed land to fifty times its value. Then came the reaction. Private indebtedness was beyond all hope of liquidation. Bank bills were worth little more than brown paper. The banks being so many of them in the woods, were called wild cats. Judge Cooley says that in 1839 there were one million dollars of the bills of insolvent banks afloat. Forty-two banks were at one time in the hands of receivers. The depositors were generally farmers and poorer people who had little to lose, and lost all. Prices fell flat with the currency. Starvation was the actual lot of the poorer pioneers. There was no immediate remedy possible. The worst feature of all was that such legislation bred a class of scamps having all of New England's shrewdness, but none of its conscience. As late as 1860 the banking of the state felt the poison. Banks occasionally closed their doors after receiving deposits up to the last hour. I knew a man of high social and church pretensions, who made it a business to send out men into the newer territories to start banks on a false bottom. The memory of the wild cats was kept up by the samples of their worthless currency found in every old settler's house. John Stretch was a notable sufferer in the city of Adrian; and for years he would take his stand of a Sunday on the steps of the church where the president of the collapsed bank worshipped, and as the devout man came out, Bible in hand, would call out: "C—, I want my money! C—, I want my money!" But he never got his money.

By 1850 Michigan began to feel the influx of foreign immigrants; but up to the Civil War, outside of Detroit and the lumber districts, New England sentiment was vastly in predominance. Congregationalism in its passage through New York had largely become Presbyterianism, for reasons not needful to enumerate; so we find these two forms of Calvinistic policy very generally disseminated through the state and quite interchangeable. Methodism with its pioneering ability had secured a strong footing; but the dissenters of this order had also come into the state from Ohio and Pennsylvania. These free or non-episcopal Methodists were specially strong about Adrian, where they had founded a college. Tolerant and liberal in spirit, they had called to its presidency Asa Mahan, a Congregationalist of eminent ability, formerly president of Oberlin College. Asa Mahan is a name always to be remembered with great honor, as being that of the first American college president to

adopt coeducation of the sexes. Against the odds of bitter prejudice he firmly established the rights of woman to higher education. He lived to see his pioneer effort accepted by many of the older and conservative colleges and universities. Half a dozen other colleges grew up under church control, in spite of the overshadowing influence of the state-endowed university.

In southwest Michigan the Quakers had found a delightful home in the Raisin Valley. These came mostly from New York. Their farms were ideals of peace; their houses, of thrift and honor. It was a grand element. Their barnyards even showed the blessedness of a pure heart; for their cattle caught the kindly spirit of their masters. Not one of them but was an abolitionist from the outset. Negroes escaping from slavery found a safe retreat among these people. In my church in Adrian was a Van Zandt, who was said to be of the same family that Mrs. Stowe immortalized in "Uncle Tom." "Mother Haviland," from the valley, and her husband opened a western Oberlin on their farm, where neither color nor sex was debarred from all educational advantages. She went at the risk of life into Kentucky and led out the family of a refugee. When the war broke out, she was one of Lincoln's most trusted helpers. She was all through the South, and finally found means for reaching Ship Island, whither Judge Atoche of New Orleans had sentenced for trivial offences over three thousand Union soldiers, — in fact, had captured three regiments and shut them up from active service. Mrs. Haviland started at once for Washington, stopping only to state the case to Governor Blair in Detroit. The work was quickly done; for the telegram reached her on the way: "Judge Atoche is removed; the prisoners are released. Lincoln sends you grateful love." I met at the Columbian Fair this wonderful woman, still full of zeal for rightness and liberty, as well as full of years.

Canada still sends over some excellent emigrants; but the bulk of the later drift is very much like that of the eastern states. The influence of three great railroads crossing the state brought in a diversity of laborers, and led to settlements of distinctive nationalities. Hollanders and Swedes have their favorite localities; and in some places the prevalent language is foreign. During the war, rioting and hanging negroes nowhere broke out more malevolently than in New York and Detroit. Copperheadism was wofully in the minority, but it was all the more malicious. Negroes were a decided factor everywhere, notwithstanding the proximity of Canada. I had forty colored members in my church in Adrian. The grandest day of my life was after the close of the war, when the first celebration of emancipation was held by the negroes of Michigan and I rode beside the colored president of the day, at the head of a magnificent parade of freemen of color. There were no copperheads then living; not one survived the war.

The zeal of settlers in favor of their own selection of homestead often led to ludicrous extravagances. Every one is familiar with the jealousy which existed thirty years ago between St. Louis and Chicago, when those cities were nearer of the same population. It was impossible to rely at all upon the census. If Chicago reported two hundred thousand, St. Louis promptly had a new enumeration reporting two hundred and twenty thousand, which Chicago quickly raised to two hundred and fifty thousand. It was a serious matter for any one in St. Louis to suggest that possibly Chicago was ahead. The future capital city hated the great metropolis; while the latter, more confident of surpassing its rival, joked outrageously. But this sort of rivalry was quite as keen between the settlements made by the New Englanders in the forests of Ohio and Michigan. Adrian was scornful of Jackson, and Marshall cultivated a private grudge against Kalamazoo. But the truly funniest display of local grit would be the rivalries and jealousies of one end of a street with the other end. I innocently suggested to a west-ender that I thought that East Maumee Street would ultimately take the drift of business. I lost his friendship as quickly as he lost his tem-

per. It was a lesson to me to be very cautious about holding local opinions. Every one had a venture somewhere. "Forty years ago this town was a wilderness. Now, behold its large union school building with five branches, its college, its four brick churches, its business blocks, its handsome streets, its beautiful homes." Truly it was a wonder to see such cities and mark such transformations. Each one hoped to have a specially good share in the boom. Schools were built far superior to those which the settlers had left behind them. Ten times as many churches were built as were needed. One place of about two thousand population I found in 1860 with eighteen churches. The story was told me with great glee of how a wealthy citizen of one of the Michigan towns was induced to subscribe heavily for the building of a church. The committee had only to report that a rival church had a gift of a thousand from his business rival at the other end of the street, when down went his thousand. At last it was said — I doubt it somewhat — that the committee reported several bogus subscriptions, in order to get the equivalent amount from their stubborn friend. At all events, the churches both went up, and in fine shape. Two race horses could not have been more eager for a start and a struggle.

It was a romantic life. Not a county in the state but has its little lakes. These, with patches of white and yellow lilies, and often an island or two, were also stocked with fish. The high bluffs about were covered with blueberries or huckleberries; and blackberries to delight epicures were abundant. It turned out to be a superb state for fruit. Such apples and pears and plums and peaches can be duplicated in few other sections. I never saw such Governor Wood and Bigarreau cherries anywhere else, except in the neighborhood of Cleveland. The early settlers brought along the best fruits of the Connecticut Valley, and the pears that glorify the neighborhood of Boston. The Downings, with Hovey and Colonel Wilder, were inaugurating a wonderful development of horticulture. Michigan had a people ready to catch up the new propulsion and make the most of it. Such orchards as glorified the peninsular state were a sight to gladden the eyes. A county fair exhibit was in many respects equal to a state exhibit in the East.

In many respects Michigan presents today the character of an ideal commonwealth. I think if any one from Europe wished to study American institutions at their best he might go to the state among the lakes. Nearly surrounded by the noblest of the Great Lakes, it reaches from the peach belt at the South to the pine barrens of the upper peninsula. It has every imaginable resource within its own limits, — fish, fowl and deer, salt, iron, copper and lumber. Its cities are beautiful; its farms the best in the Union. Not a county but is beautified by gems of lakes covered with great white lilies, as well as woods of splendid oaks and hickories. Its railroads carry you through rich meadows, where in June the fragrance of clover surpasses that of roses. Its public institutions crown the eminences of every town. Its people are as orderly as those of Connecticut. Its schools constitute the only completed system this side of Prussia. It is New England amended and perfected; — as New England was Old England with less of Saxon brute force and more of Puritan conscience. Hugh McCulloch, the great financier, once spoke as follows: "The change in the character of the population of New England is going steadily on, and the indications are decided that the control of the cities and towns will soon be in the hands of men who have not a drop of original New England blood in their veins. They will be Yankee states in name only. But New England is not therefore less living. It has moved out on western lines. The emigrants from New England are leaders in all great enterprises. New England influence has in a large measure moulded the sentiment of the whole country, — to which influence Massachusetts has been the largest contributor." We have seen that Connecticut was not one whit behind her larger neighbor, if not the real leader in progress of population and greatness of ideas.

The story of the movement of New England into New York, Ohio and Michigan is one of the most marvellous epi-

sodes in human history,—the story of a few colonies, themselves but a little over one hundred years from the seed, multiplying and advancing through forests and over lakes to possess and civilize a continent in less than a century more. Inside half a century, handsome cities displaced swamps and the wilderness; colleges arose in the place of wolves' dens; vast acres of cereals covered the sea-like prairies. It was the power of individual self-government to create self-governed commonwealths. Without Puritan conscience, federalism could never have found the material with which to constitute a nation of states.

THE MIDSHIPMITE.

By Annie E. P. Searing.



IFE on board the *Mary Bell* was without the perils and excitements of deep-sea voyaging; it was even lacking in those chances of accident which make the interest in the safest trip by river or lake steamer; and yet it held compensating pleasures. Big John Jordan, smoking his perpetual pipe and propped against a tiller where it was lashed fast to hold the rudder at the exact angle required to keep a course in mid stream, Big John, ruminating so day by day, found the existence sufficiently varied to suit his taste, and kept to it with sullen persistency while days lengthened to months and slipped away into years. He was captain and sole proprietor, cook, first mate and crew of the captain's gig in one; but he allowed himself the luxury of a midshipmite, and that functionary was usually to be seen far ahead, riding either the horse or the mule at the other end of the tow-line. Big John was known all along the canal as a silent, ill-conditioned customer, thrifty and grasping, the owner of several boats. He had the best boats, the best horses and mules and the worst temper on the canal. The *Mary Bell* was as clean and trim as a country parlor. She carried cement in barrels, and not a speck was permitted to sully her freshly painted deck, as she proudly passed her coal-grimed neighbors toiling along from the mines. On her stern was painted in gay letters of red, "*Belle Marie*", and Big John allowed the false legend to remain in spite of the jeers of his comrades, though he regarded it as faulty orthography on the part of her previous owner, an ignorant "Kanuck" from the wilds of Canada.

"Frenchy couldn't spell," he admitted, "and he slewed her name round hindside before, — but 's long 's I'm satisfied, she'll do as she is."

He and his *Mary Bell* had floated serenely now for so many years over this pathway of beauty through a matchless panorama of meadow and marsh, of rocky dell and wood and wild mountain fastness, that she was his world, his work, his rest, — and the country through which he passed, "his Alps, his Italy." If the essential gain of travel is to see thoroughly what is to be seen, Big John was certainly a well-travelled man. Whether he saw aught beyond the bulwarks of the *Mary Bell* I do not know, — for, beauty lying in the eye of the beholder, his chances would seem to have been small. Keeping his pipe alight, like a fire ever burning before his goddess, he was probably counting profits and buying and selling through the drowsy days, while his vision was of short range.

It was not so with the Midshipmite. No king on his throne so favored, so enviable, as he as, astride the broad back of Sally Maria, he looked ahead on life between her great standing ears. To be a boy, a healthy, happy boy of twelve, is to be an all-powerful potentate, a master of destiny, a king of fate. But boys seldom know this; and the Midshipmite knew it even less than other boys, be-

cause he was ignorant of all knowledge save the lore of outdoors, of birds and plants and beasts, the knowledge that comes early or not at all. He had hardly enough skill to write his name; he had never heard of Cæsar or of Cicero, whose sounding sentences other boys of his age were already construing, of the campaigns of Napoleon, or quadratic equations; even the simple "rule of three" was an untrodden wilderness to his shoeless feet. But he knew where the wood-thrush nests, he could whistle the bird-calls of the varied groves they passed through, his quick ear could detect the whir of a startled partridge, the chunk of a musk-rat in the water ahead, and now and then, at far off, fear-thrilled intervals, the dry crackle of a rattlesnake among the overhanging rocks of the mountain side. He was all unconsciously laying away stores of impressions and pictures to be etched upon his brain and taken out in after years, translated and transfigured into loveliest forms of art.

Barelegged, his trousers held up by one suspender, bareheaded, unless a crownless rim could be called a hat, tanned and freckled, and looking out through a pair of brilliant blue eyes on a long level stretch of the great ditch, he rode one morning just at dawn toward his fortune. Great rolling curtains of mist were shifting over the long marshland, getting snarled and tangled in the tops of low thickets; the sun, not quite out of his bed, sent shifting rosy lights through these clouds of vapor; and where they lifted, the canal stretched straight away like a gleaming white satin ribbon. The dampness hung in diamond drops on grass and bush fringing the shore, and on the Midshipmite's hair, and on Sally Maria's furry ears. Old Jack Horse took one of his "caper spells," and curvetted and pranced as he strained at the rope, perhaps remembering past days of splendor and pomp on city streets, or perhaps sensitive, as animals often are, to the strangeness and unreality of atmospheric effects.

Out on the border of the marsh, where Big John's great voice called far ahead and woke the echoes with his cry of "Lock-ho!" they came upon two canoes, whose occupants were just getting about their early breakfast. In the delay at the lock, when Big John took charge, the boy had time to run back and devour with his curious eyes the Crusoe expedition in the wide cove across the water. Oh, could he but take part in such a lark! There was a fire, and over it a kettle boiling, a tiny tent, and two such fairy boats! The clang of the gates and the swish of water running out of the lock warned him, and he fled away to resume his post on Sally Maria's back.

All the long day they climbed through lock after lock, until the *Mary Bell* floated high in air along a mountain side. They passed families on boats, engaged in all sorts of domestic avocations. These always exchanged rough but kindly greetings with the Midshipmite. Big John, far behind, they passed in silence. There were washes going on; sometimes there was a woman ironing, or a mother rocking a cradle; and the cook-stoves were all on deck under awnings. But a sight which hurt the boy's feelings was a woman cutting her son's hair. She held his head against her ample bosom, and clipped away on the tow locks with such an expression of proud tenderness, that the Midshipmite turned his face away and whistled to keep back a tear. He had never had a mother that he knew of, and nobody ever looked that way over him. As for hair, Big John chopped it off with no gentle hand when it grew beyond all bounds.

Somehow it was a day of sore feelings and long thoughts to the Midshipmite. It was nightfall before Big John gave leave to stop and tie up. They had been gliding along the curve of the mountain and across a deep valley where the tracks of a trunk railway hugged the opposite hillside and long gleaming trains went thundering at intervals on their way east and west. The boy gazed longingly after them, picturing the delights of a stirring life in cities where men were building and inventing and doing the great things of the world. Oh, to be there, and have a chance, like rich men's sons!

When all was snug for the night, he drew out his one treasure, an old violin with only two strings left, and began picking out laboriously the simple tunes

he caught along the canal, where the men and women sometimes sang at work. Over and over he drew out the same half strain, and patiently tried for the next note, when — twang went a string and there was but one left! The poor boy laid down the old fiddle in despair, — his music was gone at last. But hark! — what was that? From around the turn, beyond the clump of alders, came the sound of another violin. Creeping along the tow-path from where the *Mary Bell* was moored, he soon made out the Crusoe party encamped on the other shore. To run down to the next lock, cross the bridge and make his way back through the bushes was the work of but a very few minutes to his sturdy legs. And what a reward! Such music, thought the boy, had never been heard before. Such runs and jumps and shakes and trills, and then such piercingly sweet strains of sadness! He soon drew near enough to the two men lounging on the green bank, where a fire was burning to keep off the evening dampness, to be discovered and included in the little circle. Between the pauses of the music, or above a low-twanged accompaniment, the boy was drawn into conversation, when the story of the old violin and its one remaining string, with all the childish tragedy it held for the music-loving little soul, came out. The man who played had a grave, sympathetic face, while the other, who lay at full length on his stomach, his chin supported on his elbows, showed a general disposition to poke fun. The boy's funny little freckled nose was a snare to his sense of humor.

"You might take a piece of the *Mary Bell's* hawser," he suggested amiably.

"You could easily put new strings in, you know," said the other man; "and I'd be glad to give you some, but I haven't one left, — the dampness along the canal plays the mischief with them so."

"She was full strung when I got her," mourned the Midshipmite, as he hugged his knees forlornly where he squatted; "but she never sounded like yourn!"

"A good deal can be done with one string," reflected the Sympathetic Man, as he took up the bow. Then he proceeded to amaze the boy with the performance of a delicate melody, saying as he laid the fiddle down: "All on one string you see, — so don't be discouraged yet. Just do the best you can with what you have left." Presently the Sympathetic Man handed his violin over to the boy. "Wouldn't you like to try it?" he said; and the boy took it gingerly as if it might break at any minute.

"Look out!" said the Funny Man, — "likely as not she'll explode!"

Gathering confidence as he went on, the Midshipmite brought out a purity of tone and showed an expressive touch that astonished both the men. It was a great experience for the boy; and when he laid the instrument down, he soon exposed to his eager questioners his brief past, his meagre present, his ignorance of books, and his deep love of nature. He went to his bed that night as happy as any little chap in the world, his heart warmed with the promise of violin strings to come, and a general uplift of ambition and hope infused into his hungry heart.

The next morning, as they crawled around the spur of the mountain, he felt the exaltation of the scene as never before. Below them was the vast amphitheatre of the valley of the Delaware, with the river sparkling and flashing between green banks in the slanting light of the early sun. The low wall on the left of the tow-path curving away ahead made it seem like sitting in a proscenium box to watch the great drama of nature. Suddenly around the curve ahead shot the tiny steam yacht of the *Inspector*, with a sharp "Toot-toot!" of warning as she slowed down to pass them on the starboard side. At the sound old Jack Horse went suddenly off his head, and, giving a quick plunge sideways, he leaped over the low wall and disappeared from view. Sally Maria laid back her long ears, planted her fore feet well out in front of her, and held back with all the obstinate resistance that was in her. She had no intention of following her partner, and as long as the harness held out between them there was reason to suppose that he would remain dangling over the precipice. The Midshipmite jumped down from the mule's back, and tried first to help her

hold back, and then to understand the conflicting orders that came in a confused volley from the yacht's deck and from Big John dancing wildly about in a vain attempt to get his boat near enough to shore to come to the rescue.

"Cut the rope — cut the rope!" was what the distracted boy at last made out; and he at once whipped out his pocket-knife. Before any one could get there to interpret this advice, the Midshipmite had cut the hawser, and Sally Maria's last hope of security was gone. A moment more, and she would have been drawn over the bank by the weight of Jack Horse, which her now unassisted strength could no longer resist,— when the piece of rope harness which held them together fortunately snapped, and the horse plunged down the sloping wall, where shortly afterward he was discovered quietly drinking at the edge of the river fifty feet below. Sally Maria cocked one ear up and kicked a fly off her side. For her the episode was over. But the poor little Midshipmite! He gave one look at Big John coming now quickly along the path, hurling imprecations ahead of him; then he cast his eyes over the little group of gentlemen looking over the wall at what he supposed to be the mangled corpse of Jack Horse on the rocks. It was more than the heart of a boy could endure, and he took to his legs and ran as fast as his twinkling feet could carry him.

Mile after mile he made what speed he could, pursued by that awful vision of Big John. Finally he began to realize with despair tugging at his heart strings, that the telegraph line along the canal might be used to head him off, after all. A lock was in sight, and there would probably be the fatal message to detain him. He was just about to dash aside into the thicket, when he came unexpectedly upon the canoes, and almost fell into the arms of his friends of the night before.

"Hello!" was the Funny Man's greeting. "Lost something?"

When he had told his tragic tale they laughed at him a little, but pitied him more. Then the musical Crusoe took him on as a passenger, and they spirited him away with them.

"Look here," said the Sympathetic Man the next night, under the starlight, while the boy lay sleeping in the tent, — the early, healthy sleep of tired youth, — "I'm going to put the Middy into shape, — clothes, you know, and a good hair-cut, — and send him to school."

"Good idea!" said the other, — "fix him up for President, 'from the tow-path to the White House'!"

"I don't know about President," was the reply; "he might possibly fall back on that if all else fails; but I have a fancy he could be made into a rarer bird — a musician!"

"Oh, have some compassion on the neighbors!" wailed the Funny Man.

So it was, the Midshipmite went home with the Sympathetic Man, who proved his providence. He stayed with him in his bachelor quarters while being what the Funny Man called "stabled and groomed." After that the boy was sent to school; and then came a long, hard pull when the chains of civilized life seemed very heavy to carry. The mere outward conformity of tidy habits, sitting up straight, the doing or not doing all the countless little things that to well-brought-up children go without saying, made a burden difficult to bear. Study and constant industry, however, worked their sure way, and each holiday time marked so distinct a change in the boy that very soon he could have met Big John anywhere face to face with no smallest chance of recognition. All that was hard and sordid and lonely in the old canal life seemed to slip away from his memory gradually, till little was left but sweet visions of summer peace and a lavish landscape, slowly shifting, turning and changing into a procession of ever new beauties. Sometimes between his book and his bent head there slid in a picture of outdoor freedom, of green fields and rippling waters, and into his ears would come a bird-call, a rustle of stirred life, or the splash of some small wild creature in the canal. This naturally distracted him, and with resolute will he put the influence by until time for his violin practice, and then unchecked he could weave between his breves and crotchets what dreams he would.

The years rolling by worked out upon the boy's mind and soul the wise designs of his benefactor, until he stood a man at last upon the opening threshold of his professional career. They went together, they two, now welded together in their friendship like father and son, to the Opera House where he was to make his *début*.

"It is so terrible to me," said the Midshipmite, "to think what my failure would mean to you, who have been father and mother at once to me and spent a fortune on my training."

"Never mind all that," said the Sympathetic Man, shrinking as always from mention of his benefactions; "I was training you to be a man more than all, and I am satisfied with the result."

Then he looked into the Midshipmite's honest, intelligent face, and smiled. As the evening went on, it was evident that the musician was a marked success, and the enthusiasm rose to a furore. The encore of the last number was a surprise. It was a theme of the player's own composition. As he drew out his bow, the air began as simple as a far-off bird-note; and his eyes rested on the Sympathetic Man in the audience with the dreaming expression of a sleep-walker. In a musical vision he followed the winged singer through a shifting panorama, which wound by fields and woods and mountain sides, through arid wastes and by lush waterways. Rose-tinted mists rose up out of long past dawns, and floated away across the marshlands before the defeating sun. Into his lungs the player drew the fine intoxicating draughts of blossom-scented winds, and Junes of his boyhood smiled gloriously upon him. All the tiny creatures of the woodland, the wide sky and long ripples on the water, the drip of summer rains, the glory of sunsets and of moon risings, all sights and sounds of that unreflecting childhood seemed calling to him. His heart was swelling and his eyes dimmed with the memory of the beauty of a wondrous world, with the sense of growth and the knowledge of his own awakened soul, which had come to him through work and self-denial, while the simple thread of that sweet song wound along. The bird-note throbbed with feeling and tenderness. The future seemed an illimitable space, where all that was great and good and pure lay within his reach and effort. Hope mounted on joyous wings. The notes grew far and faint, and the bird with his song seemed to disappear in the upper air.

"And so you liked my little theme," said the young musician, as he walked home after his triumph, through the lamplit streets with his friend. "I call that my Psalm of Opportunity; and it grew out of the greatest lesson you ever gave me — to make the best of what we have; and it was all fiddled on one string."

NIGHT.

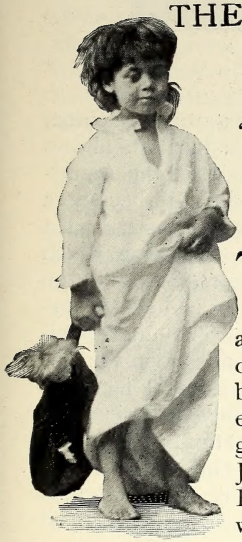
By Laura Spencer Portor.

THE day is gone. Lighting his lamp, the miser Night with stealth
Brings out his money-bags, and long sits counting o'er his wealth, —
Heaps upon heaps of golden stars, — until he notes with fear
The hour; — then deftly hides them as the day's return draws near.



THE KINDERGARTEN FOR THE BLIND.

By Dinah Sturgis.



"LITTLE ELIZABETH," THE CHRISTMAS MORNING AFTER HER ARRIVAL.

"Children are God's apostles, day by day
Sent forth to preach of love, and hope, and peace."

THESE words of Lowell, breathing his fine appreciation of the spirit of childhood, might well be blazoned over the entrance to the Kindergarten for the Blind in Jamaica Plain, near Boston. Surely they are writ deeper than ever before on the heart of every one who visits the school; and they echo with more than the poet's eloquence in the life of each sightless little one who comes under the ministrations of the tender but wise and just dispensers of this beautiful charity which helps the blind children now so that by and by they can help themselves.

New England's Kindergarten for the Blind is unique in the world. Its actual accomplishments are already of such definite and great value that there is not only cause for congratulation and rejoicing among its directors, whose theories are being supported by practical results, but also on the part of the liberal public, whose contributions have built and equipped so valuable an institution.

Thanks to her Kindergarten for the Blind, in addition to her other schools for the sightless, America now leads the world in the education of the blind. She leads not because she takes good care of all her indigent blind wards during school years. She is more than an indulgent foster-mother. Her education of the blind is designed not merely to take care of blind boys and girls while they are children, but aims to return them to the community self-respecting and self-supporting members. In this respect, however, other countries keep pace with us, indeed have taught us much that we are now putting into practice. It is the quality and not the quantity of her education for the blind which gives America her prominence. Europe leads in the application of industrial education for the blind. Our greater use of machinery has prevented our having the market for the handiwork of the blind which Europe has had in the past and which still exists in large measure. Let us mention a single example. One of the most important industries for the blind in Europe is basket-making by hand. In America the machine-made box industry has swept away this field for



"A WONDERFULLY FASCINATING GROUP."

wage-earning employment for the blind. The amount of machine labor in this country directed by seeing eyes reduces to a minimum the possibility of blind people here earning a living by their hands.

But the leading American educators among the blind refuse to concede that blindness cuts the nerve of remunerative work even in an age of labor-saving machinery. They insist that blindness should not debar any one from being a productive member of the community; and they have been quick to recognize the fact that if the blind cannot make a living by their hands, they must do so with their brains. The education which graduates merely a dexterous machine, poor as this kind of education always was, is no longer available for the American blind boy or girl who is to become a helpful member of society instead of a charge upon it. The education which makes of a child a mere repository of the ideas of others, a more or less clever parrot, is scarcely better. The future welfare of the blind depends upon the development of their own mental faculties, and upon the applicability of their ideas to the needs of civilization. The individuality of the blind child is his most precious possession. The teaching which develops this is the best teaching; and



"THE JOYOUS LITTLE PEOPLE AT THEIR KNITTING."

this is the line along which the teachers of the blind in this country are progressing.

The value of the Kindergarten for the Blind in this plan of education can hardly be overestimated. More than fifty per cent of all the blind in the world were born with their eyesight, and lost it largely through the ignorance or carelessness of their guardians. The blindness of many more is attributable to preventable prenatal influences. The majority of the little ones in either case thus afflicted by the gross neglect or ignorance of their natural guardians are born into homes of extreme poverty and squalor. Most of the blind children who must be educated, if at all, at the expense of the public are born, says an authority, "in the ways of ignorance and depravity, in the folds of misery and vice, in an environment where they are kicked, cuffed and driven about, where the bread that they eat, the air that they breathe, and the talk that they hear are all either injurious to their health or poisonous to their character." To save these future men and women from being buried in the depths of helplessness, or becoming rotten in the marshes of abuse or the morasses of indulgence, they need to be speedily removed from their surroundings and placed under the most genial influences and cultivation, where such seeds as there are of good qualities or talents may be vivified and helped to germinate and grow.



"HARDLY TO BE DISTINGUISHED FROM A SEEING CHILD."

That admirable school, the Perkins Institution for the Blind, receives children at the age of nine years. Until the Kindergarten for the Blind was opened there was no place where blind children between the ages of five and nine, those most susceptible years, could receive instruction unless their parents were able to provide private teachers for them. Dr. Howe was greatly impressed with the urgency of rescuing little blind waifs at the earliest possible age from their positively evil influences or negatively harmful lives of inertia and idleness. For several years he managed to receive a limited number of children of the kindergarten age into the Perkins Institution; but in 1882 the kindergarten class had to be given up, not only because the growing advanced departments of the school required all the available room in the school, but also because it was deemed inadvisable longer to have the very little blind children associated more or less intimately, as they had to be under the circumstances, with the older scholars.

It is unnecessary to tell in detail the story of the establishment of the Kindergarten for the Blind, the first in the world. Interesting as this story is, it is



MISS ROESKE'S ORCHESTRA.



THE KINDERGARTEN FAMILY.

the spirit of the Kindergarten in operation, and not the story of its foundation, which will appeal most to most readers. All who are acquainted with the facts think of the Kindergarten as a monument to the splendid soul of Mr. Michael Anagnos, Dr. Howe's son-in-law, for years associated with him at the Perkins Institution, and his successor there, where he is the present head of the school. Mr. Anagnos's love for his work among the blind amounts to a passion. He is singularly self-effacing in temperament, yet his insight is so keen, his great heart so tender, his enthusiasm for the possibilities of human development so great, his wiser judgment and more sensitive culture discerning something worth mining for where others would see only hopelessness, that he inspires all about him.

The Kindergarten speaks for itself in its substantial and handsome yet simple home in Jamaica Plain, at the corner of Day and Perkins Streets, the street-cars passing the door. It was in 1882, at the annual meeting of the Perkins Institution in Tremont Temple, that the Rev. Edward A. Horton made an impassioned appeal to the audience to help provide a kindergarten for the little sightless children, which should raise them from a position of sloth and torpor into one of comfort and diligence. Mr. Anagnos kept before the public appeals which were their own emphasis, praying for the assistance of generous people; and the cause needed only direction in order to plead its own mission. On the nineteenth of April, 1887, the first building of the Kindergarten was dedicated; and a notable company it was which sanctified the ceremony, including the late Bishop Brooks, Dr. Samuel Eliot, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, the mother of Mrs. Anagnos, whose last words were, "Take care of the little blind children;" the late Dr. Peabody, the Rev. Brooke Herford, Dr. Bartol and Laura Bridgman, deaf, dumb and blind, whom Dr. Howe had led from a darkness worse than death into the light of a sentient human being. One of the most impressive moments in the ex-



ANIMALS MODELLED IN CLAY BY THE CHILDREN.

ercises was that when Laura Bridgman stood and made mutely with her fingers the appeal that was translated audibly for financial means to bring light and joy into the lives of the blind children.

In the seven years which have elapsed since the dedication of the first building, a second spacious dwelling has been erected, making it possible to have one school for the girls and another for the boys. There is also a third building, designed to be a portion of the main building when completed, which now includes a gymnasium and a hall.

The need to argue the value of such an institution has passed away with the enlightenment of public opinion as to the inestimable worth of the great Froebel's gift to childhood and through it to the world. But though a large sum of money has been given for the Kindergarten, it is not yet free from debt; the sum available for current expenses is not so large as it should be in order not to cramp the possibilities of the school; and although to-day there are seventy children in the school, which during its first year had accommodations for but seventeen, there are yet a number of children waiting for admission, who are barred out by lack of means to provide for them.

A visit to the Kindergarten is worth more than all description. The gallery of living pictures at the Kindergarten, especially if studied against the background of their previous dreary history



THE MORNING TALK.

WILLIE ROBIN IN THE CENTRE OF THE GROUP.



THE LESSON IN THE FIRST GIFT.

WILLIE ROBIN IS AT THE END TABLE ON THE RIGHT.



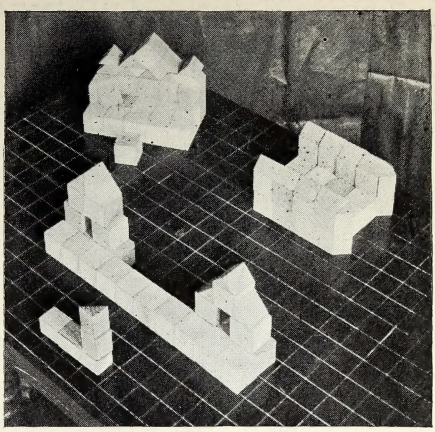
THE LESSON IN THE SECOND GIFT.

and their present joyous experiences, is one of the most moving panoramas that ever touched the heart.

It does more: it touches the head; and the grateful sympathy which the visitor feels for the accruing good to the beneficiaries of the Kindergarten is coupled with a sense of the wisdom of the social economy which manifests itself in the provisions here being made, not only for the best good of the children, but for the best good as well of the country in which they live and the world in which they are factors.

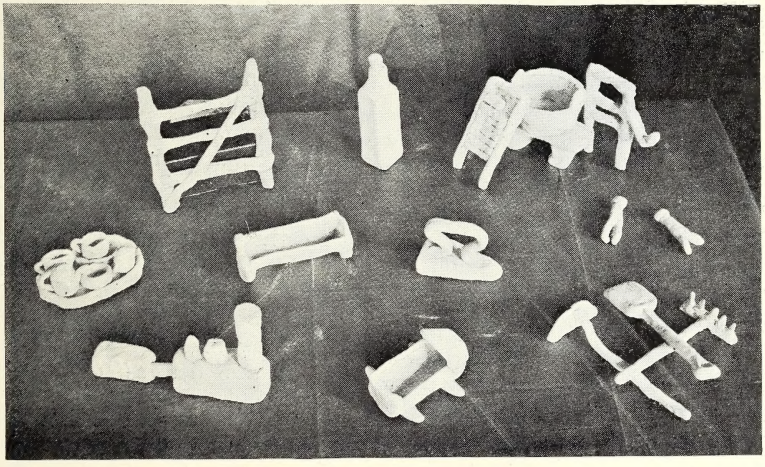
Blind children between the ages of five and nine from all over New England are eligible for admission to the school. Richter says that children are "nearest the throne of glory." If it were not so, it could not be possible so quickly to win them from the contamination of debasing influences. From the hideous mental sketch of the infancy of the blind children, dwarfing and debasing as so many of their babyhood lives were, it is a revelation to look in upon the family of sweet and happy little folk, whether spirituelle or chubby, in their prettiest and sunshiniest of surroundings at the Kindergarten, where they are watched over and guided by a band of "earthly saints," as some one has called the presiding matron, Miss Isabel Greeley, and her corps of teachers and assistants.

Pathetic a company of sightless children certainly is; but children who are deprived of their sight are particularly sensitive through their other faculties, as soon and as far as their surroundings furnish scope for the development of the senses they retain. Far from being a sorrowful sight, the Kindergarten children

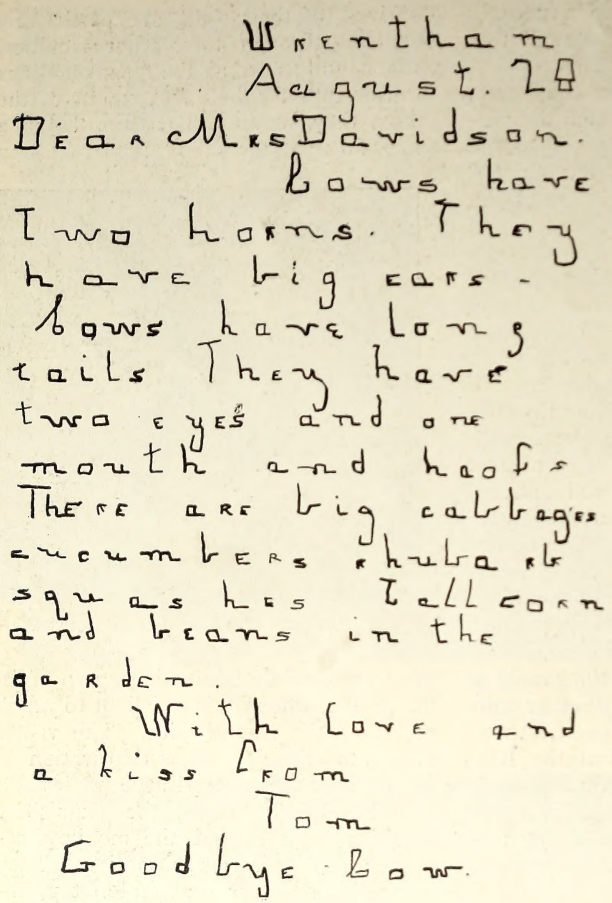


RAILWAY DEPOT, ENGINE AND HOUSES.

are a wonderfully fascinating group of little people, whom it is a delight to watch and to make friends with. The visitor forgets to grieve for their deprivation in delight over the graceful little bodies and dexterous little hands, the exquisitely sensitive spirit behind the mobile faces showing in their every motion. They are children, every one, and not prodigies, save as all children are prodigies if they come under the right influences.



OBJECTS MADE BY THE CHILDREN.



Wrentham
August. 28
Dear Mrs Davidson.
Cows have
Two horns. They
have big ears -
Cows have long
tails They have
two eyes and one
mouth and hoofs
There are big cabbages
cucumbers squashes
squashes Tall corn
and beans in the
garden.
With Love and
a kiss From
Tom
Good bye Cow.

TOM'S FIRST UNAIDED ATTEMPT AT A LETTER.*

One of the teachers overheard a group of boys who were discussing the various members of the household and giving the teachers titles evidently corresponding to their ideas of their positions. Miss Greeley was "the King," Miss Vose, "the Queen," another "the Queen of Song," etc.; until they gave one the title of "old maid." As the teachers were rather curious to know what might be their idea of this character, one of them made occasion to bring it into the conversation a few days later and asked one of the boys what an old maid was. "Well," he said, "I think it is a pet animal *that has been kept a very long time.*" In the class one day, as the girls were examining the porcupine, one asked whether it was green. The teacher said, "Why do you think it is green, Amy?" "Because it is a *pine*," was the quick reply of the sightless little one. One boy prays, "God bless me and you too. Amen," — and pops into bed well satisfied. Another, in place of "for thine is the kingdom, the power," etc., says, "for thine is the parlor," — the parlor being an ideal place to him; and for "deliver us from evil," "deliver us from Mabel," — the name of one of the pupils. A little four-year-old on his way to Boston and the Kindergarten, when asked "where he was going," said, "To Kingdom Come." One returned from home with a paper bag full of crickets, which he let loose in his room and proposed to take care of them through the winter, and wept bitterly at losing them.

The children have some time every day to choose their own employments, and it is noticeable how the kindergarten games help the free play, turning it into the best channels. They play the grocery man, the postman, electric and steam cars, "wolf," "Bluebeard." Some children show inventive skill, and while one boy makes designs of houses, trees, fences, etc., others do more imitative things. One girl, a real mimic, has singing classes and gives lessons to real and imaginary pupils.

* Tom's sense of humor shows itself in unexpected ways. At one time he interchanged the teachers' names. Miss Greeley became "Miss Brown," and Miss Brown "Miss Greeley;" Mrs. Davidson rejoiced in the name of "Tom," while that youth himself absolutely refused to answer to any name but that of "Mrs. Davidson."

A little unpleasantness with one of the teachers caused him after a time to drop this idea and adopt another equally strange. He called each after some animal; horse, cow, dog, cat and toad were among the names lovingly bestowed by the ingenuous Tom. Mrs. Davidson being named "cow," would, of course, be glad to know something of that animal; hence the purport of the letter.

One boy with old copper wires, art jars, and inverted ink bottles, started up a battery, and played "electricity" for days, his room being crossed and recrossed with wires, and the bottles inverted to represent the arc light. This boy was fascinated with the whole subject, and could intelligently describe the process of lighting and of the trolley system in the electric cars.

The Kindergarten babies have their good days and their not-so-good days,



DARKNESS.

TOM STRINGER THE DAY HE ARRIVED, SCARCELY ABLE TO WALK AND TOTALLY HELPLESS ALTHOUGH NEARLY SIX YEARS OF AGE.

and the flower-like, almost ethereal quality of one nature often comes into odd contrast with the wild, weed-like disposition of another. But the amenability of the most pugnacious or stubborn child to the generous discipline of the school and home life in the Kindergarten is a tribute to the patient and far-seeing policy of the instruction, and more than all to the inherent possibilities in the child nature.

It is rarely the case that there is present an unsightly disease or deformity of the eyes. Where this is the case, the eyes are mercifully shaded from the visitors' view, as in the case of any one temporarily afflicted. Many of the children could hardly be distinguished from seeing children unless attention were closely directed to them. They go about the cheery home and their roomiest of playsteads with a freedom from apparent effort to make their way safely which is really wonderful to the uninitiated. All kindergarten training seems a beautiful idyl; its work is all play, and its play is an unending discipline of mind and body, tempered with a reverence for the limitations and rights of the delicate and impressionable baby body and mind. For the blind it is an especially sympathetic training.

Froebel's doctrine never loses sight of the truth that man aiming at perfection must not only know, but must produce; — not only think, but do. Mr. Anagnos is a firm believer in the unerring vision of Froebel, that "saint of childhood," who pointed out so clearly that the capacity of man for work must be fostered in early life side by side with the faculty for observation and comprehension, before the memory is burdened with words and symbols.



LIGHT.

THE TOM STRINGER OF TO-DAY.

The few years that the Kindergarten for the Blind has been open have already disclosed the advantages to the children in its keeping, in their increased tractability and susceptibility. The class of about a dozen boys and a dozen girls entering the Perkins Institution at the beginning of the autumn school term, the members of which have had the complete kindergarten training, shows a definite advance along various lines over that possible for these children to have attained had the early instruction been wanting. The standard of scholarship for the class last going into the higher school is higher than that reached by scholars in previous years. One advantage enjoyed by these scholars is greater keenness of hearing, thanks to the musical instruction in the Kindergarten, which trains the ear to wonderful sensibility, as any one can testify who has ever heard the children name the musical chords struck at random by their devoted music teacher, herself a blind woman. Another advantage experienced by the blind child taught in the Kindergarten is the increased facility in reading with his fingers, thanks to the development of the sense of touch by the garden games and lessons.



FROM A PHOTO. TAKEN THREE YEARS AGO.

THE FOUR BLIND MUTES.

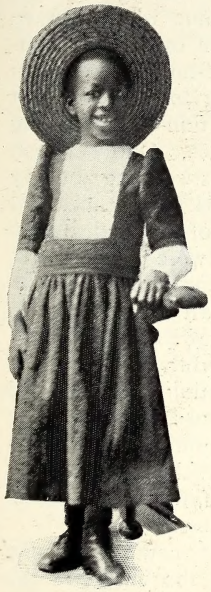
HELEN KELLAR. EDITH THOMAS.
WILLIE ELIZABETH ROBIN. TOMMY STRINGER.

Mr. Anagnos, in talking with the writer, explained how the sense of touch not only acts but reacts upon the brain, in a way very different from what is true of the senses of sight and hearing. Herein is the special value of manual training. The training of the hands develops the brain, promoting the superior mental development to which the future welfare of the self-supporting blind must in large measure be due. An important step in the development of the children in the Kindergarten has been taken within the past two years by the introduction in the primary grade of a simple course of studies in manual training, especially sloyd. These exercises for the tiny fingers are purely educational; but to see the joyous little people at their knitting and needlework, the tasks seem only such as the Brownies might set for their frolics, so delighted are the children with their trophies of that wonderful Finland system of teaching observation and inventiveness.

The temptation is to dwell upon the

instruction at the Kindergarten, instruction which is based upon the sociological needs of the world, as well as upon the individual needs of each child. But any sketch of the Kindergarten would be unsympathetic and incomplete that extolled the technical training and slighted the home life of the institution, which radiates an atmosphere no less enjoyable to the visitor than blessed for all the little ones who are constantly within its influence. The children are looked upon neither as an ill or well assorted number of nature's failures, nor as a collection of one division of those under a special ban of Divine Providence, as are the inmates of so many "homes" and institutions. The Kindergarten family of children are regarded as if they were "just like other children," as so many visitors delightedly say of them, but also as those to whom tender human sympathy has made it possible to reach out a helping hand, when fate seemed determined to deny it to them. The children are capable of enjoying and do enjoy the pleasures and privileges of happy childhood with the same zest as seeing children. Deprived of their sight, they enjoy the more keenly through their other senses.

That any blind child should be deprived of the manifold advantages of such a home by reason of the lack of money to enlarge its boundaries, seems heartless. The Kindergarten for the Blind is the first step in the direction of making useful members of society of those who but for its ministrations might remain so long unaided that the best possibilities of their lives would be permanently blunted or destroyed. "The difference between the neglected and the educated sightless child," says Mr. Anagnos, "is almost incredibly great. While the former wends his way through life like an unkempt creature, the latter, gladdened by the genial warmth of knowledge and fitted for the discharge of duty and for general usefulness, takes his position as a member of the human family, contributes his share to the common weal, and enjoys the privileges and fulfils the obligation of citizenship, thus forming an integral part of society."



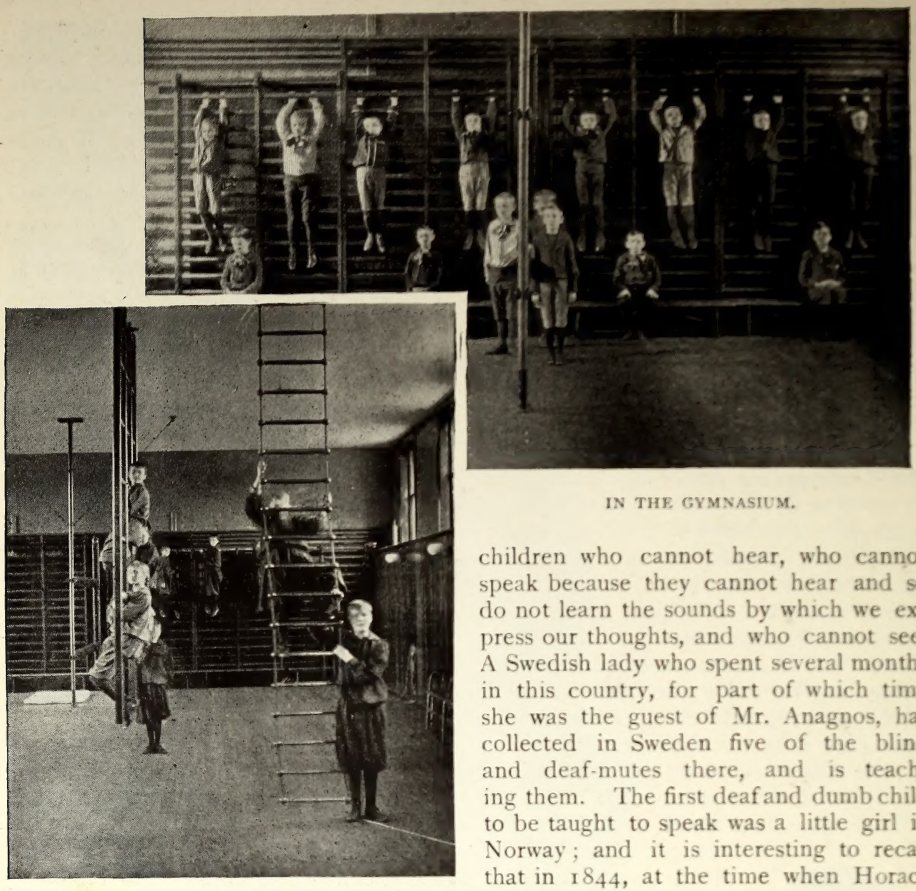
MARTHA.



READING.

The educational value of such an institution is not expended wholly upon the children under its sheltering wings. There is a reflex influence upon all who come within the pale of the Kindergarten which makes for a deepening of the noblest sentiment, a heightening of aspiration to comprehend more fully the Divine Power revealed through His children, often through the humblest of them.

The remarkable progress toward the ends to which the Kindergarten for the Blind offers as yet a unique means is shown but in part through its training of very young children. The world marvelled over what Dr. Howe was able to accomplish in teaching Laura Bridgman; yet there are now four Laura Bridgmans



IN THE GYMNASIUM.

who have been gathered into the haven of the parent institution in South Boston and into the Kindergarten. Dumbness happily may now be stricken from the description of these children, for each one of the four is learning to speak; and though neither will ever hear a sound or see a ray of light, yet the soul of each child is unfolding within its darkened temple in a way that seems to place the education which is opening the way to this development among the wonders of the world.

There are many deaf, dumb and blind children in the world. There are several in Russia. There they are considered to be beyond aid. In Norway and Sweden there are as many as there are in the United States altogether, the extreme climate and the isolation of the people seeming to conspire toward the direful result of multiplying these pitiful cases of children who cannot hear, who cannot speak because they cannot hear and so do not learn the sounds by which we express our thoughts, and who cannot see. A Swedish lady who spent several months in this country, for part of which time she was the guest of Mr. Anagnos, has collected in Sweden five of the blind and deaf-mutes there, and is teaching them. The first deaf and dumb child to be taught to speak was a little girl in Norway; and it is interesting to recall that in 1844, at the time when Horace Mann, to whom Boston owes her admirable school for deaf-mutes, went to Europe on his wedding tour, he brought home the first inspiration for teaching articulation to deaf-mutes. Oddly enough Dr. Howe also upon his wedding journey went to Europe at this same time, and part of the inspiration of the studies then of these two men, who were close friends, appeared in the after training of Laura Bridgman. But the art was young in those days, and Laura Bridgman's accomplishments, wonderful as they were for her day and generation, pale into the background of beginnings, although they lose nothing of the significance of a notable commencement, beside what is being accomplished with deaf, dumb and blind children in Boston to-day.

Helen Kellar, whose name and fame are now world-wide, is the oldest of the children who must be counted the chief

glory of the teaching being perfected at the Kindergarten for the Blind. Helen, who is sixteen years old, and several years ago entered the main school at South Boston, was born fortunately into a family whose circumstances from the first made it possible for her to have the constant attendance of a private teacher who had been trained in the Perkins Institution. Hence her development, thanks also to her own exceptionally gifted nature, might have been equally great with the parent school alone assisting. But to the Kindergarten itself belongs the unlimited credit of having brought light where there was only darkness and seemingly hopeless silence, into the lives of Willie Elizabeth Robin, Edith Thomas and Tommy Stringer.

Local readers are familiar with the main facts in the lives of these children and of the wonders of the art which is unlocking their imprisoned lives despite their terrible deprivation of faculties. This even ceases to seem terrible in the light of the marvels which the children themselves are. "The change which has taken place in little Tommy Stringer since his admission to the Kindergarten," says the last report, "is truly marvellous." Three years ago he was brought to the Kindergarten from a Pittsburg hospital, whence he was about to be sent to the almshouse, being but a poor orphan. He could barely walk, and if left to himself would creep, — a mere mass of vital clay, — feeble, helpless, inert, apparently without much intelligence, and devoid as it would seem of most of the ordinary impulses of young creatures. He knew nothing but to make a crying noise if thwarted in his desire to hold something which he wanted. The same sound was his only means of making known his hunger or thirst. This was his condition in the spring of 1891, when he was admitted to the Kindergarten. "Through the parental care and special training"—again quoting the report— "which he has received under the roof of the infant institution, he has been transformed into a fine boy, instinct with life and spirit, active and sprightly, abounding in good nature, and not wanting either in obstinacy or in mischievous propensities. . . . He was eminently successful in some deeds of mischief, such as throwing small utensils out of the pantry window, putting soap down the pump, and so on. . . . He has a sense of humor and appreciates fun even when it is at his own expense. The question, 'What is your name?' having occurred in the reading lesson, Tom's teacher had said to him, 'And what is your name?' Tom was naughty about replying, but finally, after having to stand on a chair a short time, he consented to say: 'Tom.' The next day when his book was opened for a new lesson, he turned the leaf back to



the old one, found the line, 'What is your name?' — shouted 'Tom!' at the top of his voice, made a motion in the direction of the chair, smiled as much as to say, 'What a fuss I made over nothing!' and then settled himself down for the new reading." Tommy has a vocabulary of many hundred words, can articulate words and speak several short sentences, reads by touch, can carry on a conversation about anything he knows about, which, printed, makes a little "composition"

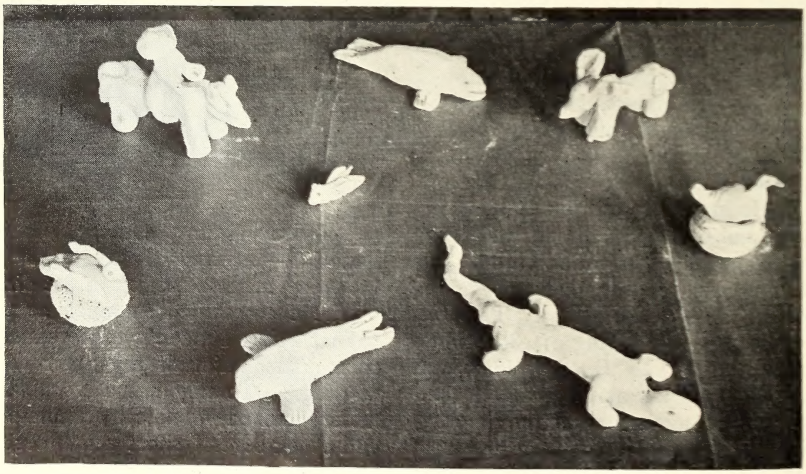
that would do credit to any child of his age. He will spell into his teacher's hand the request to be excused from the table when he has finished eating, and folds his napkin neatly before he gets down from his chair. He is as full of mischief as ever any live boy was, but has a sweet disposition and an affectionate one; plays with all the abandon of any child, and is sufficiently master of the situation to be able to carry letters from the school to the corner, where he puts them into the letter-box unaided. He learns quickly anything which he takes an interest in; and all in all, though he is making his way against appalling odds, yet, thanks to the merciful intervention of the Kindergarten, where he will remain if the necessary funds are forthcoming, his salvation is visible. His support has been thus far subscribed by generous friends in and about Boston, a large sum having come through the efforts of Helen Kellar, upon whose loving heart Tommy's friendless condition has rested very heavily. The cost of caring for such a child is of course great even at its lowest terms, since he must have a special teacher and constant care.



ISABEL GREELEY.

Edith Thomas, who in common with the other three children was born with all her faculties, and then lost sight and hearing through illness, is nearly of Helen's age, and their friendship is singularly interesting, although they meet but seldom.

Willie Robin, who comes to the Kindergarten all the way from Texas, like Helen, is a wonderfully interesting child. Helen has been called a genius by every one who has ever come within the spell of her unusually brilliant child mind; but her genius is the reflected genius of others. She has an extraordinarily tenacious memory and an uncommon quickness of perception. She is an omnivo-



WORK DONE BY THE CHILDREN IN CLAY.

THE OBJECT IN THE UPPER LEFT-HAND CORNER IS AN EQUESTRIAN GEORGE WASHINGTON.

rous reader, with a nice sense of the comparative merit of what she reads. She is not original, however, in her mental make-up. Her head is filled with ideas, but they are the ideas of other people. In fine, Helen imitates. Willie is a creator. In her education, the fact that there is such a thing as teaching a child too much has been ever kept in view. She has been encouraged to think her own thoughts part of the time instead of perpetually dwelling upon the beautiful thoughts of others. One who has seen much of her says: "Willie is a delightful piece of humanity, — a materialized sunbeam, if ever there was one."

None but those who have been in daily association with these wonderful children can have any just estimate of them or their wonder-working tuition. Happily very full reports are made from day to day by their individual teachers; and from these reports and the recorded talks and letters of the children themselves some idea may be formed even by outsiders, of the great victory advanced education is winning with tremendous odds against it.

If one thinks for a moment of the horrible problem presented in suddenly losing, while in the height of the powers of manhood or womanhood, the ability to see, to hear or to speak, the contingency is appalling. But one would recover equilibrium and pick up the knotted and twisted threads of life again, because the mind would come to the rescue of the afflicted body. The problem which instructors of blind deaf-mutes have to solve is that of developing a mind in an infant who can hear nothing and see nothing, who knows nothing to say nor how to say it if it did. Tremendous as the problem is for the principals, the process is one of never-ending fascination for all who meet the wonderful quartet made up of Helen, Edith, Willie and Tommy, and contrast their likeness to all brightly individual children with the mental blank which the children were a few years ago when compared with other babies who had speech, ears to hear, and eyes to see.

"How did you ever begin?" The teachers who have been the special attendants and instructors of the quartet are bombarded with this question. The reply might well be that each one began with her whole heart and soul, and had never ceased employing them. Stripped of the infinite patience, the exquisite tact and the true kindergartner's real love for her work, which makes it to her a blessed privilege, a teacher's first steps with a blind deaf-mute are timed somewhat to suit the temperament of the child, yet based upon a well-defined system.



THE MUSIC-ROOM.

When Willie Robin entered the Kindergarten, she was six and a half years old, and could make known her wants only by signs. She became interested in the children at once, singled out one little blind girl as her companion, and followed her everywhere. No direct teaching was attempted at first, the little girl being allowed to run about, to become acquainted with the members of the household and familiar with the buildings and her surroundings in all their details. Meanwhile her teacher was studying her and trying to win her affection. Her love of order was noticeable, and it was soon apparent that an appeal

to her understanding was more effective than the use of any force. Her bath afforded an early illustration of this. Having no mutual language, her teacher could not explain her wishes before undertaking to give Willie her first bath. The child was very strong, and resisted with all her might, so that her teacher, Miss Thayer, required considerable help before she succeeded in bringing her within reasonable control. The next time Miss Thayer began by taking her charge into the bath-room, showing her the water and allowing her to see (with her hands) that one of her companions was undressing. Then Willie understood what was expected, and without the slightest hesitation began to prepare for the bath, which she really enjoyed. One day she became interested in a set of alphabet blocks and in tracing the raised letters upon their sides; so her teacher sat down beside her and made in the manual alphabet the same letter which the child was examining on the block, — and soon Willie tried to imitate her in making the letters.



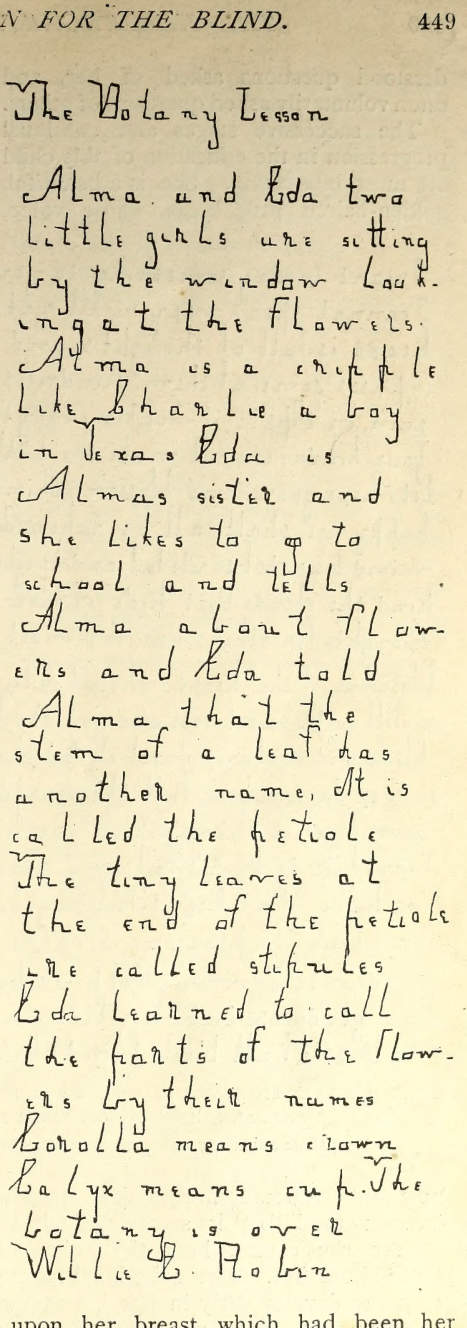
"I'M NOT WILLIE O'BRIEN, I'M WILLIE SUNSHINE."

A week after her arrival at the Kindergarten Willie's lessons began. Three words were selected, — *fan*, *hat* and *ring*, — and provided with the corresponding objects. Miss Thayer seated herself beside her little pupil, and began work in real earnest. She gave Willie a small fan, allowed her to examine it and use it, then made the letters, f-a-n, in the child's hand. She gave her another fan, again spelling the word; and after showing her several fans of different styles, spelling the word each time, she took a hat, and repeated the lesson with that object. After a little while Willie grew mischievous and hid in her apron the hand in which the teacher had spelled the words to her. In the gymnastic class she did not in the least understand the exercises, and was somewhat troublesome; but when in the afternoon she received her first lesson in kindergarten occupations, she did much better. With the help of her teacher she wove a mat with splints, and then began to string alternately a ball and a cube. This she liked so much that she was unwilling to leave it when the bell rang for recess. The lessons upon the words *fan*, *hat* and *ring* were repeated day after day, and she was taught to fashion the articles with paper and with clay. Four days after the first lesson, her teacher gave her a lump of clay, spelled *hat* in her hand, and by signs indicated that she wished Willie to make one. She repeated the spelling several times, and then left the child to herself, and awaited the result. To her surprise and delight, her little pupil produced a hat. Yet she could not be sure that it was not by a happy accident that the child had hit upon the right object. She wished to test her. The day before, the child had made, with the help of her teacher, first a hat



and then a fan, and Miss Thayer had already seen that she was inclined to repeat things in the exact order in which they were first learned. To test her knowledge of the word, therefore, she again called for a hat, — and again the little girl modelled a hat. Then her teacher spelled f-a-n; and Willie made this also, after a little hesitation. She was not asked to make it again; but having made two hats, she seemed inclined to make two fans. Four days later her teacher's diary records that she spelled the three words. Two days later she was given a lesson in the actual use of language. She dressed herself for a walk, putting on everything except her hat, which her teacher had put out of her reach, so that she might ask for it in finger speech. This she did not seem inclined to do, and even sought to avoid it by pretending to be sick, by wanting water, and other things. But her teacher persevered, and at last, finding that her pretences were of no avail, the child yielded and tried to spell *hat*. The next day she was observed spelling the word in her own hand. Three days later she was taught the words *bread* and *water*, and was again seen spelling words in her hand. Thus in less than two weeks from her first lesson the little girl was beginning to talk to herself by the manual alphabet. In the mean time she had made the acquaintance of Edith, the older blind deaf-mute; and their acquaintance was a peculiarly touching one. Edith, comprehending that Willie's condition was like her own, began to help teaching her as she herself had learned; and it was in part due to Edith's child-help with Willie in the gymnastic exercises that the smaller girl began to be amenable to these lessons. Eighteen days after Willie took her first lesson she voluntarily asked for something for the first time, placing her mug before her teacher and spelling w-a-t-e-r.

In a month Willie had learned twelve words, and three weeks later had a vocabulary of eighty words. In March following her first lesson in the last of December, she asked in finger speech for a mug of cold water, instead of folding her arms and beating them savagely upon her breast, which had been her only means of asking for water three months previous; and having been taught to say, "Please may Willie go to Boston?" she of her own accord said, "Please may Willie have a handkerchief?" In nine months she knew and used correctly four hundred words, un-


The Botany Lesson

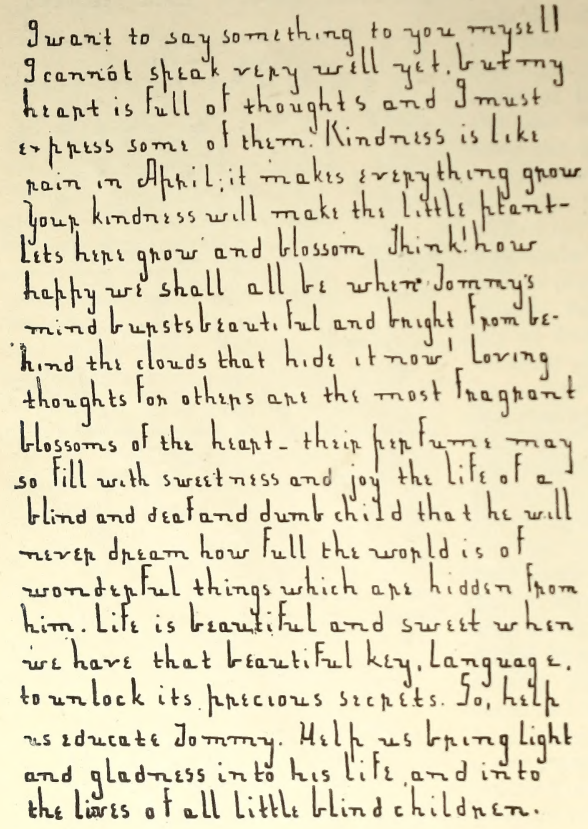
Alma and Eda two little girls are sitting by the window looking at the flowers. Alma is a cripple like Charlie a boy in Texas. Eda is Almas sister and she likes to go to school and tells Alma about flowers and Eda told Alma that the stem of a leaf has another name, It is called the petiole The tiny leaves at the end of the petiole are called stipules Eda learned to call the parts of the flowers by their names Corolla means crown Calyx means cup. The botany is over

Willie G. Robin

derstood questions asked of her, and often voluntarily asked questions of others.

The successive stages and continual progression in the education of this child are most interesting. She is a beautiful, golden-haired little lassie, whose voice, now that she uses it in articulate speech, is so natural that it seems difficult to believe she cannot hear the voice of those about her. Her affectional nature began to develop early in her life at the Kindergarten. Her mother had wisely perceived in her own home the importance of discipline for the unfortunate child; and although on a few occasions during the first months of her school life she displayed, with her primitive means of expression, considerable passion, when thwarted in her desires, her fits of naughtiness have been comparatively few and of short duration. During the past two years she has made long strides, and has become so familiar with all the parts of speech that she not only comprehends them thoroughly, but uses them intelligently. She converses now with astonishing rapidity, both with the manual alphabet and with articulate speech. A fair idea of her handwriting and use of words may be obtained from the fac-simile of one of her little compositions accompanying this article. Mr. Anagnos says that so far as originality in its true sense is concerned, Willie has no equal in the other blind and deaf people who have come under his observation. Every care is taken to aid the germination of the fine qualities in the lovely nature of the child, and to nip in the bud any tendencies toward vanity and frivolity which may accidentally be fostered in her. The influences about the children in the Kindergarten all tend to keep them simple and natural in manners and thoughts, and to make them happy, sensible and healthy, in body, mind and soul.

Willie's vacation life is a source of the keenest interest to those whom she visits. Once since she came north she has visited her parents in Texas, her teacher accompanying her. Last summer, as at previous times, she was the guest of devoted friends who live in Hingham, whom she has met since she came to the Kindergarten. It was while visiting them two years ago that she made one of her inimitably comical observations upon her self-conducted studies in natural history. Anent caudal appendages, she had discovered all by herself that cats differ from dogs in their manner of waving their tails. "Cats' tails," Willie announced off-hand one



I want to say something to you myself I cannot speak very well yet, but my heart is full of thoughts and I must express some of them. Kindness is like rain in April; it makes everything grow. Your kindness will make the little plants here grow and blossom. Think how happy we shall all be when Tommy's mind bursts beautiful and bright from behind the clouds that hide it now! Loving thoughts for others are the most fragrant blossoms of the heart. Their perfume may so fill with sweetness and joy the life of a blind and deaf and dumb child that he will never dream how full the world is of wonderful things which are hidden from him. Life is beautiful and sweet when we have that beautiful key, Language, to unlock its precious secrets. So, help us educate Tommy. Help us bring light and gladness into his life and into the lives of all little blind children.

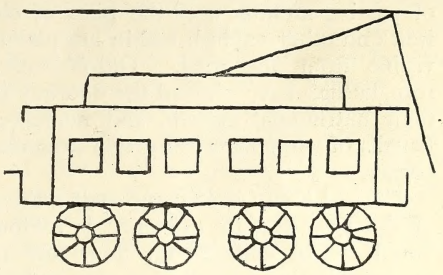
HELEN KELLAR'S SPONTANEOUS APPEAL FOR TOMMY STRINGER AT THE ANNUAL KINDERGARTEN RECEPTION, 1893.

SPOKEN BY HERSELF AND AFTERWARD WRITTEN OUT.

day to Mr. Anagnos, who was visiting her, "go up and down," — waving her hand gently down, up, down, up; "dogs' tails go from left to right," — making similar motions with her hand. How many seeing children have discovered this difference? Willie has an unflagging interest in nature study, especially zoölogy. "The pleasure of having such a creature as the stuffed baby tiger for manipulation," we read in the last annual report, which contains a great fund of interesting observations upon Willie, Tommy and the others, "or of being regaled with the story of a mountain lion while Miss Johnson is telling it to the rest of the girls, she considers entrancing. Her eager questions manifest attention and understanding, and her earnest lit-up face is beautiful to see. The expressive beauty of the child's face is brought out much more strikingly, however, when she is sharing a conversation on higher themes, wherein, for instance, questions of love or duty awaken her thought. There is a sacred fascination in watching the play of mind and soul upon her mobile features. Each delicate fleeting change can be traced, and the deeper impress of noble feelings plainly seen. The world might then be challenged to show a sweeter sight." Willie's imagination is very vivid. Miss Emilie Poulsson, one of the graduates of the Perkins school of teachers, and a woman of rare culture, one who has been a warm friend of Willie, writing of her observations made from long and close acquaintance with the child, says: "The magic light of her imagination plays over everything that she does."

It has been mistakenly said that Willie is being kept in ignorance of God and all that pertains to religion, in order to test the point whether the human soul has an innate consciousness of a Supreme Being and will of itself develop a conception of God and of its relations to him. "Even if such were the intention," says Mr. Anagnos, "it would not be possible to carry out such an experiment; nor is it attempted. But the mind of a child so peculiarly shut in from infancy can for a long time afford but the slightest and most incongruous material out of which to form ideas upon subjects which engage the best intellects. The object is therefore first to develop her mind, to teach her to think for herself and to study the causes of things, but to refrain from inculcating any creed or form of doctrinal belief until her intellectual training is sufficiently advanced to afford her some basis for personal conviction; in short, to allow her the time, opportunity and material with which to form her own belief, instead of thrusting upon her the ready-made doctrines of any sect or individual."

The deeds and needs of the Kindergarten for the Blind deserve several volumes, for they concern not an individual alone, nor a class, nor even a community, but are the corner-stone in a system which at close range shows it to be working



A BLIND BOY'S IDEA OF AN ELECTRIC CAR.

wonders; and in perspective it is seen to concern itself intimately with one phase of the great sociological problem of the times.

The Kindergarten for the Blind holds a unique and most important position among the educational institutions of the world; and if we wish to give it the fullest and freest scope to "let its deeds be witness to its worth," it must have appreciation as well as money. It needs both in large measure.

The sightless little ones at the Kindergarten for the Blind are a benediction upon the lives of those who have helped to place them there; but there are others knocking at its closed doors, closed to them because every available inch of space is occupied. The infant institution just at the beginning of its power

is harassed and cramped for money. "What has been accomplished at the Kindergarten is but a small part of what remains to be achieved," says Mr. Anagnos. The Christmas time is a fitting time for us to think about it.

THE SHADOW ON THE RED HOUSE.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

By Frederick H. Cogswell.

IN a green valley among the hills of Amity, by the side of a rippling brook, stands an old red farmhouse, once the scene of busy labors and pastoral content, but long since deserted and dropping to decay. The great square chimney shows signs of crumbling. The diminutive window panes have one by one been shattered by the unerring aim of passing urchins, until the piles of old iron and other rubbish within are plainly visible from the road. Old-fashioned rose bushes have choked the doorway in their untrimmed growth, and numerous boughs of white snowball droop from one corner.

The old house is so completely a thing of the past that its existence is seldom noted. The children on their way to the neighboring schoolhouse stop to lean over the railing of the little bridge that spans the brook and watch the tiny dace that dart about in the shallow pool; but rarely give the old house even a passing glance. They sometimes stare at the rusty insurance plate over the door and wonder what it means. Now and then they go so far as to pick a rose or a spray of snowball; but the boldest of them would as soon think of raising a coffin lid as of lifting the latch of that mysterious door.

In years gone by there was a horse-shoe nailed overhead to keep the witches away. Many a time (so the old folks used to say) has a certain particular witch paused in her ride over the mountains from Salem, bent on mischief to that household. But no sooner would she alight from her broom and rest her sharp chin on the handle, peering in at the bright windows, than her black cat would set up a horrible wailing. Then she would know that the cat's eyes (being good in the darkness) had seen a horse-shoe; and with a scream of rage and disappointment she would call the cat to her shoulder, jump astride the broom, and fly away to work her devilish arts on less protected houses. Finally, when enlightenment had taken such a hold that the witches left for greener fields and greener people, the horse-shoe was taken down, and the insurance plate came to preside over the destinies of the house. Now the insurance plate, as well as the witches, has had its day and is seen no more in the land; but this one still remains, as if by special dispensation, to protect the ghostly inhabitants of the old red house.

On the evening of the fourth of July, 1779, a young man and a young woman sat in the parlor of the old house. The man was of rugged build, though he had the air of a student. His shaven face showed lines of determination, though softened by an almost womanly tenderness. He was in his twenty-fourth year. There was something about his face that told of uncommon executive force coupled with a character to be trusted. His companion looked scarcely more than a girl, though she was quite nineteen. She was fair and slender, and wore her golden hair fastened with a top-comb in the manner of the last century.

"A year seems a long time to wait," the young man was saying; "though it will come to an end, I suppose, like all other years. Then they will suddenly change, and begin to slip by too rapidly, because we shall be so happy together."

"You will be too busy to notice its flight, David," said Hester Lines. "It is I who shall watch the long days drag

by, as I wait here among the hills. But I can climb to yonder hilltop every morning, and watch you ride into town on old Tom's back; then I will come back and dream of the future as I work, and of the great lawyer you will have become by the time this long year is past."

David laughed. "Only reflected greatness, Hester, my dear. Mr. Ingersoll will furnish all the greatness for the firm's need. I, as the junior partner, shall work hard, learn the ins and outs of the profession, and perhaps now and then try a case. There has to be a plodder in every combination, to balance the brilliancy, you know."

"Mr. Ingersoll himself says better things of you," said Hester proudly. "He told father the other day that you were already one of the best equipped lawyers in the state; that he knew the difference between you and others when he invited you into partnership."

"He is always saying generous things of his friends," replied David, blushing slightly, as lawyers are not wont to do.

"I have confidence in his judgment," said Hester.

"Let's climb the hill and see the moon rise," said David suddenly, turning the conversation from himself.

"I'll speak to mother."

In a moment Hester was back and, slipping her hand into David's, they walked to the turnpike east of the house and climbed the hill. Mrs. Lines looked out of her window toward the hill a half hour later. There on the top stood David and Hester. He was folding her in his arms, her head resting on his shoulder. The moon was directly back of them, and they were silhouettes against the great yellow disk.

"Happy children!" sighed Mrs. Lines, who was herself not yet out of her thirties. "Those days come but once in a lifetime."

Mrs. Lines was proud of her prospective son-in-law, as was the whole town for that matter. He was but four years out of college, yet his wit and eloquence and his success at the bar were already the subject of comment far outside of his town and county. He had been offered, some months before, a position as aid-de-camp on the staff of General Putnam; but tempting as was the opportunity for military distinction, he accepted the offer of Mr. Ingersoll. This brought him into the thick of the largest law practice in the county, and he solaced his soldierly ambition by acting as captain of the Amity minute men, ready on an instant's notice to drop all else and march to the country's defence.

Hester on the hilltop now was just saying that she hoped he would never have to go to war, and he was assuring her that such a possibility was too remote to cause her the slightest worry.

"For those who go sometimes never come back, David," said Hester, clinging to him as though there was certainty, at least, in present possession.

"Sometimes, darling; but we are not losing many men now. Besides, with General Washington holding West Point, and Sir Henry Clinton lying powerless in New York, the outlook for active fighting for anybody is very dim. Clinton don't dare to move in any direction lest Washington slip down the river and rob him of New York; and Washington sits as quietly as the sphinx waiting to tire the British out. No, Hester, I am only in danger of being killed by kindness — and love."

They had been sitting on a rock at the summit for nearly an hour, talking over a thousand plans, when they saw a sudden flash of flame shoot out horizontally over the waters of the harbor, five miles away; and before either could exclaim at the strange occurrence, there came a booming sound across the valley, rolling in succeeding echoes among the hills. They both sprang to their feet.

"What can it be?" cried Hester.

David listened intently without replying. A minute later there was a second flash and report, and then another.

"Cannon," said David quietly.

"Oh, what can it mean?"

David put his arm about her waist and listened for further sounds, but none came.

"Only a few British men-of-war dropping anchor in the harbor," he said finally.

"But what business have they here?"

"They have been sailing eastward from New York for two days. A courier arrived yesterday from Norwalk saying they were headed this way, but they are evidently bound for New London or Newport and are only stopping for the night. Two or three years ago they did the same thing, and everybody was needlessly scared."

Although David felt no alarm, Hester became silent, and they finally went home. It was Sunday evening, and after talking for a half hour with Dr. and Mrs. Lines, David made ready to go. Just then Ebenezer Beecher came down the road, all out of breath, to inquire the cause of the firing, and David explained what he had heard in town. A little later Henry Hotchkiss came from the opposite direction on a similar errand.

"Captain Perkins," said Beecher to David, "I don't like the looks of this. We may find the hornets on our backs by sunrise."

"The Amity minute men are always ready," replied David, shutting his teeth together and drawing himself up to his full height. There was no sign of the lover about him now. The eyes that had been filled with such tenderness an hour ago now blazed with fierce resolution.

"It may be but a false alarm after all," said Hotchkiss. "There would be nobody to fight here if they landed, except a few women and children and what militia could be called together. I think, as the captain says, that they are more likely only making a night stop."

"They can burn the town, as they did Danbury two years ago," retorted Beecher. "They are never at a loss for something devilish to do."

"There is but one thing that is absolutely certain," said David, "and that is the necessity of being ready for whatever comes."

The discussion ran on in a similar strain, and finally Ephraim Sperry came galloping down from the mills at the head of the ravine.

"Captain, have you seen the fires?" he exclaimed, reining his panting horse up to the gate.

"No," said David, "but we have been hearing cannon."

"I have heard no sound," said Sperry, "but from the top of the mountain half an hour ago I saw a light on Beacon Hill. I watched for a little, and thought it might be a barn; but in a few minutes another began to blaze on the brow of West Rock, and about the same time one on the Allingtown Heights. Then I knew they were signal fires."

"We had best go and make sure there is no mistake," said David. And leading the way to the hilltop where he and Hester had stood, he saw a mighty volume of flame and smoke shooting up from West Rock, and a bright reflection on the clouds in the direction of the Allingtown Heights. They were too low down to get any effect from Beacon Hill. After watching a few minutes they adjourned to David's house, just under the hill, to hold a further consultation. By midnight there were forty men gathered at the captain's house with muskets in hand and ammunition pouches slung over their shoulders, ready to march at the first word of command.

"This means one of two things," said David, who was able to keep a better track of events than his neighbors. "These men-of-war are either merely stopping overnight on their way eastward, or there is to be an attack on the town. If they are only using our harbor for an anchorage, we will gladly wave them a farewell while watching from the hilltop. If they mean mischief, we can also learn that as soon as it is light, from the same lookout, and we will be in the town before they are. If they attempt an attack, they will find three thousand men under arms to oppose them within six hours of sunrise. Every town for twenty miles around will respond to those signal fires to-night. At this very moment hundreds of men are gathered as we are, making ready to march, for it has been so arranged that these fires shall be lighted on every mountain at the first sign of danger."

"Had we not better go at once?" said eighteen-year-old Abner Marvin, catching his musket from the corner where it

had been standing. "Amity should be the first town to be heard from."

"I know that every man present feels that way," said the captain, noting the enthusiasm of the youth, "but we can accomplish more and march quicker to the right point by waiting until daylight. Then we can act intelligently. If this is a false alarm, we need not go at all. If we are wanted, every man must do his duty. God grant that for the sake of the women and children down there in the town our services may not be needed!"

When David had finished speaking, a slight sound caused everybody to turn toward the doorway. There, with one foot on the sill and the other on the stone step below, stood the venerable Parson Woodbridge with his musket over his shoulder.

"I've been preaching and praying all day, and now I am ready to fight," said the minister, before the company had time to recover from its surprise.

"We are glad to see you, Mr. Woodbridge," said David, "for we may have serious work for to-morrow; but we shall not need you as a soldier. Your services may be required in other matters before another sun has set."

"Should there be a battle," replied the minister firmly, "my duty will be on the field. We are not an organized army; we are individual men who are ready to resist a dastardly attack upon the lives and property of our neighbors, and I do not wish to be counted any less a man than the rest of you."

"Then come in," said David. "A brave man is always welcome here." While conducting him to a seat he whispered, "Have a care, for you are to marry me next spring."

"May God spare me until then!" responded the old minister aloud, grasping the captain's hand, at which the latter smiled, and everybody wondered what had called forth so sudden a demonstration.

"Now give us a little speech, Mr. Woodbridge," said David. "Then we will send a watch to the hill, and the rest of the men will lie down for a nap. Every man's heart is in the right place, but a good word is always timely."

The minister stood by his chair and spoke a few minutes on the events of the war, its causes, and the three years of American independence, which he hoped those around him would live long to perpetuate. He urged all to remember that a great problem was being worked out, and that, under God, the result lay with the wisdom and courage of each individual man. When he had done, the captain made a short address concerning the arrangements for the morrow. Then a watch was stationed on the hill, and the men stretched themselves on the ground in the captain's yard for as much sleep as could be got under such excitement. David put Mr. Woodbridge into his own bed, then went up the road to bid Hester be brave, if he should find her still up. She was watching from the parlor window, and ran to meet him as he approached. No member of the Lines family had thought of retiring.

"Oh, David, shall I ever see you again?" cried Hester, throwing her arms around his neck and burying her face on his shoulder.

"Cheer up, little one," said David. "It may be nothing. Suppose there should be a skirmish, we shall drive them away like sheep! If they come at all, they will come looking only for old men and women and children. When they find three thousand armed men waiting to receive them, they will knock each other over in their scramble to get back to their boats!"

"But I am so scared, David! Oh, my love, do not let anything hurt you!"

"Not if it can be helped, darling. My little girl doesn't like being a soldier's sweetheart."

Hester burst into weeping and refused to be comforted. David led her back to the house, and stayed until long after one, when their ears were again startled by a booming of cannon, this time nearer.

"It is the alarm gun at New Haven," said David, "and means that an attack is feared. But it is only a precaution," he added, seeing the look of terror in Hester's eyes. "It is always best to be prepared, you know; if the danger passes, everybody feels that the prudent thing

has been done. I regret it most, darling, because it calls me away from you. Be a brave girl, and I will be with you in a few hours."

He kissed her again and again, and tore himself away and went over to the hilltop.

"What means the gun, captain?" asked the watch as he reached the summit.

"An extra alarm — a warning to the people to pack their valuables and make ready to get them away with the women and children on short notice."

"It looks serious."

"Only a wise prudence. It will be impossible to learn the intentions of the British until they make some move,—and that they will not do before daylight."

There was but little more than two hours to wait; and after instructing the watch to notify him in case of new developments, David went to his house and threw himself on a lounge. Sleep blessed his eyes for an hour, but when the first faint gray hint of light appeared in the east he was standing on the hilltop. Half his men were there with him, and all strained their eyes for a sight of the harbor. It seemed ages until it was really light enough to see so far. At last the dim forms of the men-of-war could be seen at the entrance of the bay, five miles from the town.

"How many do you make, captain?" asked Ephraim Sperry, while David was using his spy-glass.

"It looks like seven or eight men-of-war and about twenty transports," replied David, — "a pretty formidable showing."

They waited eagerly for the first sign of life on board; but not a movement could be noted until five o'clock. Then, just as the sun lighted up the harbor, there rose a puff of smoke from the side of the flagship, and instantly a string of boats dropped from every vessel into the water and pulled rapidly for the west shore. The glistening bayonets could be plainly seen over each boat.

"They are landing," said David. "Now we know the worst. The town is doomed unless we can save it."

After a breakfast of bread and coffee hurriedly swallowed, the men fell into line and began marching toward the town. As they approached the village of Hotchkisstown, — now Westville, — just outside of New Haven, they saw streams of people fleeing toward the open country. Some were carrying feather beds and bundles of clothing. One old man passed them leading a cow, and he was tugging away so frantically at the rope that the head of the reluctant beast seemed in danger of coming off. Women were carrying babies in arms and half dragging others that were old enough to walk, and some were loudly bewailing the necessity of leaving their furniture behind. One woman, whom David knew as the keeper of a little shop, was carrying a cat in her arms as carefully as if it were her dearest treasure.

"What's the matter in town, Mistress Cone?" asked David.

"Oh, Mr. Perkins, the British are coming, and they are going to murder all the houses and burn the families!" cried the bewildered woman.

As they entered the village they saw a body of men marching in from the west. On coming nearer, they recognized the Derby militia, with Lieutenant Joseph Hull at their head. Each company cheered the other, and they marched down the broad street side by side.

"What's up?" asked Lieutenant Hull as the two companies met.

"British going to attack. Landed at West Haven at sunrise. Men-of-war in the harbor. Possibly a bombardment."

"How'll they get into town?"

"There are but two ways. They can cross West Bridge, unless it is guarded, — and it is safe to say there will be cannon there by this time, — or come around through this village and over our bridge. We shall in all probability meet them here inside of two hours."

Captain Perkins stationed his men in a cornfield near the turn of the road, and Lieutenant Hull went across the bridge to oppose the enemy there. A little further up the road toward New Haven earthworks had been thrown up, behind which were posted the local militia and volunteers.

At nine o'clock cannonading began to be heard from the direction of West

Haven, and an occasional rattle of musketry. Half an hour later a mounted courier came riding into the village, announcing that the British, fifteen hundred strong, had failed to capture West Bridge, and were rapidly marching this way. He also stated that a similar body of British had landed on the east shore and were headed for the town.

"We can't stop them," said Captain Perkins to his men, "but we can do a little popping in this cornfield that may draw their attention for a while. Every minute that they can be hindered will help the defence of the town."

Soon the British column came in sight down the West Haven road, brilliant in scarlet coats and flashing arms, but terrible in power as against the handful that opposed them. The fences on either side sent up an occasional puff of smoke, indicating the position of a patriot and his musket. An elderly man in clerical garb, half led, half driven by a single soldier, was a little in advance of the column, and appeared to be acting reluctantly as guide. The soldier struck him a brutal blow with the but of his musket, and he fell, only to be brought to his feet again by kicks and prods of the bayonet.

"Ex-President Daggett of Yale College!" exclaimed David as they drew near. "What outrage is this? Boys, kill the wretch who is abusing him, if you can without harming both. Wait until they are squarely abreast, then pick your men and fire over the wall. Wait a little — now!"

Crack! went forty muskets; and half as many redcoats showed the result, some staggering, some dropping their guns, but only one falling. With the perfect discipline of veteran troops they moved on as though nothing had happened, — on over the bridge, past the Derby company's fire, past the earthworks on the rising slope, and toward the town. A few fell and were taken prisoners. The Amity and Derby companies came up on a run and harassed the moving column in side and rear. Hull, with a bravery that was sublime, threw himself and his men in front of the enemy and poured a murderous fire into the ranks. A few shots were fired in return; but tramp, tramp, tramp, went the trained troops, on toward the doomed town, with magnificent precision.

It was now a question, not whether the enemy could be kept from entering, but what conditions would be found to exist upon their arrival. Of these conditions the country militia knew nothing. The place might be deserted and given over to the pillagers, or it might be filled with patriotic troops outnumbering the invaders. At Ditch Corner, the northwestern boundary of the town, the patriots were collected in considerable numbers, and a short, sharp, decisive battle was fought — decisive in favor of the enemy, for while many redcoats bit the dust of the hot highway, the main column moved on and entered the town.

It was now high noon, and the place was practically deserted. An old man, who trusted to his peaceable attitude for safety, was shot down in his own door; a crazy man was knocked down, pinned to the ground by a bayonet driven into the mouth, and his tongue cut out; cellars were broken into and Santa Cruz rum barrels drained; and the work of destruction had begun. Every patriot house that was worthy of notice was ransacked; those of the Tories were protected by sentinels posted at the door. Silver plate and other portable articles of value were thrown into bags and carried to the boats in the harbor. Paintings and bric-a-brac were mutilated or destroyed. Beds were ripped open and pillows torn apart in the search for coin and silver. Boxes were smashed. Bureaus were pried open with bayonets. Cupboard doors were burst in with the buts of guns.

By three o'clock the men were reeling through the streets too drunk to do much damage. Meanwhile the sound of battle was heard to the eastward, showing that the enemy was having no easy time in its approach from that quarter. Captain Perkins and his command had several sharp skirmishes during the day with the drunken soldiery, when some honored house was being sacked or helpless women were insulted. Early in the afternoon Abner Marvin, who had been sent to observe the operations on the east shore,

brought word that old Mr. English had been murdered and mutilated in his own house and in the presence of his daughter. David took half his men and started for the house, to save the daughter if possible from the hands of the ruffians. On their way they met General Tryon, who had come over from the east side, and Sir George Collier from the men-of-war, seeking General Garth, who held the town, to hold a council of war. They were constantly being fired at from windows, but passed on unhurt.

The situation was becoming serious for the invaders. Bodies of armed men were arriving from the neighboring towns in such numbers that the British were likely to have more trouble than they had bargained for. Cannon had been brought and placed on the heights commanding the town and at the principal exits and entrances. There were not less than three thousand men stationed at different points to prevent the entry of Tryon's men and the departure of Garth's. With their army divided, the patriot forces rapidly increasing, and four able militia colonels to direct matters, it looked as if the British, instead of carrying out their brilliant plan of catching the town between their two divisions, were themselves caught in a trap, — a Yankee trap, too. Lord Cornwallis had told his superiors over in London that the American people could never be conquered, that their resources for resistance were most surprising and seemed to be inexhaustible; and here was another example. Three thousand veteran soldiers had been sent to rob and burn a defenceless country town, — and before the plundering was over and the match ready they found themselves opposed by an equal number of sober men.

David did not go to the relief of Miss English. As he and his men were nearing the house of Madam Wooster, the widow of General David Wooster, who had been killed at the burning of Danbury two years before, a negro slave ran out and implored the captain to save her mistress.

"De villains is a-robbin' de house, an' dey is 'busin' missus awful!" cried the frightened girl. "Dey swore at her, an' one of 'em say he knock her ole head off ef she don' keep still!"

This was too much. David had enjoyed the hospitality of the house, one of the most honored in town, time and again. Madam Wooster, the daughter of a college president and the beloved widow of a popular idol, was the last person on earth to be subjected to such indignities. Without waiting for the girl to finish, he started on a run for the house, followed by his men. They jumped the low fence, regardless of the gate, and rushed up the steps into the broad hall. A redcoat stood guard at the rear door. Levelling his musket at the men pouring in at the front, he fired. The ball entered the captain's breast, and he fell forward on his face, dropping his sword as he fell. Dr. Lines and Ephraim Sperry stooped and raised him up, while Abner Marvin blew the redcoat's head nearly off. They took the wounded man into an adjoining room and laid him on a bed. The rest cleared the house of the pillagers, then returned to the bedroom.

David lay for some time without giving any sign of life. They tore open his clothing and laid bare the ugly wound, which was bleeding freely. They rubbed his hands, dashed water into his face, and poured brandy down his throat, until he finally opened his eyes and gave a faint moan. He closed his eyes again and seemed to lose consciousness. They worked over him for half an hour, but the fluttering of the heart grew weaker and a deathly paleness began to settle on his face.

"He is going," said Ephraim Sperry.

The lips moved as if trying to say something, and Dr. Lines bent to catch the words.

"David," he said, "can you speak?"

There was something in the voice or in the sound of his own name that roused the dying man for an instant. The lips moved again, and the doctor bent lower. The single word "Hester" was all he could hear.

The captain was dead. Perhaps it was their great love for him, perhaps the thought of the tender ties suggested by his dying word; whatever the chord that

was touched, the strong men wept like children as they stood there and looked on the tall form stretched lifeless on the bed.

Abner Marvin would not leave the side of the man whom he had idolized above all others. But this was grim war, and though some fell by the bullet, there was still fighting for those who remained. Four men, including Dr. Lines and Abner, were detailed to guard the body and protect Madam Wooster; the rest went away under command of Ephraim Sperry, to give such protection as they might to the stricken people.

At ten o'clock a new guard was stationed at the house, and the four who had been watching started to take the captain's body home on a stretcher. All was quiet in the streets, except for the patrolling of the British sentinels. The soldiers were asleep on the green, most of them dead drunk. When the party reached Hotchkisstown village with their sad burden, they secured an old horse and farm wagon, laid the body in the wagon with the still face toward the stars, and began to climb the hills. The moon was already well up to light them on their way — the same moon that but yesternight had looked down on happier scenes. The horse stopped to rest at the top of a hill near David's home.

"What shall we do?" asked Abner. "The house is dark."

"Take him to Hester," said Dr. Lines. "Poor child! — this will kill her."

They could hear the great clock in the town striking twelve as they turned into the road leading to the Lines house. A few rods brought them to the gate. Hester had heard them down the road, and stood waiting in the doorway.

"What is it, father?" she asked tremblingly, as the horse stopped.

"David," said her father, struggling to control his emotion.

Hester gave a cry of agony that was never forgotten by those who heard it, caught hold of the door for an instant, then fell senseless on the floor.

They buried the captain in the little graveyard on the hillside. The church would not hold the crowds that came to look on the dead face. Grief that was universal — for all hearts were touched — gave vent in sobs, and the aged minister's voice broke again and again as he tried to speak fittingly of the promising career so suddenly cut short.

Hester sat through it all without a tear. Her white face seemed changed to marble. When it was over she clasped her hands over her broken heart and went home.

Hester's heart was really buried in David's coffin. It was only a ghostly memory of a heart that was left behind. She would sit for hours without speaking or even noting those about her. She never smiled again. But she lived on until every participant in the events of that day had been gathered to the fathers. She saw their children and their grand-children in turn take their places. For her, however, it was mere existence. Her life really ended when she saw David rush down the road at the firing of the alarm gun; and she was simply waiting for the time when she would join him. She saw that her brooding grieved those who were dear to her, and for their sakes she tried to be cheerful and helpful. When her parents were gone, she lived alone with a family servant in the old house, and became known as "Aunt Hester." Everybody loved her, she was always so kind and so gentle; but her romance, as the years went on, became almost forgotten.

"The time will soon come," she said to her companion on her eightieth birthday. "The waiting is almost over."

The servant had heard the same thing on every birthday for thirty years, so that it meant little to her. She too had forgotten the early romance, if she ever knew of it, and came to set these sayings down as the vagaries of a failing mind.

"He is waiting for me," Hester would say to herself over and over on these birthdays. She was thinking of the David of sixty years before, waiting to receive her in his arms and kiss her and call her his golden-haired darling. It never seemed to occur to her that she was now a wrinkled old woman with withered lips and white hair. She never asked herself if David would know her,

or whether he would shrink from the sight of the old woman whose charms had fled two generations ago.

The end finally came. Hester took to her bed one day, and the doctor was called.

"Old age," he said. "She may last a few days, or may pass away at any time."

The neighbors came in and watched by the bedside.

"She has been such a sweet woman!" said Abner Marvin's grand-daughter, herself a middle-aged matron. "It's a wonder she never married."

"And this is her ninetieth birthday," mused the minister's wife. "She must remember the Revolution."

Ah, yes, Hester did. And she was thinking of those days as she lay with closed eyes, just breathing. A slight catching of the breath brought the two ladies to the bed. The old woman lay motionless.

"It's all over," whispered the minister's wife.

Almost — not quite. Hester suddenly opened her eyes, and a beautiful smile lit up her wrinkled face, a smile of joy and even of youth. She spoke, too, and in a voice that sounded strangely sweet. They bent to hear, but they caught only one word: "David."

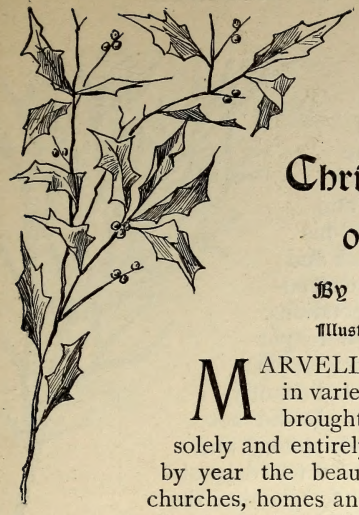
Knowing ones say the old red house is haunted; that on every fifth of July near midnight a ghostly horse and farm wagon, bearing a dark burden guarded by Continental soldiers, toils over the hills and draws up at the gate; that immediately thereafter, to those who watch well, a beautiful girl appears in the doorway, casts one terrified look at the form lying in the wagon, then utters a blood-curdling scream and disappears. As to the truth of these stories I cannot say; for I seldom go abroad at night.

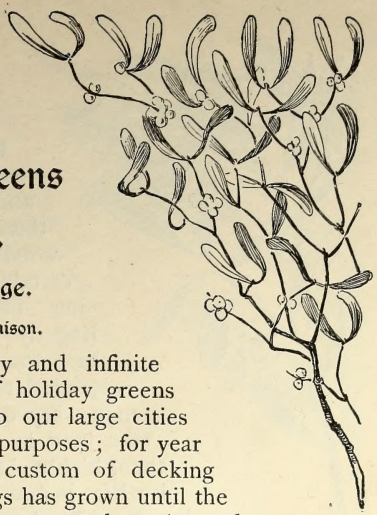
AFTER WAKING.

By Ethelwyn Wetherald.

WHEN I shall go to sleep and wake again
At dawning in another world than this,
What will atone to me for all I miss, —
The light, melodious footsteps of the rain,
The press of leaves against my window-pane,
The sunset wistfulness and morning bliss,
The moon's enchantment and the twilight kiss
Of winds that wander with me through the lane?

Will not my soul remember evermore
The earthly winter's hunger for the spring,
The wet, sweet cheek of April, and the rush
Of roses through the summer's open door,
The feelings that the scented woodlands bring
At evening with the singing of the thrush?





The Christmas Greens of America.

By Agnes Carr Sage.

Illustrated by H. A. Dennison.

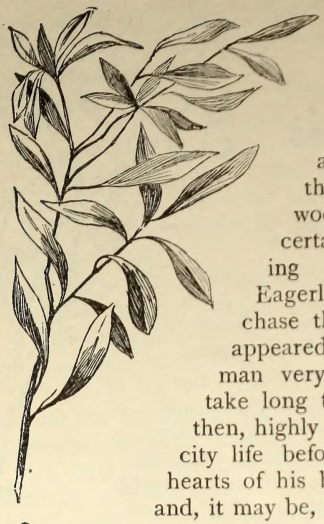
MARVELLOUS in quantity and infinite in variety is the mass of holiday greens brought each winter to our large cities solely and entirely for decorative purposes; for year by year the beautiful Christmas custom of decking churches, homes and public buildings has grown until the collecting and sale of evergreens has become a lucrative and important branch of business, giving employment to numberless hands, from New England to the Golden Gate. Fifty years ago Christmas trees were rare in this country, seen, if at all, only in German households; and then the German was obliged to go out into the forest and cut a pine or hemlock for himself, as buying such a thing was an impossibility,—while, although certain churches—the Episcopal and Roman Catholic chiefly—always made a point of dressing their sanctuaries in honor of the Nativity, they had to procure their material as best they could.

The credit of introducing evergreen trees as an article of trade is said to be due to one Mark Carr, a woodman of the lower Catskills, who, having read of celebrations in the city where boughs and wreaths played an important part in the decorations, conceived the bright idea, in 1851, that the stately young firs growing about his modest mountain home might possibly be turned to account, too, at a season when he had little else to do, while, in any case, the chopping and transportation would comprise the whole cost of the enterprise. He broached the subject to his family; but his wife laughed at it. "Who would spend their money for green truck which could be had for the cutting?" The sons, however, sided with their father, and proffered their aid; so one fine day in mid-December two ox-sleds were laden with thrifty young conifers and driven over the rough roads and through the deep snow to the river at Catskill village, whence Mr. Carr proceeded with them to New York. One old-

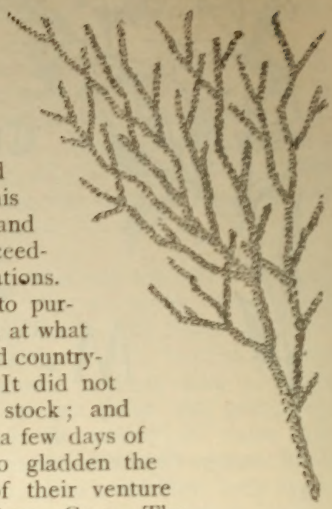
Holly

Black Spruce

Mistletoe White Spruce



Carolina Laurel



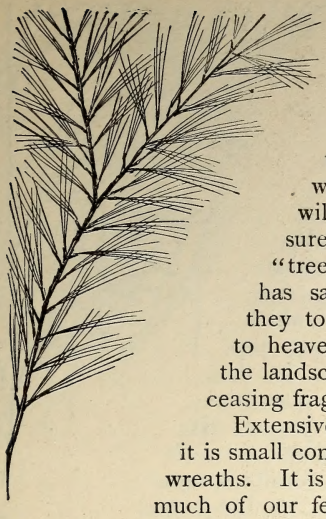
Arbor Vitæ

fashioned silver dollar readily secured a small strip of sidewalk on the corner of Greenwich and Vesey Streets, and there he set forth his woodland wares. Quick and certain was his success, exceeding his fondest expectations. Eagerly customers flocked to purchase the mountain novelties, at what appeared to the unsophisticated countryman very exorbitant prices. It did not take long to exhaust the entire stock; and then, highly elated, Mark enjoyed a few days of city life before returning home to gladden the hearts of his boys with the result of their venture and, it may be, to crow a little over Dame Carr. The following season he brought down a far larger load; and thus was started on the flood tide of success that branch of the evergreen trade which has increased to such vast proportions that now the hills of Rip Van Winkle alone furnish annually something like two hundred thousand trees, and Mark Carr's old corner commands a rental of one hundred dollars, instead of one hundred cents, for the week or two preceding each twenty-fifth of December.

That the conifers are less plentiful than formerly may well be supposed, and every succeeding season finds them transported longer distances, from more remote localities, while the woodmen, upon whom the heaviest labor falls, reap but a meagre benefit. Seven dollars per hundred is an average price for good firs and pines when cut, tied up and delivered to the country contractor, who ships them to a wholesale dealer in the city. That enterprising worthy sorts them according to size and shape, and ties them in bunches of from five to a dozen, which he disposes of at one or two dollars a lot to the retailers, they making what profit they can — usually an extremely satisfactory one.

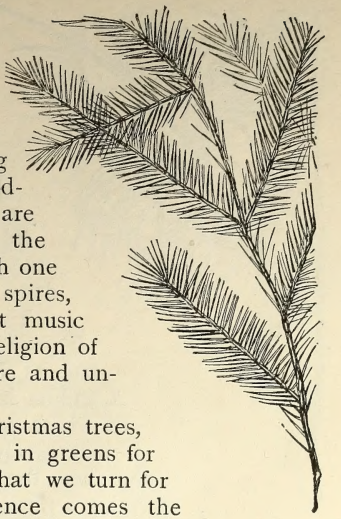
The white spruce is undoubtedly the ideal Christmas tree, while the black spruce holds second place; but they are very expensive, while a regular shapely fir often sells as high as ten dollars, and quite small pines and hemlocks frequently bring a price that would fill with wonder the poor laborer who felled them.

The trade is by no means confined to the Catskill region. The best spruce trees, six to twenty feet in length, come from the swamp lands of Maine, and schooner load after schooner load of them enters New York harbor at the approach of every Yuletide. The pine and cedar tribes are most widely diffused, and there is scarcely a state which cannot show some species of evergreen suitable for a gift tree. Some years ago an effort was made to introduce the tops of holly bushes for the purpose, but, although pretty and certainly unique in this place, they failed to catch the public fancy, probably from their want of symmetry and the discomfort in dressing caused by their prickly leaves. So the spruce and the fir retain their place as first choice, while the less costly pines and hemlocks have the largest and most ready sale. These last, however, quickly drop their needles, and are never so symmetrical as the beautiful black spruce, which spreads its dark green branches so gracefully, artistically dotted over with ovate cones of purple and reddish-brown. But one



Pine

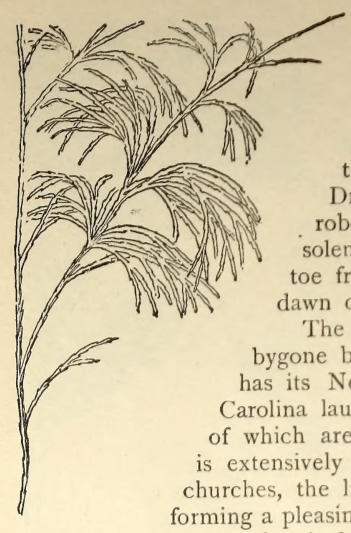
and all are exquisite, and all truly symbolical of the "Tree of Life" when ablaze with waxen lights and hung with gifts of love and good-will. All the conifers are surely included among the "trees of the Lord," of which one has said: "Noble Gothic spires, they tower up in arborescent music to heaven, and carry up the religion of the landscape in unfading verdure and unceasing fragrance."



Hemlock

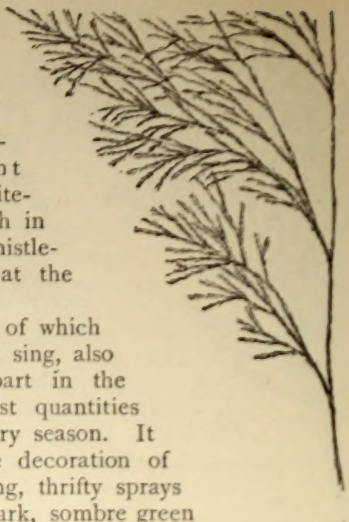
Extensive as is the trade in Christmas trees, it is small compared with that done in greens for wreaths. It is to the prolific South that we turn for much of our festal decoration. Thence comes the finest holly, thorny of leaf and crimson with berries, the best beloved of all the holiday flora. Merely an insignificant, straggling shrub in cold New England, in Maryland the holly flourishes as an imposing bush, and in South Carolina attains the proportions of a veritable tree from sixty to eighty feet in height. Delaware also furnishes a moderate quantity and fair quality of this Christmas favorite, and it is from that state and southward that the northern states and Canada are chiefly supplied. The greatest care is taken with the gathering and packing, in order to preserve the ornamental berries, which are its chief charm. The holly comes to market in cases containing sixteen cubic feet, which, for the choicest, bring at wholesale five dollars a case. One New York dealer says that he sells six hundred boxes every year.

"English mistletoe" is what florists generally mark the pale green parasite powdered with milky pearls, — for they are aware of the popular superstition that to possess the mystic properties credited to it, mistletoe must be grown on British soil. It is safe to say, however, that scarcely one sprig sold on this side of the Atlantic ever saw the "tight little isle," but, if imported at all, came from Normandy, where it flourishes in altogether too rampant luxuriance, creeping over and draping the stately poplars, the common roadside trees of Normandy, and fairly squeezing out their life. Indeed, it became such a pest that two or three years ago the French government issued an edict that it should be entirely destroyed. If this law be faithfully carried out, the true mistletoe will become as rare as a white blackbird, and in time we may be exporting its American cousin, which is really more beautiful; for in England the native supply is insufficient even for home demand, being principally confined to the cider and perry orchards of Worcestershire, Herefordshire and Gloucestershire. The American mistletoe abounds in several of the southern states, and may be distinguished from the foreign variety by the more compact and symmetrical bunches in which the leaves grow, and by the berries being smaller while much more plentiful. It is a cheery little creeper, extremely popular in Virginia and Maryland, where at Christmastide it is given a conspicuous place on old homestead walls, mingled with the blue berries of the green cedar, with masses of pines whose boughs grow in oval clusters like the tail of a fox, and with a local parasite bearing seed-vessels of so vivid a scarlet that they almost dazzle the eyes when a strong light falls upon them. To many this is as satisfactory as the imported mistletoe, but others will always, I fear, look



upon it as a modern substitute, sans all poetic associations and suggestions of ancient Druidic days when white-robed priests went forth in solemn state to cut the mistletoe from the holy oaks at the dawn of each new year.

The old-fashioned bay, of which bygone bards were wont to sing, also has its New World counterpart in the Carolina laurel or red bay, vast quantities of which are brought north every season. It is extensively employed in the decoration of churches, the light hue of its long, thrifty sprays forming a pleasing contrast to the dark, sombre green of pine, hemlock and arbor vitæ. It is one of the cheapest of our evergreens, and so always finds a ready sale.



Club Moss

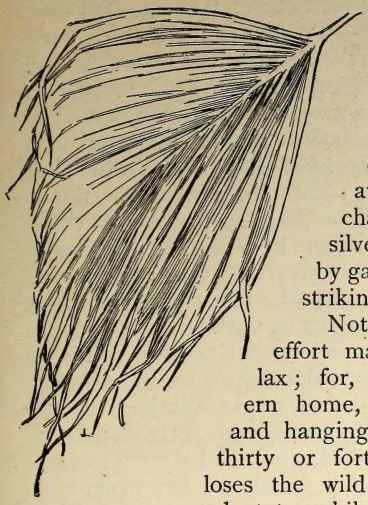
In the parlance of trade, "Christmas greens" means properly the "bouquet green," otherwise known as club moss, which is of several kinds. A bonny, wee creeper covering the hillsides with dainty, fairy-like plumes, the bouquet green grows all ready to be twined into garlands. For "rope stuff" it is thus invaluable, and has largely taken the place of arbor vitæ and other tree greens which require time and trouble to prepare. First introduced into the metropolitan market from the vicinity of Keyport, New Jersey, it now comes from the North, East and West, immense quantities growing in remote, uncultivated portions of Wisconsin, where Indians are engaged to collect it and where it has proved quite a boon to the semi-civilized red men.

Club Moss

Club mosses are shipped by the carload to all the principal cities, where in the rough they bring about three dollars a barrel and provide work for many hands glad to tie yards upon yards of "roping" and fashion wreaths, stars and other graceful devices for the small pittance paid for such labor.

Within the last five years, since the good people of the sunny South discovered the profit there is in sending ornamental foliage to the North, we have had several more or less valuable additions to our material for Yuletide decoration. Perhaps the most acceptable have been the seedlings of the blue palmetto, which, in 1891, made their *début* on street corners among the more time-honored holiday greens. These palms, as northerners persist in calling them, grow in four or six fan-like leaves springing from one stalk, which is cut just below the ground, so as to show the young plant entire. They differ somewhat from the sabal or scrub palmetto, indigenous throughout the land of the magnolia and myrtle, which is so much used by professional decorators, and are exceedingly handsome, but unfortunately, unless tacked in place, quickly droop and shrivel in a warm room. They retail for twenty-five cents a stalk.

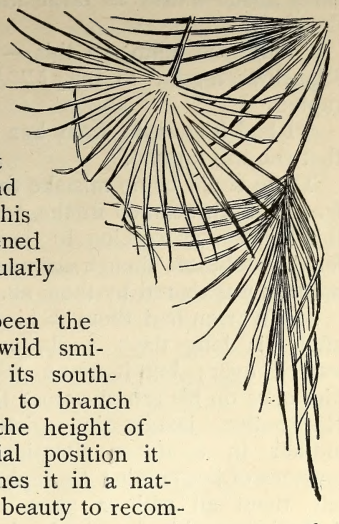
The much more costly cycas leaves or victory palms also form an effective background in church ornamentation; but these can hardly be classed with American greens, as they are shipped here from the West Indies, well packed in the trimmings of fresh sponges. Another tropical product for which there is a moderate demand is the hoary gray Florida moss, which festoons the trees of the dangerous everglades, and is found as far north as Virginia's Dismal Swamp. It is an air plant,



Victory Palm

and will live and flourish merely thrown across a frame or suspended from the ceiling, in a hot, moist atmosphere. An altar and chancel decked with this silvery moss and brightened by gay-tinted flowers is singularly striking and beautiful.

Not so successful has been the effort made to introduce the wild smilax; for, exquisite as it is in its southern home, looped from branch to branch and hanging in rich garlands to the height of thirty or forty feet, in an artificial position it loses the wild grace that distinguishes it in a natural state, while it possesses no real beauty to recommend it.



Blue Palmetto

Thus nearly every year some fresh forest novelty appears to swell the number of our native Christmas greens; and verily no other land can boast so long a list. We can well believe that "the glory of Lebanon" has descended among us when, in the glad holiday season, we walk the city streets through verdant aisles of richest greenery, and inhale the resinous, aromatic odors of a thousand trees of the wildwood.

PREMIUM BUTTER.

By Albert E. Lawrence.

"IT'S be'n the heighth of ma's ambition to git the premium on her butter down to the county fair ever sence I could remember." Young Mrs. Denton said this as she rinsed and wiped the immense pitcher in which her brother had just fetched across the farm some new cider made from the apples of her favorite tree on the old homestead. "An' I guess she'll have a chanct t' win it this fall," she added as she handed back the pitcher.

"Why, what makes ye think so, Miny?" Asa asked, resting the pitcher on his knee, which was elevated, one foot being planted within the house while he stood with the other on a lower step.

"Because Mis' Riggs has gone to visit her sister out in Iowy an' won't be here to enter none this time."

"Ma kin make jest as good butter as Mis' Riggs kin," returned the young man, resenting the apparent insinuation.

"I think so too," declared the daughter, her face emphatically denying any insinuation. "An' there is a plenty in this county that thinks the same; but ye can't git around the fact that Mis' Riggs's has won the first premium, and ma's the seckent, and Mis' Narmore's the third, ever sence you or I could remember — ever sence they've had fairs in the county for all 't I know. It would look as though there was a put up job if it wa'n't that they've had different jedges; besides, the butter is always entered with anonymis names, so 't nobody knows any-

thing about whose 'tis until after it's all decided."

"Who was tellin' ye this — that Mis' Riggs was a-goin' to Iowy?" Asa interrupted.

"I had it straight from her own lips, that she was a-goin'."

There could be no mistake then. The faces of both beamed in the certainty of this honor now coming to their family; for the ambition, though strongest in the mother, was shared by them all.

Asa Warren had thought himself tired after his long day's work, as he had walked over; but it never occurred to him once on his return across the farms. His active imagination pictured his mother in a dozen situations, consequences of her coming triumph; and he felt them all with a glow of pride. Several times his face broke into smiles of pure pleasure; once he sobered quickly, casting a sharp glance toward a clump of bushes, startled with the thought of the embarrassment it would give him if some one were concealed there and had read his face. As he turned the corner of the house, his mother stepped from the door to throw out the last of her dish-water. He sprang back to escape the wetting which for the moment seemed imminent.

"Oh! what a start you give me!" she gasped, making out who it was in the dusk.

"Start! You like to 'a' doused me from head to foot!" he said with a tone of displeasure which he scarcely felt. She understood the tone, and laughed softly while she held the pan to drain.

"You've be'n over to Miny's? How is she? Ain't she ever comin' over to see us?"

"Why, she was here las' night," he replied, scraping his boots on the ends of the steps.

"Was she? It seems longer ago than that."

She followed him into the house, giving a perceptible jar, for she was large and stout. Her full oval face caught the light and beamed on him as she hung up the dish-pan.

"Miny was glad to git the cider, wa'n't she?" Mrs. Warren did not wait for an answer, but continued: "She always did like it new — the newer the better. An' if they make theirs the last o' the week, an' we take our seckent batch o' apples to the press a week or so after that, she kin have the new cider for a consid'able spell. Some folks don't like it till it gits a tang to it; an' I confess I like mine better with a *little* snap. An' there's Deacon Carleton, he takes it for his rheumatiz, an' he says the harder it is the better. I must take him a jug o' ours as soon as it begins to work."

She dropped herself slowly, with a stout woman's sigh, into a chair near the table opposite to where Asa had seated himself. In the palm of one hand she rested her chin, which barely escaped losing itself in a fold of her neck, and looked absently with pale blue eyes across at her son. Once her hair had been almost auburn, but now it had reached that peculiar stage of yellow on its way to the gray. It was arranged perfectly plain, being parted in the middle and drawn away from the high forehead in slight curves to the back of the head, where it was caught up in a hard yellow knot. Her eyebrows were but faintly marked. The beauty of her face was imparted entirely by the goodness of her soul.

Asa tried to preserve an unconcerned look; but his mind was intent all the time on the piece of news he had to impart. He knew the pleasure he would give her, and enjoyed the prospect; he even tantalized himself by putting off the telling of it from moment to moment, making it last as he would a delicious piece of pastry.

"Are ye goin' to enter some o' yer butter at the fair this fall, ma?" he asked at last; and the smile broke through his sunburned face in spite of his efforts to keep it back.

"Why?" she demanded, with a little start of interest, seeing that he had something to tell. She added: "I hain't missed a fall sence the time you had the measles, eighteen years ago."

"Did ye ever git the first premium?" he asked, knowing full well that she never had.

"No," she replied a little sadly, and forgot for the moment that he had not yet

told her anything. "Mis' Riggs, she always got that, — though why she should I never could see. There's a plenty o' people that don't make no bones o' sayin' my butter is the best. It's jest pure chanct, I take it; though it is kind o' curi's it should always chanct her way."

"Mis' Riggs is a-goin' to Iowy — or has gone — and won't be here to enter none this time," Asa said.

"What's that you say, Asy Warren?" she demanded, placing her palms upon the table and making as if she would rise in her excitement.

Asa repeated his intelligence, enjoying the moment to the full. He gave his authority for it, and repeated the fact that Mina had got it from Mrs. Riggs's own lips. Mrs. Warren's face fairly shone with the prospect that her long cherished ambition was about to be realized. Her heavy, thick lips persisted in twitching themselves into smiles, revealing two full, even rows of white, shining teeth which never had ached and never would. Mr. Warren coming in from the barn at that moment had two animated faces turned upon him, and mother and son alternated in pouring the news, sentence by sentence, into his eager ears.

Mrs. Warren began to make her plans at once, and the others helped her with suggestions. They decided upon the particular Jersey cow whose milk was to be taken because of its richness in butter-making qualities. Everything that would give the smallest fraction of improvement was to be brought into use. It was the last thing Mrs. Warren thought of that night, and one of the first things in the morning; in fact it seemed as if it had been with her all night, — and it certainly was with her all day.

In the afternoon Asa drove her to the little village, where the women of their congregation were to meet in the church and do some sewing preparatory to sending a box to a certain home missionary. She had had Asa put in a bag of eating apples, a pumpkin and several Hubbard squashes for Mrs. Jackson, declaring that the poor woman had "a hard 'nough time of it; can't raise nothin' in the village, an' I don't believe she gits much dress-makin' to do." As Asa got out to carry these in, she added: "I mean 't she shall have one of our hams this fall, too. She's spoke a dozen times about the one I carried to her last year. I know 't she appreciates all 't she gits."

At the church she found a place for her skilful hand on a gay-colored quilt by the side of Mrs. Parks. The barren little room was filled with a subdued hum, through which merry bursts of laughter broke at intervals. Mrs. Warren recognized her daughter and nodded to her with a "You here?" in pretended surprise, and in like manner received a return of "When 'd you come, ma?"

Mrs. Parks spoke to Mrs. Warren. "Have ye be'n in to see old Mis' Ketchum lately?"

"Well, the fore part o' last week I was in."

"Poor soul! She's a-havin' a spell of it! You took her in so'thin', didn't ye?"

"Yes, a little," replied Mrs. Warren, her face buried in the quilt in her effort to bite off her thread.

"Here, I've got your scissors!" exclaimed Mrs. Parks in a tone of apology, while she fumbled about in her lap beneath the quilt. "I know what your 'littles" is," she went on, with a glowing appreciation of the other's bounty. "I wish't I dared to be one half as generous! But as I tell Mr. Parks, I never know how soon we shall have some o' our own folks to care for. There's Mr. Parks's sister now over to Barkdale! You're acquainted with her, ain't ye, — Mis' Narmore?"

"I've met her."

"Yes, I thought so. Well, it beats all, the sight o' trouble they're havin'. She hain't be'n a mite well for more 'n a year, an' it does seem 's if some one of the children have been sick most of the time ever sence they had any. An' now this summer he's had a stroke, an 'll never be good for anything as long as he lives. He ain't an old man, either." Mrs. Parks stopped to thread her needle.

"It does beat all, the sufferin' there is in this world!" said Mrs. Warren with real sympathy.

"He just lays there — helpless, you might say," resumed Mrs. Parks. "But she writes a real plucky letter — we had

one from her th' other day. She's goin' into the dairy business, she says. There's be'n one mortgage on their place, — a small mortgage, — an' they're goin' to put another on, so 't she kin git two or three Jersey cows. Ben — he's the oldest boy — he's gittin' along now so 't he'll soon be quite a help. An' a man from Chicago has wrote to her that he'll pay fancy prices, that's from five to ten cents more than the regular market price, for all that she kin make — *Butter!* didn't I say?" Mrs. Parks laughed. "But it's on condition that she gits the first premium on what she takes to the county fair this fall. Don't you think that's kind o' funny?"

Mrs. Warren started as if she had been struck with a club.

"Did ye prick ye?" Mrs. Parks asked.

"No."

"You jumped so I thought mebbe ye had." Mrs. Parks paused as if there were something she did not quite understand. Then she returned to the Chicago man. "I suppose he'll use the premium as a kind o' advertisement or something o' that sort. Emmy, she writes that she's goin' to do all 't she can to win it. She has got the seckent or third premium several times, — I don't know which, for I never paid much 'tention to that part o' the fair, not bein' a butter-maker myself. They've got one Jersey now, but they want to git two or three more. You don't know where they could git any, — good ones, — do you, Mis' Warren?"

Mrs. Warren started.

"What did you say? I was a thinkin' of — " Without deliberately saying so, Mrs. Warren hoped Mrs. Parks would infer that she was thinking of her work on the quilt. Her face showed unwonted confusion.

"I was speakin' of Mr. Parks's sister," the other explained, and repeated her question.

"Well, no, I don't," replied Mrs. Warren.

Through the remainder of the day Mrs. Warren showed a marked preoccupation. In the evening the husbands and sweethearts of those present came for their supper and to see the others safely home. Mrs. Denton had a moment alone with her mother while waiting outside the church for her husband to bring up their team.

"Did Asy tell ye 'bout Mis' Riggs goin' away?" she asked with a glad ring in her voice. "You'll be sure to win the premium this time, ma!"

"I don't know as I'll go into it this time," Mrs. Warren said, in what she tried to make a deliberative tone. "I've won a good many seckent premiums. That ought to do me, — an' now let some one else have a chanct."

"Why, ma!" the daughter cried at this sudden indifference.

"I don't say that I ain't a-goin' to try again. Mebbe I will, and mebbe I won't. I suppose there must come a time though when I won't."

Mrs. Warren showed an irritation that she could not have explained. Her daughter was sorely puzzled, and went away wondering "what had come over ma."

In the next few days Mrs. Warren was many times provoked at herself and annoyed at those about her. Often she petulantly declared to herself: "It does seem 's if you couldn't do as you wanted to, no how." At these times she thought that she wanted to give up the idea of competing again; but all the talking and planning in the family was toward another trial of her skill. Her heart was plainly divided against itself; for there were moments when she entered with them into the discussion with all her old-time zest. Then when alone she would find herself arguing:

"What do you want the premium for anyway? It won't do you any good 'cept to glory in. You've got a healthy man, an' a big farm 'thout no mortgage onto it, an' money in the bank, an' no fambly o' little children that's dependin' on you. An' there's Mis' Narmore!" Her conscience seemed to make her duty so plain that it tormented her, and she would go hotly to arguing on the other side, beginning with the statement: "But you hain't no call to give it up. You hain't the only one that's goin' agin' her. There's a plenty o' others. It's no sign because you've always been ahead o'

her, that you always will be. She's jest as liable to beat you this time as nothin'!" Trying to believe what she meant by this, she went steadily on with her preparations.

Mrs. Warren's charity was the brunt of many good-natured jests in the family. It was a standing joke with her husband that he was never sure of more of his clothing than he wore away with him. On Sundays Mina and her husband, Joe Denton, took their dinners with the old people. Joe, in relating the country-side gossip, told of Ned Sibley's sale of three Jersey cows to Mrs. Narmore of Barkdale; and he went on, giving in substance the pitiable story that Mrs. Parks had poured into Mrs. Warren's sympathetic ears.

"I was hopin' you wouldn't tell that," said Asa, who had previously heard the story. "Ma will be a-wantin' to show Mis' Narmore how to beat her now."

This brought out a laugh from all but the young man's mother. She resented it with more spirit than they were accustomed to seeing in her. "I guess your ma ain't a fool, quite!" she declared.

After this the sense of personal inability to give it up took firm possession of her; and under it she chafed the more because of her own divided heart. Once on the morrow, while working over the golden roll which was to bring her the long-coveted glory, she suddenly stopped and, looking straight before her, declared with a mingling of self-loathing and self-pity: "I feel like a thief. Pshaw!" she added presently, and pushed her work to completion.

Tuesday the fair opened. The Warrens were up before daylight, making preparations for the eighteen miles' drive to the county seat. The chief feature of the ride was dust. Far down the road, and on the cross-roads in every direction, little clouds showed where teams were hurrying along toward the centre of attraction. As they neared the grounds, these clouds came together, forming one blinding, choking mass, which settled on everybody and everything. But within the high board fence, beneath the pretty grove of maples where they hitched their team, they escaped all this. About them were hundreds, smiling, talking and laughing, in gala dress like themselves. It was the farmers' picnic-jubilee — the great event of all the year.

Mrs. Warren had seen that the butter was packed and placed in the coolest part of the wagon. She had told her people that she felt better satisfied with this churning than any she had ever taken before. She was confident and happy when she did not think of other things. But other things — a man with a "stroke," a farm with two mortgages, a family of hungry children, and a struggling wife and mother — came before her sympathetic mind, giving moments of acute suffering.

She left Mr. Warren now to go and spy out the situation in the neighborhood of the dairy shed. Her heavy figure made her course slow. There were scores of people she did not know; and the few she did know she failed to recognize because of the confusing kaleidoscopic aspect of the throng. Near the entrance some one clutched impetuously at her sleeve.

"You here! How d'ye do?"

It was Mrs. Parks, eager and delighted at finding some one she knew. She led Mrs. Warren to one side, out of the surging crowd.

"Mis' Warren, make you acquainted with Mr. Narmore," she said, introducing her to a pale-faced man in a wheel-chair. "Emmy, Mis' Narmore's gone inside to enter her butter," she explained to Mrs. Warren.

Mr. Narmore spoke in slow, feeble tones, looking at Mrs. Warren with intent, hollow eyes. "I'm acquainted with Mr. Warren. Is he here? I'd like to see him."

"I left him over t' the wagon," Mrs. Warren began.

"I can't git about as I once could," interrupted the invalid, his voice having the sound of a tired child. "It come on of a stroke. This is the first one; they say you have three."

Mrs. Warren stood looking on, helpless. Something in the movement of the crowd brought the ghost of a smile to Narmore's face. The smile cut straight to Mrs. Warren's heart.

"You had a dusty ride, I guess," he said, with an attempt at sociability, turning his hollow eyes and the ghostly smile on her.

"Yes," she said, swallowing half of the word. "I'll bring Mr. Warren."

She made her way back through the crowd with mammoth lunges. Her approach to the wagon was like that of an animal at bay. She found her husband looking into the mouth of a neighbor's horse.

"I ain't a-goin' to enter the butter!" she began, flushed and breathless. "If you an' the children are amin' to make a fuss about it you kin! *He's* over there in a wheel-chair; an' he wants to see you!"

"Who?" demanded Warren harshly, gathering excitement from his wife's appearance.

"Mr. Narmore."

"Oh!" — with a great down-come in his manner. "Oh!" he repeated, taking a step along the wagon. "Well — I guess there won't be any fuss. I guess ye kin do what ye're amin' to with yer own butter. He's over there, is he? An' wants to see me?" There was a shade of disappointment in his face as he hesitated a moment. "Well, — if he's over there an' wants to see me, I guess I'd better go."

Each Warren went his own way during the day, for each found the chief attraction in a different exhibit. Late in the afternoon Mina met her father as she was coming from the dairy shed.

"Hello, pa!" she called; and after they had passed a few words she added with a fresh interest: "I thought I'd know ma's butter anywheres, but I couldn't pick it out in there."

"Good reason why; she didn't enter it," he interrupted.

"She didn't! Why?"

"You heard that story Joe was a-tellin' about the Narmores las' Sunday? Well, she saw Narmore."

"In his chair with wheels?" Mina said, putting into a question what her father had omitted. "An' she felt sorry for them an' wouldn't compete?"

"I suppose so."

There was a common look of commiseration, in which the Narmores had only a share.

"Does Asy know it?" Mina asked.

"Yes."

"What 'd he say?"

"Well, — he was kind o' mad at first. But he said he guessed ma was right."

As they drove home through the dust and dark, none of them spoke of the matter which in thought occurred to all the oftenest. Mrs. Warren led the conversation. They caught up with Ned Sibley's people, and impressions of the fair were shouted back and forth. Mrs. Warren was very decided that it was the best they had ever held in the county.

"You'll likely go agin," Mrs. Sibley commented in a high voice.

"I mean to — I mean to go Friday if I kin," Mrs. Warren returned.

A night of rain intervened, making ideal conditions for their second visit. The committees of award had gone their rounds, and blue and red and white ribbons streamed from live-stock and fancy work, from farm machinery and big vegetables. Mrs. Warren separated herself early from the others and entered the dairy shed. Mrs. Narmore's butter wore the blue ribbon.

"She's got it!" she exulted with a holy pleasure. "I'm so glad!"

She moved ponderously from the hall, casting furtive glances on every side. She was rather surprised somewhat later, on meeting, one at a time, the members of her family, to find that they seemingly shared her enjoyment. Each greeted her with a glad "Ma, Mis' Narmore's got the first premium!" Then they fell to discussing the other awards. A better understanding seemed to have been reached by all. Their talk was open, free and joyous. Mrs. Warren led them in this, causing Mina once to remark, "Ma is gittin' quite giddy!"

Just before they were to leave for home Mrs. Warren strolled through the "Art Hall." Owners had already begun to remove their exhibits, and the bare walls and littered floor gave it a dreary aspect. Mrs. Warren stopped to study the pattern of a quilt which yet remained. The partition against which it hung was low, and voices on the other side claimed her attention.

"I'm so glad you got the first premium, Mis' Narmore. I was in hopes you would. Do you know,"—the speaker continued mysteriously,—"it's so funny! There Mis' Warren brought down a roll of butter, and never entered it! I wonder why?"

"Mebbe she knew what preparations I had made to win, and thought it wa'n't no use," replied Mrs. Narmore with a careless laugh. "Mebbe she didn't dast!"

Her voice had the high note of victory in it. The hot blood surged through Mrs. Warren's face. She caught her breath, and started wildly toward the speakers. She had no thought of what she should say or do; only a cruel hurt urged her on.

"Mis' Warren! Your man's waitin' for you out here with the team!" called Ned Sibley.

There was a hesitating moment; then she followed him. She caught a glimpse of her people through the open door, and the lines in her face changed.

"I don't have to tell them!" she said, hiding her feeling.

Mina saw the deep red in her mother's face as she dropped heavily into her seat. "Pa, you should 'a' driven up to the block, an' not make ma climb the wheel!" she said in protest.

A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN.

By Robert Beverly Hale.

MR. SWAN was reading the *Evening Transcript.* His wife was finishing a "concluded" story in a magazine. Their two daughters were busy at the other end of the room. Gladys was answering an invitation, and Alison was knitting her brows over Kidd's "Social Evolution." The door bell rang, and they all looked up.

"Is Mr. Swan at home?" inquired a voice. The utterance was rapid, but distinct.

"Yes, sir."

There was a moment's pause. Then the same voice could be heard again. "No; don't take me upstairs. Is Mr. Swan in here with the family?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I would rather see them all together. Kindly give Mr. and Mrs. Swan my card."

The family curiosity was excited, and Gladys did not run away, as she usually did when general visitors appeared. The servant brought in a card, and handed it to Mr. Swan. "Clinton Hathaway" was engraved on it, without any "Mr."

"Show him right in, Flora," Mr. Swan said.

Eight staring eyes were aimed at the doorway, and covered Mr. Hathaway the moment he entered. Mr. Clinton Hathaway was tall and very thin. His hair was light, and he wore spectacles, near-sighted ones, as you could see by the way he carried his head. He shook hands with Mr. Swan, who had risen to greet him.

"I took the liberty of asking to be shown in here because my business had to do with your family as well as yourself," the stranger said, speaking without the least embarrassment and making a

comprehensive bow. "I want to get you all to sign this petition." Here he took a long roll of paper from his pocket. "It is a petition asking that the Public Library with its branches may be kept open on holidays. Will you sign it?"

He looked about eagerly. The Swan family was puzzled and a little displeased at this strange person who had broken in upon them without an introduction. Mr. Swan took the petition and read it aloud. It was concise and well expressed. He noticed that it had already been signed by at least one member of every household on Newborough Street from number one up to number seventy-six. The Swans lived at seventy-seven.

"I see you've been quite successful in our neighborhood," said Mr. Swan, looking over his eye-glasses at the young man.

"Yes. I mean to get a signature from every house on the street."

The calm self-confidence with which the stranger spoke jarred on Mr. Swan. He gave back the paper. "No, Mr. Hathaway; I cannot conscientiously sign that petition," he said, with an emphasis that indicated a final decision.

Hathaway's eyes shone. He scented a struggle, and was evidently glad to feel it coming. "Why not?" he asked; and the two words sounded like successive revolver shots.

"Because the library employees need holidays as much as the rest of us," Mr. Swan replied, taking off his glasses and looking the stranger in the eye.

Hathaway made a deprecating gesture with his hand. "The library employees!" he said scornfully. "What do the handful of library employees amount to when compared with the whole population of the city of Boston? Nothing, sir! Take away a privilege from half a million persons in order to give one to a couple of dozen! You might as well close all the churches on Sunday, on the ground that the ministers have worked hard all the week and need a rest as much as other people. But you'll say Sundays are just the days when the churches ought to be open. Exactly; and holidays are the days of all days when the libraries ought to be open."

As Mr. Swan could think of no other answer, he coughed. Such a manœuvre, however, could hardly be considered a permanent reply. There was a moment of silence. Hathaway eyed his audience with the same expression which Horatius may be presumed to have worn when he defended the bridge. "There's for one Etruscan! Would any one else like to try his hand?"

Alison took up a pen, crossed the room, signed the petition, and went back to her seat.

Hathaway did not thank her. He merely held up the paper so that his near-sighted eyes could read the new signature, folded up the document, put it in his pocket, bade the Swans good night and withdrew.

Gladys Swan was considered by her admirers as "rather a remarkable girl." When those who held this opinion were asked what there was remarkable about her their answers were unsatisfactory. Her older sister Alison maintained that the only remarkable thing about Gladys was her remarkable laziness. From the time when she was twelve till the time when she was twenty-four, Alison had tried hard to make her read; and in these twelve years Gladys had read seventeen books. Of these she selected "Sartor Resartus" as her favorite. "It's like some people," she would say. "I didn't care much for it when I read it, but since then it grows on me." However this may have been, she never gave herself the treat of reading it a second time. One advantage at least she derived from her laziness; her constant antipathy to unnecessary exertion had made her every movement graceful. She was at her best in a ball-room, where her perfect taste in clothes, her pretty face, her elegant carriage and her vague reputation for remarkableness attracted perhaps five times as many young men as would have been allotted to her at a socialistic dancing party. One of these gentlemen, a certain Mr. E. Bacon Bacon, had the good fortune to affect her like "Sartor Resartus." She did not care for him much at first, but afterward he grew upon her. At the time of Clinton Hathaway's unexpected visit,

Mr. Bacon and Miss Gladys Swan were engaged.

A few days after the episode of the library petition, Mr. Bacon was waiting on the Swans' front doorstep for the servant to answer the bell, when he was startled by a long-legged apparition which came bounding up the steps two stairs at a time.

"Mr. Bacon, isn't it?" the new-comer inquired cheerfully. "You and I are bound for the same port."

Bacon looked at him coldly and said nothing.

The stranger laughed. "Well done!" he said. "You're a regular Bostonian, aren't you? — stony British stare and all!" Then turning to the servant, who opened the door at this juncture: "Tell Miss Alison Swan that Clinton Hathaway wants to see her."

Both young men were shown into the drawing-room. Hathaway instantly buried himself in an arm-chair and began to read a book of poetry. Bacon stood in the middle of the room, alternately looking at the pictures and scowling at Hathaway.

In a few minutes Alison came in. "How do you do, Mr. Hathaway?" she said, advancing cordially and shaking hands. "Have you met Mr. Bacon?"

Hathaway looked over his shoulder at Bacon and smiled. "Well, I don't exactly know how to answer your question," he said. "I've met him, but he hasn't met me."

Bacon scowled again, said he was very glad to meet Mr. Hathaway, asked after Gladys, who was down with the measles, and took his departure.

"That man's a fool," Hathaway observed, "and I'm glad he's gone. What I came for was this, Miss Swan. I've been reading your article on Woman Suffrage in the *Rostrum*. I like the spirit of it, but I want to point out a lot of mistakes. What on earth did you talk about George Eliot and Rosa Bonheur and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe for? That kind of thing is played out. You'd have done much better to talk about your own mother or mine. You've got ten times as much right to vote as that silly little E. Bacon Bacon who was just here; that's a point for woman suffrage. But Rosa Bonheur has nothing to do with the matter."

An ordinary young woman would have been upset by such a speech from a perfect stranger. Alison was delighted with its frankness. She thought a moment.

"Yes, I think you're right," she said slowly. "I was carried away by my desire to bring up examples of really great women. What else did you notice, Mr. Hathaway? You must know that I'm a very intimate friend of yours. Your 'Ideal World' is one of my bibles."

An hour later, when Mary came in to announce dinner, they were still talking. Alison asked Hathaway to stay to dinner, and he did so, much to the chagrin of Mr. Swan, who preferred to drink his claret without lectures on total abstinence.

After that Hathaway called on Alison very often. She was carried away with him, and could think of no greater pleasure than to have him find fault with her. Gladys could not bear him. Her knowledge on all sorts of topics was of the delightfully indefinite variety, the kind that has to be taken for granted. Hathaway took nothing for granted; and once he made fun of her ignorance so openly that Mr. Bacon, according to a subsequent declaration, "almost felt like doing something." Mr. Swan, after having been badly routed in two or three arguments with Hathaway, changed his tactics, and always read his newspaper when the young man was about.

"I know him," he said to his wife. "I've seen that sort of man before. If he'd lived before the war, he'd have been an abolitionist. Now he can't be that, so he makes up by being a woman-suffragist, socialist, land-taxite, Christian scientist, and probably a vegetarian and free-thinker."

In spite of this condemnation, Mrs. Swan could not help feeling a sense of fascination when the young man was about. She had a vague feeling that she would obey him if he told her to do anything. She was the only one of the family connection who was not disgusted when Alison announced that Mr. Clinton Hathaway and she were engaged.

Mr. Swan had always preferred Gladys to Alison. Gladys was healthy in her tastes, he would say. When she asked him for money, it was always for a bonnet, a dress, a theatre party or something sensible; Alison wanted it for the Associated Charities or to help "causes." He could give Gladys satisfactory little talks about being extravagant, and thus preserve the dignity of a father; Alison was so hopelessly virtuous and self-restrained that there was no bearing her. Extreme virtue in an individual is a tacit reproach to that individual's family; — at least, so Mr. Swan considered it. When Alison told him of her engagement, he forgot himself so far as to say that Hathaway was "not exactly a perfect gentleman, my dear."

Alison was exasperating enough not to lose her temper. "I know he isn't," she said quietly. "Clinton made up his mind some time ago that he'd rather be a man than a gentleman."

Mr. Swan looked at her for a moment to see if she was really his daughter, and then left the room. He was afraid, as he afterward acknowledged to his wife, that she was going on to say that her *fiancé* had decided to become a Mussulman. "Why couldn't she have chosen a sensible man, as her sister did?" the unhappy father exclaimed, pacing up and down the room angrily. "Bacon's conceited and a snob; but give him a cigar and an arm-chair, and at least he can keep his mouth shut. This Hathaway man won't even smoke!"

Mrs. Swan, although she listened sympathetically to this tirade, sympathized with Alison, too. In fact she infinitely preferred Hathaway to her other future son-in-law, whose single accomplishment of smoking was not, in her opinion, of sufficient importance to make up for his numerous shortcomings. She told Alison that she heartily approved the engagement, and that she hoped Mr. Hathaway would be her friend as well as her son-in-law. Alison, who was not accustomed to receiving sympathy, broke down under this unexpected kindness; and for once the two had a good cry together. Alison confided to her mother some of Clinton's schemes for reforming Boston; and Mrs. Swan was so much enchanted with them that she described them to her husband with many unconscious modifications. Mr. Swan, who was trying to go to sleep at the time, replied with a mingled growl and interjection, to which he often had recourse when displeased. His wife, however hard she might listen, could never quite make out whether it was merely a grunt, or was intended for a deliberate imprecation.

Mrs. Swan was a stout, middle-aged woman; and she looked so like other stout, middle-aged women that you felt, when you first met her, that there would not be the smallest chance of your recognizing her when you met her again. She was a woman after her husband's own heart, for there was nothing peculiar — some said nothing interesting — about her. Her occupations, so far as she had any, had always been strictly feminine and such as her conservative husband approved. She had taught a Sunday-school class for the first three years of her married life, and had given it up only when the cares incident to the bringing up of her children had proved too much for work of any other kind. Since her daughters had graduated from her supervision, she had looked about for some suitable occupation to take the place of her exertions in educating them. She had joined a magazine club, which subscribed to all the magazines and sent them about from member to member. She was now thinking of belonging to a reading club also; but it is a serious thing for a busy woman to give up one afternoon a week to reading, and she hesitated. For busy she certainly was, though she had nothing to do. "What with my housekeeping and shopping in the morning, and my social duties in the afternoon, my day's pretty well taken up without anything else," she once said to her husband. "And very well taken up, too," was Mr. Swan's reply.

Mrs. Swan never had shared her husband's feelings toward Alison; on the other hand, with a mother's instinct, she had early perceived that Alison was going to be queer and unpopular, and had tried to make up for it by being

especially considerate and affectionate to her older daughter. Alison repelled advances, but Mrs. Swan managed to do a great deal for her. It was owing to her influence that Mr. Swan was finally induced to let Alison go to Smith College, whence, according to him, she returned "with a pair of glasses on her nose, and crazy as a March hare." Mrs. Swan was very much afraid of Alison, and treated her with a great deal of respect, except in one particular. In the matter of clothes Alison was a child in her hands. Mrs. Swan selected everything that her intellectual daughter wore, and even compelled Alison to stand for hours while Madame Kellie tried on waists, sacques and overskirts; or to wait in torture at a store while her mother matched a piece of mauve ribbon. The result was that Alison, instead of looking like a woman who tried to dress badly, looked like a woman who tried to dress well.

Partly as a sort of payment for these services, and partly because she had no one else to confide in, Alison often made her mother a depositary of her charitable schemes and her aspirations for self-improvement. Her mother listened as sympathetically as she listened to her husband when he condemned the higher education of women. When Alison became engaged, these confidential interviews with her mother ceased; but instead Mrs. Swan was allowed to be present when Alison and Clinton discussed the reformation of the world and how it should be brought about. For Clinton and Alison were not one of the engaged couples who insist upon being alone. You did not have to scuff your feet or sing a song when you were approaching the room where they were talking, in order that they might have time to withdraw to a respectable distance from each other. Clinton was seldom demonstrative, and when he was, the presence of a third person had no effect whatever upon him. If he had chanced to be sitting with his arm round Alison when the Queen of England came in, he would not have withdrawn it, unless, it might be, to add the force of gesticulation to his denunciation of hereditary monarchy. But, as a matter of fact, very few demonstrations of affection passed between the lovers. They loved each other with their heads, as it were. Clinton was in love with Alison's mind, and gave just about as much thought to her physical attractions as he did to his own clothes.

Mrs. Swan liked to be present at their discussions. She listened in an entirely impersonal way, nodding approval occasionally when Clinton laid down the law. It never entered her head that she herself could ever have anything to do with such matters; but when she was with the two anarchists, as Mr. Swan called them, she heartily agreed with all their plans. If what they said was true, it was the duty of every grown person in the state to join in and work with them; and this doctrine, which they were continually laying down, Mrs. Swan came to accept as a commonplace. The idea that *she* should help them did not occur to her, — nor, for a long time, to them.

But it happened one day that Clinton, who was drawing a vivid picture of the contemptible sort of woman that centuries of female slavery had brought about, suddenly fixed his eyes on Mrs. Swan and realized that she was exactly the kind of person that he was talking about. Most men would have been embarrassed at such a discovery; Clinton was delighted. No thought of politeness to a hostess, chivalry to a woman, respect for an elder, or deference to Alison's mother stopped him for a moment. Not because he pitied her did he pause before attacking her, but only because he was intoxicated by the easily seized joy that lay within his grasp. He waited as a lion might crouch a moment longer than necessary before leaping on some particularly toothsome prey. He eyed Mrs. Swan, who was placidly knitting, as if she had been a serpent. She had suddenly become to him not a woman, but the representative of a class — a futile, feeble-minded, idle class that cumbered the world. Alison was weak enough to pity her unconscious mother; but there was that in Clinton's eye which forbade her to interfere. There was a pause for a moment while Mrs. Swan knitted on, as unconscious as Pompeii the day before its burial. When

she finished her row, she looked up to see why no one spoke. Then it was that Hathaway at last broke the silence.

"The middle-aged married woman is the failure of modern civilization!" he exclaimed, rising and pacing up and down the room. "She is an anomaly, — a thing for which no use can be found. She alone of all the men and women in the world is utterly, deplorably and persistently idle! The boy studies; the girl studies; the man works; single women work; young married women work; but *she* — at most she makes a call on some one even idler than herself!" Clinton brought out these last words with a savage sneer which made poor Mrs. Swan take out her handkerchief. "And is she ashamed of herself?" he continued, without stopping to notice his adversary's demoralization. "Does she cringe about, conscious of the fact that she alone of God's creatures has never earned the right to walk the earth? I ask you, *does* she?" he repeated, stamping his foot on the ground.

The only answer Mrs. Swan gave to this question was a little sob. Alison could not help reaching out and taking her hand. Clinton did not heed them. "Cringe? Not a bit of it!" he went on, walking the room again. "She swells up and down the street" — here he endeavored without much success to imitate the lady whom he was describing — "as if she would say: 'Look at me! Just think of the children I've brought into the world!' As if the world wasn't over-populated already! How does such a woman occupy herself? Perhaps half an hour is given to housekeeping, or more probably she assigns that duty to her children. The rest of the day she eats, drinks, sleeps and talks. So long as she had children to spoil and make as bad as herself, she at least had that excuse for existence; but when they are grown up, she merely looks at her husband working, while she grows fat! Why doesn't she work? 'I haven't got time,' she says. Time! Why that's all she has got! What does she do in the course of the day? All the morning she goes shopping — she might accomplish the same business with three postal cards in five minutes; in the afternoon she pays visits; in the evening she reads a magazine." Here he suddenly stopped in front of his victim. "I appeal to you, Mrs. Swan," he said. "Is not that the way you spend your time?"

Mrs. Swan nodded desperately, holding her handkerchief to her eyes. He had described her day exactly.

"I thank you," Clinton said, suddenly becoming more dignified. "I thank you for admitting the deplorable truth." Then, growing warm again: "I tell you, if the Socialists had their way — and some day they will — such creatures would be swept off the face of the earth!"

He stopped. Mrs. Swan dried her eyes and gradually became calmer. At last she was able to trust her voice.

"What ought I to do?" she asked timidly.

Clinton's face became transfigured. His voice shook with emotion. "What!" he cried joyfully. "Have I converted you? Are you willing to do your part? Oh, I can't tell you how happy I am! Work! That is all. Work at anything, no matter what. Don't stand idle all the day. Teach, learn, type-write, write shorthand, lecture, preach, anything and everything. Oh, Alison, I was never so happy in my life!"

When Clinton had gone, Mrs. Swan discussed with Alison what she had better do. She felt rather like a man who has "got religion" and doesn't quite know what to do with it.

"Lecturing and preaching are splendid things, of course," she said, "but I'm afraid I should never get quite accustomed to standing alone on a platform. I think perhaps I might learn to do type-writing."

Alison hesitated. She knew her mother better than Hathaway did, and could not imagine her doing work of any kind. However, she did not want to spoil Clinton's conversion.

"Yes, that would be splendid," she said, trying to be enthusiastic. "Papa'll buy you a type-writer, I'm sure."

The mention of her husband made Mrs. Swan feel uncomfortable. She was

in the position of a boy of fifteen who has decided to go to the war, but has not yet gone through the formality of telling his father. When she left her daughter, her enthusiasm had diminished perceptibly. That evening, as her husband sat just across the table reading his *Transcript*, she eyed him over her magazine, waiting with a beating heart for the right moment to accost him. At last he put down the paper and yawned. Her time had come.

"John, I don't think I've had quite enough to do lately," she said, beginning, as a woman is apt to do, at some distance from the subject she intended ultimately to arrive at.

Mr. Swan looked up surprised. "Why, Carrie," he said, "you told me only yesterday that you had to make three calls every day to keep your list from mounting up. It seems to me you've been busier than usual." He smiled, but she did not smile back.

"I've been thinking that I ought — I mean that I want to do something — to have some regular occupation. Would you object if I took up — well, say typewriting?"

Mr. Swan stared. "What on earth's got into you, Carrie?" he asked in astonishment.

"Oh, nothing, dear, nothing," Mrs. Swan said, looking round the room nervously. "Of course if you object — "

"Object? Why, Carrie, what an idea! You shall have a type-writer to-morrow if you really want it; but what put such a notion into your head?"

Mrs. Swan blushed and began to read her magazine. Her husband laughed, took up his paper, and started on a new column, glancing across the table from time to time. She felt his eyes, and colored, partly from embarrassment and partly from pleasure at having gained her point. John was such a good husband!

The next day the type-writer arrived. Mrs. Swan, though she was delighted with her husband's present, could make nothing of it alone, and was obliged to send to the place it came from for a man to come and teach her. That man had a hard time of it. It was not that Mrs. Swan was stupid; she was commonplace, not deficient in her abilities. But she was not accustomed to learning anything, and she always had had a horror of having the principle of any machine explained to her. Her instructor had the good sense to see that his three successive careful elucidations of the principle of the type-writer made no impression, and he finally contented himself with showing her how, if she pressed such and such a place, such and such a thing would happen. This suited her better. It was the way she had learned the sewing machine thirty years before.

"And if anything goes wrong, or I forget anything, I can send for you," she said, as the man stood mopping his brow before taking his departure.

"I guess you'd better send for my son Rudolph," the man said without giving his reasons for this suggestion. Rudolph was sent for the next day.

The habit of idleness is very much like other habits which get the upper hand of people, like smoking, drinking or opium eating, for instance; but it has one important difference. The reformed drunkard or opium eater is safe so long as he sits still and does nothing; the reformed idler must be continually exerting himself in order to escape his favorite vice. But it is not good fun to exert yourself. The moderator at a public meeting soon learns that if he wants a motion to be lost, he had better say that those in favor of it shall stand up, and those opposed shall remain sitting down. The average man has a marked tendency toward repose. The average middle-aged woman has even more; and Mrs. Swan was an average middle-aged woman.

Alison was amazed, however, to see how hard her mother worked. Mrs. Swan gave up three hours a day to her type-writer; and at the end of a month she could write twenty-five words a minute. Forty was what she was aiming at. Clinton had promised her all his lectures to copy for him as soon as she reached that point; and she meant to get some work from her husband, too. During the second month she worked on, but there was a difference in the way she worked. The machine had lost its fascination; and she no longer plied it eagerly as at first,

but like a slave. One day, when Clinton and Alison were safe in Fall River, she stole away after an hour's work and finished the afternoon at the Dexters' afternoon tea.

At last there came a day when Mrs. Swan timed herself and found she had written forty-five words in a minute. She tried again: forty-seven. Once more: this time, in spite of several long words, it was forty-four. She sat back in her chair and looked gloomily out of the window. It was raining, and the darkness of the afternoon and the noise of the water running down the water-spouts acted unpleasantly on her feelings. This ought to have been a moment of triumph, — and here she was feeling anything but triumphant. Why is it that we look back on success as a matter of course? We never should achieve it if we felt that way beforehand. Mrs. Swan thought with horror of the long hours of work which the future had in store for her. "And what good does it do?" she said aloud. Her back felt tired; her eyes were heavy. She rose and stood at the window listlessly, watching the waterproofed women shuffling along the glistening sidewalks. She could hear Alison's step coming along the hallway and into the room.

"I can write forty words a minute now, Alison," she said, without looking round.

"You don't mean it!" Alison exclaimed. "How splendid! Well, Clinton's got his essay on 'Improvement and Perfection' all ready for you. Oh, mamma, isn't it fine to work?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Swan absently, — and then wondered what had made her tell such a deliberate lie.

When Mr. Swan went upstairs to bed that night, he found his wife crying. She was trying to brush her hair, but every now and then the tears came so fast that she was obliged to put down her brush and give them her undivided attention. Mr. Swan felt that a crisis was at hand. He was not a man of quick perceptions; but he had had thirty years in which to perceive what sort of a woman his wife was, and, as her nature was far from complex, that time had sufficed to give him a good working acquaintance with her character. He had felt for weeks that something was on her mind; but he had thought it best not to question her. Now that her tears gave him a reason for speaking, he determined to probe the matter to the bottom. He drew up a chair and sat down beside her.

"What's the matter, dear?" he asked, taking her hand; and the irresolute way in which she replied "Nothing especial" convinced him that she really wanted him to persevere and find out what was the trouble. "It's something to do with the type-writer, isn't it?" he continued, studying her face with the hope of reading there whatever information she might try to withhold from him. Her lips moved, but she said nothing. He knew that he had guessed right. She would have contradicted him if he had been wrong. "Can't you master it, Carrie?" he inquired, putting his arm round her for the first time in a good many years. "Is it too hard for you?"

"Oh, it isn't that, it isn't that!" she faltered, dropping her head on his shoulder and bursting out crying afresh. "It's the work I've got to do, and the feeling that I can never stop, no matter how tired I am!"

"But why can't you stop, my dear child? Why in the world should you do any work anyway? We've got enough money to live on, thank God! It isn't your place to work."

"Oh, yes, it is," his wife interposed hurriedly. "Clinton said — " She stopped. She had never told her husband of her conversion to the gospel of work, knowing that he would disapprove. She stopped, — but she stopped too late.

"Clinton! Dbgh!" This is the nearest I can come to expressing Mr. Swan's imprecatory grunt. He rose and walked up and down the room in anger. "Well," he said, stopping at last in front of his wife and jamming his hands into his pockets, "so it was Clinton who made you get that bicyc — type-writer?"

Mrs. Swan was silent. Her husband went on as if she had answered. "It's Clinton who's made you tire yourself out like a galley slave! I've noticed that you haven't been yourself for the last three months." Again there was no answer.

"I suppose he wants you to kill yourself writing out his lectures on vegetarianism!" Mr. Swan continued savagely.

"Oh, no — at least — I'll tell you all about it," Mrs. Swan said, recovering herself with an effort and drying her eyes. She told her husband everything: how Clinton had converted her, how she had worked, and how she had grown tired of it. "I felt a little blue this evening," she concluded. "I shall be all ready for work to-morrow."

"I don't exactly see how you can work to-morrow, my dear," her husband said, smiling grimly, "for the type-writer's going back to the store to-morrow morning."

Having delivered himself of this speech, Mr. Swan took off his clothes with some unnecessary ferocity, and went to bed, where he soothed himself to sleep by a series of dubious interjections.

The next afternoon, when Mr. Swan came home from his business, he found Clinton and Alison sitting in the drawing-room. Clinton had a package of manuscript in his hand.

Mr. Swan assumed an air of affability. "Ah, what's that you've got there, Clinton?" he inquired. "One of your lectures against capitalists?"

"It's his lecture on 'Improvement and Perfection,'" Alison interposed; but her tact accomplished nothing, for Clinton blurted out: "Something I brought for your wife to type-write."

Mr. Swan laughed a little nervously. "Oh, that's too bad," he said with assumed sympathy, "for the type-writer was sent back to the store this very morning."

Hathaway was deceived by the sympathetic tone of voice. "Was there anything the matter with it?" he asked innocently.

Then at last a great thunder-cloud swept over Mr. Swan's face, and the storm burst.

"No, sir!" he said, increasing his anger by talking very loud. "No, sir, there was nothing the matter with it. But there's something the matter with Mrs. Swan, thanks to your kindness in telling her it was her duty to kill herself! What do you mean, sir, by persuading a woman of her age that it's her duty to break her back over one of your confounded lectures about how every one ought to be a Jerusalem wildcat? It isn't your fault that she isn't as crazy as you and Alison! If you'll leave my wife alone for the future, I'll be very much obliged to you!"

Clinton's anger at this attack was eclipsed by his joy at being in a fight. He sprang to his feet, to the terror of Alison, who was really afraid he was going to assault and batter her father. But he only walked rapidly about the room, and then stopped abruptly, looking Mr. Swan sternly in the eye.

"Thank you," he said; "thank you, Mr. Swan. Your remarks show how far human idiocy can go. Shorn of your comments on Alison's and my insanity, they consist of a demand for the reasons which impelled me to persuade your wife to commit suicide, and an intimation that you do not wish me to communicate with her in future. As to the first — "

Here he stopped, for Mr. Swan, seeing that he was in for a long argumentative discussion with Hathaway, a thing which he detested, turned away with an abrupt exclamation, and left the room. Like many another man he would rather be beaten than bored. Clinton had won many victories by talking well, and more by talking a great deal.

The next morning, a little after ten o'clock, Mrs. Swan was in the library chatting with Mr. Bacon Bacon. She liked to talk to him, for he was the only one of the family circle whom she felt to be her intellectual inferior. She had been in high spirits ever since her husband had vetoed her type-writing resolutions. She had the satisfaction of knowing in the first place that she had chosen the straight and narrow path, and in the second that she would never have to walk upon it. Her conscience was clear — at least — yes, her conscience was clear. The outer door opened; she heard a step on the stair — and suddenly her conscience was not clear at all.

Clinton strode into the room without noticing Bacon, and stood directly in front of Mrs. Swan, without speaking. She took out her handkerchief.

"Am I to understand that you've given up the idea of working?" Clinton said at last.

"Mr. Swan made me," Mrs. Swan answered, keeping back the tears with an effort. "It wasn't my fault."

"But do you want to work?" Hathaway continued, glaring at her through his terrible spectacles. "Weren't you glad when he sent that type-writer home?"

"Yes, I was," Mrs. Swan replied, rousing up all her courage, and sitting up straight. "And I'm not going to work a bit more. It isn't my place, anyway. My place is to stay at home and make my husband and children comfortable."

Clinton smiled coldly. "And three months from now," he said, "when your daughters are married, what will it be your place to do all day long while your husband is at the office? To read a magazine?" — he paused — "or match a ribbon, or go to a lunch party?"

Mrs. Swan said nothing. Those were exactly the things she meant to do. Bacon, who had been gradually bristling up at Clinton's insolent way of speaking, shouldered his way into the conversation at this point.

"Well, why shouldn't she?" he said, turning fiercely upon Hathaway. "Those are all very suitable things to do. It isn't a woman's place to work."

"Nor yours to talk," said Clinton, without looking round. "Now, Mrs. Swan, just one word before we leave this business, — for I don't propose to attack you again on the subject. There are two sorts of people in this world: those who do something, and those who don't. You have elected to belong to the latter kind. You're just an idle drone who crawls about and does nothing — very much like this little Bacon man here. If you were to die it wouldn't make any difference. Your husband would mourn you for a year, and at the end of that time he'd get another wife, maybe worse than you, maybe better. You don't amount to anything. If you'd never been born, everything would be just as it is now. I see now that I was wrong in trying to make anything out of you. I hoped that you were idle only because you did not know it was your duty to work. Now I perceive that the disease of doing nothing is so deeply ingrained in your system that it is impossible to kill it without killing you."

Mrs. Swan shuddered. She was too much frightened to cry. Clinton walked to the door, but turned before taking his departure.

"Good by, Mrs. Swan," he said quietly, "and remember your position. You and those like you are the camp-followers of the army of the world. Under the pretext of making the soldiers comfortable, you delay their progress, interfere with all their movements, and do your best to achieve their destruction."

Having finished what he had to say, Clinton went out of the room and downstairs. Mrs. Swan had retained sufficient consciousness to experience a distinct sense of relief when she heard the house door shut behind him.

"That man is no gentleman!" Mr. Bacon exclaimed, springing to his feet and pacing the floor as he had seen Hathaway do. "I almost thought of interrupting him or doing something. Don't mind what he said," he added, sitting down beside Mrs. Swan. "I approve of you, and I should be sorry if you died, — at least, you know what I mean. And as to working, I don't see why you should work. I don't work, and I don't think it's necessary."

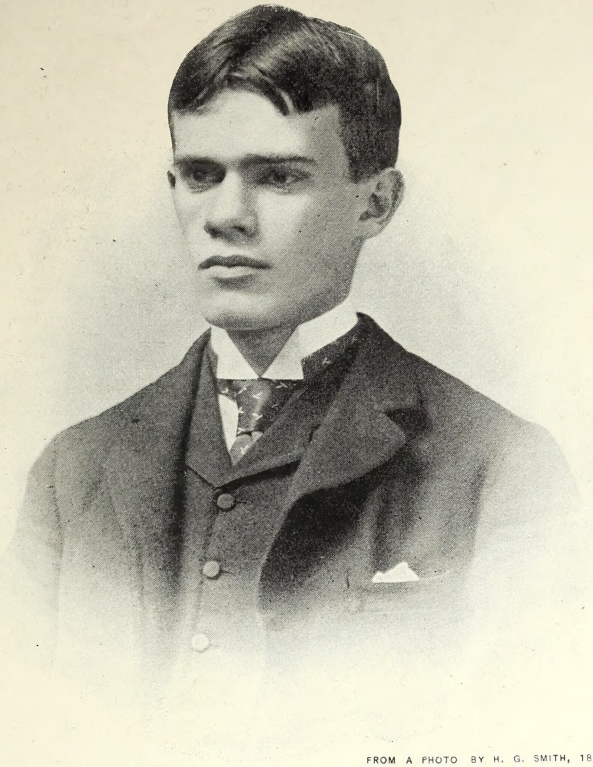
Mrs. Swan glanced up at her sympathizer, and then let her eyes fall. "There are two sorts of people in the world," Clinton had said, and he was right. There was the Clinton Hathaway sort and the E. Bacon Bacon sort. For better or worse, she had thrown in her lot with the Bacon sort. She rose with an effort and looked at him again. He was not so intellectual-looking as Clinton, but he was decidedly better dressed.

"Have you anything especial to do just now?" she inquired, with an almost imperceptible note of sarcasm in her voice.

"No, nothing at all. I never have in the morning."

"Well, won't you take me round to see Virginia Pratt's wedding presents? Gladys says they're splendid."

Robert Beverly Hale, whose early death is so widely mourned, was born September 5, 1869, and had therefore but just passed his twenty-sixth birthday at the time of his death, October 6, 1895. He graduated from the Roxbury Latin School in 1887, and from Harvard College in 1891. The portrait accompanying this story, which is his best portrait, belongs to the period of his life as a student at Harvard. After his graduation he devoted himself largely to literary work. He published a little volume of poems in 1893, and he contributed many stories to the magazines and newspapers. Six of his stories, including the present one, have appeared in our own pages: "Fools Who Came to Scoff" in the number for October, 1892; "Antæus in Love" in February, 1894; "Charlie Miller" in May, 1894; "Untaught by Experience" in December, 1894; and "Esther" in July and August, 1895. The present story was sent to us early in September, just before his illness, and was undoubtedly his last considerable piece of writing. His stories are original and notably ingenious; they have humor, and they have a purpose. He had his father's literary genius in marked degree. He also had his father's warm humanitarianism and devotion to reform. As his mind wandered the night before he died, evidently exercised with the problem of his career, he exclaimed brokenly: "Literature is worthless unless the author is working for the right. . . . What I am seeking is the right — I am at work for that." He was an earnest member of the Boston Municipal League; and at the time of his death he was deeply interested with other young men in plans for a new social settlement in Boston, which it was his own purpose to join. His life was not only full of literary promise; it was full of promise also for the cause of social progress; and his death in the very morning of his career is a public loss. — EDITOR.



FROM A PHOTO BY H. G. SMITH, 1888.

Always Cordially Yours,

Robert Beverly Hale



YANKEE DOODLE.

FROM THE PAINTING BY A. M. WILLARD IN ABBOT HALL, MARBLEHEAD, MASS.

THE PAINTER OF "YANKEE DOODLE."

By James F. Ryder.

IN 1836, at Bedford, Ohio, a dozen miles from Cleveland, was born Archibald M. Willard. He was one of several children, the son of a Baptist minister of much force, an austere and dignified man, as became the cloth in those days. Such advantages of education as were offered in a small village in a comparatively new country the boy was given. He was fond of study, and, encouraged by his father, who assisted him over rough places, he made fair progress. His grandfather Willard, a relative of General Stark and a soldier of the Revolution, one of the "Green Mountain boys," who was at the surrender of Burgoyne, was a member of the family. The old soldier and the boy were great friends. A comradeship was established between them, quite unusual between persons of such different ages. The boy wanted stories of the war; the old man was ever ready to give them, and many were the battles fought before bedtime during the long winter evenings.

Through Bedford runs Tinker's Creek, a stream of especial beauty, placid through the fields, wild through the deep gorge which leads away past the village. Much time was spent by the old man and the boy in the shadows of the picturesque ravine. The lad was happy in the rugged surroundings. They were an appeal to an artistic sense in his nature, which was thus early developing. The old man was in sympathy with the boy as far as he could understand. He respected the visionary tendency of the young mind as something beyond him. In speaking of it he said, "Archibald is a great hand to see pictures; he sees them in the trees, in the clouds, in the turns of the creek, where I would never think of looking." Smooth surfaces of wall, barn doors and board fences about Bedford town attested the promptings of budding genius in the coming artist. The old soldier was not neglected in these outbursts of talent; he figured often in the boy's cartoons.

Frequent changes in residence were the lot of the Baptist minister; and before the son was nineteen years old he had been moved about with the family in sundry ways, until at last they were settled permanently at Wellington. The father was not able to give the son an art education, and so evident was it that he must depend upon his own exertions, that he determined upon apprenticing himself to a decorative painter, Mr. E. S. Tripp, in a wagon and carriage manufactory in the village. He quickly outstripped his master in ability, and proved a valuable acquisition. His fame soon brought wagons to be built and to be painted, even from adjoining states. Peddling-wagons with pretty vignette landscapes and animals' heads were the admiration of the people about the country.

Presently the youth took courage to try portrait painting, and was successful beyond the expectation of himself and his friends. Wellington was proud of Willard; he was Willard of Wellington. Here he lost his heart, and, getting married, settled down to domestic life. Soon after came on the War of the Rebellion. He responded to the call for soldiers, enlisted in the eighty-sixth Ohio regiment, and as color-bearer followed the fortunes of the regiment through the struggle.

The war over, he returned to Wellington, taking up again the line of his former work and study.

Soon after the close of the war, Mr. Willard attempted to portray on canvas some of its most thrilling scenes as he had witnessed and sketched them, making a panorama which was exhibited in several small towns near his home. The venture was not a financial success. The war was too recent, and people's hearts were too sore. Had the paintings been preserved, they might well afford matter interesting at this day; but the paint was

washed out to save the cotton cloth, which in that day of inflated values cost too much to be lost by an artist of slender means. Some sketches were photographed, however, and met with a fair demand.

It was about this time that the writer made the acquaintance of Mr. Willard.



ARCHIBALD M. WILLARD.

The intimate relation which followed, extending over many years, is the excuse, if excuse be needed, for frequent personal reference. Seeing advantage in his removal to Cleveland, I urged this upon him; and he left the paint-shop and took a studio in Cleveland. Giving his entire attention to study and designing, he advanced rapidly toward better art. His strength lay peculiarly in the humorous; yet he was equally fortunate in expressing force and power.

His first real success was in the companion pictures entitled "Pluck," telling the story of the children taking a ride in the dog-wagon, when a rabbit came running past and the dog, true to his instincts and forgetful of his passengers, gave chase. Everybody remembers the pictures, which gave such amusement and delight to the public twenty odd years ago, and which, reproduced in



THE DRUMMER'S LATEST YARN.

chromos, found their way into a thousand homes.

These pictures were Willard's real introduction to the public. One point touching their history is interesting. A little daughter of Mr. Tripp — for it was before leaving Wellington that Mr. Willard did this work — found a picture in a child's paper, *The Nursery*, which she took to the shop and asked Mr. Willard to enlarge for her. He took the picture and developed the idea suggested by it, making the first picture of the pair. It was sent to me to be framed, and when placed in my window attracted so much attention that I informed the artist that I could not let it go. The little girl insisted upon having her picture, and he painted another for her, and added the companion picture. The pictures are so well known that it is not necessary to reproduce them here. Deficient as they may be in points of technique, they are interesting on account of their position in Mr. Willard's development.

The phenomenal success of the publication of "Pluck" naturally led to other pictures. The artist had, as a story-teller with the brush, felt the pulse of the public. He found the public liked to laugh, and was encouraged to go farther in the same direction. One day he brought in to me a painting representing, in a room in a farmhouse which was evidently at once kitchen, dining-room and parlor, a family upon their knees at prayer, — the supplicant, the father of the family, with a cat upon his back and the mischievous boys setting the small dog upon the cat. It was the most laughable situation possible; but I felt that it would not do to publish the picture. I feared that what might seem a possible sacrilegious tinge might prove disastrous to its success. After hesitating over it for several days, it occurred to me that Bret Harte, who had in many ways shown his ability to skim over the thin ice of public opinion in matters of religious sentiment, might prove a valuable ally. So with a letter in my pocket to Mr. Harte from Captain Frank H. Mason (now United States consul at Frankfort), I started with Mr. Willard for New York, — he to make some studies with certain prominent artists, and I to pave the way to Mr. Harte's launching the picture safely upon the public.

I found the famous author, delivered my letter and showed him a photograph of the painting, which amused him greatly. I told him I wanted that picture made the subject of a poem in his peculiar vein. He said he would try it. The business details were arranged



PITCHING THE TUNE.

to our mutual satisfaction, and he agreed to meet me three days later at a certain bookstore in Broadway, which he made headquarters when in the city. He came at the appointed time with his poem, and read it to me, bubbling over with laughter as he read. He had named the poem "Deacon Jones's Experience,"— and of course that named the picture. About a month before the picture was issued, I turned the poem over to the press of the country. It was widely read, copied everywhere, and smoothed the way for the picture, which came as an illustration to Bret Harte's poem, and was a pronounced success. I was amused to observe that a certain good clergyman of our city of Cleveland made occasional visits to my gallery, generally accompanied by a visiting brother, a different one each time, from some other city. The good doctor would quietly ask me to show them "Family Prayers," as he called it; and the laughter they gave to the deacon in his dilemma was good to hear. I was made to feel by the good doctor's hearty pleasure in the amusing situation portrayed that no harm was in it.

It cannot be said that "Deacon Jones's Experience" was artistically an advance upon "Pluck." "The Drummer's Latest Yarn" was better, and it is reproduced here as an illustration of Mr. Willard's comic vein. A most amusing and excellent picture is "Pitching the Tune," a study of the choir in a country church; and this is doubly interesting because the old minister in the picture is a portrait of the painter's father, the original of the old drummer in "Yankee Doodle."

In contrast to these lighter subjects, a notable example of Willard's work, and a painting of real power delineating intense and painful feeling, was his next essay. It was suggested by John Hay's poem, "Jim Bludso," and illustrated the lines:

> "A thousand times he swore
> He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
> Till the last soul got ashore."

The hero, Jim, is standing at his post like a rock, the cruel flames roasting him, dying that his passengers might live. This painting is owned by the poet John Hay. The keen, hard look of the man who "warn't no saint," but who

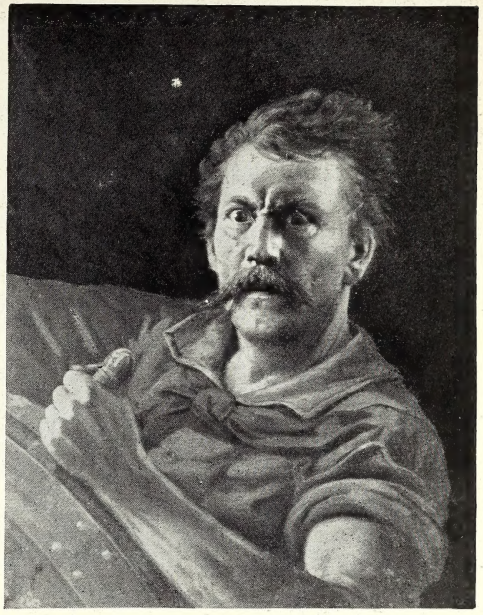
> "seen his duty a dead sure thing,
> An' went fur it thar an' then,"

seeing not the flame and feeling not its hot breath, but piercing the smoke and darkness to discern the bank against which to hold the prow of his boat, has in it something of the inflexible courage which, in a purer and higher form, shows itself in the face of the old man in "Yankee Doodle."

Another painting of great strength is his "Minute Men of the Revolution." It is alive with patriotic force and feeling, and true to the spirit of '76. It was painted in memory of the grandfather's stories to the boy listener. It is now in possession of the artist at his home in Cleveland.

His greatest achievement and his crowning success, however, came in 1875, when the centennial of American independence was approaching. He was deeply stirred by the impulse to do something to mark the great event. He wished to express in a painting for publication the highest sense of patriotic fervor. For weeks it was a problem with the artist how he could represent "Yankee Doodle," the illustration of the spirit of '76, in a painting. His leaning was to the humorous. Most subjects to him had a funny side, and he instinctively drifted in that direction. It occurred to him now that a fife and drum band could be made to meet the want, and he expected it to take a humorous turn. In his mind he reverted to the extravagant demonstrations sometimes seen at Fourth of July parades in villages where he had lived. He remembered a festive fifer whose caperings were marked and unusual, who, to give expression to his exhilaration and enthusiasm, would cut a pigeon-wing to the music of his fife. Among drummers he had seen high steppers, head tossers and arm threshers. Among the more expert was a certain peculiar character called three-fingered Jack, who varied the roll by beating at intervals upon the chine of his drum instead of the head, securing a variety of tone quite effective and sometimes rather startling. He was in the habit also of throwing his stick into the air to perform a succession of summersaults and be caught on its way down and driven into the roll again without missing a note, as if nothing had happened. Of such a group of marchers it was hoped by Mr. Willard to tell the story.

Now began the work of preliminary sketching by which to feel his way and determine the subject. Many sketches were made and thrown aside as unsatisfactory. The extravagant and funny groups would not respond. He could not suit himself. The humorous vein of his crayon was "off." The drawings were vigorous, but they were quite lacking in his strong point of fun. At last he felt rebuked at trifling with a subject so serious. He saw that to construe it in a humorous way was out of the question. And now came to him the true spirit of patriotic fire. A subject noble and impressive was to be rendered through his hand. The sketches from now on were endowed with a force and meaning quite lacking in his former efforts. He caught his theme with a strong grasp, carrying it through repeated sketches, each improved upon the last, until his design was well established.



JIM BLUDSO.

The selection of models now began. Unconsciously, perhaps, in his preliminary

sketches he had embodied something of his own father for the old man drummer. The forceful and determined character of his father well answered the requirement, and to the memory of him he turned for inspiration and reliance. The old drummer of the picture is almost his father's portrait. His father was taken ill while he was painting the picture. For many weeks the painter divided his time between the studio where his masterpiece was under way and the bedside of his dying father. His father died about the time the picture was completed.



THE MINUTE MAN.

For the fifer he chose an old farmer soldier who had blown his fife through the wars, its shrill notes bracing the weary legs of the marching soldiers. Brave old Hugh Mosher, who had carried musket as well as fife, who would any day lose his dinner to blow at the head of a file of soldiers, felt honored in being chosen to represent a character in "Yankee Doodle." He became inseparably identified with his *alter ego* in the picture, was recognized at the Centennial from the resemblance, and tendered an impromptu ovation; and when he died a few years ago, August, 1892, his death was noted in the papers throughout the country.* The boy drummer was found in young Harry Devereux, the brightest boy in the Brooks Military School of Cleveland, son of the late General J. H. Devereux, who fought in the War of the Rebellion. When asked if his son could be permitted to pose for the boy drummer, General Devereux expressed much pleasure in the compliment to his son, and his pride to have him so honored.

* Hugh Mosher was born at Perry, Lake County, Ohio, January 29, 1819, and died at Brighton, Ohio, August 15, 1892. His father served in the Mexican War, and his grandfather had served in the Revolution. He himself enlisted for the War of the Rebellion, and became fifer of Company H, Forty-third Regiment Ohio Volunteers. He never fully recovered from the effects of his army hardships. He was the most noted and probably the best fifer in northern Ohio, and was sent for far and wide to attend local patriotic celebrations. He was thoroughly patriotic, and in his last illness deeply regretted his inability to attend an unusually large celebration of the Fourth of July in the town of Wellington. He was justly proud of his portrait in "Yankee Doodle." His death was widely mourned, for his picturesque figure had stood, as in the picture it still stands, for an exalted type of patriotism. His coffin was wreathed in the American flag, upon which lay his fife, and above was hung the picture, which we present, of Mr. Mosher with his fife.

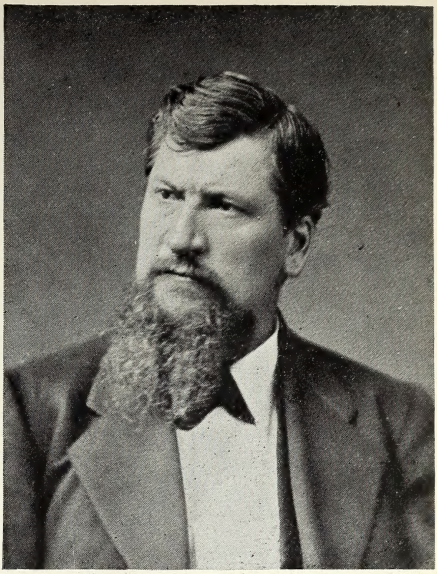
Several preliminary sketches were made, the last of which, here reproduced, is now owned by Rev. William E. Barton of Boston. It embodies essentially the ideas wrought out in the oil, but presents a few interesting variations. The drummer boy is a head shorter, and his face is in the shadow, nothing being shown in it except the intent look into the old man's face. The dying man is needlessly prominent in the foreground, — a mistake corrected in the large painting, with the addition of the dismantled cannon. But there is one feature which the oil could not improve, — the face of the old man. In the crayon sketch it shows features which could be kind, but now are set like a flint in the face of the enemy. It is not the unreasoning courage of the professional soldier, —

> "Theirs not to make reply,
> Theirs not to reason why,"

— but the courage of a man who has put character and thought and prayer into the music through which he utters his patriotic purpose. Those three men will stand and play until they die, or by their contagious heroism will turn the tide of battle, because of the qualities which exhibit themselves in the face of the old man and, transmitted to his son and his son's son, manifest themselves in the rugged features of the wounded fifer and the rapt look and undaunted courage of the boy.

Mr. Barton also owns the picture, "The Fourth of July Musicians," which is here presented as the first of the series out of which came "Yankee Doodle." The evolution of this picture as here illustrated is a most interesting study. "From the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step," and of this truth there are abundant illustrations. But where shall a better illustration be found of the converse truth, that sometimes we may pass from the ridiculous to the sublime? "The Fourth of July Musicians" taken alone would be worthy of attention, but as containing the germinal idea of "Yankee Doodle" it affords an unusual opportunity for comparison and reflection upon the similarities and differences of the effervescent patriotism of the Fourth of July and the different, yet not wholly dissimilar, patriotism of the citizen soldier.

The work was now begun in earnest. The idea of the artist in painting the picture was to concentrate all the determination and enthusiasm possible in a few figures. No field afforded a better subject than the Revolution, with its determined old heroes and the air of "Yankee Doodle" to rouse them to the highest pitch of enthusiasm.



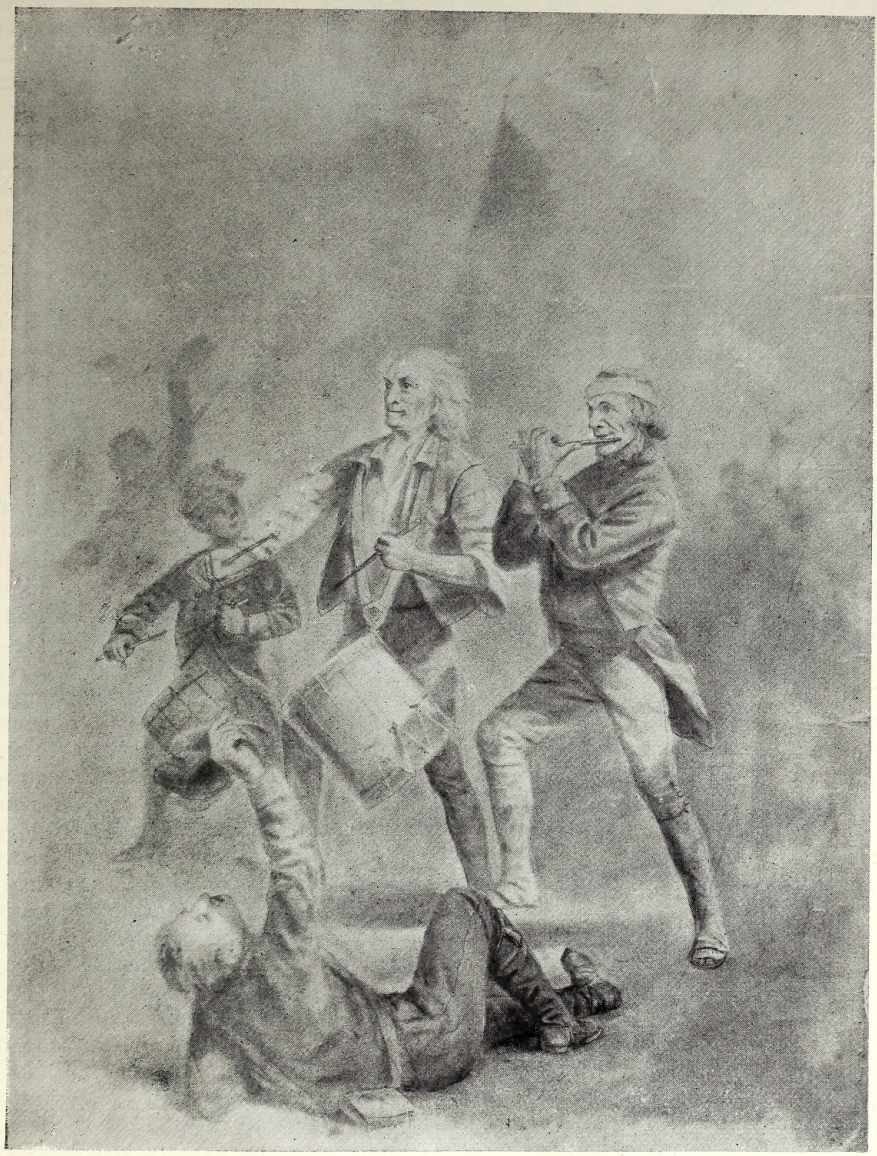
MR. WILLARD AT THE TIME OF THE PAINTING OF "YANKEE DOODLE."

The three chief figures meet all the requirements of the situation, and are in true keeping with the surroundings. Over them lower the clouds of smoke from a battle-field toward which they are marching. Behind them a few brave Continentals struggle up the hill, while by the side of a dismantled cannon lies a wounded soldier who raises himself on his elbow to give a last cheer to the stirring strains of "Yankee Doodle." The lines have evidently been forced back. The dying soldier and the broken cannon show where the line has stood. The other soldiers have been retreating. But the three musicians advance, and the sound of their music thrills the retreating troops with new courage. Hats are in the air; the flag has turned; the



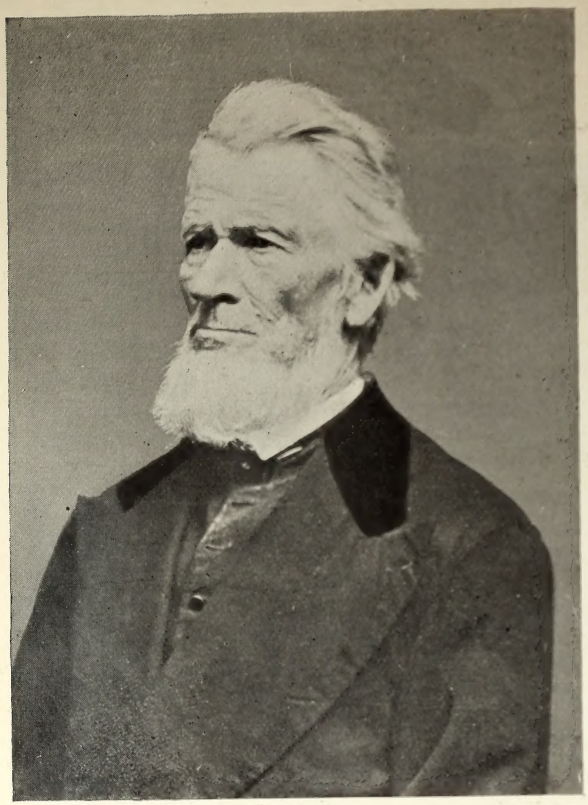
"THE FOURTH OF JULY MUSICIANS." THE FIRST IDEA OF "YANKEE DOODLE."

IN POSSESSION OF REV. W. E. BARTON, BOSTON, MASS.



THE FINAL CRAYON SKETCH FOR THE PAINTING.

IN POSSESSION OF REV. WILLIAM E. BARTON.



THE FATHER OF THE ARTIST.

THE ORIGINAL OF THE OLD DRUMMER IN "YANKEE DOODLE."

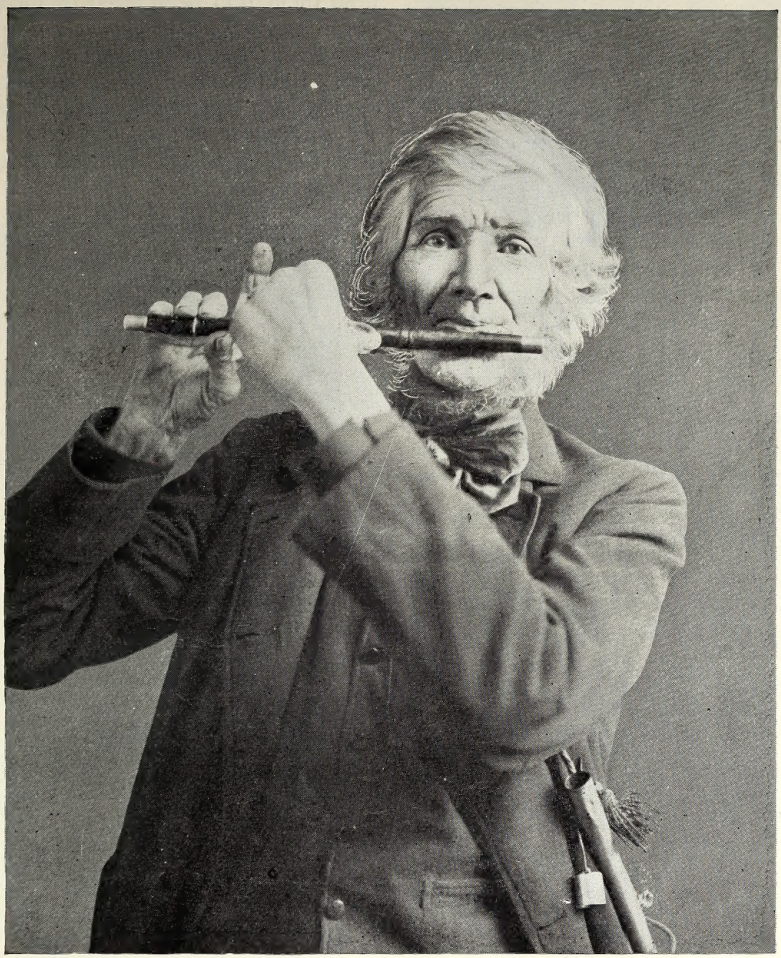
threatened defeat is about to become a victory. The dying man raises himself to cheer. The trio of homespun musicians are discoursing with all their might that music whose shrill melody is so surcharged with patriotism. The old drummer in the centre, bareheaded, grand in his fearlessness, without coat, one sleeve rolled up as though he had turned from the plough to grasp the drumsticks, his white hair blown in the air, his eyes set close and defiant as though he saw the danger and feared it not, the sharp lines about his mouth showing a fixed determination, — all combine to make up that wonderful figure in our history which no rags could degrade nor splendor ennoble — the Continental soldier.

On the left of the brave old drummer is the fifer, who seems to have come to blow his fife, and he will do it as well here among the flying bullets as in the porch of his cottage. His eyes are fixed toward the sky as though reading the notes of his music on the clouds. Around his brow is a blood-stained handkerchief, which tells of the bullet which grazed yet spared him. His whole energy is poured into the reed at his lips, and one can almost hear the shrill notes of "Yankee Doodle" above the noise of battle.

On the right of the old man marches a boy, hardly in his teens, whose drum keeps time to the beat of the other. His face is upturned to the old man, perhaps his grandfather, as if to question perhaps the route or the danger ahead, but still with a look of rapt inspiration. No shade of fear lurks in his calm eyes, while the "*rub-a-dub*" of his little drum sounds as clear and distinct as the heavier roll of the aged drummer.

The entire group is conceived with a fervid sympathy which makes the observer concede sure victory to the combatants; victory also to the artist. The man who had carried the stars and stripes, marching under the same thrilling tune, put his heart into the picture. The work was an inspiration. Mr. Willard had no thought of depicting three generations of one family, but the inference is so natural that he has cheerfully adopted it from others.

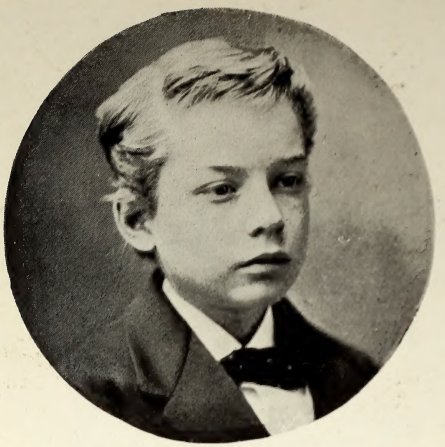
The canvas is large and the figures are heroic in size. When finished, the picture was placed in the show window of my art store in Cleveland. The crowds which gathered about it blockaded the entrance to the gallery and obstructed the sidewalk to such an extent that it was found necessary to remove it from the window to the rear of the store, where it was on exhibition for several days, during which time all business in the store was discontinued on account of



FROM A PHOTO. BY W. L. SAWTELL, WELLINGTON, OHIO.

HUGH MOSHER.

THE ORIGINAL OF THE FIFER IN "YANKEE DOODLE."



HARRY DEVEREUX.

THE ORIGINAL OF THE DRUMMER BOY IN "YANKEE DOODLE."

the crowds, which filled the place. The interest and enthusiasm which it created were remarkable. The late Right Reverned Bishop Bedell was a daily visitor, and frequently spent an entire half day, so deeply was he impressed.

The painting was finally sent to the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia and prominently placed in Memorial Hall, where it created so notable interest throughout the exposition, after which by earnest request it was taken to Boston and exhibited for several weeks in the Old South Meeting-House. From there it was taken to the Corcoran Gallery at Washington, thence to Chicago, San Francisco and other cities, always by request, — so great was the desire of the public to see the painting which had such welcome in the hearts of patriotic people. At last it found a permanent home in Abbot Hall at Marblehead, Massachusetts, the gift to that old town of the late General J. H. Devereux, who purchased it from Mr. Willard, to present it to the town of his birth. It stands in the old hall which breathes of historic patriotism. It is the pride of the people of Marblehead and of all Americans who visit it.

Pictures are painted by artists of great skill, possessing qualities of technique, of method, valuable beyond the works of other artists; pictures which give pleasure to experts and connoisseurs. In the midst of such works "Yankee Doodle" has stood. The eye has wandered from them, and been awed by the grandeur of the old man, by the force of the fervid and devoted group, by the spirit which informs the whole great work. Mr. Willard with his powerful but, perhaps, less finished touch did more than please the eye of experts; he stirred the heart of a nation.



HARRY DEVEREUX IN 1878.

THE PASSING OF THE CLERICAL MAN OF THE WORLD.

By Robert Drail.

NOT long ago an article appeared in one of the magazines, commenting upon the incomplete education of the clergy of the day. The underlying argument of the writer was that the pulpit lacked influence on account of the meagre intellectual equipment of its occupants. To those who can look back to the time when the ministers of any standing in New England were almost without exception college-bred men, and who remember that both Harvard and Yale were founded and supported mainly to supply an educated clergy, — to them, no doubt, the contention of the writer of the article seemed a fair one. A far more important factor in the problem, however, and the factor which makes far more than any other for the abiding influence of the clergyman, of whatever school of theology, is not so much his mental training as his unworldliness.

The most noticeable change in the ecclesiastical world during the last twenty years has been the rise and the popularity, not entirely disappeared, of the clerical man of the world. Methodism, the Calvinistic revival led by Jonathan Edwards, the Tractarian movement in England, Transcendentalism, with all the effeminate vagaries which accompanied it, and later the over-wrought religious condition produced by Moody-and-Sankeyism in America, were followed (indeed the era had its beginnings long before) by a kind of religious restoration period, in which May-poles and plum-pudding were not only permitted but fostered, and where the anecdotal and ostentatiously cheerful parson, followed a little later by the clerical man of the world, became the prominent and applauded figures.

This worldliness assumed and assumes to-day many phases. The clerical man of the world — and he is found, be it said, distributed impartially among pretty much all the denominations which can afford him — enters the field of purely secular literature to write novels, short stories and essays, and in many instances which could be cited he contributes regularly to the newspaper press; in mentioning which we do not of course fail to remember that the very noblest of clerical men do all these things upon occasion in a noble way. He does this kind of work not as a cleric, but as a layman, and treats his subjects avowedly from the layman's standpoint; indeed he prides himself upon the clever concealment of the shaven crown of the priest beneath the jaunty wide-awake of the secular journalist. Should he feel it to be incumbent upon him to excuse this direction of his energies, his defence makes it even more clear that the clergyman deems the world to be his oyster in these days; for he either frankly admits that he wants the money or assumes — what seems to be the case and the point of this article — that conditions have changed and that the clergyman is no longer confined to the study and exposition of the things of God. If he be of a philosophical turn of mind, he argues, in a diluted pantheistic style, that God is in all and everywhere, and that the study of this world is as much his legitimate business as the preparation of his flock for another world. If the result of this philosophy is, logically enough to the lay mind, to empty his church, — since, if this be true, then every man's own interests may be justifiably his own religion, — he has his own arguments to thank for it. By all of which, let us again interject, we are not urging that it is not in order for the clergyman to attend to this life and this world.

It is in the social world that the posi-

tion of the clerical man of the world puts him most *en évidence*. Public dinners and private dinners are not complete without him. He says "grace," and tells stories; and in all the larger cities of America the clerical after-dinner speakers rank among the most popular entertainers of the day. During the winter season many men of this stamp are as much engaged and overrun with invitations as the son of an English duke on a visit to New York. It matters little what the dinner is. From the annual meeting of a Boot and Shoe Travellers' League to the Irishmen's dinner on St. Patrick's Day, our clerical worldling is there; and with half a dozen puns, some new stories and clever hits upon the passing topics of the street, the market, the drawing-room, the foot-ball field and the political arena, he holds his own against whomsoever it may be. Nor does he confine himself to these public appearances. He scarce has time to change the evening clothes he wears at the opera of a Saturday night before he must don the cassock in which he appears on Sunday morning. He goes to see Coquelin, Irving and Bernhardt as a matter of course; and Dixey, and perhaps Théo, as a matter of audacity. He drops in at afternoon teas; and his purely social duties requiring attendance — according to this new code of clerical etiquette — at dinners and dances and weddings, the theatre, the horse-show, the foot-ball and base-ball matches, little time or tranquillity of mind surely can be left for pious meditation.

There are still other forms which this new fashion of worldliness takes. The clerical man of the world is a yacht owner, and sails his boat *alongside* of other boats, though not of course *against* them, rejoicing nevertheless at any casual indication that his boat is faster than her rivals — or companions, as he calls them. He is a fisherman, a daring rider, a good shot with rifle and shot-gun, a tennis player; he sometimes even spars, — just for exercise; and he is a member of, not one, but sometimes half a dozen clubs. No man about town is so well known — not to church-goers especially, but to men and women who seldom go to church — as is this busy cleric, whose social position and multitudinous variety of interests bring him into constant contact with all sorts and conditions of men.

In line with this aspect of the case is the singular desire on the part of city congregations to procure young men, and if possible athletic young men, to preside over the destinies of their parishes. Half-backs on victorious foot-ball elevens, pitchers on college base-ball nines, are advertised to speak at this or that religious meeting. Brawn usurps the preeminence that has been hitherto the distinction of brains and personal piety; and ecclesiastical neophytes go a-candidating with a tennis racquet instead of a Greek Testament, and a base-ball bat instead of a prayer-book. By which, once more, we are not saying that a minister may never handle a racquet or has no right to outdoor life.

The Anglo-Saxon, whether in Great Britain or in America, is a creature of a vast amount of common sense, and he prevails over absurd political and religious systems therewith. He recognizes that this modern method of salvation has certain fascinating and superficially successful elements, and the success is, in his eyes, at the first blush, a mitigation of the superficiality. No doubt the younger members of the churches are drawn toward this dashing young ecclesiastical gladiator. Men of the world also are surprised at first, and then rather pleased to find that the complexities of theology and the stern demands of the religious life are not what they had supposed and feared. Surely this first-rate yachtsman, this adventurous hunter, who returns from the wild West with skins and heads, this breezy young wielder of racquet and base-ball bat, can hardly be the representative of a creed that is very complicated, of a morality that is very restricted or difficult, or of a religious temper of mind that is very ghostly. As a consequence of this personal liking there follows, on the part of this class of persons, a certain allegiance to the tabernacle of the clerical man of the world. The older heads in the congregation find it difficult to concatenate the various links of this chain between earth and heaven; but it fills the pews — and so

for the time being, *vogue la galère*, the man of the world, who has given usually little thought to such matters, fancies that the demands of the religious life have changed, and rejoices at the difference between this young clergyman, who is as much, if not more, at ease in the drawing-room, at the dinner-table and in the field of sports than he is himself, and the stern and black broad-clothed parson of his boyhood.

In the work of the churches among the lower classes, this style of clergyman retains his popularity. The poor enjoy having amongst them this petted ecclesiastical familiar of the rich. They breathe something of the atmosphere of marble halls; they touch that which has rubbed against purple and fine linen; they chat with one who holds easy converse with their superiors, and they have in him at times an interpreter and pleader before those into whose presence they find it difficult to carry their complaints and their business.

So much for the impression made upon others by this style of cleric. What does he himself think about it all? No doubt he has many reasons to give and many arguments to introduce in favor of these constant incursions into the life of the world. If he be a very young man, he is first of all happy at his success, and lightly supposes that the end justifies the means. If he be of the less orthodox section of the religious world, he claims no supernatural nor indelible properties for his ordination, and he holds that he is quite within his rights and his creed in being first a "man among men," and then, a seventh part of his week, a parson. Older and more callous men, who cannot avoid seeing the discrepancies of the situation, find their consolation, no doubt, in the belief that the laborer is worthy of his hire, and that yachting, fishing, shooting and long holidays abroad are necessary to health and to the proper fulfilment of their very trying duties. There grows, too, like a barnacle, upon these popular gentlemen, the feeling that they are indispensable. Being the only class of the male sex whom men and women can flatter openly and outrageously, this foolish notion soon possesses them, leading them to feel that there is something peculiarly precious about their living and working. Still it must trouble the conscience of here and there one to think that he has saved seventy-five thousand dollars out of the service of Christ, and that he is as dependent upon his tobacco and his glass of ale or wine as the veriest worldling of the stock exchange — this being the particular confession from the lips of one widely known minister of the city of New York.

For the most part, however, the two following reasons prevail with this stamp of man, as over against any ideal minister of his more neophyte dreams: first, that success demands that he must be a man among men; and, second, that he must have recreation. There is still a third reason which carries weight with those of coarser grain. It is the Circean spell of being conspicuous. Few men can altogether suppress their love of distinction. To hear one's name whispered as one passes, to be received at public dinners with cheers and applause, to see one's name mentioned continually in the newspapers as one of the well-knowns, — these are all tid-bits of distressingly savorous delicacy to many.

It is not easy to harmonize this clerical yachtsman, hunter, fisher and theatre-goer with: "This same John had his raiment of camel's hair, and a leathern girdle about his loins; and his meat was locusts and wild honey;" or with the commandments of Him who sent His disciples forth, bidding them take no heed for the things of this world. But with the analysis of this portion of the subject it is best to leave it to the conscience of the clerical man of the world to deal. It may be necessary in these days to attend the theatre, to own a yacht and to play tennis and to know the personnel of the college base-ball and foot-ball teams, in order to bring in the kingdom of heaven; but if so, there is needed a newer theology than even the newest, and a reconstruction of the New Testament. The world wants a supernatural sanction for morality, and proof that the unworldly life is the peace-bringing life; and when the minister can evolve no such sanction and produce no such proof, and concludes

that his only business is the reconciliation of comfortable living with a new orthodoxy, the brave part is to leave the profession. Few men dare do this, for it entails hardships to an earnest man to snip the thread of professional continuity and begin anew; and although there are many clerical men of the world who, though honest, are mistaken, there are also not a few who are afraid, and who hang on to a profession which at any rate supports them in some sort of social distinction and comfort.

To the men in the ministry who acknowledge no authority above themselves for their methods and their way of life there is little to be said. They may devote their energies logically and perhaps righteously to such tasks as they please, within such limits as their autonomous congregations permit, and what they do or teach, and what they make and have is nobody's business outside of the close corporation over which they preside. But men who claim as master a divine leader whose ways of life and stern rejection of worldly rewards are writ large in the pages of the most widely read book in existence can hardly expect to escape comparisons which verily *sautent aux yeux*.

It is for this reason that this article is entitled "The Passing of the Clerical Man of the World;" for in truth the clerical man of the world is rapidly losing ground — and no one is more unconscious of it than himself. How superficial is the success of this stamp of ecclesiast, and how impossible it is to harmonize his end and his means, is becoming day by day more clear. Go where you will, the lasting impressions and the most sacred influences are effected by men of a different stamp. Even among younger men, even among those most easily dazzled by such influences, "our young barbarians all at play," the unworldly and the unsophisticated wear to-day the laurel and the bays of their admiration and their love. The late Rev. Andrew P. Peabody of Harvard University knew as little as a man well can know of the secular interests and pastimes of youth. Tales of his awkward unconsciousness were received in high glee by class after class of freshmen. He was no opportunist in theology, in ethics, or in seeking his own popularity; yet he was trusted and obeyed and respected as was no other man in the college. Men bidding for the popularity there which he had without thought or effort, must realize, as do outsiders, the overwhelming prestige of his unstudied piety. If one were to go on from this to name the clergymen of paramount influence in that neighborhood, he would name undoubtedly Phillips Brooks, Father Hall and Edward Everett Hale, all men of markedly childlike mind and unsophisticated ways. In England every English public school boy reverences the name of Doctor Thomas Arnold. When the great dock strikes were causing terror in London, it was Cardinal Manning who came into the world as one not of it, to restore peace and confidence. The philistine lower classes and lower middle classes of England palpitated with a new religious life under the influence of the Wesleys. Cultured young Oxford received and distributed through the length and the breadth of the parishes of England a new fervor of religious life from such recluses as Newman and Liddon. In spite of the secularization of Germany, which is not, according to Mr. Dawson's careful book, so general as we have been led to believe, the influence of the mystics, of Schleiermacher, of Kant and Hegel and Tholuck, is acknowledged and deeply felt to-day. In frivolous France, only one who has lived there year after year knows of the subtle influence of hundreds of *curés* of plain and pious lives. One hears on the outside only the reverberations of the smart and impious press of Paris; but in countless villages and small towns the childlike "Monsieur the *curé* with his kind old face" wields a power by his unworldliness which the sophisticated have failed to wrest from him.

The same common sense of the Anglo-Saxon which, in spite of contradictions, comforts its possessors with the proverb that there is no success like success, now sees how passing is that success. It is seen that the clerical man of the world has made charity fashionable and con-

spicuous, that he has in some instances added men to the church constituency who had been hitherto indifferent, and that he has baptized the opera and confirmed most of the field sports. But he has not apparently introduced an even more desirable form of charity into the drawing-rooms and at the teas and dinners and clubs of his followers. He has, on the contrary, — and, be it said to his credit, probably involuntarily, — made the impression pretty general that religious work and religious influence are possible to those of avowedly worldly minds and occupations; and he has ignominiously failed to impress upon his disciples that fundamental prelude to any sort of religious life, that there must be first of all a "new creature." It is simply the old "creature," gloved, perfumed and self-conscious, dabbling at the "new creature's" tasks, without elevation of mind, without change of heart, without consecration of will and without sympathetic interest. And the result is that the fashionable parson, the fashionable lady and the millionnaire have plunged New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Boston and London into a gloomy fog of ineffectual effort to help the poor. They have tempted the incompetent to these centres by their playful philanthropy, and now they are calling scientific watchwords to one another out of the bog of distress which they have often done more than any other one factor to produce. When one turns from this side of the question to the less tangible one of the writing and preaching of the clerical man of the world, one finds much the same condition of things. Interesting sermons, — were one inclined to be less serious than the subject demands, the word "fetching" might be used, — and well put together, often singularly apposite, considering that they have texts which have nothing to do with their subject matter. Dealing as he does mostly with mundane topics, the preacher writes and speaks clearly; and since "manly" and "worldly" are nowadays often confused and interchanged, the word "manly" is often applied to his sermon as well. He very soon leads the way from the irksome eternities of his text to more pleasing temporalities, and applies himself to topics and problems with which his hearers are in frequent touch; and he tickles the ears of the groundlings with the consummate skill born of constant practice. There is a fine ring of "No nonsense about me" in his talk, which is all too often interpreted by his admirers to be a virile sincerity; and the bold way in which he handles topics which only of late years have got in at the sanctuary door, crept down the aisle and mounted into the pulpit itself, from the street, produces also an effect as of courage. One does not find, however, that sermons of this description have superseded entirely the popularity of old-fashioned devotional literature. There is no reason why any ordinary man should stay away from church in these days, since the sermons of the clerical man of the world are little more than the more serious gossip of the club, mellowed by religious phrase. Yet there are men and women who do stay at home, and who are still found reading their Thomas à Kempis or George Herbert or Jeremy Taylor, or the sermons of Newman or Brooks.

Even in that field of organization and in the much talked of matter of "executive ability," in which his peculiar abilities would seem to find their best chance, the clerical man of the world is losing ground. The organized Christianity of the day is moving forward along two principal lines which have little in common with his methods. In England, on the one hand is the Salvation Army with more than half a million officers and soldiers in England alone, and the rigorously orthodox methods of Mr. Moody, who is now more sedate than of yore; and on the other, the rapidly growing influence of the professedly *extra ecclesiam nulla salus* group of ecclesiastics, known as the High Church party. In the south and west of the United States the uncultivated and even yokel ministry of the Baptists and Methodists holds practically undisputed sway among the masses, and in the larger cities of the eastern and southern states the churchliest form of Episcopalianism invites and holds the allegiance of both masses and classes.

Whatever is to be said of this from other points of view, the social, moral and theological latitudinarianism of the clerical man of the world is seen to be without permanent value. Men who take any interest in things spiritual as presented by the churches and their paid servants feel the weakness of this pandering to the world; and it is perhaps unexpected, but undoubtedly true, that this same class of men would rather stay on the outside and see men in the churches holding opinions too stiff for their comfortable acceptance, than to be in the churches on account of their supposed agreement with the hazy theology and breezy good fellowship of these clerical men of the world.

There are two fundamental reasons, although many of those influenced by them are not definitely conscious of them, for the breaking down of this recent attempt to reconcile ecclesiastical worldliness with allegiance to a supremely unworldly chief. The first is a feeling that is in the very air, that no loose generalizer has the root of permanent power in him. The specialist is to the fore in these days; and this clerical Jack of all trades—and all amusements—is suspected of being necessarily superficial. He can hardly be a trustworthy guide in any one direction, so long as he is a follower of such a variety of leaders himself. The world requires, in these days of highly organized and complex forces, not that the engineer should be capable of coming back into the train to entertain the ladies, or to smoke and play cards with the men, but that he should know more about his locomotive and give it closer attention than anybody else in the train.

The second reason is akin to this, and is perhaps a more diffuse but nevertheless a universally prevalent feeling, that the Christian minister should cultivate and find, if possible, a basis of faith and a sanction for the higher life in something outside the world. The restless, dissatisfied world of men and women have plumbed the world to its depths, and have found few consolations in its amusements, its work, its adventures or even in its dearest alliances. What then if, seeking solace in the cool peace of the cathedral, they are met at the door by the dean and chapter on the way to dinners, dances, theatrical performances and athletic games? The world is too careless and too polite to reprove these clerical men of the world openly; and they are just enough sheltered from the frank criticisms of the world to miss hearing and seeing the undercurrent of disapproval, which is nevertheless strong, because it is not yet seen by the clouded eyes of the money-making, soft-living and popularity-hunting race.

No arguments, no excuses and no Jesuitical exegetical *tours de force* can convince the common sense of the masses or the classes that the present-day representative of the Man of Sorrows may, without subtle injury to the cause, be a little brother of the worldly. This is the sole complaint against them. No one doubts that they work hard, and that often enough the clergyman is a committee of one on all unfinished business. No one doubts either that they earn — according to the market prices of the world — all that they are paid. One could mention the names of prominent clergymen in all the great cities who, as lawyers or editors or even as bankers or owners of racing stables, would have been even more successful financially than they are as ministers on salaries of from six to fifteen thousand dollars a year. No one doubts either their virtue; but pretty much everybody of any spiritual insight doubts their self-sacrifice and their appreciation of the demands of the founder of Christianity. In all the other occupations of men, a man may possess his profession; but in the ministry the profession ought to possess the man. He has no right to popularity, to luxury, to yachts and horses and hunting and travelling. Not that these are not all good things and well worth having; but they do not and cannot be made, by any epicene handling of the Word of God, to go hand in hand with Christianity. There is no discussion here of Christianity as against the world's philosophy, nor defence of the world as against the demands of Christianity. We are contending that no newly deciphered monuments, no

newly discovered manuscripts, have altered the definite, concise and imperative demands of Christianity upon its professed teachers and servants, and that, this being true, the clerical man of the world has no excuse for being. Silk-lined garments, honors and luxuries and expensive recreations are not for him, and a minister of the gospel of Christ living as men live who have a "comfortable fortune" behind them is a shocking anomaly. We may be wrong; but if we are wrong, then Christianity is wrong too. Certainly the attempt to produce the bread of life which is called for by the recipe of the Gospels, by using the yeast of the world, is a useless and ridiculous task.

SONGS AND BALLADS OF THE REVOLUTION.

By Lydia Bolles Newcomb.

THE times of the American Revolution were too seriously fraught with fears and forebodings to make an era of poetry and melody. When war is abroad in the land, the daughters of music are brought low, and in place of timbrel and harp, with soft strains and joyous trills, the air resounds with the bugle-call to arms and the drum-beat to the battle-field, while sighs of parting and tearful dirges become the songs of home and fireside. Under some circumstances, indeed, war awakens a kind of enthusiasm, and there sometimes bound upon the scene words and music which may sound through centuries, thrilling the soul. But when year after year the murmurs of just indignation have been smothered by despotic rule, and the growing discontent fostered by ill-kept stipulations and broken promises has at last culminated in open revolt, then is not the time for the lines of a Petrarch nor the harmonies of a Beethoven; rhythm must be sacrificed to emphatic protest, and the melody vibrate to the clash of arms.

With the burning desire of the colonists to be free from the country whose authority lacked every apparent element of parental love, there lay deep in their hearts a lingering tenderness for the land of their ancestors across the sea; and it needed the long-time training in Puritan repression of feeling to prevent this tenderness from occasionally overcoming the indignation toward royal rigor and parliamentary procrastination. This constant inward conflict of sentiment with justice, and the outward combat of law with independence, effectually retarded the tendency to poetic fervor, and well-nigh silenced "music's golden tongue." Consequently we find the Revolutionary times displaying a barrenness of lyrics and epics, and the earlier years have given to us very little except the Psalms paraphrased and revised, an occasional vengeance-breathing hymn, a few martial rhapsodies, with here and there a ditty to recount the victory of a favorite general or the downfall of an enemy, in ragged rhymes or jangled verse; and, as if yielding to the pulsating memories within, these were usually sung to some old English air.

The guns that sounded at Lexington on the nineteenth of April, 1775, marked the beginning of the war, but the Revolutionary period dated many years back of that memorable day, while taxation in many forms made colonial life burdensome to the justice-loving souls of America's sons and daughters. Ten years before Lexington and Concord, Peter St. John of Norwalk boldly struck freedom's strings and in these terse rather than poetic lines recited British oppression:

"While I relate my story, Americans give ear;
Of Britain's fading glory you presently shall hear;
I'll give a true relation. Attend to what I say
Concerning the taxation of North America.
The cruel lords of Britain, who glory in their shame,
The project they have hit on, they joyfully proclaim,
For what they're striving after, our rights to take away,
And rob us of our charter, in North America."

THE PATRIOT'S APPEAL.

Tune, "Hearts of Oak."

W. CHAPPELL'S COLLECTION.



Near the close he addresses the king:

"I'll make a short digression, and tell you by the way,
We fear not your oppression in North America.
We never will knock under; O, George, we do not fear
The rattling of your thunder, nor lightning of your spear.

Tho' rebels you declare us, we're strangers to dismay;
Therefore you cannot scare us in North America."

As year after year passed on and the acts of the Crown became more and more oppressive, the love of liberty grew apace in the subjects of the king, and men and women thought and wrote and spoke of liberty until the very word became a magic power, inspiring wavering souls, kindling the flame of patriotism, which ceased not to burn until a name, a flag, a country were theirs and ours.

In 1768, before the famous words of Patrick Henry, "Give me liberty, or give me death," had been spoken, the following advertisement appeared in the Boston *Chronicle:*

"The new and famous Liberty song, 'In Freedom we're born,' etc., neatly engraved on copper plate, in size half sheet of paper, set to music for the voice, is just published and sold at the Boston Booke Store, King St., Boston."

The Liberty song, or, as it was afterward called, "The Patriot's Appeal," was written by John Dickinson of Delaware (for New England was not so much in advance of the sister colonies in liberty loving as we are apt to think). The author of the song wrote to James Otis, that stanch Massachusetts patriot: "I enclose you a song for American Freedom. I have long since renounced poetry, but as indifferent songs are very powerful on certain occasions, I ventured to invoke the deserted muse."

(*For first verse see opposite page.*)

"Our worthy forefathers — let's give them a cheer —
To climates unknown did courageously steer;
Through oceans to deserts for freedom they came,
And, dying, bequeathed us their freedom and fame.
In freedom, etc.

"The tree their own hands had to liberty reared
They lived to behold growing strong and revered;
With transport they cried, 'How our wishes we gain!
For our children shall gather the fruits of our pain.'
In freedom, etc.

"Then join hand in hand, brave Americans all;
By uniting we stand, by dividing we fall.
In so righteous a cause we may hope to succeed,
For Heaven approves every generous deed.
In freedom, etc."

First published in the Boston *Gazette*, it soon appeared in various papers in New England. Later in the year it was arranged to the tune "Hearts of Oak," written by Dr. Boyce of England. This "majestic air," as a writer of the day calls it, was sung in the streets of Boston and the villages of New England, by all the sons of freedom, who, in the words of one of the patriotic writers, "promised themselves that all ages would applaud their courage;" yet the comparatively short space of a century has nearly obliterated from memory both words and air. The original chorus ran in this wise:

"In freedom we're born, and in freedom we'll live.
Our purses are ready;
Steady, friends, steady.
Not as slaves, but as freemen, our money we'll give."

The song became so popular that it was soon parodied by the Tories, who well knew the influence of the ringing words and air. The chorus of the parody, which was intended to ridicule the patriots ran thus:

"In folly you're born, and in folly you'll live.
To madness still ready
And stupidly steady,
Not as men, but as monkeys, the token you give."

To this came the following rejoinder by the patriots, who were not to be daunted by either British bullets or burlesque:

"Come, swallow your bumpers, ye Tories, and roar
That the sons of fair freedom are hampered once more.
But know that no cut-throats our spirits can tame,
Nor a host of oppressors shall smother the flame.
In freedom we're born, and like sons of the brave
We'll never surrender,
But swear to defend her,
And scorn to devise, if unable to save."

Not only was the air full of liberty speeches and song, but the earth itself seemed to join the chorus of freedom. "Liberty trees" were planted in many of the towns, whose branches waved in freedom's breezes years after the strife was ended, and children's children heard be-

neath them the story of the deeds of their ancestors. Well-known and favorite trees were made "liberty trees." Among the most famous of these trees was the great elm in Boston (near the corner of the present Washington and Essex Streets). Its wide-spreading branches had heard the oft-repeated demand for "no taxation without representation;" and upon these same branches, during the excitement caused by the enforcement of the Stamp Act, the effigy of the deputy collector was hung, as were also the emblems of the officials in Parliament who favored the Act. Under this Boston "Liberty tree" were held many meetings of protest and remonstrance before the actual conflict began. When the Stamp Act was repealed, its boughs were gayly decorated with banners and ribbons, and in the evening were ablaze with lanterns. To the people of New England it was the prototype of "Liberty enlightening the world," although they very dimly realized what the "signs of promise" were. Upon it the Sons of Liberty, that daring and defiant band of patriots, placed this inscription: "This tree was planted in the year 1614, and pruned by the Sons of Liberty, February 14, 1766." The tree was destroyed by the British troops in 1774. About this time was written by Thomas Paine, that ardent adherent of America's cause, the beautiful ballad of "Liberty Tree."

LIBERTY TREE.

BY THOMAS PAINE.

[Published in *Pennsylvania Magazine*, 1775.]

In a chariot of light from the region of day
The Goddess of Liberty came;
Ten thousand celestials directed the way,
And hither conducted the dame.
A fair budding branch from the gardens above,
Where millions with millions agree,
She brought in her hand as a pledge of her love,
And the plant she named Liberty Tree.

The celestial exotic struck deep in the ground;
Like a native it flourished and bore;
The fame of its fruit drew the nations around
To seek out this peaceable shore.
Unmindful of names or distinction they came;
For freemen like brothers agree.
With one spirit endued, they one friendship pursued,
And their temple was Liberty Tree.

Beneath this fair tree, like the patriarchs of old,
Their bread in contentment they ate,
Unvexed with the troubles of silver and gold,
The cares of the grand and the great.
With timber and tar they old England supplied,
And supported her power on the sea;
Her battles they fought without getting a groat,
For the honor of Liberty Tree.

But hear, O ye swains, —'tis a tale most profane,
How all the tyrannical powers,
Kings, Commons and Lords, are uniting amain,
To cut down this guardian of ours.
From the East to the West, blow the trumpet to arms;
Through the land let the sound of it flee.
Let the far and the near all unite with a cheer,
In defence of our Liberty Tree.

Perhaps the best known song writer of the Revolution was Philip Freneau, a descendant of a Huguenot family who sought refuge in America. He was the editor of the *United States Magazine*, published in Philadelphia; and this may account for the better preservation of his verses than that of the fugitive pieces of which so little but the merest memory remains. As his poems are to be obtained in book form and are better known than many others, I make no extract from them at this time. They were full of vigor and rousing patriotism, and were written and sung for a purpose.

Another writer who served his country's cause in verse was Jonathan Mitchell Sewall of New Hampshire. His ode to "War and Washington" was sung throughout the country during the Revolution, and inspired zeal and courage in the cause of independence. One writer says: "No national lyric ever aroused more enthusiasm or was chanted with better effect than this song. It was the favorite strain throughout the army, and kindled the martial ardor and patriotic feeling of all." No success has thus far rewarded my search for the air to which this was sung. One stanza I will give, hoping that at some future day we may be able to sing it with its own music:

"Vain Britons, boast no longer with proud indignity
Of all your conquering legions, or of your strength at sea,
As we, your braver sons, incensed, our arms have girded on;
Huzza! huzza! huzza! huzza! for war and Washington."

After the Stamp Act had been repealed in 1766, and the taxes on glass, paper and sugar had been one by one remitted, there still remained the tax on tea, re-

duced, it is true, to a very small sum, but expressing in a most despotic manner the right of Parliament to impose a tax at pleasure. The colonists, after fruitless attempts to have this tax removed, took heroic measures for its non-enforcement.

The Boston Tea Party of 1773 has become a part of history, and has also been commemorated in song and hymn from that time to this. One of these songs, written soon after the event, became very popular. It was sung to the plaintive English melody called usually "Hosier's Ghost," although it appears under various names in the old song books, thus adding greatly to the difficulty of identifying it.

THE BOSTON TEA PARTY.

(*First verse below.*)

Armed with hammers, axes, chisels, weapons new for warlike deed,
Towards the taxed, tea-freighted vessels they approached with dreadful speed.
O'er their heads aloft in mid sky three bright angel forms were seen;
This was Hampden, that was Sidney, with fair Liberty between.

"Soon," they cried, "your foes you'll banish, soon the triumph shall be won;
Scarce the setting sun shall vanish ere the glorious deed be done."
Quick as thought the ship was boarded, hatches burst and chests displayed;
Axes, hammers, help afforded; what a crash that eve they made!

Deep into the sea descended curséd weed of China's coast;
Thus at once our fears were ended: British rights shall ne'er be lost.
Captains! once more hoist your streamers, spread your sails and plough the wave;
Tell your masters they were dreamers when they thought to cheat the brave.

Connecticut, which state so frequently comes to the front and proudly asserts herself among her peers, was not lacking when either soldier or poet was needed for the cause of liberty. A worthy trio gave to the Revolutionary period fervid

THE BOSTON TEA PARTY.

Tune, "Hosier's Ghost."

W. CHAPPELL'S COLLECTION.



words of song and verse: Joel Barlow, John Trumbull and David Humphreys; and with this trio will always be associated the name of Timothy Dwight, who, though not a native of Connecticut, yet as one of her adopted sons can certainly be claimed as a Connecticut poet.

Joel Barlow entered the army while still a student in Yale, and, as some writer tersely puts it, "applied himself during the sessions of college faithfully to his classical pursuits, but employed his vacations in fighting the battles of freedom." On going into the army he wrote to a friend: "I do not know whether I shall do more for the cause in the capacity of chaplain than I could in that of a poet. I have great faith in the influence of songs, and I shall continue, while fulfilling the duties of my appointment, to write one now and then. One good song is worth a dozen addresses or proclamations." He and his friends Chaplain Dwight and Colonel Humphreys are said to have aided the cause of freedom by composing "various patriotic songs which exerted a highly favorable influence upon the minds of the soldiery;" but no songs of Barlow have come to my notice. A short extract from a long poem, "The Surrender of Cornwallis," will show the enthusiasm of his soul:

"Cornwallis first, their late all conquering lord,
Bears to the victor chief his conquered sword,
Presents the burnished hilt, and yields with pain
The gift of kings, here brandished long in vain.
Then bow their hundred banners, trailing far
Their wearied wings from all the spoils of war.

"Triumphant Washington, with brow serene,
Regards unmoved the exhilarating scene,
Weighs in his balanced thought the silent grief
That sinks the bosom of the fallen chief
With all the joy that laurel crowns bestow,
A world reconquered and a vanquished foe."

John Trumbull is known to us principally in the long satirical poem, "McFingal," begun in 1775 more as a political satire than a finished poem. Its object was to hold up to ridicule and contempt the British and the Tories, and thus influence the public mind to a hatred of oppression and inspire confidence in the cause of independence. Some writer says that the wit of Trumbull was better in this extremity than regiments, and that "the poem was one of the most acceptable offerings laid upon the altar of liberty." Certainly he is remembered as a patriot, even if forgotten as a poet.

Colonel David Humphreys was thoroughly a soldier, serving under General Parsons, then on the staff of General Putnam, afterward as an aid to Washington, thus earning well the title of "soldier poet," though he can scarcely be called a song writer. His "Address to the Armies of the United States," written amid the bustle of camp, breathed life and hope in every line, obtained great popularity, not only in the land of his birth, but later in England, and was afterward translated into the French language.

Timothy Dwight entered the army as chaplain, and his genius and his poetry made his influence most potent for loyalty and patriotism. He wrote several liberty-ringing songs which gained great popularity, especially the one beginning with the inspiring lines:

"Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise."

The air to which this was sung had, I feared, been lost beyond recall, but a careful search finally brought it to light in an old work published in Massachusetts in 1798. I am sure all will rejoice that we can hear the ringing music as well as the patriotic words as sung during the days of the Revolution.

COLUMBIA.

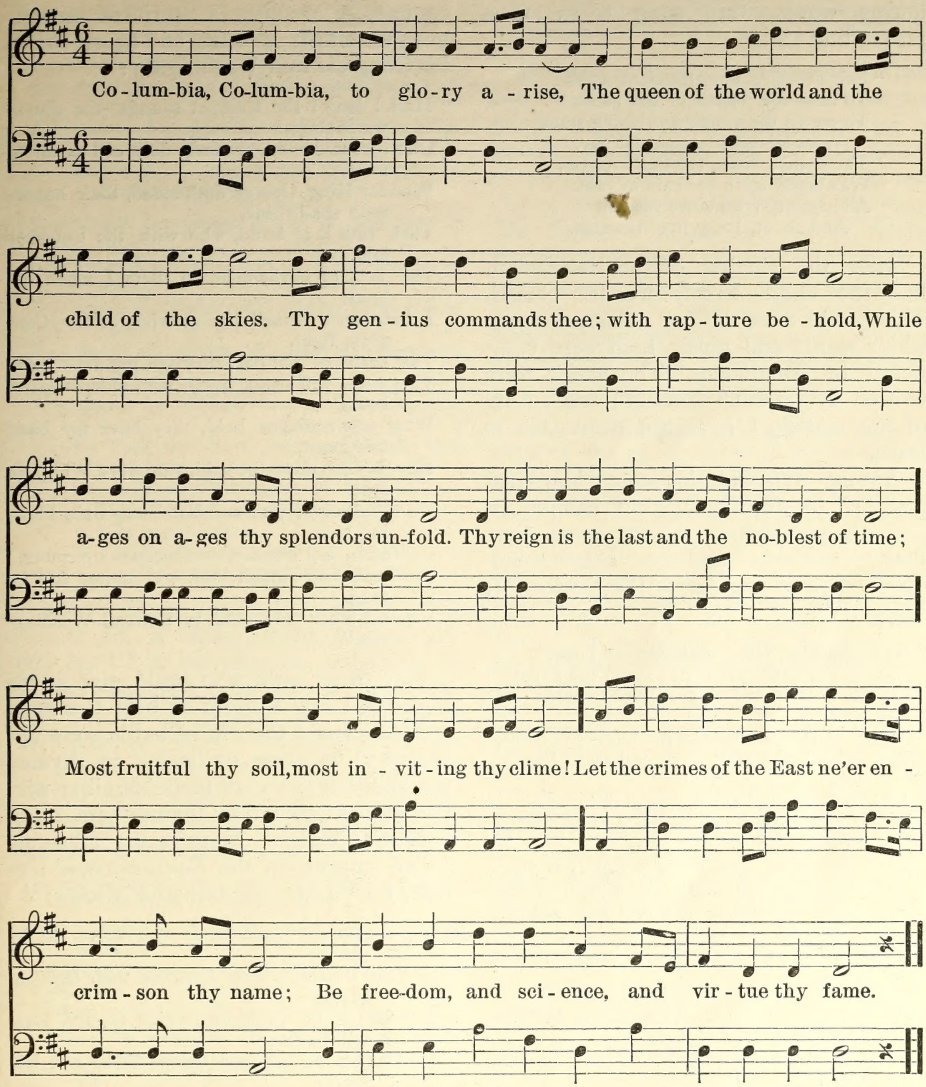
(*For first verse see opposite page.*)

Thy fleets to all regions thy power shall display,
The nations admire, and the ocean obey;
Each shore to thy glory its tribute unfold,
And the East and the South yield their spices and gold.
As the day-spring unbounded, thy splendor shall flow,
And Earth's little kingdoms before thee shall bow;
While the ensigns of union, in triumph unfurled,
Hush the tumult of war and give peace to the world.

Thus, as down a lone valley, with cedars o'erspread,
From war's dread confusion I pensively strayed,
The gloom from the face of fair heaven retired;
The winds ceased to murmur; the thunders expired;
Perfumes as of Eden flowed sweetly along,
And a voice as of angels enchantingly sung:

COLUMBIA.

OLD SONG BOOK, 1798.



"Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world and the child of the skies."

These patriotic songs were sometimes met with vigorous opposition, and sung under protest from the Tory element. There is an incident told, connected with King's Chapel in Boston, which reveals a lack of harmony on the music question not altogether unknown in later days. King's Chapel was built early in the eighteenth century, and the congregation on the eve of the Revolution was largely composed of royalists, who duly remembered the King and Queen in the church services. The choir was in sympathy with the lovers of liberty, and was forbidden to sing in the chapel any of the hymns in use among the so-called rebels. It was announced that on a certain Sabbath a new composition called an "Ode on Science" would be sung. There certainly could be nothing disloyal to King George under such a title, and permis-

sion was given. The dismay of the congregation can be imagined when the following words were sung to a most resounding air:

"Fair Freedom her attendant waits
To bless the portals of her gates,
To crown the young and rising states
With laurels of immortal day.
The British yoke, the Gallic chain,
Was urged upon our ears in vain;
All haughty tyrants we disdain
And shout, Long live America."

After the singing of the last defiant line the choir hastily left the chapel. This is said to be the first patriotic song of which words and music both were composed by Americans. The words were written by Jazaniah Sumner; the author of the melody I have not been able to learn.

Another song with the same triumphant ring, if its literary quality cannot be praised, was popular at the same time that "Columbia" and the "Ode on Science" were so familiar to the patriots. It began:

"Hail, America, hail! unrivalled in fame,
Thy foes in confusion turn pale at thy name.
On thy rock-rooted virtue firmly seated sublime,
Below thee break harmless the billows of time.
The striped flag shall wave still and glory ensue,
And Freedom find ever a guardian in you.
Huzza for brave America, where Freedom secures,
For a high car of crest-blazoned glory is yours.
With sweetness and beauty thy daughters arise,
With rose-blooming cheeks and love-languishing eyes.
Haste, ye Graces, cries Venus, to America repair,
Fit consorts for heroes, the first of the fair;
For to whom should the blessings of Freedom descend
But to sons of those sires who dared Freedom defend?
Huzza for brave America, where Freedom secures,
For a Hancock, a Franklin and Washington are yours."

Many odd couplets and hymns of various kinds appeared, some of them displaying ingenuity in evading open expression of antipathy to British rule, yet to those in the secret revealing firm adherence to the cause of liberty. The ingenious Revolutionary rhyme below, read as it is written, is quite a tribute to the prowess of the King and his arms; but if read downward on either side of the comma, it breathes a spirit of antagonism to British authority and hearty praise for Congress and Washington:

"Hark! hark! the trumpet sounds, the din of war's alarms
O'er seas and solid grounds, doth call us all to arms.
Who for King George doth stand, their honors soon shall shine,
Their ruin is at hand, who with the Congress join.
The acts of Parliament, in them I much delight,
I hate their cursed intent, who for the Congress fight.
The Tories of the day, they are my daily toast,
They soon will sneak away, who independence boast,
Who non-resistent hold, they have my hand and heart,
May they for slaves be sold, who act a Whiggish part.
On Mansfield, North and Bute, may daily blessing pour,
Confusion and dispute, on Congress evermore.
To North and British lord, may honor still be done
I wish a block and cord, to General Washington."

Not those only who could give words of counsel and wisdom or bear the strife of conflict and the din of battle were appealed to in verse or lauded in rhyme; the children too were made familiar with the wrongs endured by their fathers, in alphabetic jingles. In 1775 the following ballad appears in the *Constitutional Gazette*, for "Little Masters and Misses:"

"A — stands for Americans who scorn to be slaves;
B — for Boston, where fortitude their freedom saves;
C — stands for Congress, which though loyal will be free;
D — stands for defence 'gainst force and tyranny.
Stand firmly A and Z;
We swear forever to be free.

"E — stands for evils, which a civil war must bring;
F — stands for fate, dreadful to both people and King;
G — stands for George, may God give him wisdom and grace;
H — stands for hypocrite who wears a double face.

"J — stands for justice, which traitors in power defy;
K — stands for King, who should to such the axe apply;

L — stands for London, to its country ever true;
M — stands for Mansfield, who hath another view.

"N — stands for North, who to the House the mandate brings;
O — stands for oaths binding on subjects, not on kings;
P — stands for people, who their freedom should defend;
Q — stands for *quere*, when will England's troubles end.

"R — stands for rebels, not at Boston, but at home,
S — stands for Stuarts, sent by Whigs abroad to roam;
T — stands for Tories, who may try to bring him back;
V — stands for villains who have well deserved the rack.

"W — stands for Wilkes, who us from warrants saved;
Y — for York the New, half completed, half enslaved;
Z — stands for zero, but means the Tory minions
Who threaten us with fire and sword, to bias our opinions.
Stand firmly A and Z;
We swear forever to be free."

Many songs appeared during this period, full of humor, mere jingling ditties but often carrying an undertone of fervor or stanch principle, or, may be, ridicule, which gained for them more than passing notice. One entitled simply "To Our Ladies" was printed in the Boston *News Letter* at a time when taxation was a frequently recurring word in the ears of the colonists.

"Young ladies in town, and those that lie round,
Let a friend at this season advise you;
Since money's so scarce, and times growing worse,
Strange things may soon hap to surprise you.
First, then, throw aside your top-knots of pride,
Wear none but your own country linen;
Of economy boast, let your pride be the most
To show clothes of your own make and spining.
No more ribbons wear, nor in rich silks appear,
Love your country much better than fine things,
Begin without passion, 'twill soon be the fashion
To grace your smooth locks with a twine string."

Another entitled "An Address to the Females of Pennsylvania and New Jersey" begins in this grandiloquent style:

"All hail! superior sex, exalted fair!
Mirrors of virtue, Heaven's peculiar care,
Formed to inspire and ennoble man,
The immortal finish of creation's plan:
Accept the tribute of our warmest praise
The soldier's blessing and the patriot's bays!
For fame's first plaudit we no more contest,
Constrained to own it decks the female breast."

Perhaps none of the burlesque ballads has been more widely known than the famous "Battle of the Kegs," written by Francis Hopkinson, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and one of the happiest writers of his time. The incident which the ballad relates actually occurred, and one with whom I have spoken has heard her grandmother tell the story as one of the very funny things connected with the war. A copy of the New Jersey *Gazette*, dated January 9, 1778, gives an account of it:

"This city [Philadelphia] hath been lately entertained with an exhibition of most astounding activity, bravery and military skill of the royal army and navy of Great Britain. Some time last week a keg of singular construction was seen floating down the river, and the crew of a barge attempting to take it up, it suddenly exploded, with serious results to the crew. Last Monday some kegs of similar construction were seen, and filled the royal troops with unspeakable consternation. It was reported that the kegs were filled with armed men, and that the points of the bayonets could be seen sticking from the bung-holes. The British ships of war were immediately manned. Hostilities were commenced without ceremony; and incessant firing was poured upon the inoffensive kegs. Every chip or stick that floated by was a target for the vigor of the British arms. The action commenced about sunrise and lasted until noon, when the kegs were, as it were, put to flight; but just at this time a market woman let fall from a boat-load of provisions a keg of butter, which innocently floated down to the field of battle. At this supposed re-enforcement the attack was renewed, and the firing from the marine and land forces was beyond imagination, and continued until night closed the conflict. The British withdrew, and celebrated the occasion as a great victory, receiving congratulations for their bravery and valor!!"

This huge joke, as can be imagined, was greatly enjoyed by Washington's army, and the ballad of Francis Hopkinson, which is so well known that it need not be inserted here, was repeated over and over throughout the camps.

In an old song-book printed near Revolutionary times, I found the following somewhat rollicking song and air, with no name attached. Its sentiment tells the story of its birth, and places it among the more cheery songs of the period, probably near the close of the war.

HOBBIES.

(*First verse below.*)

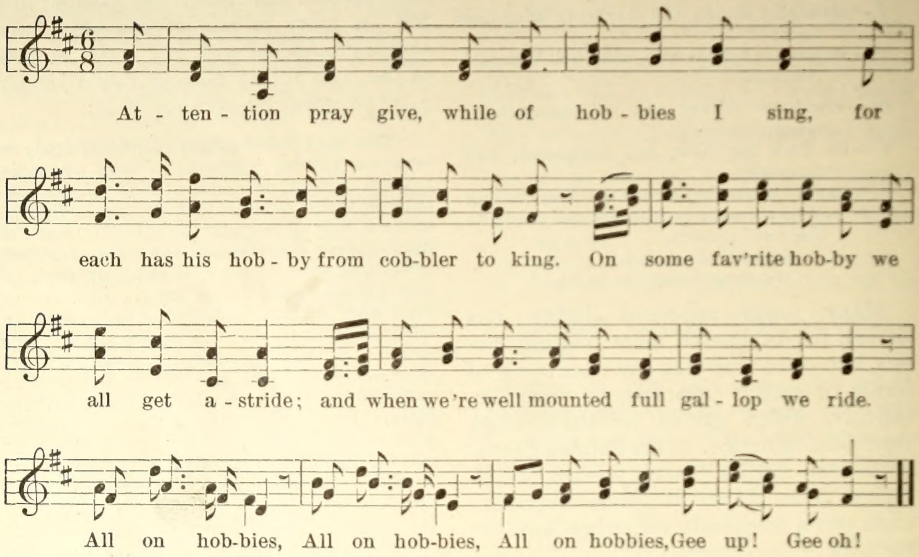
The hobbies of soldiers in time of great wars
Are breaches and bullets, with blood, wounds and scars;
But in peace you'll observe quite different their trade is;
The hobbies of soldiers in peace are the ladies.
These their hobbies — these their hobbies — these their hobbies.
Gee — up. Gee — Oh!

The American hobby has long since been known;
No tyrant or king shall from them have the throne.
Their States are United, and let it be said
Their hobby is Washington — Peace — and FREE TRADE.
These their hobbies — these their hobbies — these their hobbies.
Gee — up. Gee — Oh!

These rebels their cause very quickly will rue
And fly as the leaves 'fore the autumn wind flew
When him who is your leader they know, boys.
They with men have now to deal,
And we soon will make them feel
That a loyal Briton's arm and a loyal Briton's steel
Can put to flight a rebel as quick as other foe, boys.
Tullalo, tullalo, tullalo, boys.
Tullalo-o-o-o-o."

HOBBIES.

OLD SONG BOOK, 1798.



The songs in which Generals Burgoyne and Cornwallis were the central figures of burlesque or ridicule gave many an hour of mirth to the dreary and oftimes disheartened soldiers. "The Progress of Jack Brag," of which the words only seem to have survived, was a great favorite. In this song Burgoyne is supposed to address his troops in this wise:

"Said Burgoyne to his men as they passed in review,
Tullalo, tullalo, tullalo, boys;

We can well imagine that this was sung by the American army with wonderful power after Saratoga and Stillwater.

That ever exhilarating air, "Yankee Doodle," which has not a note of defeat or discomfiture in it, gave added zest to the joy of victorious combat when sung to "Cornwallis's Dance," in these words:

CORNWALLIS'S DANCE.

Cornwallis led a country dance;
The like was never seen, sir, —
Much retrograde and much advance,
And all with General Greene, sir.

They rambled up and rambled down,
Joined hands, then off they ran, sir,
Our General Greene to Charlestown,
The Earl to Wilmington, sir.

Greene in the South then danced a set
And got a mighty name, sir;
Cornwallis jigged with young Fayette,
But suffered in his fame, sir.

Then down he figured to the shore,
Most like a lordly dancer,
And on his country's honor swore
He would no more advance, sir.

Quoth he, My guards are weary grown
With footing country dances;
They never at St. James's shone
At capers, kicks and prances.

Tho' men so gallant ne'er were seen
While sauntering on parade, sir,
Or wriggling o'er the park's smooth green
Or at a masquerade, sir;

Yet are old heels and long-laced skirts
For stumps and briers meet, sir?
Or stand they chance with hunting-shirts
Or hardy veteran feet, sir?

Now housed in York, he challenged all
At minuet or allemande,
And lessons for a country ball
His guards by day and night conned.

This challenge known, full soon there came
A set who had the *bonton*,
De Grasse and Rochambeau, whose fame
Fut brillant pour un long temps,

And Washington, Columbia's son,
Whom easy nature taught, sir,
That grace which can't by gains be won,
Or Plutus' gold be bought, sir.

Now hand in hand they circle round
This ever dancing peer, sir,
Their gentle movements soon confound
The Earl as they draw near, sir.

His music soon forgets to play,
His feet can move no more, sir,
And all his bands now curse the day
They jigged to our shores, sir.

Now, Tories all, what can ye say?
Come, is not this a griper,
That while your hopes are danced away,
'Tis you must pay the piper?

Yankee doodle keep it up,
Yankee doodle dandy,
Mind the music and the steps,
Yankee doodle dandy!

Some of the post-Revolutionary songs compare favorably with the poetry of any age. It was Thomas Paine who sung the Revolution in when he wrote the ballad of the "Liberty Tree;" it was one of the same name, but belonging to a different family, who wrote, in 1798, the famous poem "Adams and Liberty." Thomas Paine, who afterward had his name changed to that of his father, Robert Treat Paine, was a descendant of Governor Treat of Connecticut. Of his poem his biographer says: "There was probably never a political song more sung in America than this, and any of more poetical merit was perhaps never written." The story goes that Paine had finished his poem, and showed it to his friend, the editor of the Boston *Centinel*, who pronounced it perfect if the name of Washington had not been omitted. Paine after a few moments' thought added this stanza, which has made the poem immortal:

"Should the tempest of war overshadow the land,
Its bolts could ne'er rend Freedom's temple asunder;
For unmoved at its portal would Washington stand,
And repulse with his breast the assaults of the thunder.
His sword from the sleep of its scabbard would leap,
And conduct with its point ev'ry flash to the deep.
For ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves."

It seems fitting that in a paper on the music of the Revolutionary period some mention should be made of the church music peculiar to the times; for church-going lost none of its demands upon our fathers in those stern days. They prayed for their enemies, and no doubt for victory over them, even though they bore the sword and the musket. Watts's Psalms and Hymns, revised by Joel Barlow and Timothy Dwight, were used in the churches, and some of the paraphrases of the Psalms familiar to the soldiers of Cromwell were sung to quaint and oftentimes doleful tunes.

About the middle of the last century there was born a man who may be called the father of church music in America, the promoter of choirs and singing-schools, and destined to become famous in his line, — William Billings, a tanner of Boston, odd in appearance, eccentric in speech and manner, independent in thought and action, but with a soul filled with music. He calls himself a musical enthusiast, and says: "I have often heard of a poetical license; I don't see why with the same propriety there may not be a musical license." He spurned the rules of art, such as there were, and sung out of the abundance of his heart, using, it is said, the boards of his tannery and the sides of leather, upon which he

CHESTER.

BILLINGS, 1777.



chalked the melodies as they floated to his ears. He published five or six books of psalmody and harmony; and some of the tunes he wrote are still to be found in old collections of church music. He was a stanch patriot, and wrote the stirring semi-martial air, "Chester," which attained great popularity during the war.

CHESTER.

(*For first verse see above.*)

Howe and Burgoyne and Clinton too,
With Prescott and Cornwallis joined,
Together plot our overthrow,
In one infernal league combined.

When God inspired us for the fight
Their ranks were broke, their lines were forc'd;
Their ships were shattered in our sight,
Or swiftly driven from our coast.

The foe comes on with haughty stride;
Our troops advance with martial noise;
Their veterans flee before our youth,
And generals yield to beardless boys.

What grateful offering shall we bring?
What shall we render to the Lord?
Loud Hallelujahs let us sing,
And praise his name on every chord.

Among the stanch friends and admirers of Billings were Samuel Adams and Dr. Pierce of Brookline. In the church choir these two men stood side by side with the old tanner, a trio of voice and patriotic fervor which one can imagine made the edifice ring with the words and music here given.

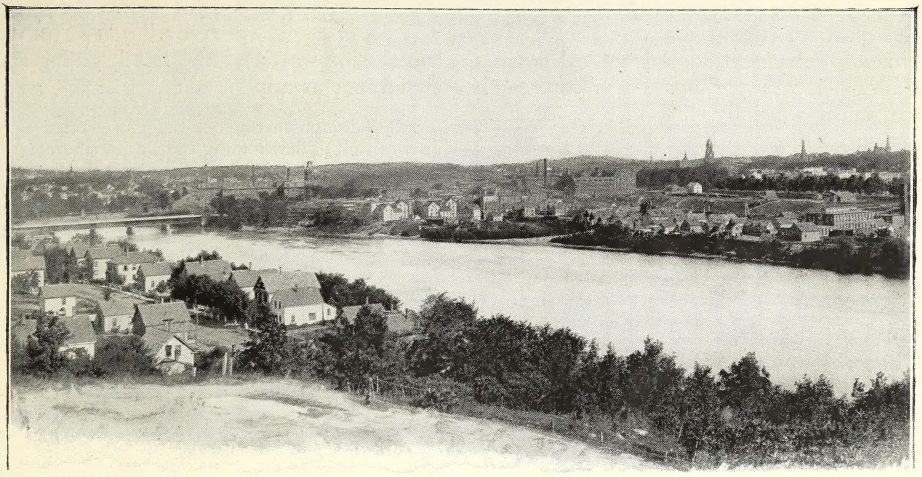
Billings had a special fondness for anthems and fugues. Of the latter he says: "It has more than twenty times the power of the slow tunes, each straining for mastery and victory, the audience meanwhile entertained and delighted, the minds surpassingly agitated and extremely fluctuated, sometimes declaring for one part, and sometimes for another. Now the solemn bass demands the attention, next the manly tenor, now the lofty counter, now the volatile treble — now here, now there, now here again. O ecstasy ecstatic!"

One can scarcely imagine anything more rousing than the following "Anthem, from Sundry Scriptures," as arranged by Billings — the lines piling, as it were, over one another, breaking and overlapping, twisting, intertwining, alone, in pairs, or all together, until in the grand ending they catch one another, and what seemed inextricable confusion blends in one final chorus.

"Was not the day, was not the day,
Was not the day dark and gloomy?
The enemy said, 'Let us draw a line
Even from York to Canada.'
But praised be the Lord,
But praised be the Lord,
The snare is broken and we are escaped!
But praised be the Lord!
But blessed be the Lord!
The snare is broken and we are escaped!
Hark, hark, hear the adjuration,
Cursed be the man that keepeth back his sword!
Oh, dismal! oh, horrible! oh, dismal!
I am pained at my very heart,
My heart maketh a noise within me,
For thou hast heard, O my soul, the alarm of war."

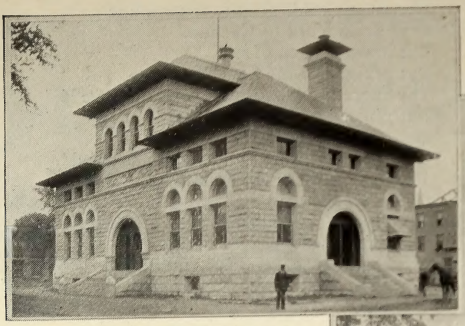
LEWISTON AND BATES COLLEGE.

By Clarence Augustine Chase.



LEWISTON.

WHERE the city of Lewiston now stands once lived the Anasagunticooks, a powerful tribe of Indians belonging to the Abenaki nation. Their hunting grounds embraced the whole valley of the Androscoggin, to which they gave different names at different places in its course. Comparatively few of these Indians remained at the time of the first settlement, and they were for the most part friendly. The tribe had been greatly reduced in numbers by the bloody wars of the previous century, in all of which they had taken part, having been the first to dig up the hatchet and the last to bury it. Traces of the large fort which they built early on the west bank of the river, at the confluence of the Little Androscoggin, are found to this day, many fine specimens of pottery, as well as arrow heads, hatchets, etc., having been unearthed at this point. Back from the river, on the sandy hillside, was undoubtedly their burying-ground, as at different times in recent years as many as fifty or sixty skeletons have been unearthed there. The old trail extending along the river from the coast to Canada passed this point.



GOVERNMENT BUILDING AND POST OFFICE.



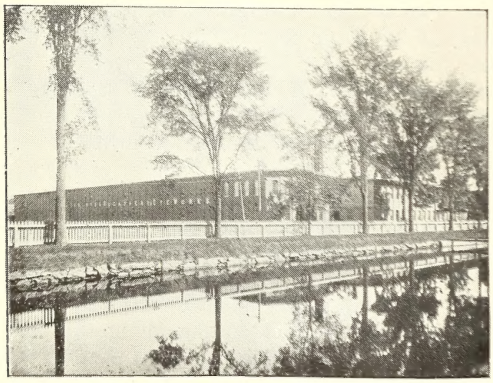
CITY HALL.

As the present limits of the city were included in the Pejepscot claim, so-called, — the Indians gave the name of Pejepscot to the part of the river between Merrymeeting Bay and Lewiston Falls, — it will perhaps be of interest if we outline briefly the history of that claim. Thomas Purchase had settled on the Pejepscot (which Algonquin word means "It is crooked") about 1628, probably where Brunswick now is. In 1632 the council for New England conveyed to Thomas Purchase and George Way certain lands on the "Bishopscotte" River, which unquestionably included the territory occupied by Purchase, who in turn conveyed to Governor Winthrop in 1639 all this land except that portion occupied by himself. After the death of Purchase, Richard Wharton, a Boston merchant, bought of his heirs and of Way's attorney the land owned by them covered by their patent of 1632, as well as the land bought by them of the Indian sagamores. Though this purchase included nearly all of Harpswell, the major part of Brunswick, and a part of Topsham, it did not satisfy Wharton's manorial ideas, and he accordingly sought and obtained from Warumbee and five other sagamores a large tract on both sides of the Androscoggin, "extending to the uppermost falls in said Androscoggin river." We quote the closing words of the deed, giving the signatures as appended:

"In Witness whereof we the aforenamed Sagamores well understanding the Purport hereof do set to our hands & Seals at Pejepscott the Seventh day of July in the Thirty fifth Year of the Reign of our Sovereign Lord King Charles the Second, One thousand six hundred Eighty four.

In presence of us	The mark of Warumbee	W	
John Blaney	The mark of Darumkin	X	
James Andrews	The mark of Wehikermett	⊕	and
Henry Waters	The mark of Wedon Domhegon	O	a
John Parker	The mark of Neongassett	V	seal".
Geo. Felt	The mark of Nimbanewett	2	

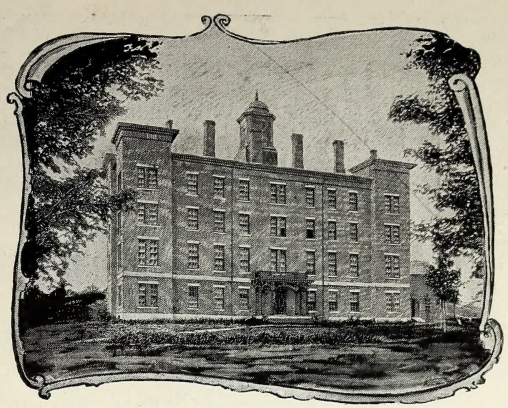
Wharton's dream of establishing a manor in this territory in the then "Province of Mayne" was never realized, as he died in 1689 before obtaining from the Crown the proper authority. The whole estate was sold, November 5, 1714, by Ephraim Savage, as administrator, empowered by the Superior Court at Boston, to Thomas Hutchins, Adam Winthrop, John Watts, David Jeffries, Stephen Minot, Oliver Noyes, John Buck and John Wentworth, for £140. These men constituted the original Pejepscot Company. Controversies with the Plymouth Company arose in regard to the limits of their claim, and much litigation ensued. Not until



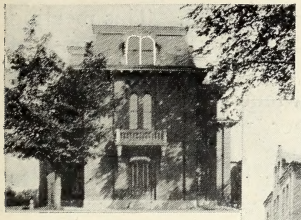
SOME OF THE MILLS.

1814 were the boundaries finally established.

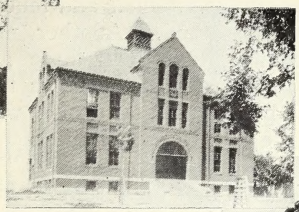
The first attempt to settle that portion of the Pejepscot territory now included within the limits of Lewiston was by a grant made January 28, 1768, to Jonathan Bagley and Moses Little, both members of the Pejepscot Company. In this grant it was "judged for the interest of this Proprietary that a township be settled on the east side of the Androscoggin river, to begin at the Twenty-mile Falls on said Androscoggin river, from thence to extend five miles up said river, being a part of the Pejepscot Claim, from thence to extend in a course southeast four miles, from thence on a southern course to said Androscoggin river and so up said river to said Falls above mentioned,"—which virtually defines the present limits of the city. Among the conditions imposed in this grant in regard to settlement was this: "that the houses be 16 x 20 and 7 feet stud." Notwithstanding the efforts made to comply with its conditions, this grant was rescinded in the spring of 1771, no valid reasons being given for so doing. It was, however, finally confirmed in 1790.



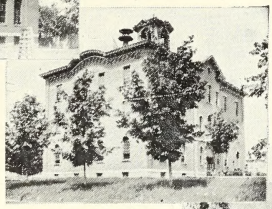
LATIN SCHOOL.



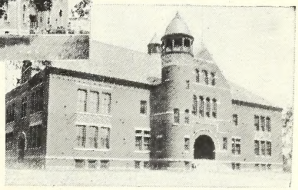
HIGH SCHOOL.



MAIN STREET INTERMEDIATE SCHOOL.



GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

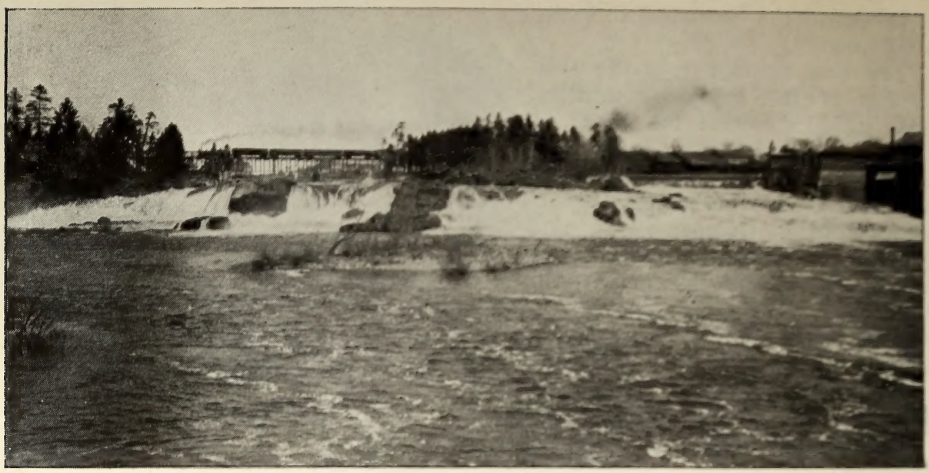


OAK STREET TRAINING SCHOOL.

Paul Hildreth, the first settler, was a native of Dracut, Massachusetts. Coming here from Nottingham, New Hampshire, where he had married Hannah Merrill, he built his cabin, in the fall of 1770, near where the Continental Mill now stands, thus laying the corner-stone, so to speak, of one of the busiest, happiest and most prosperous of the cities of New England. Shortly afterward came David Pettengill of New Gloucester, and settled on the lot next south, where he lived during that winter, his the only family on the plantation. Hildreth's cabin having burned, he spent the winter with his family in New Gloucester, returning the spring following.

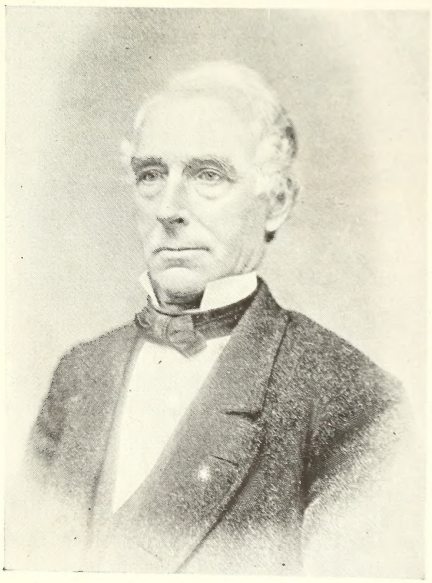
The same fall that these two settled, Lawrence J. Harris, also a native of Dracut, came and got out the frame for a saw-mill, under a contract with the proprietors. He then returned home, removing the next spring with his family, bringing with him men to assist in the completion of the mill. Thus early was utilized the power of Lewiston Falls.

The lives of the early pioneers of Lewiston were full of privation and hardship. What with subduing the forest, planting, hoeing and getting their crops, and keeping their larders supplied with fish and game, the time was busily employed. When we add that the nearest white settlement was fifteen miles away, reached through an almost trackless forest along a trail marked by spotted trees, some idea may be gained of the stern realities with which they had



LEWISTON FALLS.

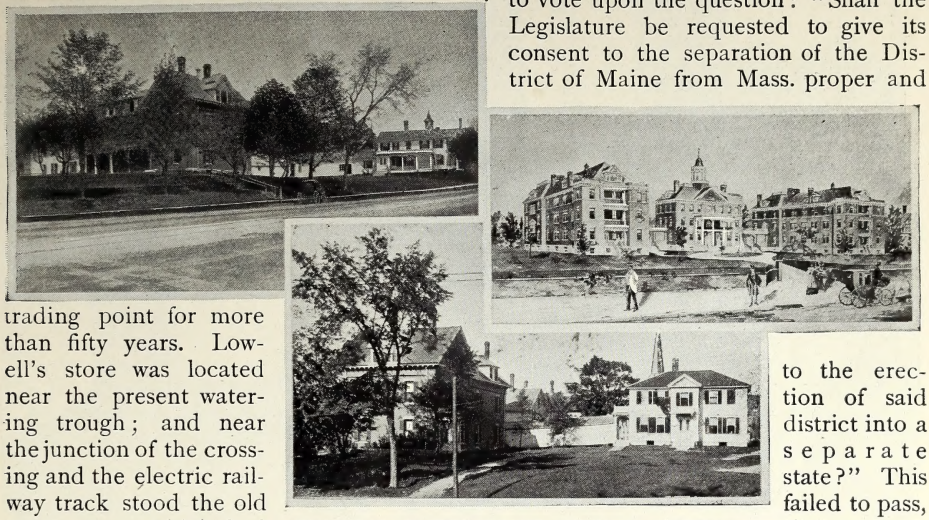
to do battle. This, however, did not deter others from joining them; and we find that on January 1, 1788, there were seventy-six families living in the plantation. In 1794 petition was made by them to the General Court of Massachusetts to be incorporated into a town, which petition was granted, and on February 18, 1795, the act of incorporation was signed by Samuel Adams, at that time Governor of Massachusetts. By its provisions Benjamin Merrill, Esq., was empowered to issue a warrant calling for a town meeting, which he accordingly did. This meeting was held April 6, 1795, at the house of Jedediah Morrill; the customary offices were filled and much business was transacted. Another meeting was held in May, thirty-three articles being in the warrant. At this time it was "voted to accept all range ways as roads;" also "to accept all school districts as laid out by the selectmen." The records show that these same selectmen had an abundance of work to do during those early years in laying out roads and making other improvements.



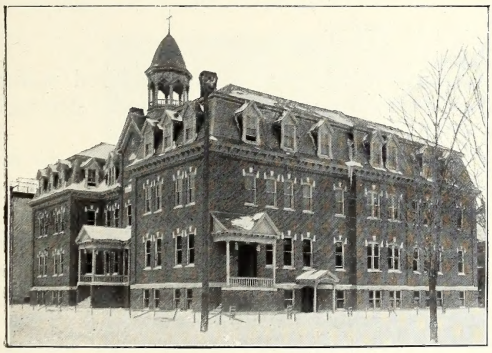
EX-GOVERNOR GARCELON.

Four years after its incorporation, Dan Reade was appointed first postmaster of Lewiston, in the "District of Mayne," which office he held till 1837. His commission, signed by Joseph Habersham, Postmaster General, now in the possession of J. L. Reade, Esq., bears the date of July 15, 1799. The house which he built in 1802, still standing on the "Island," was in those days a famous hostelry. The Herrick house, built at Barkerville in 1799 by John Herrick, who for many years kept the only public house in town, is now occupied as a dwelling. In 1834 the Litchfield tavern, now located at the rear of Hotel Atwood, was built on the land occupied by the lower Maine Central station, to accommodate better the growing demand of public travel for a "stopping place" nearer the falls.

In September, 1797, Thomas Mitchell opened the first store in Lewiston, obtaining his supplies from Freeport via Southwest Bend and the river. David Davis soon after opened a store at Lowell's Corner (now Hospital Square). A little later James Lowell and Nathan Reynolds started in trade at the same place. This continued to be the chief trading point for more than fifty years. Lowell's store was located near the present watering trough; and near the junction of the crossing and the electric railway track stood the old town pump, which had a powerful rival in the stores opposite, there being two barrels of New England rum to every hogshead of molasses in their stock-in-trade. About these stores the village folk were wont to congregate, to talk over their farming and lumbering, or to listen to some hardy yeoman with his tales of Bennington and Brandywine and Valley Forge.



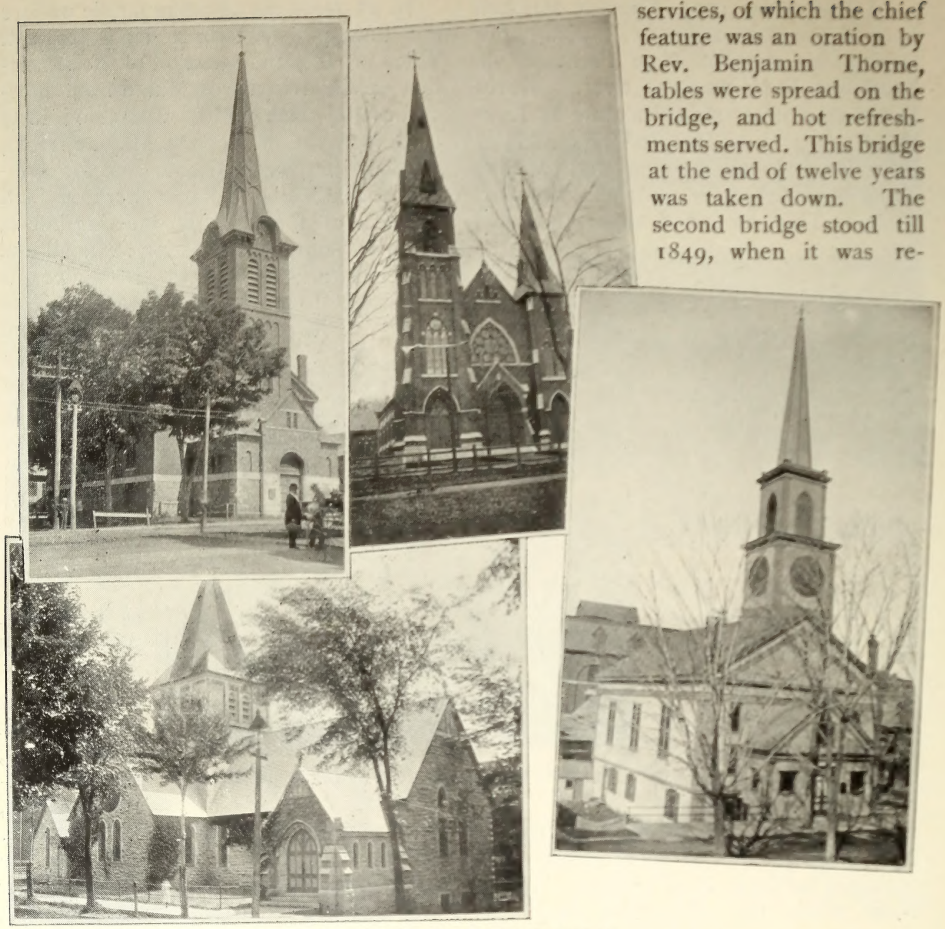
BUILDINGS OF THE MAINE GENERAL HOSPITAL.



HEALY ASYLUM.

In all questions affecting public welfare the townspeople took a lively interest. When in 1807 the question of the separation of the District of Maine from Massachusetts came up, the vote stood forty yeas, forty-six nays. On May 21, 1816, the inhabitants qualified to vote for senators in the General Court were notified to meet at the Friends' meeting-house, to vote upon the question: "Shall the Legislature be requested to give its consent to the separation of the District of Maine from Mass. proper and to the erection of said district into a separate state?" This failed to pass, sixty-two voting against, forty-nine for separation. In September of the same year, a vote taken on the same question stood seventy-three for and eighty-three against. At a meeting held September 9, 1819, John Herrick was chosen a delegate "to meet other delegates in Portland for the purpose of framing a constitution and form of government for the said district and other purposes expressed in said act relating to the separation of the District of Maine from Massachusetts proper and forming the same into a separate and independent State." On November 25 a warrant was issued for a town meeting, to be holden at the Friends' meeting-house on December 6, "for the purpose of giving in their votes in writing expressing their approbation or disapprobation of the constitution prepared by the delegates at Portland on the 2d Monday of Oct. last." When the provision was finally carried, there was but one dissenting vote.

services, of which the chief feature was an oration by Rev. Benjamin Thorne, tables were spread on the bridge, and hot refreshments served. This bridge at the end of twelve years was taken down. The second bridge stood till 1849, when it was re-

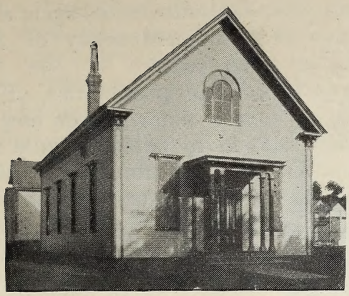


ST. PATRICK'S ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.
MAIN STREET FREE BAPTIST CHURCH. PARK STREET METHODIST EPISCOPAL.
TRINITY EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

A FEW OF THE CHURCHES.

For more than fifty years the only means of communication with the opposite side of the river during the summer time was by two ferries, — Hildreth's, about half a mile below the falls, and the one established five miles down the river by James Garcelon, who also kept a public house. In 1823 the first bridge was completed and opened for travel as a toll bridge. The old toll house, which was erected on the Auburn (then Goff's Corner) side, is still standing. The day on which this bridge was opened was a memorable one for Lewiston Falls. The people came from far and near to assist in celebrating the occasion. After fitting placed by one having covered walks. This gave place to the present structure in 1871.

Lewiston owes her rapid growth in recent years, in fact her being as a city, to the development of her wonderful water power. The natural fall of thirty-eight feet, increased to fifty feet by means of dams, is gained in a distance of six hundred feet. Two canals, one with twenty-two, the other with twenty-eight feet fall, nearly three fourths of a mile long, and connected by a number of cross canals, furnish power to the numerous mills and manufactories along their banks. It is estimated that the capacity of the river

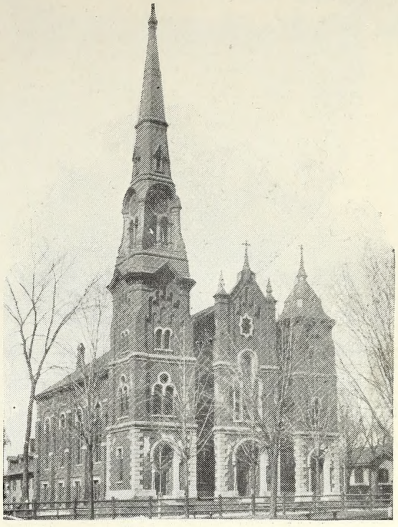


THE FRIENDS' MEETING-HOUSE.

and the lake reservoirs is 31,998 horse power, only one fifth of which is at present utilized.

The first mill, as we have said, was built in 1770–71, as a saw-mill, and stood nearly where the Cowan Mill stands to-day. This mill was destroyed by fire in 1785, but was soon rebuilt, only, however, to meet a similar fate. In 1808–9 the first dam across the river here was built, and a canal made, on which Mr. Little erected a large wooden building combining saw, grist, carding and fulling mills. This mill was also burned in the spring of 1814, the fire being, as were undoubtedly the others, of an incendiary origin. Though there was much feeling against Mr. Little among some of the community, as evinced in the burning of his property, the sentiment of the majority was against this wanton destruction. Mr. Little, in writing to Amos Davis in March, 1815, says:

"My son Michael writes that the people of Lewiston and Minot are desirous to have a saw-mill and grist-mill built this season on the falls, and that the people would get in the timber that will be suitable for them, provided I would consent to put them up this season. If the people think the mills will be safe from the base incendiary, who has no more regard for one man than another, I will, with the assistance of the people,



THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

make one more trial to rebuild them. But I should like to have the timber cut on the old of the moon, that if it should be preserved from fire it might be more durable."

It would appear that he received sufficient assurance that a new mill would be "safe from the base incendiary," for we



A LEWISTON STREET.



BELOW THE RIPS.

learn that a much better one was that year erected on the same site. This mill remained till about 1850.

In 1834 the first charter granted in Lewiston for manufacturing purposes was given the Lewiston Falls Manufacturing Company, whose capital was $100,000 and whose incorporators were John M. Frye and William R. Frye. John M. Frye was elected agent at the munificent salary of $300 per year.

The possibilities of this vast water power now began to be more fully realized, and foreign capital was attracted to the place. In 1836 the Great Androscoggin Falls, Dam, Locks and Canal Company was incorporated, with a capital of $100,000. The name of this company was changed in 1845 to the Lewiston Water Power Company, and its capital stock increased to $1,500,000. The Franklin Company, organized in 1856, bought out the Water Power Company, and now owns the land near the falls on both sides of the river, besides much other valuable property.

The twenty-five years from 1836 to 1861 saw Lewiston developed from a prosperous farming town into a thriving business community. New streets had been opened, canals dug and mills erected; the stage-coach had been exchanged for the iron horse; and the town's future growth and prosperity were as-

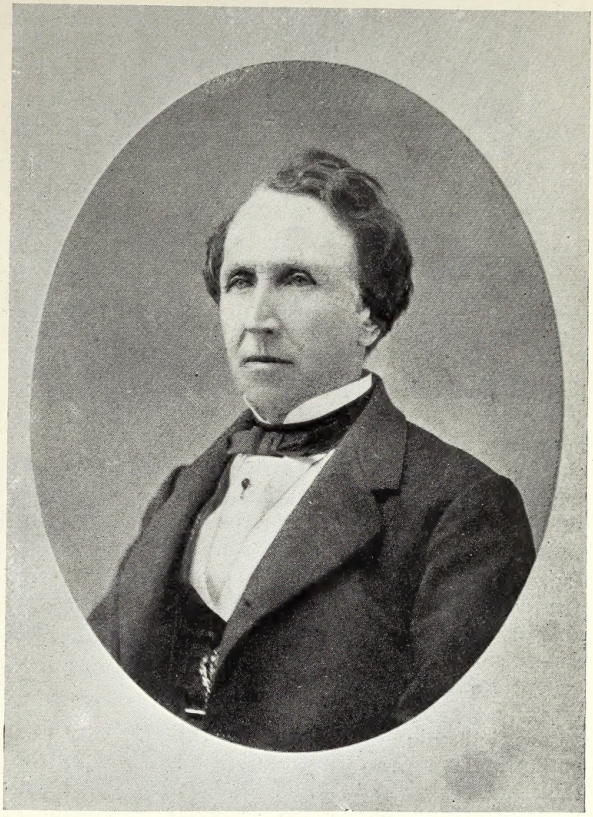


THE GREAT STONE FACE.

sured. The population in 1790, twenty years after settlement, was but 532; in 1800, 948; in 1820, 1,312; in 1840, 1,810. The next twenty years showed a marked increase, the census of 1860 showing a population of 7,424. During the succeeding decade this was nearly doubled, becoming in 1870, 13,602, jumping again in 1890 to 21,701. The estimated population of the city to-day is 25,000. The valuation, keeping pace with this growth, has increased from $580,420 in 1850 to $12,144,494 in 1890.

An act to incorporate the city of Lewiston, approved March 15, 1861, was adopted by the town November 22, 1862. The first city election, held in March, 1863, resulted in the choice of Jacob B. Ham as mayor. The present mayor is Honorable Frank L. Noble. The city fathers met at first in the Journal Block, moving later to more commodious quarters. In December, 1872, the first City Hall was completed, at a cost of over $200,000. This building was destroyed by fire January 7, 1890. The fire broke out just at the close of the day, and was witnessed by thousands. As the lofty spire, which rose to a height of over two hundred feet, fell, a single exclamation burst in concert from the multitude, the great bell giving one clang as if tolling a knell for its own burial. But there quickly arose phœnix-like from the ashes another and more beautiful structure, the corner-stone of which was laid July 4 of the following year. Honorable Alonzo Garcelon, who as mayor laid the corner-stone of the old building and delivered an address, performed at this time the same service. Besides a beautiful and commodious hall, the building contains rooms for the various city offices, city government rooms, municipal court, police guard-rooms, city prison, and library.

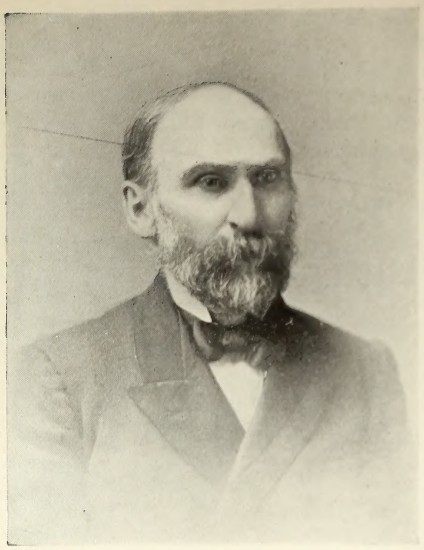
The power of a public library for the spread of culture and for general good in a community was early recognized by the members of the several Lewiston corporations. Accordingly, in 1860, the Manufacturers and Mechanics Library Association was formed and a library opened through its liberality. This library numbered, at the time of its destruction in the City Hall fire, eleven thousand volumes. The corporations joined hands with the city in making good this loss, and the association now has a carefully selected library of over six thousand volumes.



BENJAMIN E. BATES.
THE FOUNDER OF BATES COLLEGE.

The Lewiston post office had been in the old City Hall. Steps were immediately taken toward securing a government building for the city; and early in the present year this building was completed.

The city's interests are largely fostered



EX-GOVERNOR NELSON DINGLEY, JR.

by her energetic Board of Trade, which was organized March 29, 1887. By its members, with the co-operation of the citizens, was planned and carried out the successful celebration, on the fourth of July last, of the centennial of the incorporation of Lewiston as a town. The Lewiston *Journal* issued on that occasion a thirty-two-page edition, which is valuable for every student of Lewiston. Augustus R. Turner also published an excellent souvenir programme, chiefly historical.

The industries of the city are varied, cotton and woollen manufacturing taking the lead. Named in order of location the mills of Lewiston are as follows: Cowan, Lincoln, Columbia, Bates, Hill, Lewiston, Continental, Androscoggin, Avon and Cumberland. The goods woven in these mills have a wide reputation, being sold not only in America, but in the foreign markets of the world. In 1894, over fifty-five million yards of cloth were turned out by them, giving employment to more than six thousand hands. The Lewiston Bleachery and Dye Works, with a capacity of over thirty tons of bleached goods per day, rank second to none in the country.

In March, 1849, the Androscoggin and Kennebec Railroad, now the Maine Central, was completed as far as Lewiston.



HON. WILLIAM P. FRYE.

To-day four railway lines radiate from the city, — the upper Maine Central, the lower Maine Central, the Portland and Rumford Falls, and the Grand Trunk.

The city is proud, and pardonably so, of the fact that it owns and controls its water works and electric light system. The former was put in during the year 1878, at an original cost of over $250,000. Water is taken from the river above the city, and driven to the reservoir nearly two miles from the pumping station. Its one hundred and sixty-four public and two hundred and three private hydrants afford, with a most excellent fire department, ample protection against fire. Of Lewiston's electric light plant special mention was made by Professor Ely in his Chautauquan text-book on Political Economy.



OLD LITCHFIELD TAVERN.

During the summer of 1894 the Lewiston and Auburn Horse Railroad, which was organized in 1881, changed its motive power to electricity, and now has one of the best equipped and most prosperous electric roads in the country. Improvements in the way of suburban extension and connection with some of the prosperous outlying towns are to be made at an early day.

The city park of eight acres, situated opposite the City Hall, was a gift to the city from the Franklin Company. Within it stands the soldiers' monument, one of the earlier works of the noted sculptor, Franklin Simmons, who, though born in the adjoining town of Webster, passed his boyhood and early manhood in Lewiston. Among his works which have place in large cities of the country may be mentioned the Edward Little statue in Auburn and the soldiers' and sailors' monument and the Longfellow statue in Portland. He is at present engaged at his studio in Rome on a statue of General Logan.

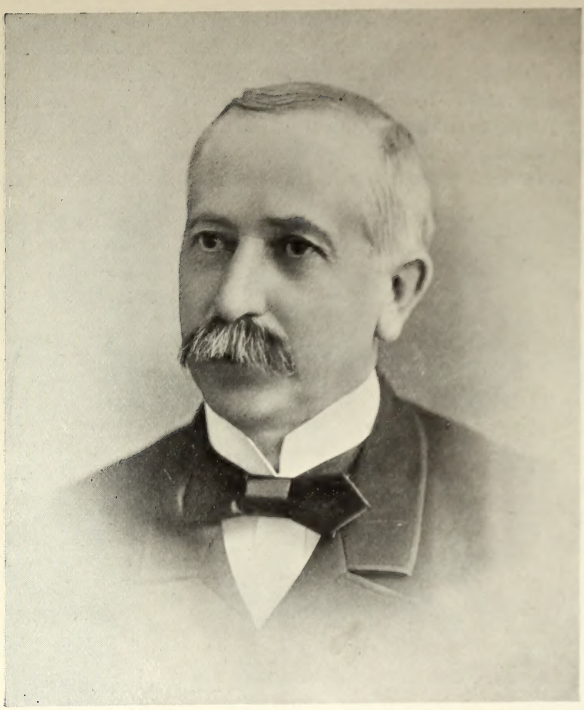
Lewiston is honored in being the home of two men high in the councils of the nation, — Hon. William P. Frye, United States senator from Maine, and ex-Governor Nelson Dingley, Jr., who has represented the second congressional district of Maine since 1881, being chosen at that time to fill the vacancy caused by the election of Mr. Frye to the senate. Of sterling worth and signal ability, no man sits in the halls of Congress to-day more highly honored or more widely esteemed than Representative Dingley.



STAFF OF THE MAINE GENERAL HOSPITAL.

BEEDY.	OAKES.	LEADER.	COBB.
PENNELL.	DONOVAN.	NORTON.	SHURTLEFF.
EMMONS.	SMALL.	STURGIS.	WEDGWOOD.
PEABLES.	COAN.	WILLIAMS.	HILL.

Senator Frye's career at Washington began with his election to the forty-second Congress, since which time he has been in continuous service as representative and senator, being elected to the latter position in 1881. His work in



FROM A PHOTO. BY FLAGG AND PLUMMER.

PRESIDENT CHASE OF BATES COLLEGE.

Congress has ever been characterized by an intense Americanism, for which he is admired not only by the people of his own state, but by the people of the whole country. As an orator he has few peers.

In speaking of the natural scenery in and about the city, mention must first be made of the falls, not merely because it is to them that the city owes its existence, but because of their great beauty. In the rock rising in their midst is a wonderful profile face. Seen from the Auburn side in bold relief against the sky, tranquil mid the fury of the torrent, it is most impressive. Near its base a beautiful rainbow is often formed in the dashing spray.

One of the many favorite drives is the Switzerland road, along the river bank, affording glimpses of scenery of surpassing beauty. Picturesque Barkerville, a suburb of Lewiston, is a favorite haunt of the local artist. It is greatly to be regretted that the old mill, so often sketched and painted, was recently destroyed by fire.

From the top of Mount David, a dome-shaped ledge of mica schist, which rises one hundred and twenty-three feet above Main Street, a fine view is afforded of the city and surrounding country. On a clear day the White Mountains, fifty miles away, may be seen.

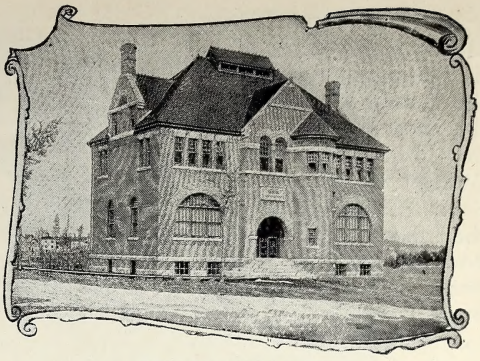
The city has important charitable institutions. The great good accomplished by the Central Maine General Hospital since its opening in 1891 can scarcely be estimated. A wing is now being added to increase the present limited accommodations; and it is to be hoped that succeeding legislatures will still further add to its usefulness by generous appropriations. The asylum and hospital of Notre Dame de Lourdes occupies a fine building, which is used as an orphan asylum for girls as well as a hospital. The Healy Asylum on Ash Street is doing a grand work in caring for orphan boys regardless of nationality or religion. One wing is used as a day nursery and kindergarten, where during the day two hundred little girls are taught.



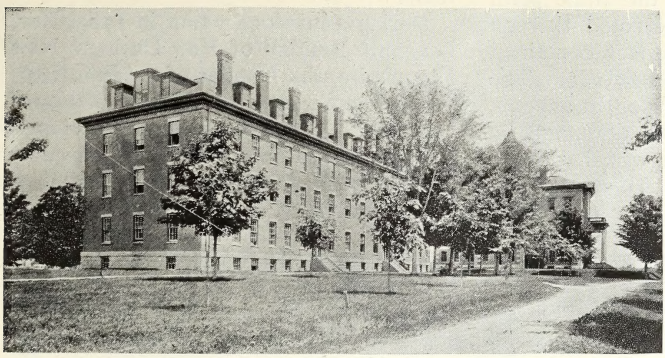
EX-PRESIDENT CHENEY.

Another institution deserving mention is the Young Women's Home, beautifully located on the corner of Pine and Bates Streets, overlooking the park, — connected with which is the young women's reading-room.

Few realize adequately how great is the aid to a city's growth and prosperity which is furnished by an enterprising newspaper conducted by men of culture, liberality and broad experience. Such is the Lewiston *Journal.* It was founded in 1847 by Dr. Alonzo Garcelon and W. H. Waldron, the latter one of the five original proprietors of the Boston *Herald.* In 1857 Honorable Nelson Dingley, Jr., became the sole proprietor. His brother, Frank L., associated with him on the editorial staff since his graduation from Bowdoin in 1861, became in 1863 a member of the firm, and in 1890 Mr. Harry E. Andrews, the *Journal's* able managing editor, who has been connected with the paper since 1877, was also admitted.



HEDGE LABORATORY.

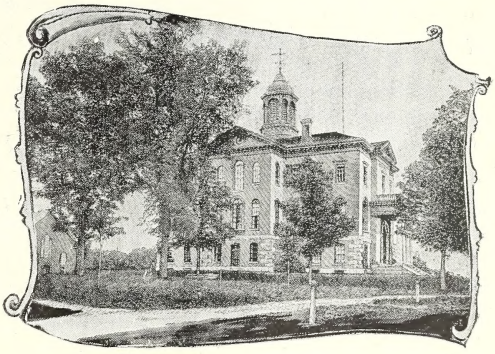


PARKER HALL.

The paper was made a daily, April 20, 1861. In 1850 the weekly, then a folio, had a circulation of less than seven hundred. The present circulation of the paper is: the daily (eight pages), six thousand; Saturday edition (sixteen pages), ten thousand; weekly (sixteen pages), eighteen thousand;—the largest circulation of any newspaper in Maine.

Of Lewiston's advantage as a railroad centre and of her wonderful water power we have spoken. The public spirit of her citizens is shown in the city's fine public buildings, her waterworks and electric light system, her benevolent institutions and her schools. But the history of no New England city would be complete without reference to its church life. The hardy pioneers of Lewiston, like those of many another settlement, were for a long time without public religious worship, yet the fires on their family altars were kept brightly burning. The first visit known to have been made to the plantation by a minister was in 1783, when Rev. James Potter of Bowdoinham, a Baptist preacher, came to the place while on a missionary tour. Though his labors were successful, no effort was made toward church organization till 1789, when a conference was instituted covering a widely scattered territory.

The first church, consisting of fifty-five members, was organized March 3,



HATHORN HALL.

1792, in the barn of Abner Harris, who was one of its first deacons. At his house the church worshipped for the most part till 1795, from which time till the completion of the "Old South Church" in 1818 the schoolhouse in what is now the Rose Hill district was used as a meeting-house. On March 7, 1818, the three members of the parish chosen a committee "to look out a place to set a meeting-house" reported that "the southerly corner of James Mitchell's land" would be a desirable location. One half acre was accordingly bought at this place, $8 being the price paid. The house which was erected thereon was forty-one by forty-five feet, contained eighty-six pews, and cost $2,260. The pews were sold, November 28, at auction, as was the custom in those days, and on December 1 the church was dedicated. This building is now occupied as a second-hand store, standing nearly opposite the lower Maine Central station, to which place it was removed in 1852.



IVORY F. FRISBEE.
HEAD! ASTER NICHOLS LATIN SCHOOL.

To the Quakers, however, must be given the credit of erecting the first meeting-house, which was completed by them in 1811, seven years before the one mentioned. Previous to that time the Quakers in Lewiston had worshipped in the building erected by elder Amos Davis at his own expense in the old Sabatis Street burying-ground, the land for which he had given to the town. This building served also as a schoolhouse and town-house for many years.

During a missionary tour in 1783, Rev. Benjamin Randall of New Durham, New Hampshire, the founder of the Free Baptist denomination, visited the plantation of Lewiston. Through his labors a church was organized in 1803. In 1820 they dedicated their first church building, which stood on the northerly side of



THE FACULTY OF BATES COLLEGE.

PROFESSOR HARTSHORN. PROFESSOR ANGELL. PROFESSOR STRONG.
PROFESSOR STANTON. PROFESSOR JORDAN. PROFESSOR RAND.



FROM A PHOTO. BY FLAGG AND PLUMMER.

PLANTING THE IVY.

Mount David till October 2, 1838, when it was removed to Haymarket Square, where it now constitutes the upper part of a grain and feed store. The brick building at the head of Lisbon Street, now occupied above as the Salvation Army barracks and below as a shoe store, was the first church built by the Baptists. Thus three of the early homes of the churches have literally been converted into "houses of merchandise."

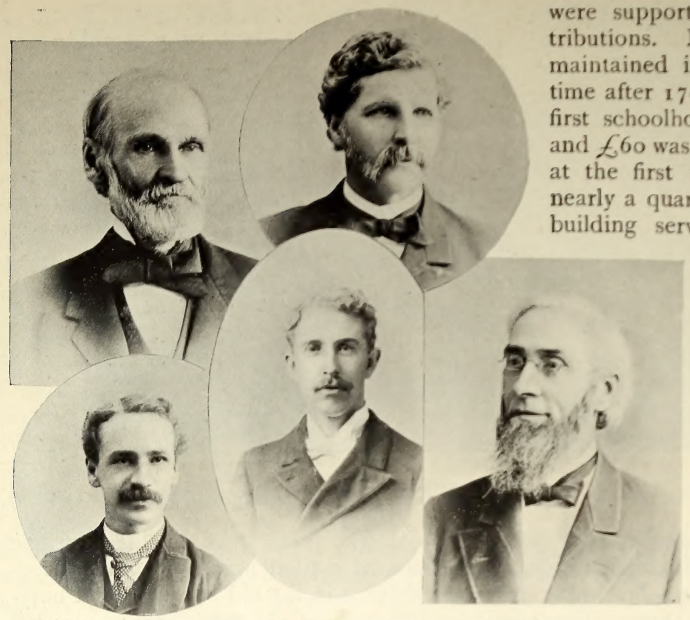
The denominations occupying homes of their own to-day, some of them costly and beautiful, are the Friends, Episcopal, Baptist, two Free Baptist, two Methodist (which parishes have been recently united), Congregationalist, Universalist, two Irish Catholic and one French Catholic, to which last a large monastery is being added. An active Young Men's Christian Association, a valuable adjunct to church work, is doing good service.

In the three wars in which the country has been engaged Lewiston has borne an honorable part. Of the little handful in the plantation at the breaking out of the Revolution, three are known to have "left their ploughshares in the mould" to go forth and do battle for the freedom of the colonies. Several from other towns who took part in this struggle afterward settled here. On a moss-covered stone in the old Sabatis Street burying-ground may be read these words: "A Revolutionary Soldier."

In the War of 1812, Captain Oliver Herrick raised a company which served in 1813 on Lake Champlain. Three of these men, Samuel R. Read, John P. Read and Jonathan Ray, were captured and imprisoned for a year in Montreal and Quebec. When in September, 1814, Colonel Walter R. Blaisdell's regiment of militia was ordered into service, Lewiston's two companies, the north under Captain Nathaniel Sleeper and the south under Captain George Williams, went with them.



REV. THOMAS HILL RICH. PROF. R. C. STANLEY.



FACULTY OF COBB DIVINITY SCHOOL.

PROF. FULLONTON. PROF. HOWE. PROF. HAYES.
PROF. ANTHONY. PROF. PURINTON.

were supported by voluntary contributions. Many of them were maintained in this way for a long time after 1795. In that year the first schoolhouse proper was built, and £60 was raised for the schools at the first town meeting. For nearly a quarter of a century this building served as a town-house and Baptist church as well. At the "March meeting" in 1796, $100 was raised for the schools. This sum was gradually increased year by year. In 1831 we find that $700 was voted for school purposes. In 1894 over $49,000 was expended for the schools, nearly three thousand pupils being enrolled. The value of school buildings and grounds at the present time is $239,000. In 1864 the town system was adopted, in order that the rural schools might have the same advantages as those of the city proper. Since 1872 free text-books and appliances have been supplied the pupils. The methods employed, the course of study, the whole arrangement of schools are in line with the most advanced line of thought of the day.

To-day the schools number twenty-one

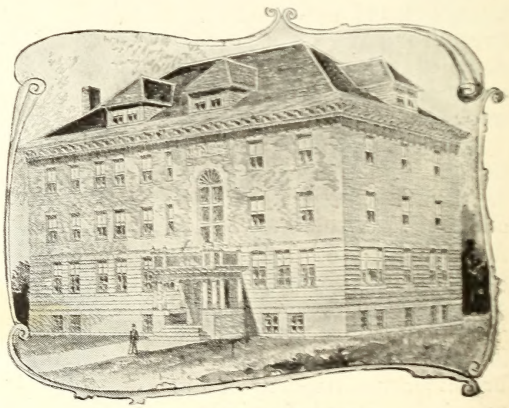
In the Civil War, Lewiston furnished over eleven hundred men. Two G. A. R. posts, two relief corps organizations and the Sons of Veterans assist each year in decorating the graves of those who were killed in battle, and are performing a heroic work in caring for needy members.

The Maine state fair, which is held annually in September, on grounds just outside the city, attracts each year thousands of visitors.

The city is the home of many women's clubs with literary, musical, artistic and social aims.

Lewiston is a musical centre of some importance. The Maine Conservatory of Music, a young and growing institution, founded a few years since by Professor George Lowell Tracy, the well-known musician and composer of Boston, is doing much for the advancement of musical learning in the community and the state.

Education has always been deemed of the foremost importance in Lewiston. The first schools were kept in the homes of the settlers, and



COBB DIVINITY SCHOOL.

primaries, eight intermediates, a grammar school of ten classes, and a high school. Besides these there is a Normal Training School for teachers, which has been in successful operation for many years, and to which is largely due the present high standing of the city's schools. The French and the Irish Catholic societies have established large parochial schools.

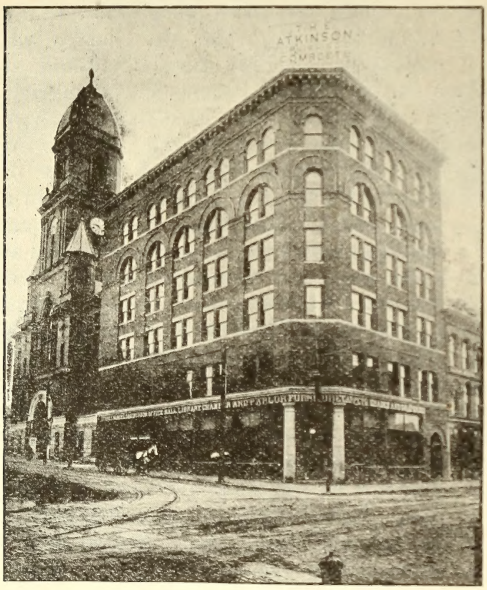
It would be interesting to treat at length of the dark and disastrous times experienced by the settlers during the embargo of 1812; of the old coaching days, when the Herrick House and Garcelon's Tavern, and later the Litchfield Tavern dispensed hospitality and good cheer; of the terrible days of the cholera of 1854 and the noble work done by physicians and people. Dr. Millett paid the penalty of his heroic devotion to duty with his life. He was ably seconded by that other grand old man, our venerable ex-Governor Alonzo Garcelon, M. D., who is still, at the age of eighty-two, engaged in the practice of his profession, a familiar figure as he drives the streets in his two-wheeled chaise. Born here in 1813, no man, living or dead, has done more for the upbuilding and advancement of the city than has he. The principal streets of Lewiston, the railroads, the first paper, the Maine State Seminary, now Bates College, — all these and many more enterprises owe their origin and existence in whole or in part to his foresight and force. With him originated the idea of forming a new county with the city as a centre, for which he labored with untiring zeal; and in 1854 Androscoggin County was set off from Cumberland, Kennebec, Oxford and Lincoln Counties.

We have reserved for final mention an institution to which every citizen of Lewiston points with pride, and by which the city is best known in the intellectual world. Bates College, with its campus of fifty acres, is beautifully located in the edge of the city, and its presence exerts an elevating and refining influence upon the whole community. Many have been led to make their homes here on account of the educational advantages which it affords. Founded a third of a century ago, it ranks to-day with many an older institution in the high standing of its faculty and alumni. All honor to him who consecrated to its service forty of the best years of a noble life, — for Rev. Oren B. Cheney was the originator as well as the principal of the Maine State Seminary, of which the college is the outgrowth. For the first thirty-one years of its life he was the honored president of the college — the one man to whom more than all others the college owes its existence.

Rev. James A. Howe, D. D., dean of Cobb Divinity School, in his history of the college, says of its inception: "In the autumn of 1854, while Mr. Cheney was pastor of the Free Baptist Church at Augusta, Maine, Parsonsfield Seminary, at that time the only Free Baptist school in the state, was destroyed by fire. At once Mr. Cheney conceived the idea of substituting for it a higher seminary in a more central location. Taking others into his confidence, and ably seconded at every step, and sometimes led by Rev. Ebenezer Knowlton, Mr. Cheney brought to pass most of the measures and largely secured the means by which the Maine State Seminary was founded and carried to its good degree of prosperity. The seminary was chartered by the state in 1855, and was given $15,000, on condition that its friends would raise an equal sum. Before the seminary was begun or its location fixed, many Maine towns, appreciating the advantages it would bring to the place securing it, made strenuous efforts to secure it. . . . The people of Lewiston agreed to raise $10,000 for the seminary and to provide it a site worth $5,000, and won the prize."

At the opening of the school in 1857, one hundred and thirty-seven students were in attendance, eighty-three men and fifty-four women, under the instruction of Rev. O. B. Cheney, A. M., principal; Miss Rachel Symonds, preceptress; George H. Ricker, A. M., John A. Lowell, A. M., Miss Jane W. Hoyt and Miss Mary R. Cushman, — a noble band, fortunately and wisely chosen. During the first years of the seminary, quoting again from Professor Howe,

"other ideas grew upon Dr. Cheney, and a larger plan took shape in his mind. He saw the opportunity, felt the necessity, and pressed the subject of using the seminary as the foundation of a college." Among the many good reasons urged for making this change the first was the denominational need, the Free Baptists having no college east of Hillsdale, Michigan. Another reason — and a sufficient one if none other existed — was that no college in New England admitted young women upon the same terms as young men, or indeed admitted them at all. Here certainly



THE ATKINSON FURNISHING COMPANY BUILDING.

was opened up a broad field of usefulness. By adopting the coeducational method, what incalculable good might be accomplished! But one of the strongest arguments advanced for the establishment of a new college was the great need of an institution where the expenses should be low enough to render a liberal education available to young men and women of limited means. At the annual meeting of the trustees of the seminary in 1863, it was unanimously voted "That the seminary be hereafter known and called by the name of Bates College, and that application be made to the next Legislature for a college charter under that name."

One of the men of means who had done much in developing the resources of the city of Lewiston, Benjamin E. Bates of Boston, had been led to take a deep interest in the seminary. His generous offer, in 1863, to give the school $25,000, if its friends would raise $75,000 toward endowing it as a college, was the next year increased to $100,000 on condition that the school raise $25,000 more. These conditions were met to his satisfaction, and the college received the amount promised by him. The trustees voted that the college should bear his name,—an honor as unexpected by Mr. Bates as it was deserved. "He understood," says Professor Howe, "the value to our country of Christian colleges and looked upon the opportunity of aiding a small denomination to found such a college as a happy way of executing one of his benevolent intentions. It may be questioned if he could have found for his money a wider field of usefulness." Bates College stands a lasting monument to his Christian philanthropy. The motto of the college, *Amore ac Studio*, was given it by Charles Sumner.

The first class entered in the fall of 1863, though it was not till the following winter that the legislature passed the act of incorporation. On the roll of the faculty to-day is found the name of but one professor given in the first catalogue, that of Jonathan Y. Stanton, A. M., whose thirty-two years of matchless labor for the college have founded for him a "monument more enduring than brass" in the hearts of those who have come under his instruction.

In 1865 a college preparatory class was formed into a distinct body called the Latin School. To-day, under its headmaster, Ivory F. Frisbee, Ph. D., with a well-trained corps of assistants, the Latin School is recognized throughout New England as a fitting-school of high grade.

In the fall of 1870 a theological school was added, occupying, with the Latin School, Nichols Hall. After twenty-five years of existence it enters the present season a beautiful and commodious home

of its own, Roger Williams Hall, a gift of Mr. L. W. Anthony of Providence, Rhode Island, erected in memory of his wife, who was a lineal descendant of Roger Williams. Though a Free Baptist institution, students from all denominations are welcomed. In 1887 the name was changed to Cobb Divinity School, in honor of Hon. J. L. H. Cobb of Lewiston, one of its most liberal donors.

A large proportion of the alumni of the college have become teachers. Of the number thus engaged, one is president of a university, one the president of a college, and fifteen are professors in colleges and universities. Law, medicine, journalism and the ministry claim their share.

Coeducation has proved a success at Bates College. Experience here has shown that by this method the plane of the school is raised not only socially and morally, but intellectually as well. Adopted at a time when the idea was unpopular, the college has come to see its "hazardous experiment" indorsed and in many cases followed by the leading educators of the country. Of the present entering class of over eighty members forty are young women.

For the past few years Shakespearian plays have been produced annually by the students, which, while proving a source of pleasure to large audiences, have greatly profited those taking part. The *Bates Student*, the college magazine, published monthly during the school year, edited and managed by members of the junior class, occupies a high place among college publications. Secret societies are forbidden by the charter. To their absence is due in no small degree the high general excellence maintained by the two literary societies, the Polymnian and the Eurosophian, which hold weekly meetings. Music, debates, mock congresses and mock trials, eulogies, essays and other literary features serve to bring out the talent of the members.

Of incalculable benefit is the personal contact and close acquaintance existing between students and teachers, an advantage possessed only by the smaller colleges and one which cannot be overestimated in its aid to character-building. Much assistance is rendered the students by the faculty in securing schools and other positions in which to earn money toward defraying their expenses. In each student a personal interest is taken, and this interest is not abated after graduation. The custom of employing student waiters, which has become so common, originated at Bates in the early seventies, when a little handful of undergraduates, through the instrumentality of Dr. Cheney, secured positions at the Glen House in the White Mountains.

Few know of the trials experienced by those who were with the college during its early dark days, of their truly Christian devotion and noble self-sacrifice. To-day their reward is apparent. Under President Chase, who was last year elected to succeed Dr. Cheney, upon the latter's resignation, the college is entering upon a new era of life and activity. Already under his wise direction is Bates being led up to a higher and broader plane of usefulness.

Tribute should here be paid to Professor R. C. Stanley, in whose death in 1889 the college suffered a deep loss, and whose memory is cherished for his great kindliness of heart by all who knew him; also to Rev. Thomas Hill Rich, late professor of Hebrew, who came to the Divinity School in 1872 and labored with such Christian zeal for its upbuilding and advancement till his death.

Athletics claim their proper share of attention at Bates. At the foot of Mount David, whose summit it is hoped will be graced at no distant day by an astronomical observatory, lies the ball field. Bates has always held an enviable position on the diamond, having won the state pennant for more years than any one of her three sister colleges. Several tennis courts upon the campus invite to healthful exercise. The state championship for doubles is at present held by a Bates man. Foot-ball has engaged the attention of the students to some extent. A gymnasium well fitted with modern appliances, in charge of competent instructors for both sexes, aids in developing a sound mind in a sound body. The stand taken by the college upon athletics is that outlined by President Chase in his

inaugural address. "I admit," he said, "that in some colleges athletics receive too much attention and that no college is exempt from the danger of excess in physical sports and exercises. Everybody can gauge the merits of the first baseman or the 'sprinter.' Few can appreciate and none can observe the slow processes by which the crude boy develops into the scholar. Yet I believe as firmly in the gymnasium and the college field as in the class-room and the laboratory. The sound body is essential to the sound mind. Health conditions all progress. Muscles must be mixed with brains. Base-ball and foot-ball impart their own special discipline of the intellect as well as of the body. The enthusiasm kindled by healthful rivalry is a good safety valve for animal spirits. Held subordinate to the mental and moral culture which the college should afford, gymnastics and athletics are valuable factors in student life and should have ample scope. They should never be allowed to become an end, but should be made tributary to scholarship and character."

George Colby Chase, D. D., LL. D., was inaugurated president of Bates College, September 22, 1894. Honored by his election to that high position, he honors the college more. Pre-eminently fitted by qualities of heart and mind as well as by his intimate knowledge of the needs of the college, gained from his connection with it since 1872 as professor of English literature, he brought to the position that breadth of character and culture, that depth of sympathy and insight, that native judgment and executive ability so essential to the management of such an institution.

From the beginning the college has been characterized by its breadth and its high aims, as well as by its scholarship. Its professors have been men of great moral enthusiasm and religious earnestness, and its administration has never shown a trace of sectarianism. The social life of the institution is healthy, and its ideals are all on the side of honesty, purity and good sense. The notion has never been prevalent among Bates students that there should be one moral standard for the community and another for the college. While her resources have more than doubled within the last ten years, her chief reliance has been her good name rather than her great riches. Her students, drawn mainly from New England, but in part from other portions of our country and from Canada, are rapidly increasing, her freshman class numbering between eighty and ninety, and her entire student body, not including the divinity school, about two hundred and twenty.

Proud of the results she has already achieved, hopeful of the future full of so great promise, under wise leadership and instruction, cheered by a loyal and growing body of alumni, Bates College will go on to larger life and fuller success, a pride to the city and an honor to the state.

ON THE HEIGHT.

By Julia C. R. Dorr.

LIKE some great Merlin of an elder day,
In robes of glistening samite, clasped with pearl,
White-haired, white-bearded, self-contained and lone,
Thy radiant forehead lifted to the skies, —
Majestic in pure splendor thou dost sit
Monarch of mountains, while the lesser kings —
Only less kingly than thyself — as if
In some high presence chamber, proudly wait
On either hand the setting of the sun.
Far in the kindling west the globe of fire
Sinks slowly out of sight. The rich clouds fade;
The glory dies; earth shivers and is still.
Behold! thou too art growing gray with eld
When the swift afterglow, like living flame,
Crowns thee with rubies, wraps thee in soft robes
Pink-white and tender as blush roses are,
And thou art beautiful as love's young dream!
What though the fair dream vanish as it came?
Lo! as I gaze with half-suspended breath,
The heavens open, and above thy brow
Jupiter blazes in the darkening skies.
Brightest of all thy diadem of stars!

Winter and silence and fast gathering night!
Dost thou remember — thou, who now no more
Answerest by word or token to my cry —
Dost thou remember one fair summer eve,
Long, long ago, ere winter nights came down,
When thou and I scaled yon far mountain height,
And climbed its highest peak, and stood alone,
Hand clasped in hand, heart beating close to heart,
Poised between earth and sky? Beneath us rolled,
Like ocean waves when all the winds are still,
Billows of verdure to the horizon's verge;
Green, dimpled valleys interlaced with streams;
Fair silver lakes all tremulous with stars;
And multitudinous mountains, far and near,
Encompassing the whole. All this we saw;
Then turned and saw each other — which was more!

FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION.

A STORY OF CHRISTMAS CHRISTIANITY.

By Edward Everett Hale.

I.



"COME and see the new moon, Grandam! Come, come, thee must come and see the new moon! And put money in thy pocket, Grandam, and put thy right foot on the ladder, and face this way and look over that shoulder, and then thee will have money for a month."

"And little good will the money do me," said the poor woman, not moving a finger. "Be there another moon? Then it's fifty-nine days since we started on this weary, weary sea. And in my heart I know we shall never see land."

"Thee knows no such thing, Grandam," cried one of the children and another; "and thee must come and see the moon."

"For before she is full thee will be seeing sugar and spice and everything nice, and medlars and pears and plums, and thee will be hungry for all of them, and thee will need all thy money to buy them for Abner and for Willie."

This was the speech of that pretty Anne Fortune, who could make the poor seasick woman do what she chose. And she succeeded this time, as she had done so often, and dragged her up the narrow ladder to the deck in triumph. And so Goody Wakelin saw the third moon of their voyage.

They were all on the *Mayflower*. Yes, the famous *Mayflower*. But this was not the famous voyage. This was one of the later voyages of the brave old ship, before she disappeared and was broken up and changed into old junk in some dockyard on the river. It was to America she was coming; and Goody Wakelin was in theory taking charge of the children. And really Abner and Anne had charge of her. For they had the omnipotence of youth, and she, sick and careworn, looked back far more than was well for her, and had to be cajoled or scolded into looking forward. Her complaining began again as she turned from the new moon.

"But where is my dear Lord? Why does he not say to the sea, 'Be still'? Why does he not come to me and lead me by still waters?"

The poor children did not know, and did not tell her. They could only beg her again to stay and see the people on deck, and so far they succeeded. They found for their poor captive a lee under the shelter of a big cask, which was a part of the deck freight; and in spite of herself she watched the reflection of the afterglow on the clouds behind. Just then a group of seamen around the foremast began singing Simeon's hymn:

"Lord, because my heart's desire
Hath wishéd long to see
My only Lord and Saviour,
Thy Son, before I die."

Some of the women and children gathered round them, and joined in the familiar words. And it was with jubilant joy that they sang the last verse:

"The Gentiles to illuminate
And Satan over-quell,
And eke to be the glory of
Thy people Israel."

The whole deck cheered, one may say, as the sacred song was ended. For the "Amen, amen, amen!" which rose from so many lips was indeed the cheer of conquerors. And the ship's boatswain, a modest-looking young fellow, with a friendly face and a blazing eye, stepped forward and said, "Let us pray." He spoke perhaps fifty words in the strain of

triumph, and again came the glad "Amen, amen!" And then the young fellow said, what lingered in the heart of the children till they died:

"You see, mates, it is not the hair of His head ye are to look for, nay, nor the grip of His fingers and His thumb. It is as 'twere midnight, black and dark, here, and ye heard the cheer of His voice out of the fo'castle as He called ye from the poop yonder. It is not His face that ye want; it is Him. It is Him I long to see,

'The only Lord and Saviour,
Thy Son, before I die.'"

"Amen, amen, amen!" rang from the crowd. And as the children lifted their grandmother down the gangway, the dear old soul said, "Amen, my darling. How wicked I was when I came upstairs! I see it now, and I will not whine any more."

II.

Sixty-five years make more or less, as you take them. The three children, Abner, William and Anne, were sixty-five years older in the year 1690 than they were in the spring of 1625. But they did not take life any less joyously, — perhaps they took it more joyously. Anne Fortune was no longer Anne Fortune. She had been Abner's wife, — well if they had known about golden weddings, theirs would have passed already. Her children's children were tumbling round, some in the great lean-to, sailing boats in the water-tank, some in the cherry trees, picking cherries and eating them. Will Wakelin had just come across from Plymouth, and had brought some ribbons for Comfort and Ruth, some pepper and ginger for the kitchen, and the new dasher for the churn which he had bidden Silas Meek finish for him at the mill. And he and his wife — Aunt Hitty, as the children called her — had walked across from their house. They all sat together under the great elm as the sun went down. On the common — the green between two roads — the bigger boys were playing the ball-game which we now call lacrosse. There were three or four Sogkonate boys among them, quite enough to give a savage flavor, not to say color, to the game.

"I was telling your wife, Will," says the Anne Fortune of the *Mayflower*, "that the little brats here have been making me tell them old-time stories of the sea and of the old country. And I told them o' that night when we coaxed thy grandmother up on deck, and showed her the new moon over her shoulder."

"And indeed there is the same moon now," cried Aunt Hitty, — "as new as ever!"

And sure enough, the faint white sickle, only two days old, appeared above the apple-orchard. And the children twisted their necks into absurd contortions, that they might see it over their left shoulders.

"And did you tell them," said Will, a little seriously, "how we sang, and she sang, and how they all sang? Little did I know about the Gentiles then. And thy mother, Hitty, told me stories that same night about the old times, which I shall never forget."

"And Arnold, the boatswain, spoke to us that night, and — yes, here is the Elder, Arnold's son, has come just in time for supper. Hold up, Elder, hold up! We were talking of your father. Now, Elder, you have not far to go, — John, take the Elder's horse, — and, Elder, there will be a plate and a spoon for you. Elder, we were talking of the times before you were born."

And so the boys were called from the ball-field, and their brothers and sisters from the orchard, and young Abner and Silas from the barn, as little Hitty and Salome came out, beaming, from the great kitchen and announced that supper was on the table.

The older people sat mostly at one end of the long table, "Little Hitty," who was five feet seven if she were an inch in height, presided at the other end, and the children drew up stools or short settles in the space between. The party was not large for this hospitable house. There were but twenty-seven in all. The Elder asked God's blessing, the mugs were filled, now with cider, now with milk, the meats, cold and warm, were

served, and with good appetite they all fell to, with viands such as

> "Kings and prophets waited for,
> And sought, but never found."

"Oh, Anne, do you remember the night when the pea-soup was sour on the ship, and old Watrous threw his plate into the sea?"

"And, Will, I can see thee standing by the kettle, and how thee let David Antrim carry off the long cut because thee knew what was under it," — and so on, and so on.

And after the supper, the children gathered in groups on the grass before the lean-to, and the old people brought their chairs under the great elm, and Abner gave to the Elder the Bible, and asked him to read the song of Simeon. And he did. And then all at once, children, fathers and mothers and grandfathers and grandmothers stood in a circle, and the Elder offered prayer. And then, with Abner's lead, they sang as they had sung on the deck of the ship:

> "The Gentiles to illuminate
> And Satan over-quell,
> And eke to be the glory of
> Thy people Israel."

"'Thy kingdom come,' indeed," said the Elder. "The good Lord heard and answered."

"'Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.' I think of that every night when the children come and kiss me."

"Indeed," said the Elder, "there is no such heaven as a happy home."

"And do you think, Elder, that the Lord Christ will long delay his coming? Are there not signs in the sky and trembling of men's hearts?"

"Dear friend," said the Elder, "when I see those redskins eating their bread and milk with our children, when I go from door to door and every one praises the Lord because he is good, I see that it is as the good Lord says. He cometh not with observation. He has already come."

III.

A perfect September day. A spacious and elegant house on a quiet street in Boston. The large hall divides three generous parlors on the right from three as generous on the left. In the most westerly of the last three is a large company of ladies and gentlemen around an admirably furnished dinner-table. The time is one o'clock in the afternoon, the dinner hour in Boston in 1740.

At the right hand of Mrs. Arnold, the hostess, sits the Reverend George Whitefield, who is the guest of honor of the occasion. Rightly or not, every one in the company addresses him as "Dr. Whitefield." Mrs. Arnold, dignified, gracious and self-possessed, is, none the less, more or less dashed in the presence of a guest so distinguished and for good reason so much honored. At the other end of the table, at the right of Morton Arnold, her husband, sat Parson Webb of the New North Church, Morton Arnold's minister. Thus Morton Arnold would have called that gentleman, not meaning that he owned him in any sense, but rather that when John Webb preached in the New North Church he listened.

We are not strangers to these people. Morton Arnold is the oldest son of that Elder Arnold in the last chapter, who asked the blessing at Marshfield fifty years before. Mrs. Arnold is the younger of the two girls who served the supper to the others, of which by accident Elder Arnold partook. Morton was one of the boys who played lacrosse on the green. That portrait by Smibert, at which Whitefield is looking as he speaks with Madam Morton, is a picture of Elder Arnold. The world's gear has prospered in Morton Arnold's hands; his dunfish are in favor among the monks at Vallambrosa, — see what a noble fish that is from which Madam Arnold helps Whitefield! And as the repast closes, these figs and oranges and raisins have all been selected by his own agents in Alicante and Barcelona.

Just before they left the table, Morton Arnold was trying to catch his wife's eye, so that she might ask Dr. Whitefield to return thanks. But she had brought round the conversation with her distinguished guest so far as to venture to ask him his opinion on Dr. Bengel's theory of the Apocalypse, which theory was a fashionable one at that moment with re-

gard to the second coming of Christ. Did Dr. Whitefield think that the Treaty of Utrecht was the closing of the fifth seal? — or whatever was the particular question of the hour. Whitefield felt, perhaps, that this was not a very good moment for exegetical discussion; he simply said, and she never forgot it, "My dear madam, if you and I can welcome the dear Lord in our hearts, we need not be troubled if we do not see him in the sky." And at this moment she caught her husband's eye, she saw his purpose, and she said:

"Thank you, Dr. Whitefield, thank you indeed! I will try to remember what you say. Now we must not keep all the people waiting. Will you return thanks?"

And the company all stood with bowed heads, while Whitefield thanked the good God for the feast which they had enjoyed, and, in words which faltered, asked for his strength for the duty which was before him.

No one sat down. All repaired to the great hall; mantles or other outer gear were thrown over the ladies' shoulders, the men took their canes and hats, and in a stately procession they moved toward the New North Church. The whole town and the whole neighborhood knew that Whitefield was to preach there, and as they approached Hanover Street, which had taken its new name from the dynasty hardly a generation old, their way was already blocked by the throngs of people who were passing around the meeting-house. The meeting-house itself had been filled long before.

Morton Arnold was not surprised. He turned back and spoke to Whitefield, who was following him close, with Madam Arnold on his arm, and said:

"It is as I told you, Dr. Whitefield. There will be no room in the church. I shall send forward Michael and Samuel, and the town crier is in waiting, who will give notice that the meeting will be held and you will preach under the Quaker Tree on the Common."

Little did Whitefield know why he used the word Quaker in connection with the tree. Mrs. Arnold knew that it was because Mary Dyer had been hanged there nearly a hundred years before. All the party turned back to Arnold's house.

He had foreseen all this, and his own chariot and horses were in readiness to take Dr. Whitefield and Mrs. Arnold and two other guests to the Common. They arrived at the tree near the marsh or pond in the more distant part of the Common, before the great mass of the people. Still, there were hundreds there, who had had the foresight to guess that the New North Meeting-House would not be large enough for the assembly. At Mrs. Arnold's direction, the horses were removed from the carriage and led away somewhere, so that Whitefield might stand in the carriage himself as the throng of people drew near. And then there flowed up, in a living stream, the crowd of men and women, — yes, of children as well, led by their mothers, — each eager to get a front place in the throng, and filling in, thousand upon thousand, thousand upon thousand, around the speaker.

Whitefield was pale, — he did not seem excited; he sometimes said a word to the three ladies with whom he had come. And they, with reverent understanding that they were not to sit in this accidental pulpit, stepped down from the chariot, and grouped themselves with those who were in the front. A little circle of grass, not ten feet across, separated him from his hearers. The gathering of the crowd was rapid, it was silent as the gathering of the same people in their churches might have been, and there was but little delay, therefore, before, in a voice which broke sometimes with emotion, Whitefield led the prayers of this assembly in a fervent appeal to the present God.

The service went forward, much as it might have done in the new brick meeting-house. An occasional cry of "Amen!" or "Praise the Lord!" breaking in on the preacher's voice, made indeed the only exception from the ordinary decorous conduct of Sunday service. The sermon was an eager, passionate description of the Saviour's personal presence and movement in Nazareth, at the well of Samaria, in Edom, by the seaside at Tyre, and at last at Jerusalem. Whitefield made the Divine Man live, even for

the dullest negro who listened to him with open mouth and unwinking eyes. It was as if he spoke to them; it was as if he took them by the hand. And then, not in many words, but with intense feeling, he showed them that the love with which Jesus spoke was God's love, the power with which he acted was God's power, the eternal wisdom of his instruction was God's wisdom. "This is incarnation," he cried. "You see the living God lives and moves and has his being by the side of the brook of Sharon, on the hillside in Nazareth, and in the streets of Jerusalem!" So passionate and eager was this statement, that a chorus of "Amen! Amen! Amen!" fairly interrupted the speaker. He almost trembled as he stood silent, but he waved his hand as if to quell the half applause which thus expressed itself, and pointing with that thin, bony finger quite into the middle of the crowd, then almost frowning as if he could hardly find words for his message, he cried, "You say 'Amen,' — and what is the use of my showing you how God can be present in the form of man as he walked in Nazareth and Jerusalem unless you are willing that God shall be incarnate in your own lives, as you go and come under these trees or in those streets of Boston? Is it any use for you that God should have been incarnate then, if you mean to resist the Holy Spirit and will not let him be incarnate now? This is the acceptable time, and this is the day of salvation, and you will know what it is to be saved if, as your Saviour did, you will speak God's word, you will do God's deed, and will go about your Father's business. O God, my God, that thou wilt incarnate thyself in the hearts of thy servants here to-day!"

And so that address was ended. A moment more, and in eager words of prayer, words which poured over each other as if he could not hold them back in his passion of love and reverence, he continued the same appeal. The men around him knew that he saw God and heard Him and was alive with the infinite life.

That evening, as Madam Arnold's grandchildren gathered around her, as she kissed them before they went to bed, her husband read to them the passage which came in order in the Bible, and the children felt that his prayer had in it an eager reality to which they had not been accustomed in the evening service of the household. And their grandmother kept them for a moment, as she did not always keep them, and said to them:

"Do not forget this day, do not forget this day. He said to me that we are not to look in the clouds for our Saviour. And I am sure, John, you will remember what you heard on the Common. You know that you are one of the children of God; and when you choose, God lives and moves and has his being in you."

Our business with this story is that John Arnold never forget those words. And in a thousand straits of his after life, — boy, youngster, adventurer, emigrant and leader of men, — in sorrow or in joy, in weakness and in strength, John Arnold knew how to find the infinite companionship, and to go about his business as those do who are almighty.

IV.

Fifty-two years more. John Arnold, this very boy who saw and heard Whitefield, is standing, a little nervous, at the door of a great "frame house," not far from a hospitable log cabin. From the great chimney of the cabin pour torrents of blue smoke, which indicate an important function within. John Arnold is a tall, handsome man, whose hair is hardly grizzled; he looks ready, is ready, to tramp his five-and-twenty miles through the woods any day. Yet John Arnold has been left at home this time, while the boys went to the campaign.

He is dressed in a well-preserved blue uniform coat, rather old-fashioned, but of French cut and Revolutionary times, and in clean and new buckskin breeches. He looks uneasily at the sky, to see how far down the sun has gone, and once or twice walks to the corner of the barn, listening.

And at last he is rewarded. "Tap, tap, tap," the sound of a drum is heard; and then four great lumber wagons rattle across the corduroy road, each flying an

American flag, and well filled with jovial young men, cheering and waving their hats. This is the party which John Arnold has been waiting for.

They are the contingent from all this neighborhood to Mad Anthony's army. And Mad Anthony, General Wayne, has crushed the Shawnee forces in decisive fights. One might almost say the Shawnee army, so well trained and so elated by their victories over Marmon and St. Clair were the enemy, and so well supplied by their English allies. But now they are utterly beaten and utterly broken. Now there is some peace for the settlers, so far as Indians go, for a hundred thousand years.

And Colonel John Arnold — "old Colonel Arnold," as the boys call him — has declared that his new house shall never offer food or drink to man or beast till the boys come home.

Now, on this bright September day, the boys have come. And the tin-kitchens in the log cabin have been roasting meat all day, and the great potash kettle has been boiling hams, and the very ashes have been baking potatoes, and the new cider is already drawn, and every woman and girl in the neighborhood is in her best gown to wait on the table. Well might John Arnold wish to hurry their coming. And here, at last, they have come.

No! One does want to describe the color of every turkey poult, the brown crust and the black clove of every ham, the flood of red gravy which followed every knife as every haunch of venison was cut. One wants to tell how every Phœbe blushed, or every Hitty, when her own John or Silas or Cephas found her and hugged her and kissed her. One would be glad to repeat the words with which Parson Meigs, who had come all the way up from Marietta, thanked God and asked his blessing. But we must not make the story too long. Enough that the boys and the girls and the boys' fathers and mothers sat at a more than royal feast. For indeed few kings can give such feasts. They are reserved for states like Ohio, one of whose proud mottoes is, "In Ohio no man was ever hungry."

It is after the feast that we have to do with a few of the party. Colonel John is still within, trying to persuade some little boys that they can eat some more doughnuts, and cutting for them some more squash pies. But here, on the western side of the old log house, a little secluded from the rest, is a group of a dozen, half of them soldiers and the other half "sweethearts and wives." The men are smoking their cob pipes. The women, neither appalled by the smoke, nor ashamed to be where they are, are pretending to open the knapsacks, pulling out what they find there, and commenting on the campaign.

But the talk grew more serious. Captain Nat, as the boys called Arnold's son, had told of Wayne's speech when he dismissed them. Then with a good deal of feeling he said, choking a little as he began:

"I was glad when the old man said he had no more use for us, and that there'd be no more use for us in a million years. I tell you, Sally, it's these old graybeards, who've smelt powder all their lives, — it's they that pray for peace. 'Now, boys,' says he, 'your homes are your own, and you've nobody to fear. Make 'em homes as is homes,' says he. And that's what you and I are for."

"'Bring in the kingdom,'" said James Southworth. And his wife Alice pressed his weather-beaten hand, from which the forefinger had been shot away, a little more closely.

"Yes, bring in the kingdom. That's as good a word as any. No more drums, no more wars and fightings. 'Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.'" And he looked up into the western sky, and pointed to the white sickle of the moon two days old. "They do things without trumpets or drums up there."

"Why, there's the new moon," said Alice Southworth. "Constant, your grandsir used to tell a story about the new moon on the *Mayflower*." And then she looked round, and with great satisfaction said, "Why, we were all there! Constant, you were there, and you, William Holmes, and you, James, and you, Captain Nat; Cephas Collier, you were there, and your wife, — of course

the Brewsters were there." She pointed, as she spoke, to the Hitty Meek of this generation, as if all men and women knew that she was a Brewster.

"Do you remember, Cicely, how your grandmother used to sing,

'My only Lord and Saviour,
Thy Son, before I die'?

"I thought I saw him, Thursday night, though it was pitch dark, when Hiram knocked, knocked, knocked so loud at the door, and I started out of bed all frightened. 'Victory,' said he, 'victory! The war's done, and the boys are coming home!' Dark it was as midnight, but when I waked up my baby to tell him his father was coming home," — here the young mother's voice broke, — "I thought I saw my Saviour's face, and I thought I heard the angels singing, 'Peace on earth and good will among men.'" And all excited, and with tears and sobs, she flung herself on her husband's knees and threw her arms around his neck.

Every one was hushed for a moment, and then in his clear tenor Cephas sang:

"Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth thou art;
Long desired of every nation,
Joy of every waiting heart"—

and all the rest, men and women, joined in.

"And now," said James, "we are not the men and you are not the women to go round singing them hymns without doing something about it. And we've talked it all over, we boys have, and you girls will all come in. We know that without asking. You see, we've seen the place. Why, we camped there Wednesday night, and we talked it all over round the fire. We'll go and take out our claims there next week, and we'll have the cabins built by Thanksgiving. Cicely, there's just what you want; the south wind blows over a bend of the river, which cools it. Hitty, there's just what you want, for there's a little swell of the land and great thick woods of black walnut that keeps off the northwest wind. Why, it's the kingdom of heaven now, if you can only keep sin and the devil out of it. I says to Cephas, says I, as the sun went down that night, says I, 'Cephas, there's nothing in the Book of Revelations that beats that! I don't know nothing about chrysophrase or chalcedony, but there's nothing finer than them maples and chestnuts and oaks and hickories, — and that's where we're going to make our town.'"

"The Gentiles to illuminate
And Satan over-quell,
And thou to be the glory of
Thy people Israel."

Cicely interrupted him as she half sung and half said these words.

"And first of all," said her husband, "nobody is to be hungry there. Nobody is to ask God's blessing on his breakfast any day if he thinks there's one cabin in the township where there's not enough to eat."

"And in the second place," said Hiram Meek, "there's to be no fools there. There's to be a nice pretty schoolhouse; and, Cicely, your sister is to come from Ipswich and teach in it."

"And in the third place," said William Holmes, "there's to be no drunkards there. There's to be no 'eleven o'clocks' nor 'eye-openers,' nor no other devil's drinks."

"In short," said his wife, "all this means that everybody is to love his brother as himself."

"And his sister," said that demure little Hitty, who always had the last word, and was, without knowing it, stroking the back of a great sunburnt hand.

"And that means," said Captain Nat Arnold, who from a sort of childlike integrity and purity had become regarded as a father of these boys, "that means that the whole town shall love God and love man. Boys and girls and their fathers and their mothers will grow up to love God because they love man, and to love man because they love God. And this will be at the ferry and the blacksmith's shop, and when they are hoeing corn, and when the girls are husking it, just as much as in the meeting-house or at the Friday meeting."

"And where is the place, and when shall we go there, and what is its name?" said Mary Chilton, the youngest and the prettiest of the girls, with a far-away look, as if she were trying to make real the figure in a dream.

"We might call it Bethlehem," said her older sister.

"Or we might call it Nazareth," said Alice.

"Let's call it Mayflower," said Hitty.

"No matter, no matter," said Nat, — "Old Nat," the boys called him, because he was almost twenty-seven, — "no matter what we call it, so it is only Kingdom Come."

"Amen," said Cicely; and she sang, and they joined her in singing, the old verse which her grandmother's great-grandfather had sung on the *Mayflower:*

"Lord, because my heart's desire
Hath wishéd long to see
My only Lord and Saviour,
Thy Son, before I die."

And as September and October and November went by, the young men went out with their axes. They took with them their brothers and their cousins, and they had built ten new cabins before Thanksgiving Day. It is one hundred and two years since Wayne's victory. Yet no word that was spoken on that afternoon has been lost, nor any song that was sung. And the cheer and thanksgiving of that evening have repeated themselves a thousand thousand times in the pretty village which gave thanks that day.

No canal ever passed through their meadows. No railroad ever sought a track through the valley. I do not know on what page of the post-office register you will find it, and we cannot turn it up in the right county in the census. But on Thanksgiving Day, in John Arnold's barn, they held an old-fashioned Thanksgiving. The mothers carried their babies to the meeting, and the babies did not cry. And Morton Arnold, the great-great-grandson of the other Elder Arnold, — he preached to them that day. "On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets." I do not know what the old Elder would have said. But when Morton Arnold had finished his sermon he said:

"Dear brethren, if the time allowed, I would go back to the deck of the *Mayflower*, and tell you what my grandsir has told me of the coming over. And I would tell you a story of the Old Colony, — how my grandsir's father played ball with the redskins. Or I would tell you what my father has told me, of the day when the great George Whitefield preached on Boston Common, and the captain heard him. But now there is no time," he said. "But the elders will not be hurt if we take another day for that, and hold a special meeting. And on this day six weeks hence we will call in all the neighbors, and I will tell those old stories. Every one of them will show us how the Lord has visited and redeemed his people. Every one of them will show how he has truly come to every heart that was open to his coming. If they sought their God, they found him. And in every age the dear Lord Christ has set up his altar and has been present with his own. And now," said he, "we will not sing from the new hymn-book. We will sing one verse of Simeon's hymn, as the elders sang it on the *Mayflower.*" And he deaconed out the words they sang:

"The Gentiles to illuminate
And Satan over-quell,
And thou to be the glory of
Thy people Israel."

And it was as the Elder proposed. When Christmas Day came round, the girls hung the barn with red and yellow ears of corn, and outside the men built a great bonfire. And the people came in from the Crossing, and from Hound's Ferry, and some from the village at the Mill. I believe it was the first Christmas celebrated in Ohio. And it was that festival which gave, in all that region, to that sort of religion the name of "Christmas Christianity."

EDITOR'S TABLE.

"CHRISTMAS CHRISTIANITY" is a term used in Mr. Hale's Christmas story in the preceding pages. It is a story of Christmas Christianity. The good people at the end glance back on Christmas Day and on Thanksgiving Day, which was much more like Christmas among the New England settlers of Ohio, as indeed among the New England folk at home, a hundred years ago than Christmas day itself, and are inspired and fortified in contemplating how God was with their fathers at the beginning and how the fathers' children "from generation to generation," by simple and sincere service, by the faithful performance of each new duty taught by each new occasion, had done what they could to establish the kingdom of God in America.

Christmas Christianity is simple Christianity, primitive Christianity, pure and childlike Christianity, Christianity stripped of all the great burden of ecclesiastical, ritualistic and credal accretions, — the gospel of the beginning, "the babe in the manger again." Christmas ought to be the festival of the Christ spirit, and especially of the Christ-child spirit. Is Christmas that? In a thousand places, surely, yes; in a thousand places, no. How often the consciousness seems wholly absent that it is a Christian festival at all, or that it has any religious significance! The December days come round, as they came round last year and the year before, and the bustle begins which we call Christmas bustle. The streets are crowded, the shops are thronged, the shop-keepers have planned for it long and are happy. There are Christmas ribbons and Christmas candies, Christmas pictures and books, and Christmas plays and pantomimes and parties and dinners and dances. And in it all how much of real Christmas feeling, how much thought of the babe in the manger, to whom it all owes its impulse and around whom the whole motley carnival strangely revolves? In a thousand places much, we say. And in a thousand places where there is very little thought of this, it is a blessing all the same. Christmas is the festival of thinking of others, of giving to others and doing for others. It is good to share in the warm quickening of the public pulse, to catch the glow of the season, to bring home the Christmas tree, to hang up the wreaths and the stockings, and to get the cousins together for the Christmas dinner, if there be in all the bustle of it hardly a thought of Christianity or Christ. Christ is present at a thousand Christmas dinners where he is never named and never thought of; for he is where love is and innocent delight, where fatherhood and brotherhood and neighborhood are, where human kindness is, careless of recognition or of name.

But though present often enough where he is not named nor thought of, he is never present where the spirit of love and humility is not, nor in anything into which the heart does not go. He is not present where pretentiousness and ostentation are, — and more and more these are coming to mark our Christmas season and customs. They have no place in Christmas, as they have no place in Christianity. The Good Book speaks of the simplicity which was in Christ; it does not speak anywhere of the pretentiousness and ostentation which were in him. There may be festivals where ostentation may at least be pardoned; but it is not pardonable in the festival of Christ — of Christ in the manger. Only simplicity has place at Christmas. Beauty, enthusiasm, generosity, munificence upon occasion — yes; but simplicity always.

He is not present where there is giving grudgingly or of necessity, or to keep up appearances, or to keep the balance with somebody, or to be in fashion; and this describes great classes of Christmas giving to-day. Fathers and mothers, in homes where honest pinch is felt, come almost to dread Christmas because they cannot easily do for their children what the extravagance of other homes makes them expect or desire. The feeling of reciprocity which is strong in every independent man and woman is put to serious strain by the higher and higher cost standards of Christmas gifts and Christmas observances. People give what they cannot afford to give lest they should be thought mean or should not be thought friendly or fraternal. Children are being spoiled by profusion of gifts, and come to demand that which when demanded loses all sacramental virtue. Christ, we say, is not in all this. Christmas is a time for all of us not to indulge any of these feelings or yield to any of these compulsions, but to emancipate ourselves from them and by our practice and spirit help emancipate our friends from them. Let each at Christmas do nothing into which he does not put his heart, give nothing which it is not a joy to give. Let the Christmas giver put himself into his gift, that his friend may feel that there was behind the gift, not primarily much money, perhaps little or no money at all, but thought of him. If Christmas giving becomes so large and indiscriminate as to make this impossible, then it ceases, we say, to be sacramental and a grace. If the giver is not in the gift, then the gift is not a part of Christmas Christianity.

Christ is not present and Christmas Christianity is not present with the fortunate ones who in the cheer and merriment of this joyous festival do not remember those who are not fortunate, but into whose lives so little comes while into theirs there comes so much. It is a time for us to remember that God hath made all men of one blood, and that every man who meets us in the market or on the crowded thoroughfare is our brother — that there is no brotherhood of family or kinship or friendship comparable in significance and imperiousness with this deep brotherhood of humanity. It is a brother who bears the burden, a brother who loads the wagon, a brother

who hurries with the message, a brother who waits in the cold. The family at Christmas is the whole family of earth. The Christmas gospel is the gospel of good will to men — not to father, mother, sister, brother, children, wife, but to men, and in particular to Bob Cratchet. Bob Cratchet is in your counting-room, Bob Cratchet's wife is she who came last week to clean your house. Bob Cratchet's daughter is that thin sewing-girl, Bob Cratchet's boy the awkward fellow in your shop on two dollars and a half a week. How shall Christmas Christianity manifest itself through you to them? By gold and goose? Let it so manifest itself that each shall feel that you are not chiefly above him, but beside him. Let the thought that that is true indeed, must be made true indeed, come with power into the heart of every one of us who is greatly blessed, at this Christmas time. It is a time for thoughts of social contrast, of the unrealized brotherhood which must be realized, for the brave and radical thoughts which make men reformers, — like the great Founder of the feast. In that remarkable new book, "The Christ of To-day," by Mr. Gordon, the minister of the Old South Church in Boston, there is a chapter on the bearing of Christianity upon the Social Problem; and the startling contrasts in the life of our society, which calls itself Christian, are painted in the following burning words. Christmas is a time to let such words burn into our brains. Christmas Christianity deals with these things in earnest.

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"TAKE, for one member of this contrast, one of our wealthier church members in a great city. His home is in the best part of the city; he has the means to make it beautiful; he is able to invite into it those who bring with them intelligence, refinement and sympathy; and he can do for his children all that it is good for them that he should do. He has had an education, and that gives him a certain mastery of the world. He commands an annual revenue that, a few centuries ago, would have made even kings happy. He has books, and considerable leisure to make their acquaintance. Works of art meet his vision almost every day of his life, and he is under the perpetual stimulus of elevated friendships. He has the church of Christ, with its unspeakable history, with its power to purify and strengthen the heart, and with its sublime interpretation of the universe and of man's place in it. How abundant and desirable existence is in the case of this man! Look, however, upon the other picture. Think of the home in the worst section of the city; the absence from it of the things that refine and uplift; the bare presence of the food essential to keep soul and body together; the mother fighting sickness without help and battling without success against the uncleanness that besets her poor, wearied and worried life at every step; the father working from morning to evening, year in and year out, without any prospect of catching up with his obligations, under the strain of toil, the harrow of disappointment, the iron despotism of circumstances, the poverty and meanness of his lot. What is history to him but a dead past? What is the future but a place that holds within it a quiet grave, for whose peace he would often thankfully exchange his present painful, ineffectual struggle? Science means nothing for him but a new invention making his work less indispensable. By art he understands something that idle fools talk about. Now and then, indeed, a song of other days reaches his heart, and gives him the comfort of a few tears. The divine scheme of the universe appears to him a mockery; or it seems to have left him and his pale-faced, pathetic children and their poor mother outside of its beneficent movement. His universe seems an Inferno, and existence itself a curse. Thus in the tremendous contrast in the human life of the civilized world is born the rage of those whose lives are reduced to a shadow and a mockery against those whose lives are rich and full and who are utterly heedless of the multitudes whose hearts are wrung every day. In old Athens, the rock on whose top sat the court of the Areopagus, representing the highest reason and the best character of the Athenian state, had underneath it the Cave of the Furies. The rock that had a summit so noble and a base so terrible, that held within its extremes the home of a benign order and the Cave of the Furies, is the symbol of the appalling contrasts that meet one in the life of mankind to-day. It is not primarily a question of money, or position, or work, or leisure; it is fundamentally a question of life. In one class life is rich and full; in another it is destitute, afflicted, tormented. This is the condition that everywhere arrests the eye of the beholder, the condition that is producing the agitations and social earthquakes of our century."

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WHEN Christ was born, he was straightway wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger. When his gospel was born, it too was straightway wrapped in swaddling clothes; and the church and the world have gone on swaddling it from generation to generation, binding it hand and foot, — and that it has not become entirely inert by the process is an amazing proof of its vitality. It has been bound by deacon, priest, bishop, cardinal and pope; it has been gowned and mitred and croziered, bedizened by alb and chasuble and scapular and stole; it has been hemmed in by bell and book and candle, by mass and eucharist and close communion; it has been buried under Athanasian creeds and Augsburg Confessions, Tridentine Decrees and Thirty-nine Articles; it has floated the vagaries of every sect put down in the almanac; it has been turned to account by every tyranny from Constantine and Clovis to the Standard Oil Company; and it has been patronized by Belgravia, Back Bay and Murray Hill.

Christmas Christianity takes us back of all these swaddling, suffocating, distorting and corrupting things to the pure and primitive truth. Christmas is a time for tearing away the accretions; and we find that Christianity is not priest or ritual or miracle or book, but simply the mind which was in Christ, and that Christ is simply our elder brother in the great family of God. In his name strange things are done and have been done; but all the while it is true that he

who names his name and does not depart from iniquity has no part in him. Conclaves and councils strive about precedence and dignities; but all the while the truth is as true as when it was first uttered, that the greatest of all is the servant of all, — and that truth is Christianity. The House of Bishops sends forth its solemn pastoral on genuflexions; the Presbytery puts out the preacher who will not preach this and that about Deuteronomy; the Council will not commission the man who thinks uncommon thoughts about Cana of Galilee or the day after death; the Baptist bears and Presbyterian bulls pass the bread and wine to the brethren on Sunday, on their way to doom; and fashion utilizes the church for its Easter displays and wedding masquerades. Christmas is profitable if, making us simple, childlike and sincere, taking us back once again to the source and purpose of Christianity, it leads us to feel with new seriousness and a high impatience that all these things have nothing to do with Christianity. Outside of all these, or through the midst of them, in them but not of them, Christ walks from generation to generation, his sad face fixed on suffering and need, his stern gaze piercing each injustice and each wrong, room in his mind only for realities, his eternal life concerned with the redemption of society and of the soul. Christmas is a time for every one of us to rise into a holier discontent with every reverend superstition and solemn folly and hoary selfishness and chartered falsehood, to shake off vanity and fashion, to leave the unreal for the real, and to make ourselves better workers together with the great Son of Truth and Love who was born on Christmas Day.

OMNIBUS.

A Fixture.

Ah, she may kiss you, lovely rose,
Without a thought of blame,
Though at my touch her color glows
Into a crimson flame.

So whisper to her, little flower,
That you will fade away
And wither in the briefest hour,—
But I have come *to stay!*

Harry Romaine.

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God's Rooster.

[A Hadley Ballad.]

Upon the old Hadley steeple,
In the days of long ago,
They placed a gilded weathercock,
The way o' the wind to show.

And there through many changing years
It circled round about.
The new Republic entered in;
King George the Third went out.

When peace led in prosperity,
The elders all decree
By vote that Hadley meeting-house
Should straightway painted be.

The paint was bought, the ladders set,
The walls and soaring height
Of the spire, up to the gilded ball,
Shone forth a dazzling white.

But when the work was just complete,
A dreadful thing occurred; —
As Hadley people rose that morn,
They missed their ancient bird.

The letter W pointed east,
Westward the letter E,
While N and S were turned about,
And above them — vacancy!

Mid many anxious glances cast,
Head-shakes and whispers sage,
The deacons four with stormy brows
Met at the parsonage.

Thence two went slowly up the street,
And two went slowly down,
Pausing at store and mill and barn
And all the shops in town.

Deacon Pentecost Pringidays —
Held in such wholesome dread
I think he never saw a boy
With a hat upon his head —

In Waitstill Leadbetter his shop,
In the big chimney's shade,
Saw two young men a-tying brooms,
In Sunday garb arrayed!

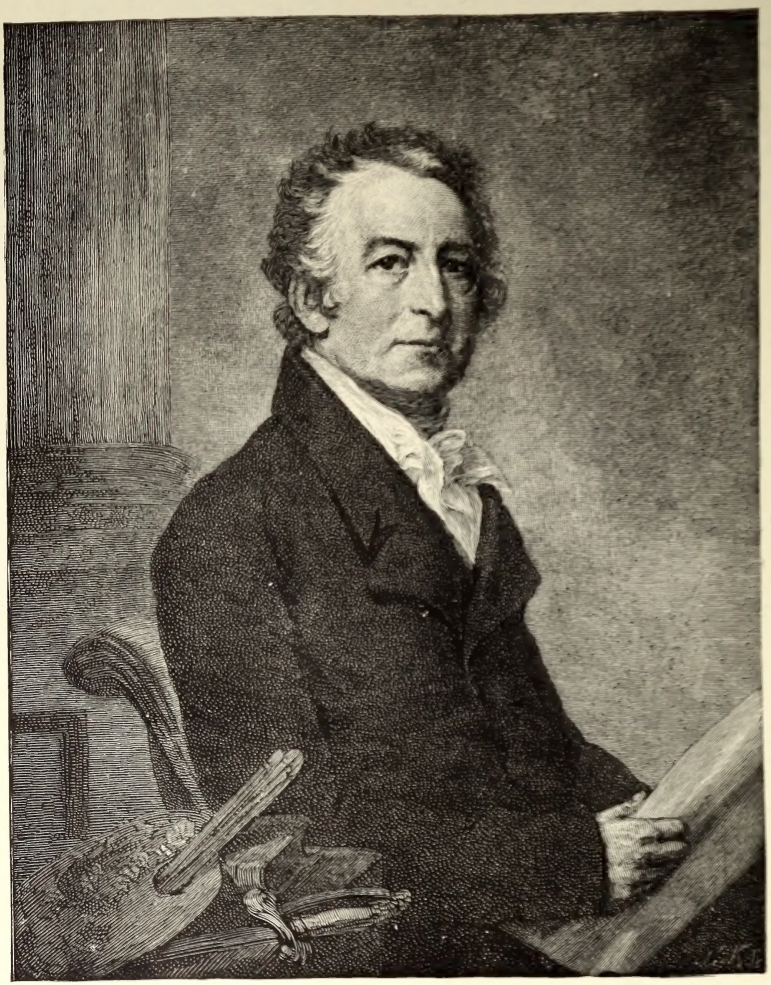
A heavy hand is on each arm;
A keen eye runs them through;
A deep voice tolls the knell of doom:
"You stole God's Rooster, YOU!"

Then Solomon Ward and Mindwell Bird,
All trembling from the shock,
Brought quickly from its hiding place
The gilded weathercock.

Upon the old Hadley steeple,
Where the merry breezes play,
It stands, a solemn witness
To the tale I tell to-day.

Julia Taft Bayne.

Press of Skinner, Bartlett & Co., Boston.



ENGRAVED BY G. G. KRUELL.

JOHN TRUMBULL.

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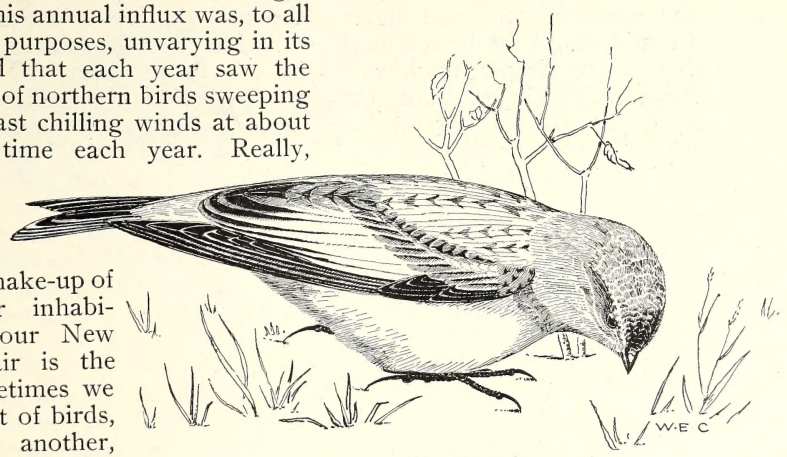
THE WINTER BIRDS OF NEW ENGLAND.

By William Everett Cram.

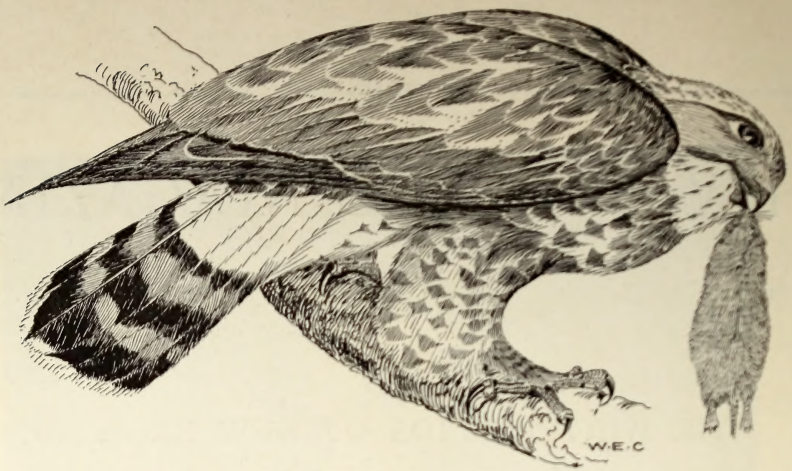
AS the winter comes down on New England, and our own birds leave for the South, their places are taken by northern strangers, who appear one after another, now in little groups, now in pairs, now in flocks of varying size, until the nature of the airy society is almost wholly changed and the winds are full of strange visitors, coming like uneasy travellers searching for something their native land no longer affords.

To the careless observer it might seem that this annual influx was, to all intents and purposes, unvarying in its nature, and that each year saw the same kinds of northern birds sweeping down the fast chilling winds at about the same time each year. Really, however, there are no two seasons in which the make-up of the winter inhabitants of our New England air is the same. Sometimes we have one set of birds, sometimes another, though of course each year there are certain species on which we can count with absolute certainty.

The generally accepted explanation of the fact that in some years we hardly see one bird of a kind which in the year before was perhaps very numerous is that the varying degree of cold in the North rules the movements of northern birds, and that certain species leave for the South only under stress of very severe weather and the consequent diminishing of their supply of food. Of course this is in a large measure true; but it seems to me that there must be some other reason



SNOW-BUNTING.



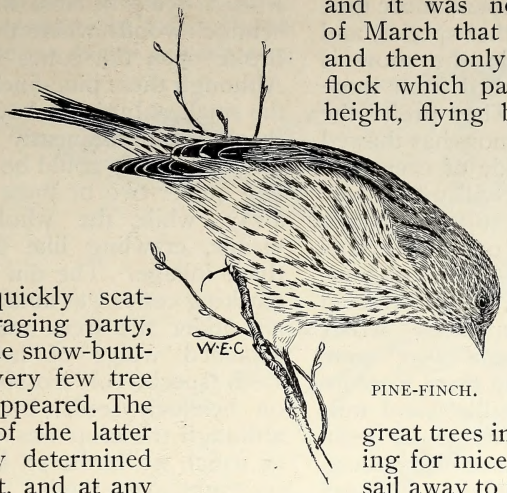
ROUGH-LEGGED HAWK.

as well, for the winter of 1894–5 should by its extreme severity, have brought us birds from the Arctic Circle itself, while as a matter of fact northern birds were less abundant than usual in the vicinity in which I write—southern New Hampshire. Even when the newspapers reported the most extreme cold over the entire northern hemisphere, I looked in vain for Arctic visitors, finding only one little Hudson's Bay titmouse,—and as these birds are seen much farther south than these latitudes even in the mildest winters, the presence of this one did not signify very much. On the other hand, the gold-finches, who spend the summer here and never think of nesting until the hottest part of July, were hanging around, well and happy, evidently without the slightest intention of starting for the South, while the robins and a few laggard meadow larks stayed on until Christmas.

Of course, once it is over and done with, no one can say with any great certainty that the past winter has been particularly mild or unusually severe. For my own part, I know that I always have a more or less definite impression in the matter; but then, so has everyone else, and no two ever seem to agree. For once, however, there was a pretty general coincidence of opinion, and even the old farmers, whose stock in trade for years has been the "old-fashioned winters" of their early days, were forced to admit that last winter was a bad one, "old-fashioned" in every detail. So one was justified in expecting all manner of unfamiliar birds; but they did not come. In certain ways the effect of the cold could be seen; for instance, early in November those birds which usually straggle along during the whole month came with a rush, as though some sudden and unwonted cold in their Canadian homes had driven them south in a solid body. Song sparrows, tree sparrows, white throated sparrows, fox sparrows and little blue snowbirds were everywhere in the dead grass and frost-bitten weeds beside the stone walls and fences. For nearly a week they were more abundant than I ever remember seeing them before. There was no time wasted in singing or chasing each other through the air; they hardly seemed to find time to dust and plume their feathers, but devoted themselves to the steady and businesslike purpose of devouring all the seeds possible while daylight lasted. On the fifth of the month a large flock of snow-buntings came and joined the mob of sparrows, and they also seemed to have no purpose in life except to fatten

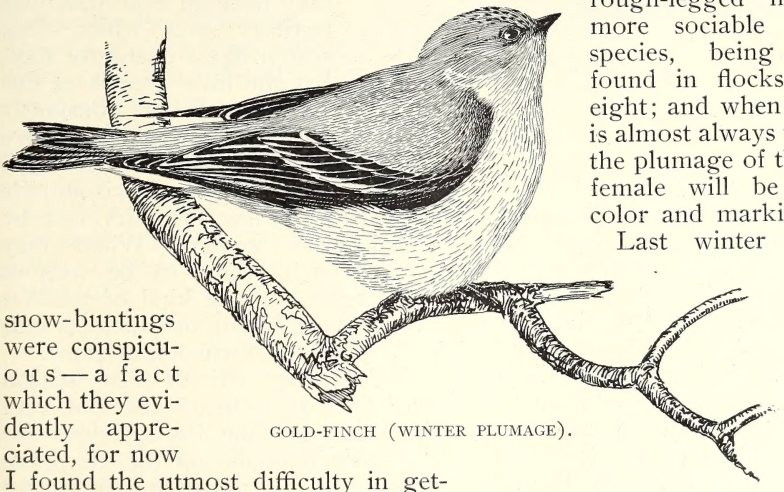
themselves with as little delay as possible.

The end arrived quickly, for savagely cold weather came down with a roar, and the drifting snow quickly scattered the foraging party, and all but the snow-buntings and a very few tree sparrows disappeared. The little party of the latter was evidently determined to stick it out, and at any time during the winter I could find a number of them on the south side of the pine woods,—and they always seemed in jolly good spirits. As for the snow-buntings, great flocks kept arriving day after day, and were incessantly turning and whirling over the dead fields and pastures. Before the snow came I could almost walk into the midst of a flock before it would rise, so confident were the birds of the protection of their defensive coloring; but the snow changed all this, for on its dazzling surface even the light colored snow-buntings were conspicuous—a fact which they evidently appreciated, for now I found the utmost difficulty in getting within gunshot. About Christmas time the whole flock vanished, and it was not until the seventh of March that any appeared again, and then only in the shape of a flock which passed over at a great height, flying back directly north.



PINE-FINCH.

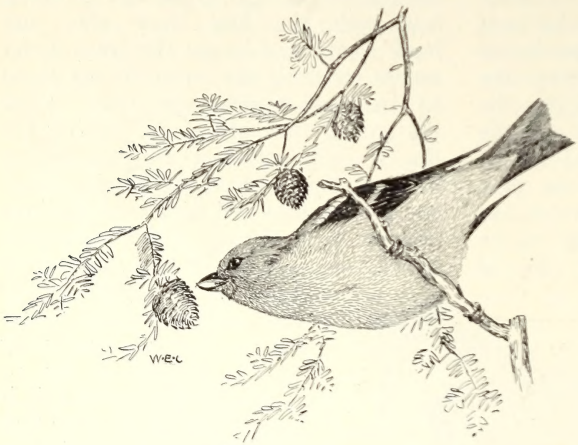
In November and December the rough-legged hawks appeared and became very common—great, strikingly marked fellows, no two of them alike. They would sit all day on the limbs of the great trees in the meadows, watching for mice, and at sunset would sail away to the pine woods, where they would sleep close to the trunks of the tallest trees they could find. When the ground is covered with snow they go to the salt marshes, but with the first thaw they are back again and haunt the fresh-water meadows until the snow drives them to their salt hunting grounds. With the spring they are gone, joining the flocks which pass over in great flights like sea-fowl, bound for the fur-countries, where they will hunt for lemmings instead of field-mice and ptarmigans instead of grouse. In every way these rough-legged hawks seem more sociable than other species, being frequently found in flocks of six or eight; and when they pair it is almost always the case that the plumage of the male and female will be similar in color and markings.



GOLD-FINCH (WINTER PLUMAGE).

Last winter a pair of meadow larks remained until about the first of January; and a few golden-winged woodpeckers were as usual to be seen at any time. These golden-winged

woodpeckers seem to spend more time on the ground than other species, and their peculiar track in the snow is easily to be distinguished from those of any other birds. They prefer the bare spots where the snow has thawed away on the sunny side of evergreen forests; and here they will work away for hours on some old stump or rotten log, quietly however, or at all events more so than at other seasons. Downy woodpeckers, white-breasted nuthatches, golden-crowned wrens and brown tree-creepers were quite common all winter; but there were no hairy woodpeckers, red-breasted nuthatches or ruby-crowns to be seen. Chickadees were of course everywhere. I never see them singly or in large flocks; they fly in families, taking the same route through the woods day after day. Other birds of similar



WHITE-WINGED CROSSBILL.

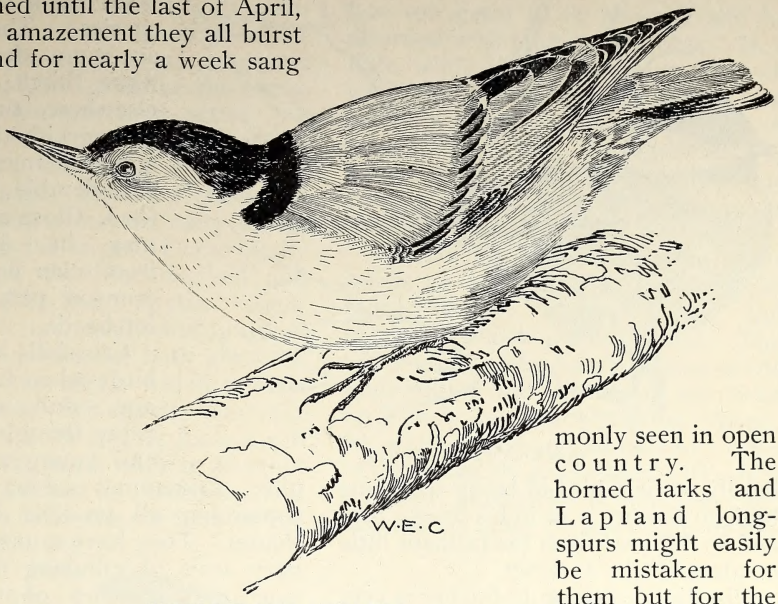
habits join them, but the chickadee is always in the lead. He is a jolly, confident little beggar, and is equally at his ease with warblers just arrived from the tropics or pine-finches from Canada.

Last season I watched in vain for pine-finches, redpoles, crossbills or red grossbeaks. In March I constantly heard notes which I felt sure were those of crossbills, but I failed to find one. Last year, however, the pine-finches came early and stayed all winter, flying in close flocks over the hemlock woods, where they ravenously broke open the cones for the seeds. Although these pine-finches are one of the smallest birds we have, so many of them would frequently light on one tree that its top could be seen to shake and quiver two or three hundred feet away, while the whole flock was visible, crawling like flies over the thick foliage. The din made by the cracking cones was amazing, while the air under the trees was full of the detached wings of hemlock seeds. Both species of crossbills also feed on hemlock seeds, but last season, although the crop was quite as good as usual, no birds, so far as I could see, came to eat them.

Indeed, judging from my own experience, I should say that the appearance of northern birds in this part of New England was extremely irregular and uncertain. Some one species or other will be very abundant for a year or two, and then will almost entirely vanish, only an occasional straggler being seen for a long time. If I understand the matter rightly, the birds as they move southward not only have an ever widening territory over which they scatter like a charge of shot, but the little groups of different species are constantly uniting into larger and more widely separated flocks until when they reach this latitude comparatively few localities can be visited each season. When they do appear it seems to be without much regard to the kind of weather which we are having or which prevails in the lands from which they came.

The spring arrivals last season were later than usual and not very abundant; but the fox-sparrows did their best to make up for the delinquencies of the northern visitors, for instead of leaving silently and suddenly for the North early in the spring, a

flock remained until the last of April, when to my amazement they all burst into song and for nearly a week sang incessantly and much louder than I had supposed to be the case with them, each note being quite distinct a quarter of a mile away. I took this musical exhibition as a particular favor, for from all I can learn their full song is, to say the least, rarely heard in New England.

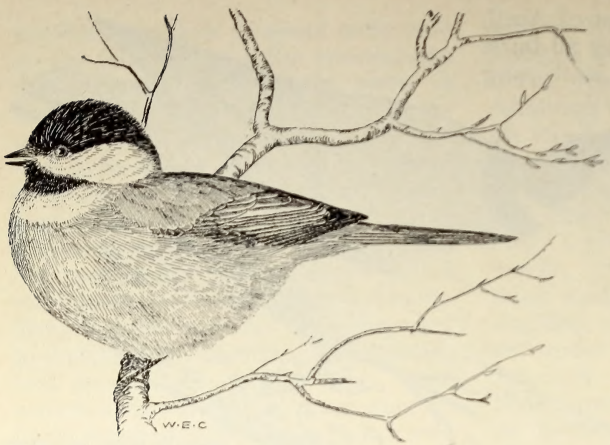


WHITE-BREASTED NUTHATCH.

In spite of this uncertainty as to the exact constitution of the band of pilgrims from the North, we can always be sure of certain visitors year after year; and to one who cares for bird-life they are just as interesting members of feathered society as their more popular and showy cousins who come when the snow vanishes. The different species are not so numerous, however, as to make it difficult for anyone to distinguish most of them at sight. Perhaps a word or two of description may be of use in aiding lovers of birds to pick out the various kinds from among the whirling flocks of what, to careless observers, are simply—birds: live things to be shot, but otherwise without individuality or interest.

Of all winter birds, the snow-buntings are perhaps the most conspicuous, both from their color and their quantity. On the ground they appear to be entirely of a light buff, but in flight they show brilliantly white with black-tipped wings. They are strictly winter birds, and invariably fly in large flocks, and are most commonly seen in open country. The horned larks and Lapland longspurs might easily be mistaken for them but for the fact that both are darker colored with more or less black about the head. The true snowbird is very different, being short, dumpy and slate colored, with a white belly and bill. In flight the outer feathers of his tail are also seen to be white. He is generally seen along the roadsides and on the edge of the woods. During the summer he lives in the northern parts of Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont, and the winter finds him in the extreme south of New England. Here in southern New Hampshire he appears about the last of September, but is gone before winter fairly sets in, returning for a short stay only in April, on his way north.

As for the finches, the varieties are so much alike in appearance and habits at this season that it is very hard to tell the gold-finch, pine-finch and red-poll linnet apart, while so far as I know no one has ever been able to distinguish the note of one from another. In summer the gold-finch is bright yellow with black wings and tail; as autumn comes on he fades out to the same grayish olive which characterizes the female and the young birds of this species. One would



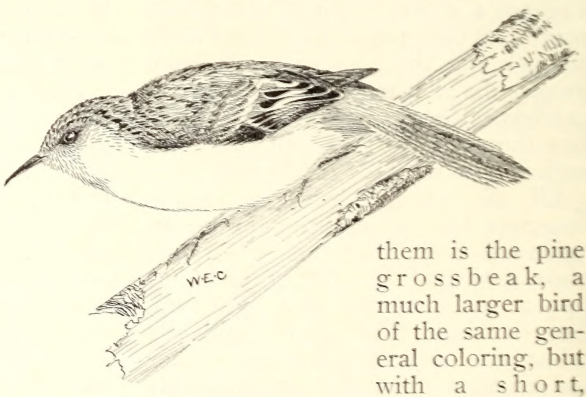
BLACK-CAPPED TITMOUSE.

hardly suspect him of being the same bird, so demure is he in his brown coat and so different from the brilliant little creature of the summer.

The flight of the gold-finches is very curious; they seem to rise in the air with a single stroke of the wings, and then glide downwards in a long curve, —another swift leap into the air, another sliding fall, and so on. The word "rhythmical" has been used to describe this peculiar flight, and it is very descriptive, particularly as the notes of their song are usually uttered at a particular place in their flight, with a result that is most musical and fascinating. With every strike of the wing the direction of their flight seems to change, and they never seem to have the slightest idea of where they are bound, giving one the impression of flying and singing from very delight and good spirits.

Unlike the pine-finches, who joy in densely crowded flocks and haunt the hemlock woods and wild lands, the gold-finches joy in scattered groups and love old gardens and apple orchards. This distinction of flight is not invariable, for occasionally pine-finches separate as they fly, while it is not uncommon to find a flock made up of both species. The red-polls are more often found in white birch trees than elsewhere, the buds together with those of certain fruit trees forming a considerable part of their food. Close at hand they may be distinguished from other finches by the crimson patch on their foreheads.

Crossbills are beautiful birds when in full plumage, dull crimson in color, though the females and young are greenish olive. Oftentimes one may see a flock containing all possible intermediate shades. They have a most extraordinary way of climbing like parrots over the branches of trees, using their peculiar beak for an extra foot if necessary. They are very clever at opening the hemlock cones in order to get at the seeds, their misshapen bills seeming to be particularly adapted to this purpose. Sometimes they appear absurdly irrational, and deliberately nest in the coldest part of the winter, leaving for the North the moment the young birds are able to fly. There are two species, the white-winged crossbill and the common red crossbill, the former being marked by his white bands across the wings. The only winter bird in the least like them is the pine grossbeak, a much larger bird of the same general coloring, but with a short, heavy bill in



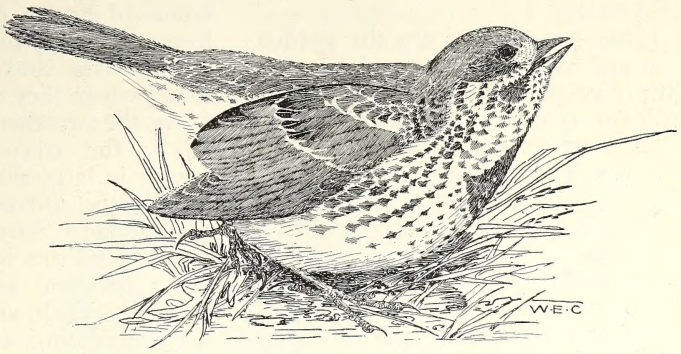
BROWN TREE-CREEPER.

place of the slender bills with overlapping points which characterize the crossbills. Grossbeaks are moreover heavy, stupid birds, unlike the crossbills, which are extremely active.

We have only two common winter woodpeckers, the hairy woodpecker and the downy. Both are checkered with black and white, the hairy woodpecker being the larger. Occasionally one may see the black-backed and the banded-backed Arctic woodpecker, the former easily distinguished by his dark color; but both are rare, particularly the latter, which is seen only at most infrequent intervals. The males of both species have a yellow spot on the head, while in all other species the effect is crimson. All woodpeckers have the feathers of the tails stiff and pointed, and these are firmly braced against the trunk of trees on which the birds may be at work.

Not always, however, do these curious creatures devote themselves to hard labor; every now and then they will take a day off and abandon themselves to the rapture of ungovernable "drumming." I have known a golden-winged woodpecker to select a deserted bird house in the orchard for the scene of his operations, and drum away in apparent ecstasy until he had almost rattled it to pieces. Another suddenly discovered the zinc ventilator on a school-house near by, and it evidently struck him as a most beautiful object. He surveyed it critically, decided that it promised good results, and gave it a preliminary drumming. The racket was amazing, and the unexpected success which the bird achieved frightened him almost into convulsions. He fled precipitately; but the fascination of the ventilator was too great to be resisted, and he returned with renewed courage. In a little while he became familiar with his success, and as a result that bird returned again and again throughout the entire season. I fear his brain was turned with a triumph which was enough to make any woodpecker conceited.

Nuthatches have much the same habits as woodpeckers; but they are much smaller, square tailed, and generally bluish gray in color. The white-breasted nuthatch is pure white underneath, and the top of the head and neck are black. When flying, the white breast and white under sides of the wings are easily seen. The red-breasted nuthatch is smaller and darker, the color of rusty iron underneath. His wings are short, and he darts in the most uncertain manner from tree to tree, more like a beetle than a bird.



FOX-COLORED SPARROW.

Generally speaking, both woodpeckers and nuthatches are steady, hard-working little animals; but in early spring, as the pairing season approaches, they get a little unsettled and freaky, performing the most interesting and unusual evolutions in the air, darting out from the trunk of some tall tree, circling round like a flash, and returning to the same spot they have just left, and going through other manœuvres hard to describe and meaningless to human observers. And all the time they are uttering

cries far more musical than anyone familiar only with their unmusical voices would give them credit for. It is at this season that the woodpeckers forget their dignity and formalities and riot in the mad drumming I spoke of before.

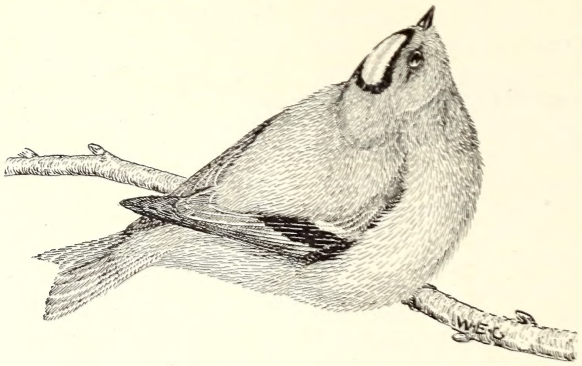
As for the black-capped titmouse or chickadee, everyone knows him, and he needs no description. He can, I believe, be found on any day in the year in almost any grove in New England. Less familiar is the brown tree-creeper, a slender, light brown bird with a sickle-shaped tail and delicate, almost transparent feet. All day he will creep round and round, up and down the trunks of trees, peering into every crack and crevice for insects or their eggs, his delicate bill being too weak to penetrate the hard bark.

Little known also are the golden-crowned and ruby-crowned kinglets, little olive-green birds marked with the brilliant crown patches which have given them their names. The golden crown is a true winter bird here, but the ruby crown is more abundant in spring and autumn, and has then a song like a canary, only not so loud.

The ruffled grouse may be found in this vicinity throughout the year, but if anything is more abundant in winter. He is a hardy bird, and thoroughly enjoys the cold weather, while unlike most birds he is fatter in March than in October. When the snow is deep and soft enough, he plunges into it head first, burrows through it close to the ground for some distance, and then thrusts his beak up to the surface to breathe. In this way he sleeps snugly all night and without fear of harm, for he has left no track for the fox to follow, while not enough of his head is in sight to betray him to the hungry owls.

Finally we have the Canada tree-sparrow. He may easily be known by the clear marking on his back, bright reddish brown, black and grayish white, while his breast is grayish white with an indistinct reddish spot. His head is bluish gray with a chestnut crown and with hood bands of brown on the cheeks. He lives principally on the seeds of weeds and grasses, and is generally to be found where they are most abundant.

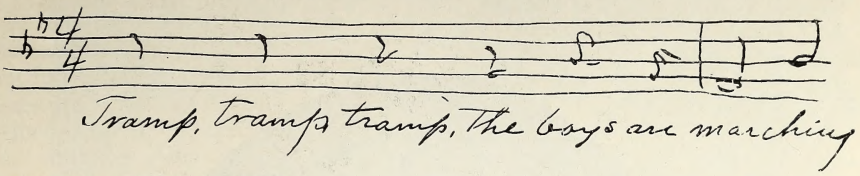
As the weather grows warmer in April, the tree-sparrows begin to appear in large flocks on their way to the North; and this is the signal for the exodus. Soon the whole tribe of northern visitors has vanished; but for every one that goes a dozen arrive from the South, and at last we realize that everything comes to an end—even a New England winter!



GOLDEN-CROWNED KINGLET.

GEORGE F. ROOT AND HIS SONGS.

By Lydia Avery Coonley.

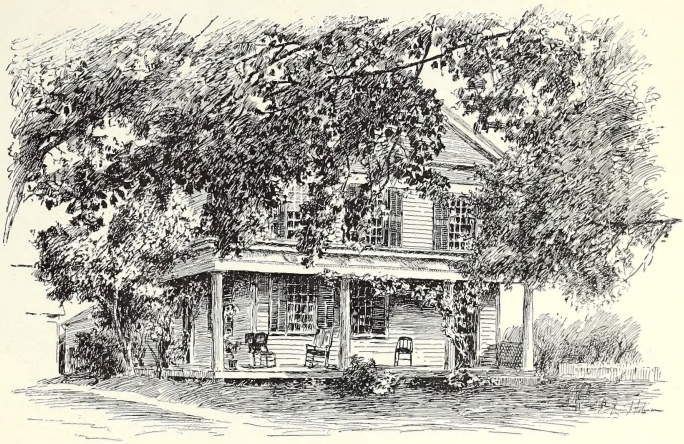


The many may lead hosts to battle,
To the many war's honor belongs;
But the few touch the hearts of the people,
The few give the people their songs.



IT is a happy fortune which brings into prominence in the community one in whom the cardinal virtues are emphasized; who loves the good, the true, the pure; whose ideals are founded in justice and mercy; who worships God his Father and loves his brother. Happy the youth who, looking at such a man, sees him altogether worthy of reverence. Happy the man who meets fame with the simplicity of a child, and finds his sweetest joys in the circle of family and home. The new world drew heroes from the old; and among their descendants are still found those worthy their legacy of independence, patriotism and noble character. None who knew George F. Root would hesitate to place him within these honored ranks.

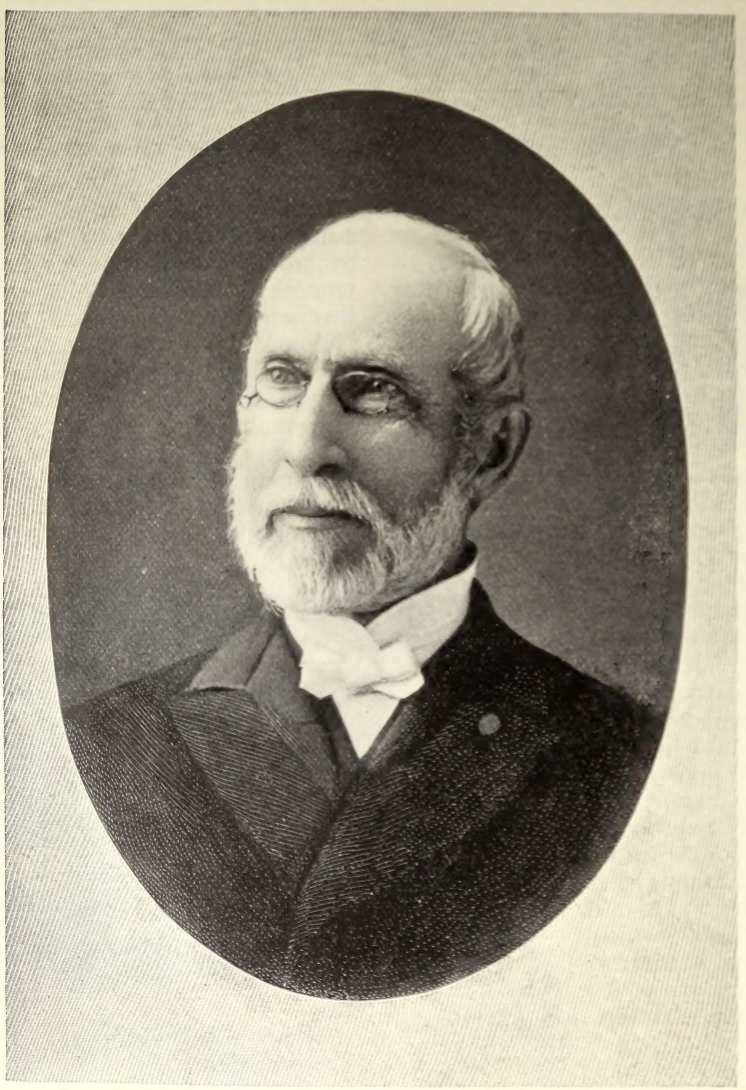
His ancestors belonged to the admirable New England company of industrious, high-minded men and women. The Revolutionary War was a part of their education, and it is little wonder that they were alert, energetic and free from false pride. Lines of thought were broad. The grandfather, Col. Daniel Flint, was a Congregationalist, while his two brothers were Unitarian ministers. Colonel Flint was a man of many interests. He dealt in cattle, carried on his farm, kept a public house, was representative to the Legislature in Boston, taught singing school, was selectman of his town, and deacon in the church. He was cheerful, affectionate, generous, courageous and honorable. The townspeople respected his judgment, and made him leader in all town affairs.



BIRTHPLACE OF DR. ROOT.
SHEFFIELD, MASS.

The entire family was fond of music. Dr. Flint of Salem compiled the hymn-book and wrote many of the hymns used in his church. Another brother made a pipe-organ for his

house; and Colonel Flint taught singing-school and led the choir of North Reading, using tunes that to-day would scarcely be attempted because of their difficulty. He also had a fine home choir. Each of the six daughters sang well, and each could accompany with the bass viol—the only instrument they used with their singing. Mrs. Flint also played the bass viol, and her husband the flute. Their home was the scene of many musical gatherings. His rendering of songs and stories was dramatic and impressive, and her singing was remarkable. Music made a large part of their lives, and age did not prevent their active participation in it. In the old red



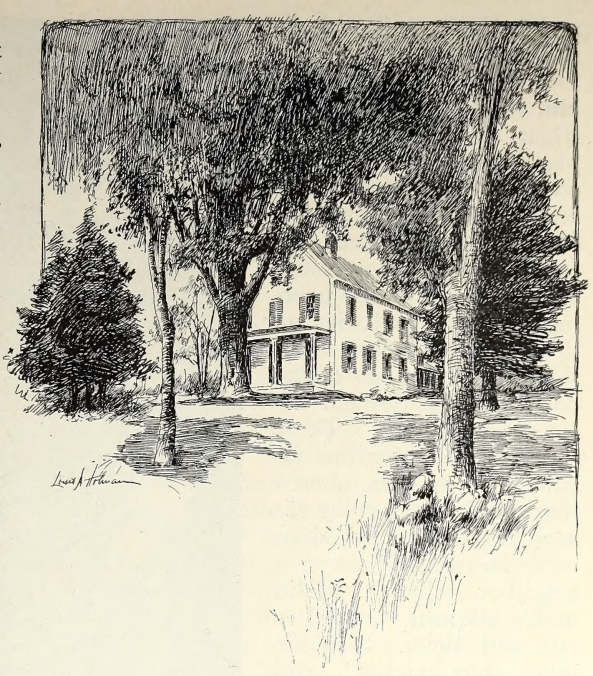
GEORGE FREDERICK ROOT.

house, with her great-grandson in her lap, Mrs. Flint sang after she was eighty years old the superb hymn:

"Head of the church triumphant,
We joyfully adore thee."

At an unplanned family reunion about 1847, after the beautiful singing of her grandson's celebrated quartet, they joined in "Old Hundred," and the voice of the great-grandmother was heard above all the others. It is said that with no other instrument than that marvellous voice she called to dinner the men working in fields two miles away.

North Reading was the home of the Flints. Andover lies so near that the students often came to join in the singing; and the grandchildren's memory recalls the great fireplace blazing with logs, the groups of eager singers, and the fine old anthems which sounded in magnificent volume through the music-haunted house.



DR. ROOT'S HOME AT NORTH READING.

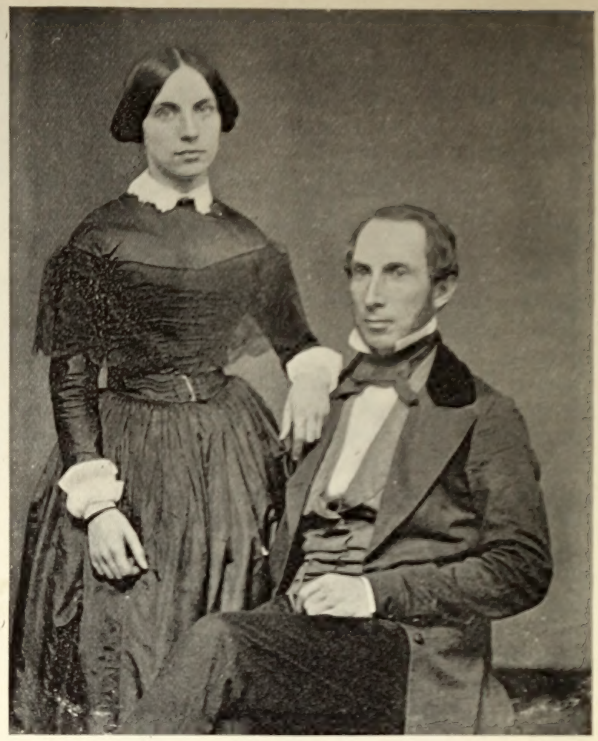
Miss Sarah Flint had a beautiful soprano voice, and was the star singer of the neighborhood. In the absence of a bass viol, she sang without accompaniment. Her sisters could read music, but she could not, and she learned it by ear, one hearing being often enough to enable her to take her long and intricate part in the fugue. She visited her sister, Mrs. Bradford, in Sheffield, and charmed with her singing the son of Squire Azariah Root, whose family was one of the most important in the town. He won her heart and hand after long wooing. This fortunate youth was Frederick Ferdinand Root. His father's gift to him on his wedding day —Nov. 3, 1819—was a newly-built house near his own home in Sheffield. The wedding journey was made in a carriage through the Berkshire hills, where they drove more than one hundred and sixty miles.

Into this new home, on August 30, 1820, George Frederick Root was born. The mother's choice for his name was Frederick Handel; but the father thought two Fredericks might be confusing, so Handel's first name was selected—and thus the muse presided at his baptism. Lullabies were useless in getting this baby to sleep. He was always a wide-awake listener to his mother's singing, and only by silence was he soothed into dreamland.

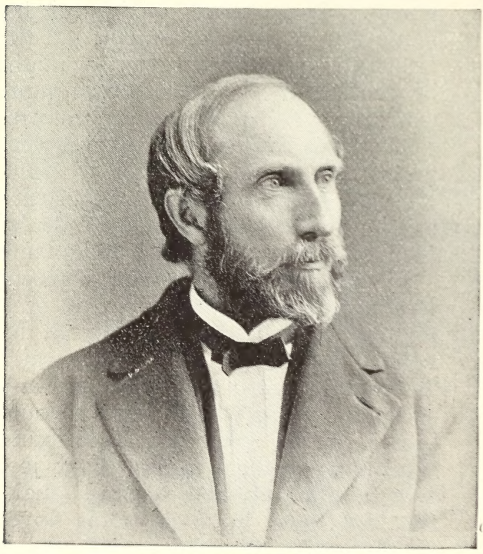
In 1826 the family moved to North Reading; and there they lived at Willow Farm, the home that they all devotedly loved. A cousin once said: "I would not for gold love any spot on earth as you do this; it would be a torment." But they have found it all through life a wellspring of joy. Not a few of the sterling qualities are born in such home love; earnestness, sobriety, faithfulness

and helpfulness are its direct outcome.

George's father taught him to play the flute; and when eight years old he played in church. He could use any instrument after a short examination of it, and his father enjoyed taking him to music stores in Boston and hearing him play melodies on those he had never tried. When thirteen years old he could play on thirteen different instruments. There was precedent for this facility. It is remembered that on a summer day his mother and her children were on the hill when a neighbor with a violin under his arm stopped to talk with them. "Let me take your violin," said Mrs. Root; whereupon, greatly to the amazement of her children, she tuned it and played a lively air, they wondering what other undreamed-of accomplishments their charming mother had.



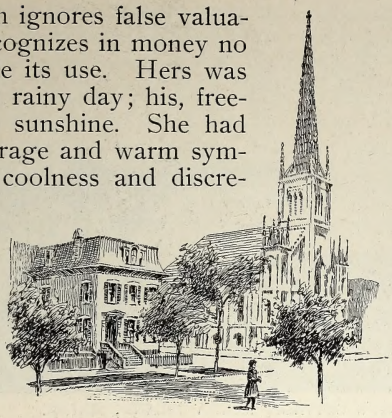
DR. AND MRS. ROOT IN EARLY MARRIED LIFE.



DR. ROOT ABOUT 1870.

As years went on, the little red house was filled with musical sons and daughters, there being a circle of eight, which remained unbroken until the year 1895. The blessings of a scanty purse helped on these gifted children. The exercise of one's faculties in earning a living is an excellent promoter of perseverance and patience. The old recipe for success, "Give a boy poverty and parts," was followed here. The father and uncle built and managed a tannery. The farm furnished vegetables, grain and cranberries; the hills were covered with Nature's gift of berries; and the old orchard yielded its fruit. The virtues develop in such simple surroundings. The qualities of the father and mother complemented each other. Hers was the practical, economical vein, always somewhat tried by his use of money, in which, however, lay the elements of the true appre-

ciation which ignores false valuations and recognizes in money no virtue outside its use. Hers was thrift for the rainy day; his, freedom for the sunshine. She had personal courage and warm sympathies; he, coolness and discretion to meet emergencies. The qualities of each drew out the best in the other; each recognized the value of the other's point of view, and love and respect built a strong and beautiful foundation for their united lives.



DR. ROOT'S CHICAGO HOME BEFORE THE FIRE.

George was about sixteen when, after financial reverses, his father decided to join a relative in Buenos Ayres, leaving his son to manage the farm and take care of the family.

Such were the influences which developed natural gifts. George's dream of being a musician began in early boyhood. The castle in the air was easily built; but how could the material boy find his way into its charmed enclosure? We smile at the dreamer; but it is he who realizes the ideal. So we smile at the poet until the future becomes the present and verifies his prophetic vision. The castle towers shine in hope's light; the impossible step becomes the simplest one to take; fate secures what seems a stumble, and behold! the boy stands at the castle gate.

In 1836 George accepted a friend's invitation to go to Worcester, then the terminus of the only railroad going west from Boston. Returning, they were to be met at Boston and reach North Reading that night. But in an hour of waiting at Worcester he went to a music store, and time and train were forgotten. When he reached Boston, he called on Mr. A. N. Johnson, a prominent musician, and secured a place as factotum in his music room, albeit the questions: "Can you sing?" "Can you play the piano?" were answered negatively; for he had seldom seen a keyboard of organ or piano, though he could play the flute. It is difficult to realize the primitive state of music at this time. A piano in a country town was a rarity, and one player as proficient as hundreds are now would have made a sensation.

"You must learn to play the piano, and you can practise while I am out," said Mr. Johnson. "You may board at my house, and I will give you besides three dollars a week."

No clouds were in that day's blue sky. The novelty of a ride in the cars became a trifling experience. *They* ran upon iron rails; but his imagination, untrammelled by material conditions, carried him on wings.



INTERIOR OF THE LATER CHICAGO HOME.

In October the mother bade her boy Godspeed. He was her first-born son, and the second was with his father in South America, leaving six younger children at home to care for,



VIEW FROM DR. ROOT'S COTTAGE, BAILEY ISLAND, MAINE.

and hard times certain. But her courage did not fail, and it became her son's inspiration.

The Boston life began with earnest practising and note reading, as an offset to making fires and taking care of the room. So far no ability for singing had appeared, and an attempt to join in the bass of simple church tunes met with no encouragement. However his employer was authority, and decreed that he must learn to sing; so he began. Mr. Johnson was a wise guide for the young musician, and urged him on more rapidly than his own courage would have prompted. Playing at the Wednesday night prayer meeting, the two tunes being learned each week, led to the surprise of a pupil on the piano; and seven weeks after his arrival in Boston Mr. Johnson made an arrangement with him for a year with increase of pay.



DR. ROOT'S DESK.

Admission to the Boston Academy's Chorus and an invitation from Mr. Lowell Mason to join the famous Bowdoin Street Choir came simultaneously, and fixed the purpose to sing. His second lesson from Mr. George James Webb, the best vocal teacher in Boston, developed the fact that at the first Mr. Webb thought it extremely doubtful whether it would be worth his while to try solo singing. So little does even the best judge know sometimes in the department of his specialty.

At the end of a year Mr. Johnson proposed a five years' partnership, he to have two-thirds and Mr. Root one-third of what both should earn. Mr. Root now had private pupils, was playing a church organ and training a choir. It was while attending the Teachers' Class of the Boston Academy of Music that he became, in an unexpected way, one of the instructors. He noticed that many of the voices, especially among the basses, were pinched and hard, and thought he would try to help them. He asked some of the men to meet him at the noon recess for mutual practice, and about twenty responded to the invitation. Taking each separately, he sang the octave tones with him, showing the resonance produced with open throat, and devising means to free tightened muscles. The men were delighted, and begged for daily lessons. In the afternoon they told

Mr. Mason what they desired, and in their eagerness crowded so near that he jumped into a chair and, when he understood the situation, announced that the last hour would be given to vocal training under Mr. Root. So the unselfish effort to help others had its reflex action, as such efforts always do, and it introduced one of the most important of the musician's life-works. The class teaching thus inaugurated is to-day a foundation part of all normal schools and conventions.

Mr. Root's acquaintance with Mr. Jacob Abbott, author of "The Rollo Books," and father of Dr. Lyman Abbott, began in the second year of his Boston life. It resulted in important changes. Mr. Abbott proposed Mr. Root's going to New York to teach in a school just opened by himself and his brothers. He offered generous terms. His proposition was accepted, and in 1844 work began in new surroundings.

In 1845 Mr. Root married Miss Mary Olive Woodman, who belonged to a thoroughly musical family and was herself a charming singer. This was one of the ideal unions over which Heaven presides, and Mr. Root was a proud and happy man when he added the new soprano to his large Mercer Street Church choir.

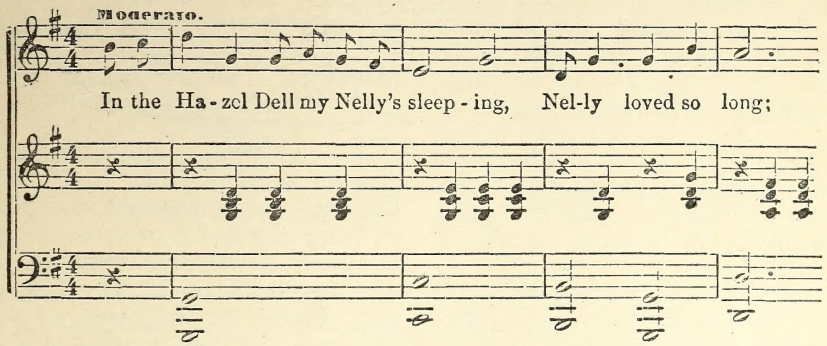
One of his sisters had a superb contralto voice. She, with Mr. and Mrs. Root and their brother Towner, made a home quartet, and practised madrigals, glees and Mendelssohn part songs. Before long they were singing with a smoothness and precision which had never before been attained in America in difficult music. This suggested an attempt for the highest possible perfection; and the result gave evidence of Mr. Root's ability in musical drill and of his appreciation of the result of persistent work. In the summer vacation they practised daily for six weeks—often hours at a time—on a repertoire of five numbers, until the perfection of precision, unity and expression was reached.

Mr. Root had a definite purpose in this work. The leaders of the New York musical world had little appreciation of the value of the simpler music, and rather looked down upon the New England way of teaching it. He was stimulated by the desire to show what hitherto unscaled heights of difficult concerted singing the promoters of this music could attain. Fortune again favored him, and his quartet had the honor of an invitation to sing at a concert of the New York Philharmonic Society, where their numbers won enthusiastic applause from audience and musicians, favorable comments from newspapers, and turned the tide of popular approval in the direction of Mr. Root's work.

About 1848, impelled by the diffi-

* THE HAZEL DELL.

WURZEL.



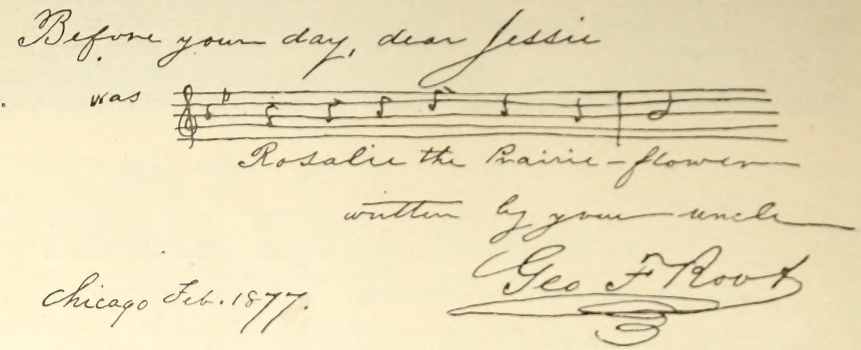
*The excerpts from Dr. Root's music are used by permission of the John Church Company.

culty of getting suitable music for his classes and by a general desire for new music for opening and closing religious exercises, Mr. Root prepared material for his first book, "The Young Ladies' Choir." Up to this time he had done almost no writing. He did not solicit a publisher, but simply had copies made for his own use. Then he and his brother began to make manuscript pamphlets of such music as he needed. His first published book was "Root & Sweetser's Collection."

In 1850 he went to Paris, where he studied French and took singing lessons of Alary, then ranked among the great teachers. In 1851, still stimulated solely by class needs, he wrote "The Flower Queen"—the first cantata composed by an American. He needed so many copies that Mason Brothers published it, and it became popular. With a strong predilection for classical music, he was at this time half ashamed of his simple compositions, and translated his name into German, putting forth his early songs —"Hazel Dell," "Rosalie, the Prairie Flower," and others—as composed by G. Friedrich Wurzel.

In 1852 Mr. Root conceived the idea of a three months' session for the improvement of teachers in general musical knowledge. He went to Boston to discuss his plan with Mr. Mason, who promptly pronounced it impracticable. Nothing daunted, Mr. Root said: "I shall have such a class, and you are the proper person to appear at its head." Mr. Mason finally agreed, but unexpected obstacles deferred its opening to the summer of 1853, when the first Normal Musical Institute was held. Its main objects and methods are retained to this day in such associations.

In this same year Mr. Root brought out another successful book, "The Academy Vocalist." "The Flower Queen" was popular, and "Hazel Dell" was sung, whistled, and played on hand organs all over the country. Composition was thus stimulated, and the cantata, "Daniel," was composed and printed at the end of "The Shawm," a church music book prepared by Mr. Root and Mr. Bradbury. The book became popular, but the cantata was in such demand that it was soon published separately. About this time he sent two anonymous four-part songs to compete for money prizes offered by the publishers of a musical paper, and took both prizes. In 1856 he wrote the words and music of "The Haymakers." It was published in 1857, and in 1858 he conducted it twenty times in Boston and neighboring cities. In 1857 he began the teaching of elementary harmony in classes—a method suggested to him by his work with the blind. This required pupils to learn harmony through the ear; and what had been a dull and heavy study was infused with interest. The intervals between the Normals were now spent in writing and in conducting musical conventions in various parts of the country.



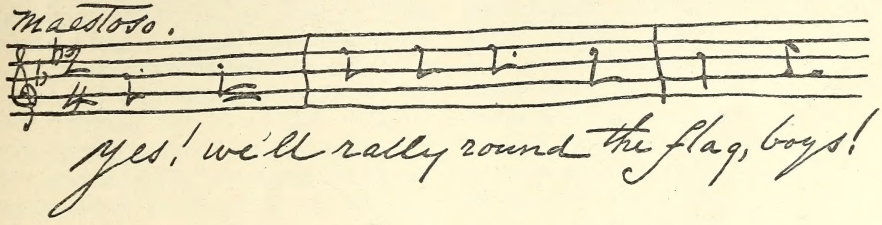
In 1858 Mr. E. T. Root and Mr. C. M. Cady started a music business in Chicago, and a little later Mr. George F. Root became a partner, not, however, with any thought of living in the West. But the new life attracted him, and in 1859 he took a room in the store for workroom and library between convention engagements. In 1862, at the request of Mason & Hamlin, he prepared an instruction book for harmonium and cabinet organ; it had a large sale, and was his first important work in the West.

The war came like a thunderclap. The news of the firing upon the flag stirred his patriotic heart, and brought the first song of the war: "The first gun is fired; may God protect the right." President Lincoln's second call for troops inspired "The Battle-Cry of Freedom." Its story has been often told. At the news of the call, words and music together started in his mind, and he wrote them within a few hours. The ink was scarcely dry when the great war-singers, the Lumbard brothers, came asking for something to sing immediately at a war meeting. They went over the song once, and hurried to the Court House steps, followed by a gathering crowd. The magnificent voice of one brother gave the song, and the trumpet tones of the other led the refrain. At the fourth verse a thousand voices joined in the chorus:

"The Union forever! Hurrah, boys, hurrah!"

The song went into the army, and was used in camp, on the march, and even on the field of battle. In some commands it was ordered always to be sung before going into the fight. It is a veritable battle-cry, superb in its simplicity, and expressing unfaltering loyalty and courage in its thrilling words and inspiring music. It was Mr. Root's strong personal sympathy which prompted the perfect expression of the emotions alike of soldiers and of people. Song after song came hot from the fire of his heart. "Just Before the Battle, Mother," "The Vacant Chair," and "Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!" found instant path to the hearts of the people.

Business grew, and his publication department demanded nearly all the time he could spare from writing. It became evident that he must give up conventions and make his home in the West; so in 1863 the family moved from North Reading to Chicago. About 1872 the Chicago University conferred upon Mr. Root the degree of Doctor of Music, the title being a simple matter of courtesy, and having been introduced into America by Mr. Root's suggestion of this honor to Dr. Lowell Mason. The Chicago fire



brought serious losses, but fortunately his unpublished manuscripts were saved. Work went on; book followed book; cantata succeeded cantata. Librettos were written by his daughter, Mrs. Clara Louise Burnham, Mr. Hezekiah Butterworth, Mr. F. E. Weatherly, and others. He produced many Sunday School songs, among them, "The Shining Shore," "Jewels," "Ring the Bells of Heaven," "Knocking, Knocking, Who Is There?"

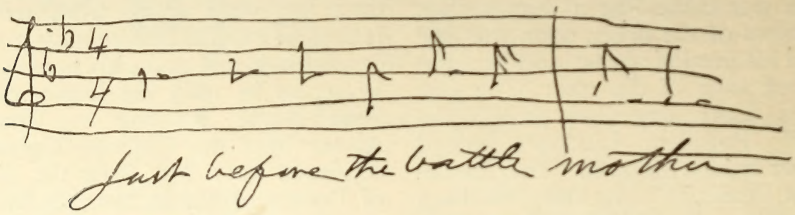
His industry never failed. Five and six hours of daily work were none too many. The result of this incessant application carried through a lifetime is shown in the enormous quantity of work he accomplished. A

partial list of his compositions, coming down only to 1890, shows seventy-four books, in only five of which were others associated with him, and one hundred and seventy-nine pieces of sheet music. In a recent catalogue of one hundred and fourteen national war-songs, thirty-six are from the pen of George F. Root. Work was his pleasure, and he never took an absolute vacation from it.

He was not rich in this world's goods. His earnings were at times enormous, but his losses by the fire were great. At one time his publishers had fourteen printing presses at work on "The Battle-Cry of Freedom," and could not supply the demand. A single house often ordered twenty thousand copies, and it is estimated that the aggregate number sold was between five and seven hundred thousand. "Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!" was written near the close of the war, and had only a year of its influence, but during that time it gave a profit of ten thousand dollars.

Large demand for Mr. Root's music came from England and Scotland. In 1886 he crossed the ocean for the second time, spending several months in musical circles, where he found his own compositions exceedingly popular, and heard his own songs frequently sung. His friend Mr. J. Curwen Spencer of London surprised him by showing in the musical catalogues of the British Museum nearly twenty-four pages devoted to the titles of Dr. Root's works reprinted in England. He was one of the founders of a school of distinctively American music, and the English freely acknowledge his superiority in this field.

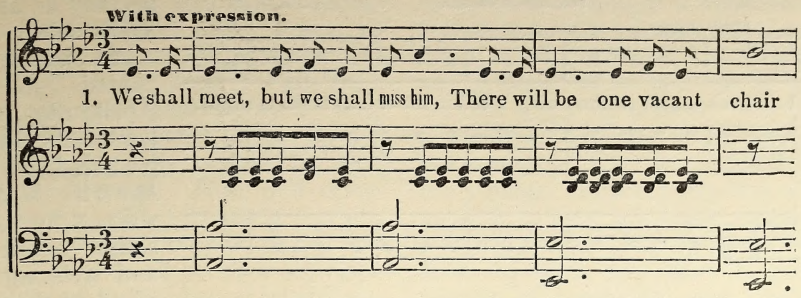
The permanence of his music lies in the inspiration of its simplicity. In these days, when education veils itself in a mirage of genius, it is common enough to produce involved symphonies and compositions which false musical taste dares not condemn. No breath of inspiration quickens these dry bones which lie in the desert of the mediocre. It is genius that writes the simple melody to which the souls of the people respond, their voices singing it at cradle and at grave, and through generations keeping it warm at the heart's fireside. The song writer is born, and his heart is the heart of a child. Dr. Root's principles as well as his tastes made his music simple. He never had fame for a motive, and only the impelling force of his work brought him before the public. He loved the people; their thoughts were his thoughts, their needs his needs, their life his life. No wonder he gave them their songs. In his fascinating autobiography, "The Story of a Musical Life," he says:—



"It is easy to write correctly a simple song; but so to use the material of which such a song must be made that it will live in the hearts of the people, is quite another matter. Geniuses among musical composers, that is, those who invent and give to the world new forms of harmonies that live, are rare, — but two or three appear in a century. Of such Beethoven in his day, and Wagner in ours, are conspicuous examples. There are great composers who, although not inventors in the above sense, make use of existing material in such new and wonderful ways that their music not only delights and benefits the world, but is regarded in an important sense as original. Of such, it seems to me that Mendelssohn is in the highest rank. In all grades, from simplest

THE VACANT CHAIR.

N. S. W. GEO. F. ROOT.



to highest, compositions divide themselves into two classes in another way. In one are the comparatively few, having the mysterious vitality that makes them retain their hold upon the hearts of the people after their companions of the same grade, perhaps by the same composer, are forgotten. In the other class are those that create a temporary interest and pass away. I do not think a composer ever knows when that mysterious life enters his work. If I may judge by my own experience, successes are usually surprises, and the work that we think best is liable to be considered in a very different light by the public. I am one who, from such resources as he finds within himself, makes music for the people, having always a particular need in view. This, it seems to me, is a thing that one may do with some success without being either a genius or a great composer."

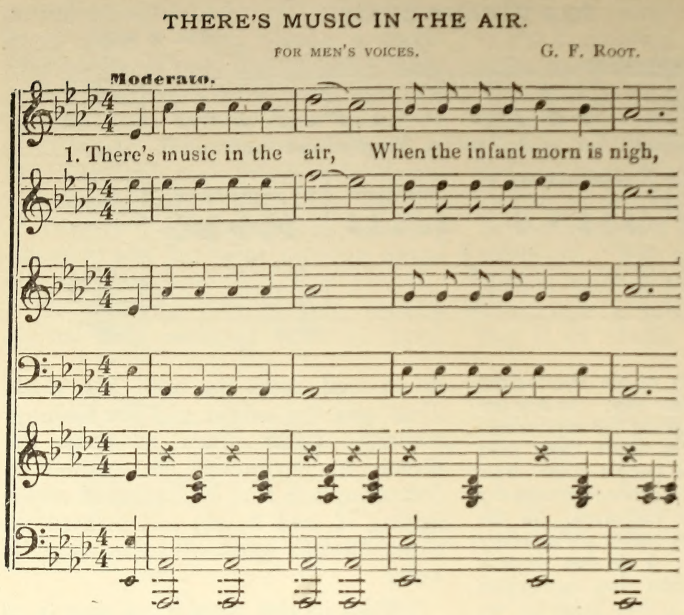
Such is Dr. Root's modest estimate of his own work. The history of the composition of some of his popular songs is interesting. He at one time undertook to supply music for each number of *The Musical Review*. A boy came for copy when none was ready, so he turned to his desk and found a piece which he had written months before and thrown aside as worthless. For want of something better he sent this; and "There's Music in The Air" was thus given to the world.

One day when writing at Willow Farm, his mother passed through the room and laid a newspaper clipping before him, saying, "I think that would be good for music." The poem began, "My days are gliding swiftly by"; and as he read it a melody sang itself in his mind. He jotted it down and went on with his work. That was the origin of "The Shining Shore." Later when he took the theme to harmonize, it seemed so commonplace that he hesitated about setting it, and it was not printed till some months later. Of this song he says:

"When in after years it was sung in all the churches and Sunday Schools of the land, and in every land and tongue where our missionaries were at work, and so demonstrated that it had in it that mysterious life of which I have spoken, I tried to see why it should be so, but in vain. This little song is an illustration of the fact that simple music may have vitality as well as that which is higher, and that the composer knows no more about it in one case than in the other."

"The Shining Shore" was the pioneer of the type of songs known as "Gospel Hymns." Few are so universally sung as this; and though neither analysis nor criticism reveals the secret of its power, it testifies to the inspiration of its composer.

"Just Before the Battle, Mother," was written for an extra number of *The Song Messenger*. Being much interested in other work, his number for the following extra was postponed. One day his brother said: "We must have that song at once. Write it now, while it is on your mind." In two hours it was ready. They tried it over, and the brother's verdict was, "I confess I don't think much of it." The composer agreed with him about the music, but was a little disappointed, because he had been interested in writing the words. The song was "Tramp!



Tramp! Tramp! the Boys Are Marching."

It was about 1856 when a publisher who had failed in his effort to make strictly classical music popular asked Mr. Root to write six songs for him. They were finished at Willow Farm, and Mr. Root said: "Let us choose from these six songs the one that we think will become most popular. The oldest shall choose first, the next shall select from the remainder, and so on down to the youngest." The song left to the last was "Rosalie, the Prairie Flower." The six were taken to the publisher, who said he preferred to buy them outright.

"What is the price of the lot?"—with a bit of sarcasm in the last word.

"Well," replied Mr. Root, "as you propose a wholesale transaction, you shall have the 'lot' for six hundred dollars."

The publisher laughed at the idea.

"Then give me the usual royalty; that will suit me quite as well."

But when nearly three thousand dollars had been paid in royalties for "Rosalie" alone, the publisher concluded that six hundred dollars for the "lot" would not have been an unreasonable price, especially as all had a fair sale.

An article appeared in the April, 1895, number of the French periodical *La Monde Moderne*, written by a Japanese gentleman, and relating the effect of their battle-song, "Le Chant de Route," upon the Japanese in their late war with China. It was sung continually on the march, reviving the fainting spirits of the soldiers, and making them unmindful of hardships. The music of this wonderful song proved to be "Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!" with not the least variation from the notes, though the rhythm was slightly changed to suit the Japanese words. Japan is not the first nation which has adopted that stirring war-music. In 1867, T. D. Sullivan, now a member of Parliament, wrote to its measure, "God Save Ireland," which is to-day the national anthem of Ireland. Surely we need not blush for setting our "America" to "God Save the Queen."

Dr. Root is among the men who prove that Chicago's gifts to the world are not always to be counted in dollars. His place in the hearts of the people has long been assured, and no one in the city was more popular. He received instant welcome upon every platform. When he sang the ballads dear to his heart, his full, fresh voice discounting his threescore and fifteen years and ringing with magnetic power, his listeners rose to greet him with bravos and waving of handkerchiefs. I have never seen an American audience rival the French in enthusiastic demonstration except in greet-

ing its chief writer of the people's songs. When our nation was struggling for existence, those songs, as truly as gun and sword, won our victory. Dr. Root deserves to rank among the great generals of the war, if active and important service in tent and on field merits rank. His war-songs are classics. They had revivifying power. They brought recruits, fired the soldiers with courage, and sounded as a knell to their enemies. They stirred the depths of patriotism. They were the war-cry, the hymn and the requiem, and they will echo in the hearts of the people to the end of time.

Among the many anecdotes which cluster round these war-songs is one of an Iowa regiment which went into one of the battles in front of Vicksburg eight hundred strong and came out with a loss of more than half its number. But those survivors, torn and bleeding as they were, came from the fight waving their stained banners, and singing: "We'll rally round the flag, boys, we'll rally once again."

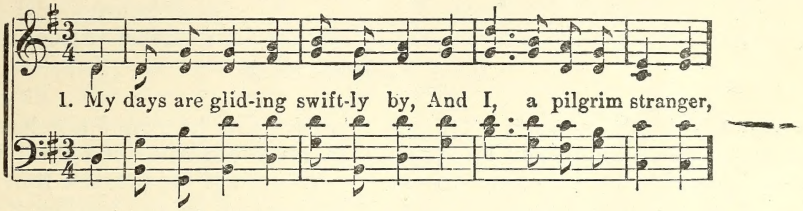
The sweetness of the tender home songs touches the other extreme, and thrills a different chord. "Mary of the Glen"; "Love thy Mother, Little One"; "Grieve not the Heart that Loves Thee"; "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother," are airs blending pathos and joy as only an artist can unite them.

Dr. Root's boyhood was marked by unusual responsibilities, and was notable for its earnestness and dignity. His strong, independent character had early development. Conscience was never paralyzed by lack of use. He listened intently to the still, small voice, and obeyed its admonitions. When only eleven or twelve years old he noticed in himself a disposition to tyrannize over a younger brother, and made a compact with him that upon any evidence of unkindness or injustice the word "Remember" should be a talisman between them to restore equilibrium. The first syllable from the younger brother's lips was always enough to stay hand and voice. He was still young when an uncle said to him, "George, you have taught me lessons of generosity and kindness." His devotion to his home circle was unfailing. He took charge of the younger brothers and sisters—not as a task, but as a privilege. One sister went to Alabama to teach, and fearing she might be lonely, busy young man as he was, he wrote to her every day.

His personality was unusual. He was tall, erect, graceful and courtly. His fine, strong face, his kind eyes, his pleasant smile, and above all the atmosphere of friendliness which he carried made him a centre of interest aside from his music. He was reserved, retiring and unpretentious; yet although modest almost to shyness, he never lost consciousness of the divine power outside of himself but working through him. He could be stern on occasions when the exercise of his powerful will was needed, but justice was a strong characteristic. Those who have worked with him know how entire was his certainty of what he himself wished to do, and yet how unfailing his consideration for his assistants. "'Listens' is not a good word to sing; 'slumbers' is. Would you be willing to substitute it?" He took a trip of many miles last year

THE SHINING SHORE.

REV. DAVID NELSON. G. F. ROOT.





DR. ROOT'S LAST MANUSCRIPT, WRITTEN ON THE MORNING OF AUGUST 6, 1895, A FEW HOURS BEFORE HIS DEATH.

to ask this simple question. He was exact and persevering, and impressed those qualities upon each scholar. One of his instruction books brings a smile, as if he were speaking the words instead of writing them, for they have often been heard from his lips. On nearly every page is printed: "If you make mistakes, you are playing too fast." This gives a keynote to his teaching. Perfection was the ideal to be reached by slow and careful work.

He was truly generous, and many in humble life have reason to know his regular and unfailing recognition of past service. He had strong sympathy for young composers. He was ready to read their songs and music, to criticise and to suggest, always giving them patient attention, without regard to his own occupations.

He was methodical in his work. His desk was a model of neatness and order, and he could not have left it in more beautiful condition when he rose from it for the last time, had he known that he was bidding it farewell.

His public work and the adulation it brought him might easily have spoiled a weaker man. They never affected him. Nothing rivalled in his eyes the beauty of home and home love. He had keen appreciation of all good qualities, and his own character was so true that he interpreted kindly the lives of others. He met his friends at their best, and stimulated them to new heights. His memory was tenacious of the things it is well to remember, and he had the rare art of forgetting those that it is well to forget.

His nature was deeply religious. In his teaching he began each day's work with devotional exercises, and the simple talks he then gave are ranked by

many as not the least valuable of his instructions. He was a member of the Swedenborgian Church, and in all things an exponent of its beautiful ideals and high principles.

He was beloved by the public as sincerely as in his home. No one who was present at the ovation given him at the War Song Concert, in Chicago, in February, 1895, can forget the modesty with which he received the thunders of applause which greeted him. They were a spontaneous tribute first to the man, as he came forward upon the platform set with tents like a camp and filled with soldiers, and then to the composer and singer. After he had given his great war-song, when his voice rang out with the strength of a man in his prime, Mr. Robert Lincoln rose first in his flag-draped box, the audience rose after him, and huzzas and bravos rang, and rang, and rang again, as if they would never cease. And they rang the longer and the louder because the man and singer stood with the simplicity of a child to receive them.

Each of Dr. Root's six children is gifted musically as well as in other directions. His son Frederic W. is a prominent musician of rare ability; his daughter Mrs. Clara Louise Burnham is a popular novelist; and all have achieved distinction in various lines. The circle of relatives numbers more than thirty; and the gatherings of this "clan" are unique and interesting. Music is always a feature. No one who ever heard it will forget "Hail, Smiling Morn," the glee in which the whole family joined; and nothing could be more delightful than to have Dr. Root seat himself at the piano and sing the ballads he loved—chief among them, "The Ivy Green," which he rendered with magnificent voice and a dramatic power which thrilled every listener.

Twelve years ago one of Dr. Root's sisters built a cottage at Bailey Island, in Casco Bay. Her example was contagious, and now nearly forty members of the family spend their vacations on the island. This summering among his kindred amid beautiful natural surroundings of sea and hill was a keen delight to Dr. Root. It was his habit every morning to go down the island path, call at the door of each sister's cottage for a good-morning greeting, and then return to his own home for work. Between his house and his son's stands a flag-staff. He took loving care of its flag, raising and lowering it daily, and guarding it from too boisterous winds; and it was he who had set it flying on the morning of the day whose close found it at half-mast because of his death.

The work of the last months of his life interested him unusually. He left half-finished a cantata for adults. His last completed work is a patriotic cantata, which he greatly enjoyed writing; and this tribute to the flag is a fitting close for his patriotic life.

The date of the golden wedding of Dr. and Mrs. Root was Aug. 28, 1895; and family and friends anticipated it by months of preparation. More than fifty of the relatives were to assemble on the island. Gifts had been prepared, poems written, songs composed. But when the day came, the bridegroom and the bride were separated by the wide river across which none looks from shore to shore. The eight brothers and sisters expected to join in the celebration of the day; but the first-born of that circle on earth was also first born into heaven; and the family gathered without its head.

Dr. Root's life was one of crystal beauty, and the end was as he would have chosen. On August 6, a perfect summer morning, he took his usual way down the island path and back to his congenial work. He left his manuscript on his desk at noon, gave his arm to his beloved wife, and they went to dine with their son, intending to go sailing in the early afternoon; but instead death called. His independent spirit was saved infirmity and helplessness. From life and work and love

on earth he passed to life and work and love in heaven.

Peace was the message written on the strong white face, never more beautiful in life than in death. He lay in his home on the green hill, with those he loved near by. The decoration of the Loyal Legion was on his breast, and the flag he loved covered his casket. He disliked funereal symbols and all emblems of woe; none were present here. There was no sign of mourning in darkened rooms or sombre crape. The sun streamed through open windows; the murmur of the sea came faintly in with the beat of the waves; and the white gulls flew like messengers of light. No hearse was drawn before the door. Across the island grass, with the sea stretching to the far horizon, and the sunshine lighting his way in death as in life, loving hands carried the dear form to the white boat, on its way to its resting-place near the old home at North Reading, beside the parents he had honored.

It is a habit of the family to sing the Doxology at all their gatherings. It is a part of Christmas reunions; it is sung standing as a grace before Thanksgiving dinners; and at his request the circle of more than forty relatives sang, with the voice of their leader for the first time silent:

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow";

and though the voices faltered, they did not fail, but carried the harmony on to the great Amen.

Dr. Root left a legacy which transcends his music—the legacy of inspiring example. His pure, strong, beautiful life is more eloquent than words; and kindred, friends and countrymen may well join in a "Praise God" of thanksgiving for the Christian manhood which distinguished this noble American citizen.

Not for him was the golden wedding;
He lay on the silent bier
That wonderful summer morning
When we called and he did not hear.

For with silver-lined clouds white in sunshine,
Blue sea gently lapping the sand,
He went from his dear island cottage
To the mansion his Father had planned.

The flag that he loved was his cover,
The message of peace on his face,
When hands that he loved bore him onward
To rest in earth's tender embrace.

There could be no weeping and mourning,
There could be no funeral knell;
For the angels said "Hail!" to their comrade,
When we said to our comrade, "Farewell!"

TO-DAY.

By Mary Clarke Huntington.

WE said we loved, and loving should remember
Each tender glance, each thrilling finger touch;
To-day kneels Eros by an ashen ember
And marvels that his flame could burn to such.

Yet more than dream and more than slow forgetting
This idyl of our past. A touch divine,
Born of a vague desire, of half regretting,
Seems resting sometimes on your heart and mine.

Hushed then the clamor of life's incompleteness;
Joy for a moment thrills us through and through;
With all of bitterness deep drowned in sweetness,
We feel heart-young again—and love is true.

JOSEPH AND SHAKESPEARE.

By Lynn R. Meekins.

OUR model suburban settlement is on a single-track railroad. There is no store of any kind in the place, and the hucksters are irregular. When the meat fails to come from the city and the condescending gentlemen with the hooded wagons pass us by, we eat eggs. If you happen to find a cook-book very much worn in the egg chapters, you will be safe in returning it to Sunnybrook Park. We were speaking of it at the doctor's, and after a minute of abstraction the doctor said:

"If the doctrine of the transmigration of the soul be true,—I do not believe it is true, but you cannot always tell about such things,—and if in the next existence we should find it true, I think as friends and neighbors we should agree to flock together."

The idea of flocking, by a correct but unexpected logical process, led to the proposition that we form a literary club. We were distinctly not literary. Indeed our only literary passions—to borrow Mr. Howells's phrase—were those resulting from the neglect of the train clerk to throw off our morning papers. But we needed something intellectual, and the idea seemed to fit.

Our first trouble was in the name. We wanted it distinctively American. In our modest way we desired—after the doctor had expressed it for us—to honor a meritorious but unremembered genius. Every member was requested to present a suggestion. Irving was voted down because he had been overused in the literary club business. Poe fell before the protest of a vice-president of a W. C. T. U. Then Howells was unjustly slaughtered in the primaries, because Mrs. Hopson said his women were not satisfactory. Mr. Bloom suggested Longfellow, but Miss Henderson replied that if he were chosen she would not be able to think of the club without repeating "Life is real, life is earnest," and that was worse than Mark Twain's "five cent fare." "Why not Mark Twain?" The question came from several members. At first the double name was objected to, and when a Twain club was mentioned somebody quietly but promptly said it sounded like the deuce. We were getting deeper and deeper, and the doctor proposed that we compromise the matter. We did so and called it the Shakespeare Club.

When it came to the election of officers, Hopson said rather solemnly:

"It seems to me there is only one man for president. Our recent literature has pointed the way. Our most popular hero is a medical detective; our later novels are full of diagnostics, analyses and clinics; and Pegasus when not galloping over a graveyard or drawing an ambulance is capering nimbly to a doctor's gig. I nominate the doctor."

From the start the club was a great success. Because he has a lot around his house, the average suburbanite soon begins to imagine that his fence encloses the larger part of the world. We had been growing selfish at Sunnybrook, and the new club drew us from our shells and made us think of better things. We began very timidly, and our first proceedings consisted mainly of refreshments, but in good time we attacked the question of Shakespearian criticism. Owing to our inexperience and the individual reluctance to open the way, we had to abandon the plan of skirmishers and make a general assault. So every member was ordered to present his or her views on the women of the im-

mortal bard. The sketches were to be brief, in order that they might be crowded into one evening. We did our duty faithfully, and the program started out with great promise, but gradually it fagged and a feeling of despair settled like a nightmare upon us. The trouble was we had all pilfered from the same book, and we sat there a lot of crushed and self-convicted plagiarists.

We dropped literature and sought to drown its memory in the dissipation of cards and theatricals. The club's popularity continued with all except Sarah Dorton and John Black, who were approaching matrimony in long executive sessions which were disturbed once a week by the club meeting. Next to the club, John and Sarah were the main reliance of the Park. They had expected to be married before, but owing to the unlooked-for and very inopportune inconsistency of a jury in upholding a will from which John, as the counsel of the plaintiff, had great hopes, the date had been postponed. The match met with the favor of the Park's population, but it was being too long drawn out. The Dorton house was the highest in the place. Gradually it became a Park weakness to regulate the night by the lone light in the parlor. "John is still there" was always understood. It grew so habitual that the nervous ones would wake up just before twelve to see if it was burning. An epidemic of insomnia was threatened, and it was suggested that a committee wait on the court and ask it to reconsider its action and follow the usual course and break the will. But the worst of it was the effect upon Mr. Dorton. He was mildly insane about his furnace and insisted on attending to it the last thing every night. So, after John would leave, the father would array himself in dressing gown and solemnly make his way to the cellar.

Near the end of October the Shakespeare Club met at the Addersley house, and after the music the servant question arose in all its grim and ghastly vigor. The tariff, silver and all other issues then uppermost in the heated political campaign went into eclipse. Mrs. Addersley said with considerable eloquence: "These mugwumps complain about rotation in office just because there is a change every four years. The servant question is a million times worse than rotation in office—it's a perpetual motion."

Hopson suggested that as most of the trouble came from the furnaces it might be a good idea to coöperate. By this means those who wanted neither the expense nor the trouble of the maintenance of a man-servant could get the necessary work at small cost. If the Shakespeare Club had done nothing else for Sunnybrook this service would alone have doubly justified its existence. Six of us decided to try Hopson's plan. All was ready except the man, but out of the doubt came Joseph.

Whence he came or how no one exactly knows. Our only knowledge is that he appeared. Hopson argued it out in this irregular manner: The Shakespeare Club was responsible for Joseph; the Shakespeare Club came from the doctor's idea about flocking; and the doctor's idea about flocking came from an egg: therefore Joseph was *ab ovo*. He was past middle age, with a deep black solemn face and with a certain manly dignity in spite of his stooped shoulders and his curious legs. His conversation was an imposing parade of jumbled syllables. We thought him daft at first, but when the doctor explained that big words and big linen dusters and big pills were three failings of the negro race, we accepted the explanation.

Joseph settled the question of pay by leaving the "rememberation" to our sense of justice, which was a dollar a week each, giving him a salary of six dollars. He was reticent about his place of residence, but said in a general way that he lived near the "elected" cars. Mr. Dorton trained

him, and when he announced his personal satisfaction the rest of us had nothing to add.

Joseph was a blessing. He doubled the comfort and cheerfulness of the Park. There were no more late breakfasts and cold houses. He came before six and started the drafts. By seven there was a glow in each of the six homes. He was the herald of the morning, crying out gossip and pious philosophy in the dawn. As a result the cooks were always up in time to talk with him, and his thin, penetrating voice often drifted into the second-story window where we were lazily recognizing the necessity of meeting the duties of another day.

One morning we heard him say: "My! my! my! I jest do sartinly wish ole Mr. Shakespeare could 'a' seen and writ about one of these fine new furnaces of the which I am the superintendent and manager. It's jest like life, so it is:—mighty pretty when it starts out—clean inside, shiny on the kivver, drafts all on, and plenty of nice new coal; little slow at first, but burnin' faster and faster and gittin' hotter and hotter and sendin' nice warm air all through the house and makin' joy all around; but bime-by blue flame gits white, black coal turns to ashes, grates chock up with clinkers,—and where's heat then? All burned out. Jest like life—jest like life. And ole Mr. Shakespeare could a writ a whole book on it."

"What in heaven's name does that negro know about Shakespeare?" we asked; and before we could solve the mystery something happened. A burglary not far from our place caused a general purchase of firearms. One morning about five o'clock Hopson heard a person trying to effect an entrance into his house. Without pausing to investigate, he began to fire in the direction of the noise. The man made a dash for the next house, and another volley sent him on to the third, by which time the Park was aroused and new pistols were being tried by their owners. Finally the man was heard running through the lower field, and afterwards there was silence. We had to attend to our own furnaces that morning, and we felt like dealing rashly with Hopson. His claim, that as Joseph was an hour ahead of time the mistake was natural, did not entirely remove our sense of wrong. Later in the day the following note was received and circulated:

Gentlemen:
Mr. Hopson,

SIR: Kindly inform the gentlemen of your place that a dollar a week do not include bein shot at. I know I were a little early but hereafter you needn't look for me till daybreak.

Respecfully, JOSEPH MACBETH.

P. S. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,
When men are unprepared and look not for it.
— *Shakespeare.*

It was the first time we knew his last name. Its inappropriateness soon appeared; for this Macbeth did not murder sleep. He acquired a habit of slumbering at his work. We found that he carried a volume of Shakespeare, and when he and Shakespeare were left together he soon nodded. John Black, quick to grasp the possibilities of the coöperation scheme, secretly negotiated with Joseph, who agreed for an extra dollar a week to attend to the Dorton furnace's midnight necessities. The first night Joseph fell asleep, and John tried to wake him by gentle taps on the window. Failing in this, he found an opening through which he threw a pebble, with such effect that it required many days to get all the explanations straight and to allay the general prejudice against John for the disturbance.

The Shakespeare Club felt itself in honor bound to solve the mystery of Joseph's book. He did not want to tell us at first, but finally he confessed that it was given him in return for five coupons. Anybody using five bottles of Dr. Quack's "Conservator of Health" and sending on the coupons would receive any one of more than a

hundred of the classics of literature. "I took this," Joseph explained, "because it had more pages than any of the others, and I'd heard our preacher use the name in one of his sermons."

"What do you think of Shakespeare?"

"I went to a circus oncet," he replied, "and saw a man pile more things than you can git in a two-horse cart on top of one another and keep 'em balanced. Seems to me that Mr. Shakespeare is mostly as wonderful as that man was. He kin pile more big words on the end of a pen and tangle 'em up more than anybody I ever read after,—and the more they try to git away from him the more he holds on to 'em. But what I like about him most is that he's down on doctors."

The Shakespeare Club began to study Joseph much more assiduously than Shakespeare. All of us had a certain admiration for the person who had an opinion of Shakespeare not borrowed from the books. Joseph's was crude, but it was personal and honest. We began to waylay him and draw him into conversation, but he developed melancholy tendencies. To the cooks he spoke of symptoms. He detailed diseases, especially "ammonia," and some of his peculiarities of symptom included "permission fever" and "information of the throat."

One day we suggested to him that he call in the doctor. The whites of his eyes seemed like moons in the desolation of night. "They kill," he exclaimed,—and gradually we got him to explain. He brought forth the copy of Shakespeare, and showed between its pages clippings from patent medicine almanacs relating cases miraculously cured after physicians had given up all hope. He laid special stress upon the case of a man seventy-eight years old, who had been cured by two bottles, so that he "could now jump up and pop his feet twice together before he touched the ground."

"Ole Mr. Shakespeare knowed the doctors,—deed he did, sir,—and that's why I like him."

For three days Joseph was missing. It was suspicious, because he had drawn his pay in advance. It was critical, because winter was on in earnest and our happiness depended upon him. We never appreciated him as we did then. We determined to seek him. As the only Shakespearian scholar in the place, our Club took a formal interest in his welfare. Personally we wanted him with deep and solemn reality.

Three miles away we found his house. The door was not locked. When we pushed in, we saw no one at first; but a closer look showed in the gloom of the adjoining room Joseph sitting by the bedside of a wasted woman almost as black as he was. He was reading to her in a sing-song. He would pause to assure her the medicine would work. Suddenly he heard a noise, and when he recognized his visitors he became agitated. The commotion caused the woman to faint, and Joseph's poor trembling hand went hopelessly to his forehead. The doctor advanced and took charge.

"She is not dead," he said; "she has only fainted from weakness, but she is about as near starvation as any person I ever saw."

Then for the first time we fully understood Joseph. He had made his poor wife the victim of patent medicine almanacs and nostrum advertisements. The Shakespeare Club had tried almost everything from progressive euchre to an evening with Browning, but charity had not come within its experiences. It took care of Joseph and Sarinda, and saw them restored to health—Joseph to the furnaces and Sarinda to the kitchen of Mr. and Mrs. John Black, who were married shortly after John got a new trial of the will case and succeeded in breaking it.

Sarinda says she was not sick until Joseph went crazy on symptoms and Shakespeare, and Joseph confesses the mistake he made was in not taking all of Shakespeare's advice and throwing physic to the dogs.

READING DANTE WITH LOWELL.

By Frederic M. Holland.

MY pleasantest memory of Harvard College is of meeting Mr. Lowell once or twice a week in his study on Oxford Street, where we went through the *Inferno* and *Purgatorio* with his help. My impression is that we were cut off from the *Paradiso* by the secession of South Carolina in 1860. Our ascent from the infernal regions was in the summer of 1859, when he gave us a supper of strawberries and cream, real cream brought from Arcadia by a special messenger. He also handed us copies of Giotto's portrait, inscribed with our names and the words, "With cordial remembrances from J. R. Lowell." On mine he wrote these two passages from Dante's *Convito:*

"Canzone, io credo che saranno radi
Color che tua ragione intendan bene,
Tanto lor parli faticosa e forte.
Onde se per ventura egli addiviene
Che tu dinanzi da persone vadi,
Che non ti paian d'essa bene accorte
Allor ti priego che ti riconforte,
Dicendo lor, diletta mia novella:
'Ponete mente almen com' io son bella.'"
(*Trattato II.*)

"Avvegnache ciascuna virtù sia amabile nell' uomo, quella è più amabile in esso, ch' è più umana, e questa è la giustizia."
(*Trattato I., Cap. XII.*)

The extract in verse may have been meant to tell us that Dante's poetry has a beauty of form which makes it well worth study, in spite of the difficulty of understanding his mighty thoughts. The other quotation gives the opinion of both poets, that justice is the most lovable of virtues, because the most peculiarly human.

All this work he did without the slightest remuneration, wholly outside of his regular duties, and at no one can tell what loss of better company. We were only a dozen young men, either undergraduates or divinity students, and scarcely any of us had ever met him before. My own invitation may have come through his nephew, who was in the class of 1858. What I remember most distinctly is that he treated us from first to last as if we were his equals and were putting him under great obligation. No one else did so much for the students at Cambridge then, not even in the Divinity School, and I am glad to express my gratitude.

After the lapse of time, I cannot speak confidently about his methods; but I remember that they were in one sense decidedly modern. He did most of the work; and we were never questioned or called upon to translate. When we ventured to say a word, it was received most courteously; but we found out at once that the best way to use our time was in listening. He did take pains to see that we picked up some elementary ideas of Italian grammar; and it may have been in this connection that he told us the following story: He was once in Italy with a young man who tried to tell a beggar to go to the devil. He meant to say *Andate al Diavolo,* but unfortunately his first word was *Andiamo,*—"Let us go." At this the beggar took off his hat and told how delighted he should be to go anywhere in such good company.

Such anecdotes sprang up every now and then, out of the steady stream of translation and explanation. We heard, for instance, that nothing is so much to the credit of a modern Italian as to bear a name which Dante mentions somewhere. Eevn an ancestor at the bottom of the cruel pit is proof of descent from a good old family.

I also remember Mr. Lowell's telling us, when we came to *Sordello,* that he would be glad to give his copy of Browning's poem about the trouba-

dour to anyone who could understand it. Of Shakespeare he said he always knew when his own quotation from any play was correct, for if he left out the original word he could never find any other which would fill the place. I am of course nowhere telling more than the substance of his remarks.

He did give us essentially this account of why he was sent away from Harvard, early in the summer of 1838, to pass some months under suspension in what the young man then called "this infernal Concord." The department of rhetoric was from 1819 to 1851 under the charge of Professor Edward T. Channing, brother of the famous philanthropist. The professor's chief care was to make the students write plain English, and he was annoyed by the obscurities of Lowell's themes. These latter were all the more puzzling, because they contained many fragments of verse, which ostensibly were quoted from "one of our early poets," but which were new to the professor. The latter's dignity did not permit him to inquire about the authorship; but he felt the need of lecturing Lowell on obscurity before his class. He began by reading one of his most ambiguous passages aloud, with the intention of making him explain it and then calling public attention to his embarrassment. Accordingly he took pains to have the passage sound as much like nonsense as possible and then said exultingly, "Well, Mr. Lowell, is that the way in which you wish to have that passage understood?" "Yes, sir," was the reply. "And so," said Mr. Lowell to us, "he could do nothing but rusticate me."

His father tried to make him a lawyer, but allowed him to quit the profession when he found out that his clients were living on him. The only exception was a big negro sailor, who had been cheated badly by his captain. Mr. Lowell managed to get back his wages, but would take no pay. The grateful fellow asked "Lower"—for that was the way in which he combined his benefactor's name and profession in broken English—to give him an old coat as a keepsake. The next day he came back to the office in great delight to show "Lower" how good a fit it was. The sleeves were half way up his arms. Years afterward the sailor hunted up "Lower" in Cambridge to beg him to accept a bit of curiously carved ivory, some gold dust and a little canoe. "Of course I couldn't take the gold dust," said Mr. Lowell, "but I did let him give me the canoe and the ivory."

All I remember hearing about his later life, in these bits of talk with us, is that he was then occupied through the forenoon, every alternate Saturday, as editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. He once told us that he was so much pleased with an article recently sent in, that he was going to read it to us when we next met. At that meeting, however, he told us that the contributor's use of the phrase "*coup d'etats* of Providence" had reminded him so strongly of Quinet as to make him turn to the Frenchman's writings; and there he had found the article, word for word. He read us his own translation instead.

Perhaps we were at the farthest from Dante when he told us the following story: There was once a deacon on Cape Cod, who heard early one morning that there had been a wreck on the beach near his house. He hurried down with a couple of pillow-cases, filled one with sugar, hid it under the bank, and went on to look for more groceries. While he was gone, a neighbor came along on the same errand, caught sight of the pillow-case, emptied it into his own bag, and refilled it with sand. By and by the deacon returned, empty-handed, and carried off his pillow-case, without noticing the change. In fact, he filled his sugar-bowl and tried to sweeten his coffee before he found out how badly he had been treated. Then he was so indignant that, as he confessed afterward, "I was almost wicked enough to wish there might never be another wreck on this here coast again."

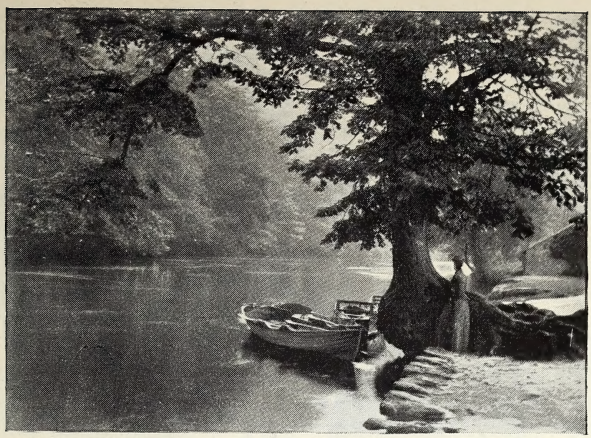


PHOTO. BY JOHN A. HODGES.

INDIFFERENCE.

By Madison Cawein.

SHE is so dear, the wildflowers near
Each path she passes by
Are over-fain to kiss again
Her feet and then to die.

She is so fair the wild birds there,
That sing upon the bough,
Have learned the staff of her sweet laugh,
And sing no other now.

Alas! that she should never see,
Should never care to know,
The wildflower's love, the bird's above,
And his, who loves her so!



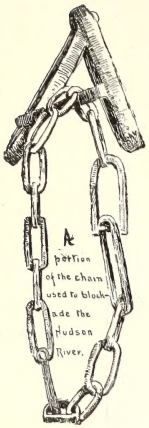
PHOTO. BY E. G. LEE.



NEWBURGH BAY.

THE OLD CANTONMENT AT NEWBURGH.

By Russel Headley.



FEW miles back from the Hudson, near Newburgh, lies the old Revolutionary camp ground. The place is well-nigh deserted now, and save the ploughman on the distant hillsides, or an occasional fowler among the coverts in the swale, there is little of human life seen amid its solitudes. The historic values of other places have long been accorded public recognition; organizations composed of patriotic descendants of Revolutionary sires have sought out for commemoration many of those spots which are linked with important incidents of the past, and states have expended large sums for the purposes of preservation or restoration of places valuable for past associations; but this site has so long been passed unkindly by, that now even memory begins to make its rounds with halting gait around the old camp ground. And yet there are few localities in our land more worthy of lasting regard; for there are none more closely identified with the crucial events of the formative period of the Republic than this unvisited and neglected spot. Reminiscences of a heroic past linger over its fields and dreary wastes; associations the most precious cluster around the hills and dales of this last cantonment of the Army of the Revolution,

> "Where Washington hath left
> His awful memory
> A light for after times."

Let us trust that the day is not far distant when the nation will awake to a proper appreciation of the claims of this spot for public recognition, and in some signal manner acknowledge the long deferred obligation due to the lives and acts of those men who here

exhibited the highest patriotic virtues.

The long period which has elapsed, with the absence of all care, has sufficed to destroy most of the interesting features of the by-gone days; but it is still possible to find traces of the army's occupation and fix accurately the locations of the different divisions. The present causeway by the willows was constructed and used by the soldiers, while the parade ground carefully formed of flat stones still exists, hidden away in a dense thicket. The once limpid spring into whose waters the soldiers with quirp and merry jest oft plunged their old canteens is there yet, although it is now foul and polluted by the beasts of the field, its banks mired beneath the feet of cattle. A few walls of soldiers' dwellings still remain standing in the tangled wildwood and the clumps of briers; but the indifference of so many years has borne full fruit, and most of the habitations are levelled with the ground and their sills lie mouldering in the woods. This scene of desolation and decay speaks more eloquently than words of the vast change between now and then, while the air of desertion which broods over the spot presents a sharp and pathetic contrast to the life and activity witnessed here over a century ago.

As we look back through the long vista of one hundred and thirteen years, the present fades from view, and memory brings dimly before us the place as it appeared in the long ago, spreads out before our sight among these wilds a regularly laid out city, peopled with many hundreds of stalwart warriors clad in the blue and buff, and for a little space restores once more the ancient stir and life of a camp. Many of those illustrious dead who stand high up on the nation's roll of fame have left their lasting impress upon the scene. Often has Washington trod those slopes, or moved through the now obliterated streets of the cantonment; while Greene, Knox, Wayne, Heath, Steuben and many others who helped make our history were frequent and familiar visitants, during the many months the troops were stationed here. On frequent occasions the great leader repaired here with a sad and heavy heart, and passed anxious hours in consultation with his trusted officers over the pressing dangers. Truly it is holy ground, and deserving of every patriot's veneration; for it has been consecrated by the tears and prayers of the bravest and best of America's sons.

It was in the latter part of October, 1782, that the Continental Army slowly descended the slopes of Storm King, and marched to this, its last camp. We read in Surgeon Thatcher's Journal:—

> "At reveille of the 26th inst., the left wing of the army under the command of General Heath decamped from Verplank's Point and marched to the Highlands; took up our lodging in the woods without covering, and were exposed to a heavy rain during the night and day. Thence we crossed the Hudson to West Point, and marched over the mountain called Butter Hill; passed the night in the open field, and the next day reached the ground where we are to erect log huts for our winter quarters, near New Windsor."

The right wing, under General Gates, followed a few days later.

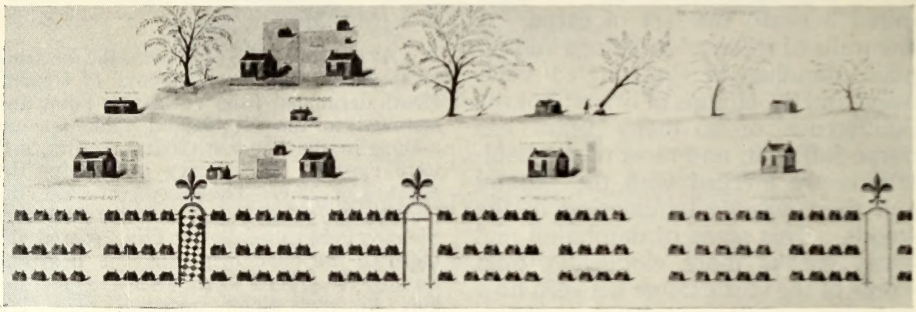
The men here gathered together were fresh from the siege of Yorktown, and were all battle-scarred veterans of the war. Some with bleeding feet had stained the white snow of Valley Forge in that awful winter; others had served from the beginning of the war, and had proved the quality of their patriotism on many a field. Little preparation seems to have been made for the reception of the troops at New Windsor, and they were compelled to build their homes in the heavy forest which covered the land. The army, however, set cheerfully to work under the supervision of General Heath, felling the timber, clearing the hillsides, and erecting their rude habitations against the coming winter. These huts were built of logs and stone, and were of one story, about fourteen by

sixteen feet and about six feet in height. The roof was formed of split oak slabs, sloped only one way, and the chinks were stopped with clay. The cantonment was laid out in streets, upon which the huts faced, and occupied both sides of the valley, through which ran a pure brook named Silver Stream. The subordinate officers had their quarters in the rear of the main line of huts, while the officers of higher rank occupied barracks on the hill, or were lodged in farmhouses in the vicinity. The Marquis de Chastellux, who visited Washington at his headquarters at Newburgh in December of that year, and viewed the cantonment, thus describes it as it was at that time:—

"On the 7th, I took leave of General Washington. Col. Tighlman accompanied me on horseback to show me the road and the barracks which serve as winter quarters for the American army, which were not quite finished, though the season was far advanced and the cold very severe. They are spacious, healthy, and well built, and consist of a row of log houses containing two chambers, each inhabited by eight soldiers when complete, which makes five to six effectives; a second range of barracks is destined for the non-commissioned officers. These barracks are placed in the middle of the woods on the slope of the hills and within reach of the water. As the great object is a healthy and convenient situation, the army are on several lines not exactly parallel with each other. But it will appear singular in Europe, that these barracks should be built *without a bit of iron, not even nails*, which would render the work tedious and difficult were not the Americans very expert in putting wood together. After visiting the barracks I regained the main road."

The troops encamped here comprised all of the national army except a few regiments at West Point and vicinity, and consisted of two New York regiments, two New Hampshire, one Rhode Island, two New Jersey, ten Massachusetts regiments, and a Maryland battalion.

When the hutting of the army was finally completed, the hospital and bakeries provided for, and everything made snug against winter, the soldiers erected on an eminence hard by a building which was destined to become historic. This edifice when completed was capable of holding several hundred men, and was christened "The Temple of Virtue"; but for some cause not necessary here to investigate, it quickly lost its original name, and was thereafter designated indiscriminately as the Temple, New Building, or Public Building, by contemporaries, but in history has come down all these years bearing the name of the Temple. Chaplain Ganno says: "On my return to the army we encamped at Newburgh (New Windsor) and erected some huts and a place for worship on Lord's day." If that was the sole and original purpose for which it was built, it did not long retain that distinctive character, as it was used also as a place of general assemblage and amusement. The officers met in it for deliberation and counsel, and other meetings were held

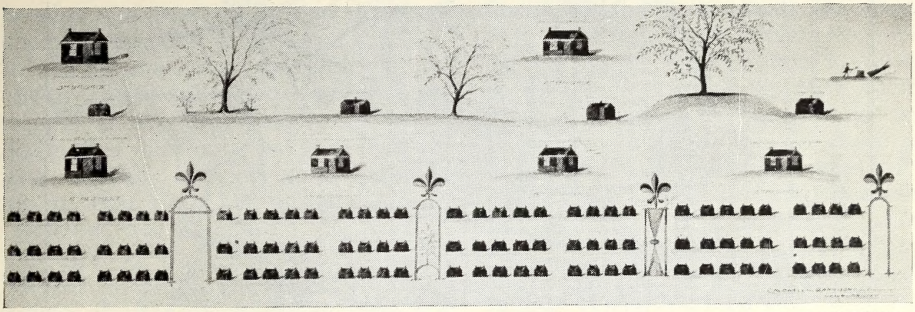


OFFICERS' QUARTERS

there relating to the various matters incident to camp life. During the time the army was encamped here, the building was also used by the Masons of "The American Union Lodge," which worked under a travelling dispensation.

It is an interesting fact that in this Temple was completed the organization of the Order of Cincinnati.* We read in Heath's Memoirs:—

"June 19: A number of officers of the army, viz., several general officers, and officers commanding regiments and corps, met at the New Building, and elected his excellency, Gen. Washington, President General; Gen. McDougal, Treasurer; and Gen. Knox, Secretary, pro tempore, to the order of the Society of the Cincinnati."



FROM AN OLD DRAWING.

AND SOLDIERS' HUTS.

We cannot understand at this day the intense feeling of disapprobation which the organization of this society aroused in the country, nor appreciate the sentiments which caused the storm of popular indignation to break out so violently and rage so furiously against the order as at one time to cause the members to seriously make up their minds to disband. In view of the calm and peaceful history of the order, the grave perils to our institutions so strenuously urged against its existence at the time seem ludicrous indeed. The origin of this celebrated society was innocent enough, the motives which led to its institution worthy and natural ones. Thatcher writes:—

"While contemplating a final separation of the officers of the army, the tenderest feelings of the heart had their afflicting operations. It was at the suggestion of General Knox, and with the acquiescence of the commander-in-chief, that an expedient was devised by which a hope was entertained that their long cherished friendships and social intercourse might be perpetuated, and that at future periods they might annually commemorate and revive a recollection of the bonds by which they were connected."

At the time the army went into this cantonment at Newburgh, although peace had not yet been declared between the two countries, it was generally understood that the war was over and that it was merely a question of time when the independence of America would be formally acknowledged by Great Britain. The struggle being therefore practically at an end, the attention of both officers and men naturally turned to a consideration of the form of government which would be most beneficial for the young nation. The long period of relief from active duty which ensued after the army went into winter quarters afforded both time and opportunity to discuss this vital question in all its bearings; and many minds seem to have inclined eventually to the conclusion that a monarchical form of government would best conserve the interests of the country. Thus the freedom so hardly earned was exposed to destruction even while the

* The details of this organization, and especially of the early meeting at Steuben's headquarters on the opposite bank of the Hudson, will be given in a special article on the subject in an early number of the magazine.—*Editor.*



OFFICIAL MAP OF CAMP-GROUND AT NEW WINDSOR.

COPIED FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE POSSESSION OF THE NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

† Hasbrouck's was Washington's Headquarters.
‡ John Ellison's was General Gates's Headquarters.

The stream designated on the map as "Beaver Dam" is a misnomer. It should be "Silver Stream." The *swamp* was known by the former name, but the *stream* never was. The location of the Rhode Island Regiment is omitted. Its place was probably taken by the Maryland troops, who arrived later.

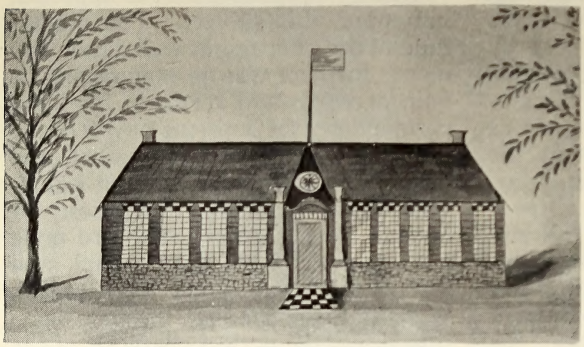
hand was stretched out to receive the prize. Let us not, however, harshly condemn those old veterans, whose mistaken judgment would have established a monarchy, but rather find some excuse for an error which was founded upon the opinions held by most of the thinking men of that age.

In the first place, we must remember that republican ideas were not as widely disseminated, or held in the same esteem, as at the present day. In fact, at the inception of the Revolution, but few of the people had any idea of eventually founding a republic. Even at the outbreak of hostilities but a small number of men contemplated an absolute separation from the mother country. We must also remember that that was an age in which a limited monarchy was considered by the great mass of mankind as the most beneficial to the people at large. Republics were regarded with distrust, and naturally so, since every republic up to that time had gone down in violence, or suffered destruction through its own inherent weakness. While, therefore, the natural trend of events during the war had solidified public opinion in demanding independence of England, the growth of republican ideas had by no means attained great proportions. When these men who had undergone everything which humanity could be called upon to endure to free their country from despotic power viewed the evident unfitness of those long in control of the government and recognized the confusion everywhere prevalent, it was natural that they should look for nothing but chaos in the future, should power be continued in the hands of those who had so clearly demonstrated their unfitness to rule. They looked with nervous apprehension upon the future of their country, unless the reins of government were safely lodged in some firm hand. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that a limited monarchy should have been regarded with favor by many true lovers of their country. This conclusion reached, there would be no question that the choice of a ruler would fall upon Washington.

Colonel Nicola, a trusted friend of Washington, was deputed to approach him upon this subject. The magnitude of the offer might well dazzle any man; for here was an opportunity to gain a crown and retain in his hand permanently the supreme power of the state. He had merely to assent, and the matter was settled without bloodshed or any strenuous opposition; for outside of the army there were none who could resist if they would, and within the army none who would. Washington's conduct on this occasion shows the perfect character of the man. The pomp of power, the glamour of a throne, were influences which do not appear even to have knocked at the outer door of his pure heart. The only feelings awakened in his bosom by this proffer were those of wrath that he should be deemed willing to lend himself to such a scheme. His reply cannot be impressed upon the youth of the land too often, and should be read as a companion-piece to the Declaration of Independence.

"Sir, with a mixture of great surprise and astonishment, I have read with attention the sentiments you have submitted to my perusal. Be assured, sir, no occurrence in the course of the war has given me more painful sensations than your information of there being such ideas existing in the army as you have expressed, and which I must view with abhorrence and reprehend with severity. For the present the communication of them will rest in my own bosom, unless some further agitation of the matter shall make a disclosure necessary. I am much at a loss to conceive what part of my conduct should have given encouragement to an address which to me seems big with the greatest mischiefs which can befall my country. If I am not deceived in my knowledge of myself, you could not have found a person to whom your schemes are more disagreeable. At the same time, in justice to my own feelings, I must add that no man possesses a more serious wish to see ample justice done the army than I do, and as far as my power and influence in a constitutional way may extend, they shall be employed to the utmost of my ability to effect it should there be any occasion. Let me conjure you, then, if you have

any regard for your country, concern for yourself or posterity, or respect for me, to banish these thoughts from your mind and never communicate, as from yourself or any one else, a sentiment of the like nature."



FROM AN OLD DRAWING.

THE TEMPLE OF VIRTUE.

Thus was the movement not only checked, but ended, so that none could mend it, and matters were henceforth allowed so to shape themselves as in the end to result in that happy form of government which we now enjoy. The birth of the Republic took place at Philadelphia, but its gestation was on the banks of the Hudson.

Washington was soon afterwards called upon to face another movement also fraught with the gravest peril to the country. For some time the army had been in a dangerous temper. The condition of both officers and men had long been deplorable. All were poor, the only difference between them being one of degree; some were more wretched than others, but all were reduced to straits which each day grew more desperate, while the future held out no hopes of amelioration. Congress had been frequently importuned to grant some relief, but paid no attention to the appeals, nor so far as appearances showed, did it intend to give the matter the immediate consideration which the exigencies demanded. While a feeling of intense dissatisfaction had long been prevalent in the army, patriotism had kept these sentiments in the background while an enemy remained in the field to menace the nation. The feelings of resentment, however, were only lying dormant and needed but an opportunity to blaze forth in full strength. The keen eye of Washington had long marked this, and he sought in vain to avert an explosion. As early as October, 1782, he had laid before the secretary of war the deplorable condition of the troops, and warned him of the inevitable result such distress, combined with the consciousness of inexcusable neglect, would produce.

"The evils [he writes] of which they complain, and which they suppose almost remediless, are the total want of money, or the means of existing from one day to the other, the heavy debts they have already incurred, the loss of credit, the distress of their families at home, and the prospect of poverty and misery before them. . . . You may rely upon it, the patriotism and long suffering of this army are almost exhausted, and there never was so great a spirit of discontent as at this instant. While in the field, I think it may be kept from breaking out into acts of outrage, but when we return into winter quarters, unless the storm is speedily dissipated, I cannot be at ease respecting the consequences. It is high time for peace."

This letter produced no effect. The same indifference was manifested by the government, and no steps were taken to allay the growing feeling of discontent. It was, therefore, with such a spirit as Washington had described, and with a keen sense of injury and wilful neglect from the government, that the army went into winter quarters in the fall of 1782.

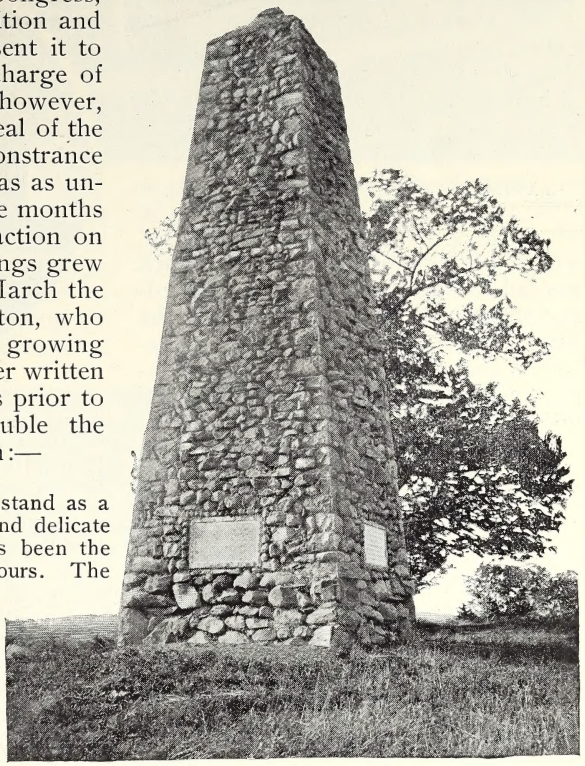
The result predicted by Washington occurred. The minds of the soldiers, relieved from the strain of active duty in the field, speedily found in the idleness of a camp full leisure to review their present condition, and consider in all its dreary aspect the desperate outlook which confronted them. They were forced to face the fact that they were soon to be turned adrift penniless and in most cases ab-

solutely destitute, without hope of ever obtaining their pay so long in arrears, and without knowing where to look for means to relieve their own immediate necessities or provide support for those dependent upon them. It was plain that the situation demanded some prompt action; and the first steps taken by the army at New Windsor were regular and proper. They held a meeting and having drawn up a memorial to Congress, fully setting forth their condition and the sum of their demands, sent it to that body in December, in charge of a committee. Congress, however, paid no attention to this appeal of the army, but treated the remonstrance with an indifference which was as unwise as it was unjust. As the months wore slowly away, with no action on the part of Congress, mutterings grew into angry clamors, and in March the storm broke out. Washington, who had anxiously watched the growing of irritation, pictures in a letter written to Hamilton only a few days prior to the culmination of the trouble the serious aspect of the situation:—

"The predicament in which I stand as a citizen and soldier is as critical and delicate as can well be conceived. It has been the subject of many contemplative hours. The sufferings of a complaining army on one hand, and the inability of Congress and the tardiness of the States on the other, are the forebodings of evil, which are more to be deprecated than prevented. . . . The just claims of the army ought, and it is to be hoped will, have their weight with every sensible legislature in the United States if Congress point to their demands and show, if the case be so, the reasonableness of them, and the impracticability of complying with them without this aid."

In March, an anonymous address calculated to arouse all the slumbering passions of the army was freely circulated through the camp. This paper, after recapitulating the sufferings of the soldiers and pointing out the indifference exhibited by Congress to all their just demands, broke out in impassioned language:—

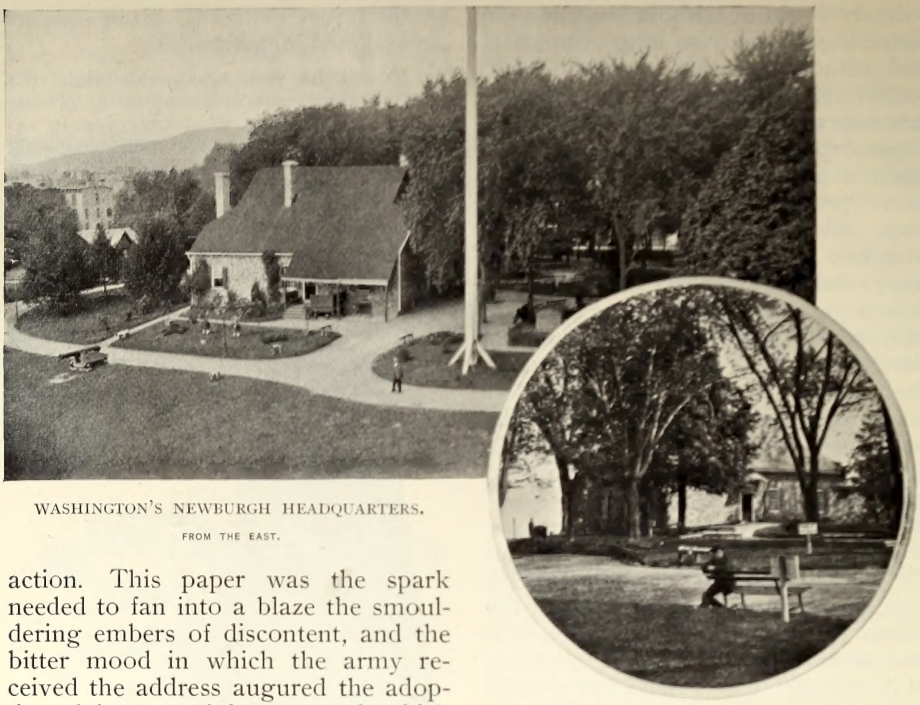
"If this be your treatment while the swords you wear are necessary to the protection of your country, what have you to expect from peace, when your voice shall sink and your strength dissipate by division, when those very swords, the instruments and companions of your glory, shall be taken from your sides, and no remaining mark of your military distinction be left you but your infirmities and scars? Can you consent to retire from the field and grow old in poverty,



MONUMENT ON THE SITE OF THE TEMPLE.

wretchedness and contempt? Can you consent to wade through the vile mire of despondency and owe the remnant of that life to charity which has hitherto been spent in honor? If you can, go and carry with you the jest of tories, the scorn of whigs, and what is worse, the pity of the world."

The paper advised the army to proceed to extreme measures, and back their demands with force, and appointed a meeting the next day at the Temple to agree upon a course of



WASHINGTON'S NEWBURGH HEADQUARTERS.

FROM THE EAST.

FROM THE WEST.

action. This paper was the spark needed to fan into a blaze the smouldering embers of discontent, and the bitter mood in which the army received the address augured the adoption of the most violent counsels which might be advanced at the meeting.

Washington, having foreseen the danger, was prepared to meet it. Exercising his rare discretion, he did not pursue the fatal course of prohibiting the meeting, but issued an order, couched in language calculated to allay the excitement in some degree, by which the date of the meeting was postponed to four days later. Immediately after the issuing of this order, a second anonymous letter by the same author was issued, in which the writer reasserted the principles contained in the first and exhorted the army to stand firmly by its rights. He also artfully endeavored to turn Washington's order to his own advantage.

"Till now [he wrote] the commander-in-chief has regarded the steps you have taken for redress with good wishes alone; his ostensible silence has authorized your meetings, and his private opinion ratified your claims. Had he disliked the object in view, would not the same sense of duty which forbade you from meeting on the third day of the week have forbidden you from meeting on the seventh? Is not the same subject held up to your view? and has it not passed the seal of office and taken all the solemnity of an order? This will give system to your proceedings and stability to your resolves."

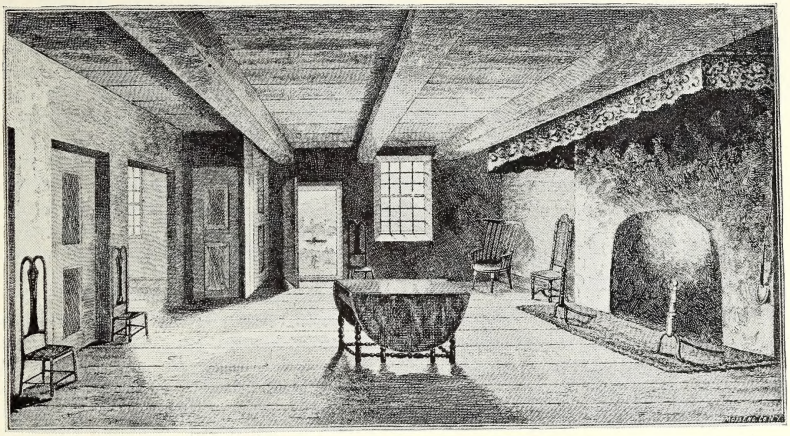
Washington wrote immediately to the President of Congress in reference to this unfortunate occurrence:—

"It is with inexpressible concern I make the following report to your Excellency. Two days ago anonymous papers were circulated in the army, requesting a general meeting of the officers the next day. A copy of one of these is inclosed. About the same time another anonymous paper purporting to be an address to the officers of the army was handed about in a clandestine manner; it is also inclosed. To prevent any precipitate and dangerous resolutions from being taken at this perilous moment, while the passions are inflamed, as soon as things had come to my knowledge the next morning, I issued the inclosed order."

The crisis was indeed the most serious which could befall or threaten the infant nation. The army was on the verge of revolt, the very existence of the government was at stake, and

the disorders consequent upon such a violent interference with the right of government as was likely to follow might have given such encouragement to our foes as to prevent the successful negotiations for peace so nearly accomplished and impart fresh hope to the king, whose strong aversion to making terms with America was well known, of yet reducing his rebellious subjects to submission. Amidst this storm so pregnant with disaster, which threatened the shaking fabric of government, history presents no grander spectacle than that of Washington standing firm and steadfast as a rock, opposing a determined front to all the forces of disorder and confusion.

The situation in which Washington was placed was one the most trying to his heart. His perfect knowledge of the justice of the demands urged by his long-suffering and ill-used army awakened his warmest sympathy, while the neglect of the authorities to make some provision for the settlement of the unadjusted claims and long arrearages of pay met his severe condemnation. All these feelings, however, were subordinated to his feeling of obedience to the law, while his knowledge of the disastrous effects upon the body politic of any exhibition of armed resistance to lawfully constituted authority impelled him to exert every means of influence he possessed to prevent the action urged in the anonymous letters. He sent for every officer with whom he possessed the slightest influence, and endeavored by appeals to their patriotism, or their love and affection toward himself, to secure their coöperation in his efforts to restrain all unlawful action on the part of the army. What his feelings were during those few days of grace, we shall never know. Washington was a man who always held himself well in hand, and had long learned to exert absolute control over his emotions. Amid charging squadrons, in victory or defeat, in days of sorrow and nights of grief, amid the blackest gloom or in the brief light which at rare intervals pierced the clouds of adversity which for so many years hung low over the American cause, he was always the same to outward eyes—serene, calm and equable.

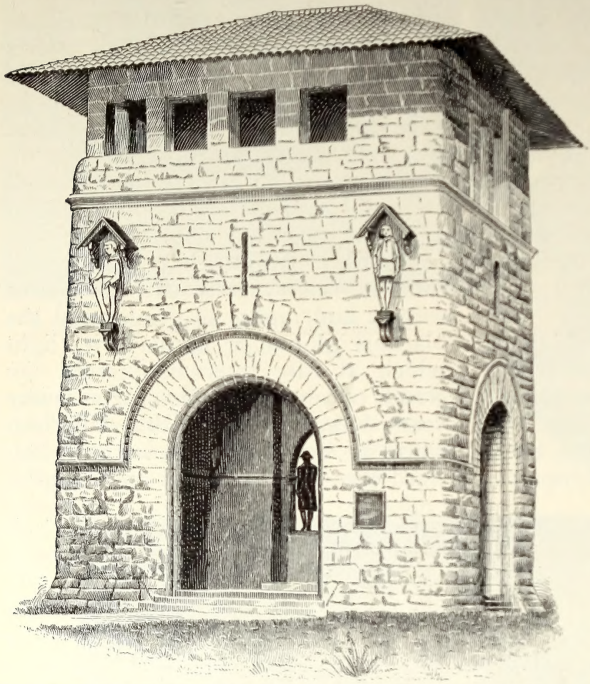


DINING ROOM IN WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS.

The world saw only the firm, determined face, heard only words of encouragement and confidence fall from those lips; of his real state of mind, men might guess, but could not know. During his long sojourn on the Hudson, few indeed were the hours when care did not sit heavy on his soul. If the walls of that old stone Headquarters could but speak, what pathetic

tales might they not unfold of what passed during the long vigils of the night, when all others slept and he was alone with God!

Washington at first had determined not to attend the meeting appointed to be held at the Temple, but after some deliberation he changed his mind and resolved to be present and make a personal appeal to the officers assembled. On the adjourned day he set out from headquarters on horseback and, riding to the Temple, which was already thronged, dismounted and passed through the doors. Deep silence ensued in the crowded audience as that loved form entered the building and moved along the bare floor toward the platform at the end of the hall. He ascended it, and prepared to read his carefully composed address to the assemblage. But in his anxiety he forgot his glasses and, while pausing to adjust them, turned towards his old soldiers his face glowing with tender love, but pathetic in its sadness, and said: "These eyes, my friends, have grown dim, and these locks white in the service, yet I never doubted the justice of my country." Then he read his grand address. But the necessity for it had ceased: those few eloquent opening words had already gained the victory. They fell like living fire upon every heart, while before the minds of all flashed in a moment the remembrance of all that their great leader had been, had done and undergone for them,—how neglect had never soured him, defeat discouraged, nor calumny called forth even a plaint, as he patiently labored on in the service of his country. All hearts were at once melted with emotions of love, and the full tide of patriotism rose again as these closing words fell upon their ears:—



THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT AT HIS HEADQUARTERS.

"By thus determining and thus acting you will pursue the plain and direct road to the attainment of your wishes. You will defeat the insidious designs of our enemies who are compelled to resort from open force to secret artifice, and you will give one more distinguished proof of unexampled patriotism and patient virtue, rising superior to the most complicated sufferings, and you will by the dignity of your conduct afford occasion for posterity to say, when speaking of the glorious example you have exhibited to mankind: Had this day been wanting, the world had never seen the last stage of perfection to which human virtue is capable of attaining."

Washington's task was done; and with a low bow to the audience he turned and left the building. As the sound of his footsteps died away, Knox sprang to his feet and, in a voice faltering with emotion, offered a resolution declaring that their chief possessed the full confidence of the army and enjoyed their unalterable love and affection. General Gates, who was in the chair, put the motion,

and it was carried with a hurrah and without a dissenting voice. The peril was over; the patriotism of these gallant men had triumphed on this, as on all occasions, when appealed to, and the army henceforth submitted passively to its fate. And this spot, where Washington won his greatest victory and rendered the highest service to his country, is practically unknown and wholly uncommemorated, save for a modest pile of field stones, raised by pious hands in the vicinity.

Major Shaw, a participant on this memorable occasion, wrote:—

"Happy for America that she had a patriot army, and equally so that Washington is its leader. I rejoice in the opportunity I have had of seeing this great man in a variety of situations; — calm and intrepid when the battle raged; patient and persevering under the pressure of misfortune; moderate and possessing himself in the full career of victory. Great as those qualifications deservedly render him, he never appeared to me more truly so than at the assembly we have been speaking of. On other occasions he has been supported by the exertions of an army and the countenance of his friends, but on this he stood single and alone. There was no saying where the passions of an army which were not a little inflamed might lead: but it was generally allowed that further forbearance was dangerous and moderation had ceased to be a virtue. Under these circumstances he appeared, not at the head of his troops, but, as it were, in opposition to them, and for a dreadful moment the interests of the army and its general seemed to be in competition. He spoke; every doubt was dispelled, and the tide of patriotism rolled again in its wonted course. Illustrious man! What he says of the army may with equal justice be applied to his own character: 'Had this day been wanting, the world had never seen the last stage of perfection to which human nature is capable of attaining.'"

On March 15, Washington made the following report to the President of Congress, as to the result of the meeting:—

"I have the honor to inform your Excellency, for the satisfaction of Congress, that the meeting of the officers which was mentioned in my last was held yesterday; and that it terminated in a manner which I had reason to expect from a knowledge of that good sense and steady patriotism of the gentlemen of the army, which on frequent occasions I have discovered."

Were ever services so great passed over by the principal actor in a manner so modest? He does not even mention himself in the matter; not the slightest intimation given of the credit due to him for the result. Illustrious and incomparable man! So bright are his virtues, so complete is his character, that one does not know what trait to admire and love the most.

Washington also addressed a letter to his gallant officers:—

"The Commander-in-chief is highly satisfied with the report of the proceedings of the officers assembled on the 16th inst., in obedience to the orders of the 11th. He begs his inability to communicate an adequate idea of the pleasing feelings which have been excited in his breast by the affectionate sentiments expressed toward him on that occasion, may be considered as an apology for his silence."

Washington was now thoroughly aroused to the rank injustice done the army, and he determined to make more strenuous efforts in their behalf. He promised the officers that he would urge upon Congress prompt action upon the memorial sent so long ago, to which no answer had yet been given; and he accordingly wrote a letter to the President of Congress couched in language so unusually vigorous and earnest as to prove to what extent he was moved. It will be noticed that he enforces his appeal with what amounts to a personal request for action as a favor to himself:—

"Having seen the proceedings on the part of the army [he said] terminate with perfect unanimity, and in a manner entirely consonant to my wishes; being impressed with the liveliest sentiments of affection for those who have so long, so patiently and cheerfully suffered and fought under my immediate direction; having from motives of justice, duty and gratitude spontaneously offered myself as an advocate for their rights; and having been requested to write to your Excellency, earnestly entreating the most speedy discussion of Congress upon the subjects of the late address from the army to that honorable body; it only remains for me to perform the task I have

assumed and to intercede on their behalf, as I now do, that the sovereign power may be pleased to verify the predictions I have pronounced, and the confidence the army have reposed in the justice of their country. . . . If, besides the simple payment of their wages, a further compensation is not due to the sufferings and sacrifices of the officers, then have I been mistaken indeed. If the whole army have not merited whatever a grateful people can bestow, then have I been beguiled by prejudice and built opinion on the basis of error. If this country should not, in the event, perform everything which has been requested in the late memorial to Congress, then will my belief become vain, and the hope which has been excited void of foundation. And if, as has been suggested for the purpose of inflaming their passions, the officers of the army are to be the only sufferers by the Revolution; if, retiring from the field, they are to grow old in poverty, wretchedness and contempt; they are to wade through the vile mire of despondency, and owe the miserable remnant of that life to charity, which has hitherto been spent in honor; then shall I have learnt what ingratitude is, then shall I have realized a tale which will embitter every moment of my future life. But I am under no such apprehensions. A country, rescued by their arms from impending ruin, will never leave unpaid the debt of gratitude."



GENERAL KNOX'S NEWBURGH HEADQUARTERS.

Washington also wrote personal letters to many members of Congress, strongly urging the claims of the army, and finally his efforts prevailed, and that body promised to make some satisfactory provisions.

On the 19th of April, 1783, there was a bustle and stir manifest throughout the encampment. Officers were hurrying to and fro, the soldiers were hastily forming ranks, and from the open doorway of many a rude hut peered forth the white, expectant faces of the sick and suffering. The army was assembling in pursuance of an order issued by Washington the day before, to hear read the proclamation announcing the cessation of hostilities between the United States and Great Britain. The army formed at the Temple, where they stood in serried ranks for the last time, while the proclamation was read. It was great tidings to these long-suffering, weary veterans; the happiness of fruition of hope long deferred was at last theirs. At the conclusion of the reading of the proclamation, the army broke out into a transport of joy, and for some time their wild cheers and shouts of exultation reverberated through the narrow vale and were echoed back from the

surrounding hills. When silence was restored, the voice of Chaplain Ganno rose on the still air, earnestly thanking God whose arm had borne the feeble folk thus far safely through every peril, and had now bestowed upon them victory and given them a place among the nations of men. As his voice ceased, the band struck up the favorite air of Billings, called "Independence"; and from a selected choir of many voices rang out the stirring words:—

The States, O Lord, with songs of praise
Shall in Thy strength rejoice,
And blest with Thy salvation raise
To Heaven their cheerful voice.
To the king they shall sing: Halleuiah!
Thy goodness and thy tender care
Have all our foes destroyed.

A covenant Thou mad'st with us,
Confirmèd by Thy word;
A covenant Thou mad'st with us,
And sealed it with Thy blood!
To the king they shall sing: Halleuiah!
And the continent shall sing,
Down with this earthly king:
No king but God.

To the king they shall sing; Halleuiah!
And the continent shall sing,
God is our rightful king; Halleuiah!
And the continent shall sing,
God is our gracious king; Halleuiah!
They shall sing to the king; Halleuiah!
Let us sing to the king; Halleuiah!
God is the king: Amen.

The Lord is his name! Amen.
May this blessing descend,
World without end.
On every part of this continent
May harmony and peace
Begin and never cease,
And may the strength increase
Of the continent.
May American wilds
Be filled with his smiles,
And may the nations bow
To our royal king.

May Rome, France and Spain
And all the world proclaim
The glory and the fame
Of our royal king!
God is the king. Amen.
The Lord is his name. Amen.
Loudly, loudly sing,
That God is king.
May His reign be glorious,
America victorious,
And may the world acknowledge
God is the king.
Amen. Amen. Amen.

The whole army joined in the chorus with wild enthusiasm, and hundreds of voices sent the words thundering down the vale:—

"And all the continent shall sing,
Down with this earthly king:—
No king but God."

From this day dates the beginning of the end. This was the first step toward sundering those ties between comrades fast bound by many years' association, and the beginning of the dispersal to every quarter of the land of the last Army of the Revolution. The disbandment of the army took place soon after. When the moment of final separation was actually at hand, and the soldiers for the first time fully realized what such a separation meant, the sternest of them broke down in grief. Thatcher who was present says:—

"Painful was the parting scene; no description could be adequate to the tragic exhibition,—both officers and men, long unaccustomed to the affairs of private life, turned loose on the world to starve and become a prey to eager speculators. Never can that melancholy day be forgotten, when friends, companions for seven long years in joy and sorrow, were torn asunder, without the hope of ever meeting again, and with the prospects of a miserable subsistence in the future."

Another eye-witness wrote:—

"The inmates of the same tent for seven long years grasped each other's hands in silent agony:—to go they knew not whither; all recollection of the art to thrive by civil service lost, or to the youthful never known; their hard-earned military knowledge worse than useless; and to be cast out into the world by them long since forgotten; to go in silence and alone, and poor and helpless. It was too hard. Oh, on that sad day how many hearts were wrung. I saw it all, nor will the scene be ever blurred or blotted from my view.

"To a stern old officer, Lieutenant Colonel Cochran, from the Green Mountains, who had met danger and difficulty almost at every step from his youth, and from whose furrowed visage a tear till that moment had never fallen, the good Baron (Steuben) said what could be said to lessen deep distress. 'For myself,' said Cochran, 'I care not; I can stand it; but my wife and daughters are in the garret of that wretched tavern. I know not where

to remove, nor have I the means for their removal.' 'Come, my friend,' said the Baron, 'let us go; I will pay my respects to Mrs. Cochran and your daughters if you please.' I followed to the loft, and when the Baron left the poor unhappy castaways, he left hope with them, and all he had to give.

"A black man, with wounds unhealed, wept on the wharf; there was a vessel in the stream bound to the place where he once had friends; he had not a dollar to pay his passage, and without it the vessel would not take him. Unused to tears, I saw them trickle down the good Baron's cheeks as he put into the hands of the black man the last dollar he possessed. The negro hailed the sloop, and as he passed from the small boat on board, 'God Almighty bless you, Master Baron!' floated from his grateful lips across the parting waters."



FROM AN OLD PRINT.

THE FINAL DISBANDMENT, JUNE 7, 1783.

It is only from viewing harrowing scenes like these — scenes which could be multiplied without end — that we obtain some idea of the condition of utter poverty and wretchedness of these men after seven years of faithful service to their country, and perceive the dark future which confronted them, and towards which they were turned adrift like dogs to live or die. With such a present and such a future, with such remembrances and such anticipations, it was amid gloom, not joy, that the men broke ranks for the last time, and tears instead of cheers marked the end, while to signalize impressively the mournful nature of the scene the band played "Roslyn Castle," the air to which the dead were carried by their comrades to their last resting-place.

By the middle of June the old camp ground was deserted. No longer was the step of the soldier heard in its confines. Silent and tenantless stood the long rows of huts; a city had disappeared from sight for ever. Even the Temple was not to remain, now that the army had departed. A bolt from heaven rived it to its foundations, as the last of the soldiers were turning their backs upon the old familiar scenes. It is a singular commentary upon the frailty of human memory that no correct representation of this building, so well known to hundreds and so famous in its generation, was obtainable until recently. All these years an entirely different structure — one known as Starkean Hall at West Point — has been described in the printed page and depicted on canvas. By mere accident, an original drawing of the old Temple was recently discovered in the possession of Mr. Tarbell at Boston, which had been made by his grandfather in 1783, while a soldier at the cantonment. During his leisure hours young Tarbell had endeavored, with such poor aids as he possessed, to make a complete picture of the camp ground for the purpose of showing the position of the different corps and also the buildings erected upon the ground. He proposed originally to present his map to Washington, but failing to do so for some unknown reason, he sent it home.

The drawing was made on sheets of foolscap paper which were pasted together, and was about seven feet long by eighteen inches wide, while for his coloring material the artist was dependent upon the juice of berries, grasses and butternuts. From this drawing we find that the Temple was a large build-

ing capable of seating some seven hundred men. It was in dimension about eighty feet by forty, and was upon stone foundations. On the side shown are nine windows, about eight feet in height, and from the ground to the eaves the height seems to be some fifteen feet. It had a steep shingle roof, on which was perched a cupola and flag-staff. The doorway was in the centre, flanked by two Corinthian columns, and was approached by a tesselated pavement.

So the old camp ground was deserted by the living. But the dead remained behind, and there are their unhonored bones yet lying. The privations and hardships of seven years had told their tale on many a frame, sapping the constitutions of a large number of those who entered into that camp at New Windsor, and death reaped a goodly harvest in the old cantonment. Many a time during that last long winter had a dark column with arms reversed moved slowly up the slope and over the crest of the eastern hill, while the sad notes of "Roslyn Castle" floating upon the air announced that another veteran had passed away.

Hard by the site of the old Temple, in a lot now overgrown with trees and bushes, the dead were laid to rest. A few of the rude field stones placed by comrades' hands above the lonely graves were long left standing; but at last, weary of waiting for the touch of a preserving hand, they sank upon the earth above the bones they had so long faithfully guarded. There they lie, the unmarked and unknown Continental dead, and the whir of a partridge or the whistle of a quail are the only sounds which disturb the quietude of this "God's acre." No proud shaft denotes a nation's care and directs attention to the spot where her heroes are buried. As coldness and neglect were their destiny in life, such have been their portion in death. But the brave reck little now of the ingratitude of men, as they sleep quietly in their graves among the brambles and the rocks—their only pall the woodland, their only requiem the wind which hurtles through the hazels or soughs among the tree tops.

ROMANCE AFTER MARRIAGE.

By C. P. Selden.

THE last census report shows that divorces in the United States increased during the twenty years between 1867 and 1886, nearly 157 per cent, while the population in the same time increased about 60 per cent.* Such a record does not on the surface give any large basis for satisfaction with regard either to the nature or permanence of the marriage relation. Nevertheless, discouraging as these figures may be, they are not without a compensating suggestion. Facts such as are contained in the report may be construed into meaning that our people are dissolute, impatient of restraint and false to duty; or on the other hand we may believe that a more exalted ideal of marriage has crept into society, and that men and women are not content to abide in a state which falls short of the higher standards they have set before them.

Notwithstanding the frequency of divorce, we have no reason to believe that married people are not as happy as at any previous period in the world's

* In New Hampshire, from 1880 to 1886 inclusive, there was one divorce for every 9.74 marriages. In Rhode Island, for the longer period of twenty years, the ratio is still 11.11 marriages to every divorce. In Massachusetts the showing is somewhat better, there being 31.28 marriages to every divorce; and in Maryland, 61.94.

history. It is not, if we read the signs correctly, that this relation now yields less happiness, but that those who are bound by it are less tolerant of misery, and that the great wave of self-respect which has been gradually gaining strength ever since the French Revolution has at last swept over the least resistant and self-assertive part of humanity. It has not been so long since men only were supposed to have just causes for divorce, since their rights and sentiments alone could be infringed or wounded by conjugal derelictions. Great freedom in morals having also been accorded to them, it was easy for husbands whose sensibilities had suffered to find consolations beyond their own threshold. It seemed scarcely worth while to redress wrongs by legal procedure when they might be assuaged by private action. The idea of justice and equality of opportunity in the pursuit of happiness has at length so permeated modern society that women as well as men feel impelled to escape from a condition which, either through incompatibility, infidelity or a general perversion of marriage is one which degrades and poisons existence and renders the higher purposes of life unfruitful. Thus it has come about that the violation of an ideal leads women also to seek emancipation from trials which in the past would have seemed to them a part of the universal system, something preordained, inevitable and, if not acceptable, at least affording no sufficient basis for public protest. On the other hand it is true that the ease with which divorce is now obtained takes away incentive to conciliatory conduct and is destructive in many of its tendencies.

The marriage relation has been singled out by the cynic and the satirist for especial abuse and lamentation. It has been derided as a species of trap, and men have been ridiculed for deliberately entangling themselves in its meshes and finding after all that the actual experience falls far short of the anticipations of the willing fancy. Nor is this criticism surprising; for from no other human relation is so much demanded, nor is any other preceded by so vivid a conception and promise of felicity—in contrast to which any subsequent manifestation of the commonplace seems like a wicked betrayal. The fact that poets and novelists stop at the moment when love is harnessed and has to face a frowning world of individual idiosyncrasies, of innate selfishness and stupidity, shows that as teachers and critics they shirk their true responsibilities. It is no time to forsake a man, when he has entered the deep waters of life. If those to whom we look for guidance were to direct their powers to creating an ideal of conjugal felicity, there might be developed in the course of time a state of mind among men and women as favorable for prolonged married happiness as for the fleeting joys of courtship.

We might justly accuse Nature of betraying us, if romantic love was a thing of her exclusive devising. We cannot, however, hold her entirely responsible for this alleged breach of faith. Man himself has slowly evolved the idea and the emotion. Accustomed to regard the poet as the seer, mankind has willingly lent itself to the beatitudes of love so fervently depicted by him. If all along the poet has held out expectations too exalted to be realized, he has certainly done the world an injustice and furnished ground for discontent. On the other hand, if the emotion which he has so diligently fostered is short lived and false only because mankind is not sufficiently advanced to appropriate more than a promise of bliss, he may yet, by continuing to set forth a noble standard of affection, do something toward cultivating those qualities which will make it possible for the lover not only to possess momentarily, but to hold and to keep, the felicity that may have fallen to his lot. But in order that this may come about, the lover himself must use his intelligence and

in cooler moments devise means for protecting himself against his own caprice. We fancy that for the mass of mankind the truth lies somewhere between a vulgar conception of love and the poetic ideal. The one thing which makes this passion difficult to reckon with is its instability. And just here it seems possible we may derive some consolation from science, remote as love may seem to be from the field of scientific inquiry.

Through successive ages in the life of the lower animals, and for generations in man, the maternal instinct has been slowly developed and gradually gaining in strength, till now it can be counted upon as a permanent force in society, and associated with the higher intelligence it furnishes a basis of hope for the future progress of the race. The mother, it would seem, was fairly captured by nature and forced to minister to her ideals. Her devotion to the child is the beginning of that regard for another being which is the foundation of all the love which now blesses society. Yet notwithstanding the tremendous inheritance which lies back of the maternal instinct, infanticide has been systematically practised for the sake of convenience at different stages of the world's history; and only recently in China there have been notices on the borders of private ponds to the effect that "No girl babies are allowed to be drowned here." It is a most difficult thing to establish any human tie upon a firm basis; and those who scoff at marriage forget that even the parental relation, with the force of all the ages behind it, falls short of what it should be, and that the filial and fraternal relations likewise are far from being perfect. Without some knowledge of the struggle which has gone on in the animal kingdom leading to the development in primitive man, it is impossible to measure the gains that have been made, or to derive all the encouragement that may be had from the conquests already won.

Sexual attraction originally did not mean affection between men and women. This is an aftergrowth of slow development, and the love of a mother for her child is the beginning of the emotion which has since attained such wonderful development. Further along, when monogamy was reached, there came the opportunity for the concentration of affection which was impossible either with communal marriage or polygamy; but in its primitive stages, marriage gave promise of nothing corresponding to our present ideals. Love itself seems almost to have been unknown among savages and with many races the language contains no verb meaning to love. It is asserted that among the Osage and Cherokee Indians there is no trace of poetical or musical sentiment founded upon affection between men and women, and that generally among the lower orders of men, husband and wife are all but strangers to each other in the regions of the higher affections. With the Hovas the idea of love between them, we are told, is "hardly thought of," and among the Beni-Amer it is considered "disgraceful for a wife to show any affection for her husband."

It is difficult to believe that institutions and practices which are an accepted part of our daily life span but a brief period in the history of the race; yet such is the case with marriage as we now know it. In the beginning it was without sacred or social obligation, and as an institution it has made its progress slowly. The ideals which the growth of the altruistic sentiment has developed in connection with it have been ruthlessly beset by the malign passions of the unregenerate man and mercilessly scourged on their halting way towards realization. Although humanity has not followed a bee line in reaching the goal of domestic order, it has nevertheless by a circuitous path reached a plane of family life which promises a more rapid and vigorous growth in the future. We have at least attained to a pretty definite and widely accepted

theory of what the home should be. This theory has become a part of the continuous growth of civilization and has progressed through the various inferior stages of union up to monogamic marriage; but even this in its origin is humble enough, for it apparently arose from the exclusive right which a man had to the wife he captured.

Apparently the demands of monogamy are far in advance of the morality of the mass of mankind; but notwithstanding the fact that advance along this line has been retarded, there is cause for thankfulness that the gain has been as great as it is. At present, the satin-gowned bride, wreathed with orange blossoms, won with diffidence, and allured by promises of tender devotion and eternal fidelity, may thank her stars that the Alpine track of civilization has put such an impassable gulf between her and the poor Australian wretch who, on her way to Hymen's altar, is first stolen by her future husband and then stupefied with blows that leave behind a track of blood as she is dragged away—in which orgy of brutality, we read, children take part and look upon the performance as a game. The mind revolts at accounts such as this and resents the brutality which later at the fireside makes of the wife an object on which "to vent those passions that men do not dare to vent on each other."*

* The following are some causes of divorce cited in the Census Report:

Plaintiff said she had her teeth pulled by the dentist. When she told defendant, he violently and furiously assaulted, choked and beat her.

Defendant has broken plaintiff's nose, fingers, ten of her ribs, cut her face and lips, chewed and bitten her ears and face, and wounded her generally from head to foot.

Defendant threatened to cut out plaintiff's heart and drink her blood. Complained because plaintiff bought him dollar shirts. Once when she refused to eat he thrust a fork through her hand, pinning it to the table.

Plaintiff says: "We lived on —— River, in ——. It was sometimes a month before I saw a white person. The only neighbors we had were Indians. We lived in a wooden house of one room, furnished with a bed of wooden boughs. I did not complain of this. We had bed clothes enough to keep warm, and I would have been happy, but my husband threw into the fire a little curly dog that was my only companion, and then I broke down. The poor little thing was burned to death."

Plaintiff says defendant would bring quantities of food into the house by way of the front door, only to carry it out by the back door and throw it into the sewer. He wanted to starve the plaintiff and at the same time wished to have the grocery bill to show that he was providing her with all necessaries.

By degrees the captive, or in other words the slave, has been transformed into the wife. The prematrimonial lover has been invented and successfully established. What society now needs to do is to evolve with a little more certainty the husband and lover combined. The evolution of the lover has been one of the most curious phenomena in the record of progress. Swept along by forces too deep and complex to be understood, civilized man has developed in the mutual relation of the sexes sentiments as far in advance of those of the savage as the flower transcends in beauty the root of the plant. The gentleness, generosity and unselfishness of lovers are traits which combine to furnish an ideal which illuminates the path of humanity.

The lover having once been evolved, humanity has persistently cherished the beautiful product, and all the arts have combined to encourage and put him in good conceit with himself. Poetry, music, painting and sculpture have embellished the idea, so that love-making at least is no longer an immature industry requiring artificial stimulus for its growth and development. It is a recognized fact that when a man is in love all the poetry and sensibility of his nature are alert and hold in abeyance the mean, sordid and commonplace elements of his nature. Now the state of mind which has led to this exaltation must have had its small beginnings somewhere in the past. As we have seen, there is no trace of it among the lower orders of men. It would therefore appear as if man in his progress had half consciously built up the refined emotion; and that he had at last gotten it so far along that most mortals have at least a speaking acquaintance with it. The number of those dominated by the highest form of love is probably not very large; but it is sufficiently so for encouragement, and we may conclude that what is possible for one man and woman is potentially possible for all.

If it were not for the instances of fidelity that society furnishes, not the legal and enforced fidelity, but the faithfulness of the spirit, we should say that those who talk of the finer essence and enduring quality of love do mankind injustice by deluding it with a conception of bliss far beyond its attainment. If this were so, it were better for the peace of humanity to regard the ordinary marriage with all its shortcomings as the normal state, the one from which neither greater nor less joy is to be expected than from any of the other social ties. This lower plane of expectation is not, however, the one most prevalent. What the married state yields in the way of happiness is measured by the standards of romantic love, and man is apt to feel that any falling off from that high estate is an infringement upon his right to a greater richness of emotional sensation. Even the lovers' quarrel is looked upon as a "divine discord" compared with the more acrid contentions of connubial life.

Success far transcending its early promise having been achieved on the line of the lover, it would seem as if the time had come to concentrate attention upon the ways and means by which the glamour of romantic affection may be made to linger and shed its radiance upon the domestic hearth. The idea of conjugal felicity now needs to be fostered and protected by the same arts that have been so lavishly expended upon the preliminary stages leading to marriage. It is needless to say that the interest in the wedded couple bears no relation to the spontaneous enthusiasm which is felt for happy lovers; nor is there any such developed and organized enthusiasm for the home as that which the devotee shows for his church, the patriot for his country, or the man of letters for learning. The bride and groom turn their faces to the future, full of confidence it is true, but with a very imperfect comprehension of the situation. Forsaken by the poet, and told by the preacher to be good and they will be happy, they endeavor by haphazard methods to steer their course through life's intricate ways.

The ancient Russians were in the habit of conveying at least one or two hints to the groom for his future guidance. At the marriage ceremony it was the custom for the father to take a new whip and, after striking his daughter gently with it, present it to the bridegroom. In our own ritual there are suggestions as to obedience; fortunately there is also the command to love and cherish, as well as to obey. But neither here nor anywhere else is there an adequate intimation of any true science of living. So far from such being the case, man is persistently taught to believe that love, whose mission it is to bind discordant elements and regulate jarring claims, is literally the sport of blind fancy and a force largely independent of reason, and altogether too vagrant to be bound by law.

Compared with the parental feeling, which has been accumulating experience since the beginning of life itself and is of the nature of an instinct, the marriage tie, which lasts for a lifetime, is a mere youth, a thing of yesterday. In consequence of this immaturity it requires to be watched and educated with care. The radical differences in the qualities of men and women have to be decoyed from opposing each other into becoming complementary forces, and divergent ways harmonized by similarity of aims. Now that works of fiction have become widespread and are so frequently employed as the vehicle of instruction, they might render the same service to the ideals of the family which they have done to romantic love. But as a rule the English-speaking novelist turns his back upon husband and wife and leaves them to their fate; or if he deigns to follow their footsteps at all, it is apt to be through the labyrinths of intrigue and illicit love, in the fashion of the French, who have been such unscrupulous and able pioneers in this field of fiction. With these it seems

to be a deliberate purpose to kill the very germ of domestic happiness, and in order to do this they have encouraged the idea of infidelity and concentrated their powers upon the effort to depict in terms of allurement an inherent and almost fatalistic tendency in that direction. Whether marriage is looked upon as a duty or not, infidelity is certainly regarded as an artistic virtue.

So long as the romance of incident and picturesque situation was the one most in vogue, the claims of the young and of lovers in particular could not well be resisted; but since the analytic novel has enlisted on its side some of the most gifted writers, there is the chance for an illuminating study of the characters of men and women in the interdependent relation of marriage. The subtle, indirect influence of one individual upon another, the stimulus to action and reaction which it may give, and the power which lies in sympathy or antagonism to create happiness or precipitate catastrophes, furnish ample scope for psychological analysis. At any rate that unchartered university of the home might be made to yield its practical lessons in the fine art of living. The novelist, for instance, might insinuate that lovers, having once crossed the threshold of the home, must be prepared to drop the discursive ways of the amateur and show the skill and earnestness which mark the professional expert, and above all that they must not cast aside as useless the apparel of fine manners, winning ways and persuasive accents. Hastening to appear in a spiritual undress uniform is altogether fatal to a continuance of those felicities which, during the spring-time of emotional life made their pilgrimage upon earth seem like a blessed and important incident in the cosmic process.

Good men and men of ability have occasionally said things which throw a flood of light upon some of the difficulties of married people. Paley once said to Wilberforce: "Who ever talks to his wife?" The philanthropist at the time was much shocked at flippancy such as this on the part of the author of "The Evidences of Christianity"; but after a week spent in the gay world of London, dining with Madame de Staël, and sharpening his wits by contact with gifted and intellectual people, he records in his diary the resolution to deny himself such stimulus in the future, lest it might prove hurtful to his contentment in domestic life. Now we believe that if the great anti-slavery apostle had exerted himself to entertain Mrs. Wilberforce, if husbands generally were to talk a little more upon subjects of wide interest at home, and were to force conversation on other lines than those of physical ailments and material wants, there would be no such painful contrast or danger from excursions similar to those which the good man made into the world of vivid thought and interest. Indeed, we half suspect in the case of Mr. Wilberforce, as certainly in other instances, that in his eagerness to please in London society, he exhausted his vitality to the point that he was completely talked out, and in consequence was dull at home.

Men prefer to decant the best wine of the intellect in public, and think it sufficient to leave the residuum, the stale, flat and monotonous talk about trivialities and subjects of second-class interest, for the family board. Perhaps it is because the talker misses here the applause and sympathy necessary for stimulus. If this be so, the wife should be admonished by the novelist, and be made to tremble on her throne of stupid isolation. She should be taught that to laugh appreciatively at a joke, or listen attentively to a twice-told tale, is of the nature of a social obligation. Remorseless sincerity in these matters is as destructive to conjugal happiness as it is to friendship. Not to be visibly bored is a part of the social scheme which prevents a return to barbarism and keeps well-bred people on terms of amiable intercourse. There are nec-

essary reserves, compliances and abstinences in all social relations; but approbation and applause go further than anything else to bind human beings together.

Novelists must have observed that a man's intellectual sovereignty is very precious to him, and the lack of fealty to it in his own family carries with it potentialities of a disastrous kind. They might, therefore, emphasize the fact that, if appreciated and applauded in the outside world, he very naturally misses this exhilarating incense at home, and if defeated abroad he more than ever prizes the consolation of approval at his own hearth and the assurance that in the wide world there is for him at least one warm spot where he can find all human love and sympathy. Living within the shelter of the home, women are apt to forget what a source of comfort it may be made to those whose contacts are more general and as it were unencompassed by definite boundary lines.

Although nature delights in specialization and has ordained that the social functions of men and women shall be in many respects widely divergent, nevertheless there are points at which the life of the one shades into the other and within certain limits the more this blending of interest is encouraged the better. The sharing not only of fortune but of sympathetic motives is a great and acknowledged principle of union. It is one which poets and novelists might, perhaps, emphasize more than they do. It is often difficult for a woman to make full allowance for the stress under which a man lives who is borne along by personal ambition, and the great demands which society makes upon those who strive to win material prosperity; but if she had some little experience herself of the outer world and its requirements, she could better sympathize with his trials and could more perfectly adjust her own claims to his consideration.

In this matter, writers gifted with insight and delicate perceptions might discover some means by which the transition from one stage of affection to another could be better effected. At any rate, the poet by his magic power of giving charm to the lessons of life should be able to mitigate the feeling of disappointment which a woman often experiences from the changed attitude of a man towards her. Remembering the time when it seemed as if she completely filled his spiritual cravings, she resents the ambition which has entered into competition with her, and is surprised to find that the imagination which embellished her with all earthly charm is also equally facile and ready to glorify other objects of interest. It would be well if she could be gently taught not to flatter herself into the belief that she reigns supreme, and that, if she is wise, she will not force the question of choice, but will embrace as her own the competing interest. By appropriating her husband's ambitions, she may spare herself a formidable rival and strengthen still further her hold upon his affections.

On the other hand, a personal acquaintance with the confinement of domestic life, its petty annoyances and the unflagging demand which children make upon the vital powers, would explain more perfectly than words why the wife is not always suffused with smiles and decked in gay attire. Nevertheless, pretty costumes and smiles are a very large part of the small coin of life, and a man misses in his wife those accessories to personal charm which won his lover's fancy. He misses these in the same measure that she deplores the omission of those acts of delicate import on his part which captivated her youthful imagination.

It has been unreasonably asserted that no man is in love with his wife after he has been married to her four or five years. If this be so, it implies a waste of opportunity which even Nature in her lavish expenditure to attain her ends can scarcely justify. If with the average man the permanence of the marriage tie is the de-

structive influence, the one which denies charm and takes away the incentive to fine conduct, this deficiency might be satisfactorily met by discovering in the psychological laboratory the mordant or fixative which would transmute the ephemeral passion into one of longer endurance, like the stuff of good dye, which stands the test of use, sunshine and water. This spiritual chemical doubtless already exists, though not consciously recognized in the hearts of those naturally gentle, unselfish and sympathetic people at whose birth the good fairies have presided.

It must be admitted that mankind, whether at home or abroad, has as yet attained no very great skill in the difficult art of gracious living. At present, however, there seems to be a better basis than ever before for the endurance of all tender relationships. Humanity in general, if still dominated by selfish motives, has grown more gentle and deep-natured and more penetrated by the imaginative sympathy which takes in the full scope of another's trials, aims and ambitions.

AT THE TURN OF THE TIDE.

By William R. A. Wilson.

JOHN WINTHROP belonged to the old Massachusetts family of that name. His ancestors were all Puritans, from the Governor of Colonial days, down through generations of ministers and stern teachers and college professors, to his own father, the just and conscientious man of business and the owner of so many broad acres. These had, in their turn, transmitted undiluted the blood of heroes,—so his father had told him,—and a spirit made up of nine-tenths conscience and one-tenth heart, till they came to John. The ancestral current suddenly swerved there and left the present representative apparently with none of the heroic element in his make-up, and a spirit consisting, according to the testimony of his Puritan-minded relatives, of nine-tenths heart and only one-tenth or less of conscience. He was, so to speak, the wizened fruit on the family apple tree that had borne so well and bountifully before.

There were certainly no traces of Puritanism in his thoughts as he sat in the little jasmine-covered arbor belonging to the chalêt—for they were thoughts of hatred and despair. His breakfast lay untasted before him—the honey that Gertie loved, deliciously inviting in its waxen comb, and the steaming rolls and coffee which the rosy-cheeked Swiss maid had just brought in, rolls which even patriotic Gertie admitted were unexcelled at home. Gertie herself had finished her breakfast before he arrived, and had gone off for a walk, so he was left alone to eat—and to think.

He looked wearily off over the terraces at the mountains piling their massive forms, peak on peak, against the sky. How he hated them and all this mountain land! He had gloried in them once, because Gertie was enraptured of their seared and rocky sides; but now he looked to them for help, and found them cold and mute. They seemed to him in their grandeur and solidity emblematic of his love—his love for Gertie. He knew that his life so far had been a failure; that his youth had been more than wasted; that out of sheer perversity and hatred for his Puritan ancestry he had flung reason to the winds and galloped along at his own caprice. He realized that his love for Gertie was the one

pure, sweet spring in all the wilderness of his being; that his love stood forth like these mountains immovable before him, as the one height above the long, level plain of his selfish life. He felt, too, that this love of his was somehow to be his salvation—that the best that was in him would be brought forth by it. This love, then, was more to him than life—his love for Gertie; yet that was the cause of all his trouble.

They had seemed so happy together, once; but the awakening had come. How well he remembered the night his old college chum Dr. Markham introduced him to Gertie! He called him "dear Doc" then. What a night that was! It was Gertie's first winter in Washington, and in her maidenly beauty she was the centre of all admiration; an introduction to her was deemed equal to a foreign embassy. He had escaped from stuffy old Boston for a few days to visit his friend and snatch a whiff of the gay social air at the capital. She and Markham were friends; and what more natural than that mutual friends should meet!

This same love which was beating him down now had sprung into being that night at the touch of her glove and the smile of pleasure which illumined her face. Her victory was complete; and he flung all his cynicism aside and knelt a humble devotee at the shrine of his new-found saint. He had no hope of winning her; he felt too unworthy for that. He was content for a time merely to worship; but something (it must have been Fate) made the way easy for him,—and he plucked up courage, and found, to his surprise, that the winning of her hand was a comparatively easy matter; for Gertie was but a child. And so it was not long before he dropped in on Markham one evening and told him all about it; told of his hopes and of his success; told of his love and all that it meant for him—the rope which the struggling swimmer seizes and which he values above all else on earth. In the midst of his great happiness he wished "Doc" to share it; and Markham gave him a hearty shake of the hand and an earnest, trembling "God bless you, old fellow!"

And then the wedding! How beautiful Gertie looked in white! What so delicious as the perfume of the orange blossoms! How sweet the service sounded,—for it was meant for Gertie and himself! Gertie was fairer than any flower about the altar. "Doc," too, was there,—as best man. Winthrop could not realize his good fortune,—it seemed so like a dream. He was unworthy,—but it had come. He was supremely happy, and Gertie was his.

Then, too, their long stay abroad! Had it been two years? It seemed like one long summer holiday. They had wandered along the Scotch coast, wintered on the Riviera, spent a year in Southern Italy and Germany, and were now resting beneath these gigantic Alpine shadows. It was while they were in Germany that the first cloud arose to shadow his happiness. Gertie's health began to fail; and he realized more and more the value of his prize as he saw a prospect, even though a distant one, of losing her. He knew not what to do; he could only wait. Relief came in the shape of Dr. Markham, who was off on a much needed vacation. They had not kept track of each other, he and "Doc," during the previous year; he had had no room for anything in heart and mind save Gertie and his great love, so they were not advised of each other's movements.

Markham was a godsend. He ordered them off to the Springs to drink the water, and went with them, keeping so careful a supervision of their exercise and diet, that Gertie soon began to improve and in a couple of months was well once more. Winthrop was delighted and deeply grateful for "Doc's" timely assistance, and in the exuberance of his joy asked him to join them in their travels. It would be so delightful to have the dear fellow around once more! They were all

congenial, and—well, the more the merrier.

There was where the mistake lay. He had always known that she was very fond of Markham—they were such old friends; but now he knew that she loved him. He leaned his head upon his hand just then, to try and ease the pain; for whenever the thought, "She loves him," came, the pain broke out afresh. Right over the temples it was, always present, but greatly increased at this thought. He had not made up his mind hastily on the matter; no, come to think of it, it had taken a couple of months of watching and mental struggle before he reached that conclusion. He could not remember when he first began to suspect the present state of affairs, but it was since their meeting with Markham that he had noticed that something was amiss. Slight evidences perhaps at first—a desire to be alone, silence, a wistful look tinged with disappointment and sadness—but enough to cause him uneasiness. Then it was that the rumors he had heard at the time of the wedding came back to him with redoubled force; rumors to the effect that she was merely fascinated with him; he was rich—she was very young; her family was ambitious, and they helped matters along—the wedding day was hastened. They were lies, base lies, he had said at the time; but now,—perhaps they were right.

It was with a sickening feeling of dread that he noticed the flush of expectancy when Markham's footsteps drew near, the vivacity and happiness in his presence, and the relapse into silence and thought when he left. And then the day he learned of a certainty how matters stood—could he ever forget that day!—when Markham, who had gone off with his guides on some long tramp was brought in pale and faint with his sprained ankle; how Gertie shrieked and swooned when she caught sight of him; and how she played the nurse while he was convalescent, reading and talking to him and never seeming to grow weary! It was on that day the pain came, and it had never left him since.

He saw it all now plainly—too plainly. Not that she was wilfully untrue. No, ten thousand times, no! She had honestly supposed she loved him; but somehow, after awhile, the love she thought herself possessed of had begun to dwindle, and grave doubts had arisen, and her mind was troubled lest after all she had made a mistake. Then when Markham appeared she knew she had, as a new love, something fiercer, stronger than the old, arose; something which made the other seem cold and puny; something which scorched, yet from whose flame she could not free herself. She strove against it, he could plainly see—and he pitied her as he saw her struggles; but she was overmastered and loved Markham in spite of her better self.

And "Doc"—the one man of all the world he believed in and trusted? He still had faith in him, believing that he was not conscious of the ground he was treading upon—that he loved without realizing his position. He knew, yes, he would stake his life upon it, that his friend would not willingly wrong him by so much as a thought. He had sounded the depths of that manly love for his worthless self in the years gone by, and he trusted him. He knew that he had but to speak the word and Markham would leave them forever. But would mere separation effect the change in Gertie? No, nothing but death could do that. He could not really blame her for preferring Markham, who was so strong, so noble and good, while he was weak and unworthy of her love. But no matter—life and Gertie's love were one to him, and something must be done. But what? Then she would forget, and he could win her to himself again. Again? Had he really ever won her?

Just here he was interrupted by the maid, who said that Alexandre the

guide would like to see monsieur for one little moment.

"Very well, tell him to come here."

This interruption in his thought just as he was about to formulate some plan for accomplishing his desire was annoying. He would listen to what the fellow had to say and get through with it as soon as possible. Alexandre entered and stood with cap in hand, waiting for Winthrop to speak first. What did he wish?

Did not monsieur remember he had sent for him the night before, to make arrangements for the ascent of the Matterhorn the following Thursday—he and the American doctor? He was very sorry not to have been able to come then, but he could not leave his wife, who was very sick; and monsieur knew that one must always care for the wife first of all.

Ah, the Matterhorn—the finest mountain-peak in all Switzerland! Not the highest, no; but who cares for height when beauty and grandeur are to be considered? Such views, such sunrises and sunsets!

Was not the life he led a dangerous one?

Oui, monsieur knew that surely, but—*Peste!* What would you have? His father had been a guide, and his father before him. It paid him well, and he never realized that he did what the English call "take his life in his own hands" when he thought of the sick wife at home. Ah, if monsieur could only see his wife, so patient and gentle all through her sickness! He would have to leave her, though, and go with monsieur on Thursday; for who would pay the doctor for his care all through the long winter? And he was getting impatient for his pay, the doctor. And then too, that operation he had said would have to be performed before long! A thousand francs! and he had only saved the half of it; but the wife *must* get strong again. It was three years now since she fell sick, and—well, he would sell himself body and soul to *Monsieur l'Americain* for a thousand francs!

Winthrop sat eyeing the guide steadily as he rambled on, but caught only a word now and then. The pain was hurting him, and he vaguely wondered why the man was talking, and wished he would cease. By and by, as he watched his lips, their movement seemed to soothe him, and when the man stopped he asked a chance question—what he really did not know—merely in order to see them move again. Gradually the pain became lessened, and he wished that the lips might go on forever moving; then perhaps the pain would leave him for good. At length he roused himself to the meaning of the guide's words. The last few he clearly understood. No, *Monsieur l'Americain* did not care to purchase him body and soul even for one day; but wait! He looked as though he were a man who could hold his tongue, and—well, perhaps he would be called upon to do it. If he would have everything in readiness, he and the American doctor would begin the ascent with him very early on Thursday; and—nothing, he could go.

The guide had gone, but Winthrop sat silent and motionless, his face buried in his hands. His head still hurt him as though ten thousand demons prodded it with red-hot irons, while the question, "What must be done?" assailed him, demanding answer. His mind was in a whirl; there was a rumbling in his ears; then all was silent, clear and calm. He looked up hastily. Who spoke then?—or was it but the echo of some of the guide's words, "take his life in his own hands"? A sudden thought occurred to him, and he held his breath for an instant. A spoon he had seized from the table in his excitement snapped in his hands. His lips were pressed firmly together. Take *whose* life? His *friend's?* Yes! That was the only way. So long as "Doc" lived, Gertie would not be free. Wait a moment! Yes, he had it now; the very plan unfolded itself before him. Surely this was Fate which was playing into his hands.

Ever since they had obtained that view of the Matterhorn from the top of the Riffelberg and Gorner Grat, Markham had been anxious to try the ascent, and had urged him to make the attempt on the very Thursday following. Very well! Here was their guide, who could be easily silenced. Still better! —*what would hinder Markham from being lost on the trip?* Nothing easier: a fall over a precipice, a slip on the ice, and all would be over,—and they would come back in grief and tell their tale of the sorrowful accident. They would form a search party and spend a couple of days looking for him. The body would never be recovered. Markham out of the way at last—and Gertie free! It was hard for his friend to die; but he must win Gertie, —and this was the only way. That beggar of a guide was willing to sell himself body and soul for a thousand francs in order that he might win back his wife's health. What would *he* not be willing to do in order to win his wife's love!

It was as if a great weight of anxiety had been lifted from his mind. Everything seemed changed; even the pain was scarcely felt. The sunshine was brighter than before, while the mountains were no longer stern and foreboding, but looked down upon him with an encouraging smile, grim but not unkindly. When he arrived at the chalêt he found that the post had come. He got his letters and finding a comfortable seat, set to work opening them. He finished several, and finally came to one in a handwriting which strangely resembled his own. "From the guv'nor," he muttered, "I wonder why so many sheets. Perhaps a sermon." He read the first few pages hastily, then went on more slowly:

"Now, after giving you all the news, I would have a few words with yourself. I have been thinking of you a good bit of late, and wishing you were home once more. My heart has warmed towards you; for although you have caused me more pain than I ever supposed it possible for man to suffer, you are 'bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh,' as the Word has it, and I cannot help but love you through it all. In looking back over the past years I find much wherewith to reproach myself. I know I have been stern and cold — yes, too stern with you; but, my boy, I did but do what I felt to be my duty. Your early training was the same that I had, and that which has made me what I am. But was over-severity or mistake on my part any excuse for trailing the good family name, the name which so many godly men have borne, in the dust; any reason why you should forswear the faith and integrity of your fathers and bring shame to your mother and myself? Was there any excuse, I say —— but no, I will not reproach you; my heart is softened.

"Your mother has aged considerably since you left, while friends tell me that I look broken. Her sight is not so sure as it was of yore, but sure enough to recognize her boy and to brighten with that most beautiful of all lights, the light of a mother's love. I, too, would welcome you — oh, so gladly. I look about me for a prop in my old age, and find you not. Come home, my son, my only son, and take your place with your angel-wife in all honor and goodness — and we will forget the past. I know you will, for I have faith in you, yes, and always have had, believing that some time the blood of the Winthrops, which has flowed in the veins of heroes and patriots, would at last show itself in you. Come back, my boy, come back; let it show itself now; your long holiday of happiness has surely changed you."

He wondered at the letter. His father had never shown so much feeling before. What did it mean? After all, he was right—the old life was the best; and a longing for home, its peace and restfulness, filled his mind, and for a time the thoughts of the morning were forgotten, as memories of earlier and better days came flooding round him. But as he raised his eyes, he saw the snow-white finger of the mountain he was soon to climb, towering steadfastly, above the rest, and he was reminded of his purpose. Yes, he would go back and start in to live worthy of his wife's love. But not until he possessed that love; that battle must be fought and won first.

Winthrop could not have explained his state of mind, had he made the attempt. A duty to himself and his future happiness (terrible indeed in its fulfilling) was laid upon him. He had

no realization of the enormity of the crime he contemplated; he realized nothing save the necessity of winning his wife's love. This end was paramount; the nature of the means was hardly considered. An irresistible power was driving him on. His love for Gertie was so great that it encompassed his whole being. It was the only part left of this strange, distorted nature of his, which he respected. In it were centred the hope, purpose, ambitions of a lifetime. Any attempt to overcome it would be futile.

His plans being settled, he could watch Gertie's smiles unmoved, knowing that some day they would be for him; could see the ill-repressed evidences of her love for Markham, realizing that the time was short. Like a cat he was, who watches the movements of a cornered mouse, knowing that he has but to put forth his paw and they will stop forever. So it was that all that day and the next he sat and talked with Gertie and his friend in his lightest mood. As the time for their departure drew near, he kissed his wife farewell and dismissed her fears for their safety with a laugh, and prophesied an early and safe return. Markham, too, was in high spirits, for he was passionately fond of climbing, and this was really the first long trip he had made since the accident to his ankle.

They started from Zermatt long before sunrise, and tramped at such a good gait that by the time day broke they were well on their way over the lesser hills at the base of the mountain.

Very formidable it looked, towering above them, with its snow and ice sending back dazzling rays of morning sunshine, while the valley below was still wrapped in mist and darkness. They had no intention of scaling the central peak, but hoped to pass above the snow-level as far as they could with only one guide. Alexandre could not complain of any slowness on the part of his companions. All three seemed eager to press on; Markham filled with delight at once more breathing in the glorious air of the higher regions; Winthrop hurrying on toward the fulfilment of his desires; the guide himself made happy by the thought of the thousand francs Winthrop had slipped into his hand before they started.

Gradually the way became steeper, the rocks sterner, and the surroundings more dreary. Winthrop had grown strangely silent while they stopped to rest and eat. Alexandre related the details of a horrible accident which had happened the year before to a small party on the very ice that they would be compelled to traverse; and as he listened to the guide's tale, Winthrop looked at Markham and wondered if he realized how soon he would be the chief actor in another Alpine tragedy. As they went on his thoughts were all directed toward his purpose. "It must be done," he said to himself over and over; and as he did so, the pain seemed lulled to rest for an instant, as if giving promise of final relief when the end was accomplished. While passing each successive precipice, or hugging the wall of solid rock, he felt that the time had come; but a voice within him whispered, "Wait," and he held back. Once while feeling his way, inch by inch, along a narrow ledge, his foot slipped, and for an instant he thought himself gone. He quickly recovered himself, however, but was filled with a horrid faintness as he realized more fully the nearness of his peril. Suppose that he had been the one to go over instead of "Doc"!

Then for a moment did he see the utter selfishness of his love; saw that it was not really Gertie's best happiness that he had at heart, but his own; that he was about to sacrifice his friend's life for this same selfish end. Only a moment, however; for there came rushing back upon him a flood of hatred and desperate feeling, as he saw the inevitable consequences of his own death. His end would be lost, his wife's love lost forever,—all lost; while on the other hand, with himself

out of the way, he saw Gertie and Markham united and supremely happy in each other's love. He had really never hated "Doc" before. He had merely considered it a deplorable necessity to put his friend out of the way. But now, as the full meaning of his thoughts flashed over him, he hated him heart and soul.

And still he waited. At length the ice was reached, and the three men were joined to one another by a rope, Alexandre in the lead, Markham next, and Winthrop last. Still the mental torment was going on, his temples throbbed unmercifully with the pain. But the deliverance was near; for just ahead, barely visible in the rays of the setting sun at the end of the stretch of ice, was the rude hut in which they were to spend the night. As soon as that was reached and the ropes were untied, he would act,—for he could endure no longer.

He was so taken up with his own thoughts that he grew unmindful of his footing and slipped. Markham, who was unprepared for the jerk of the rope which followed, began to slide also. Alexandre braced himself with his stock and axe; but the combined weight of the two men was too great. They all realized their danger. Behind them was a descent of glaring ice, and at the end, who knew what! Unless they could stop, their speed would increase, and all three would go over the edge.

As a drowning man in a fraction of a second reviews minutely the whole of his past life, so Winthrop in a time as short saw many things. The agonizing thoughts he had had on the ledge of rock passed through his mind again like redhot needles, and made the pain unbearable. If Markham were only in his place instead of being in the middle! Then he would cut the rope and let his friend go, and his end would be gained, while he and Alexandre, relieved of this weight, might be able to stop themselves and be saved. But, no!—Markham was in the middle, while he was on the end. The kind Fate that had aided his plans so wonderfully all along was about to desert him in his need. No matter; —the horrible impulse in that moment overpowered him,—he would have his revenge, even if they all perished. He could just reach Markham's back with the sharp hunting knife which Alexandre had given him. He seized it—and raised his arm to strike.

But stop! A great thought thrilled him, and his hand was stayed! A revelation! After all—Gertie's happiness—his love!

Blessed relief!—the pain had left him.

* * * * *

Alexandre, the guide, sat by the bedside of his sick wife. He held in his hand a recent copy of the Lucerne *L'Echo,* and as he read a passage his face grew troubled. It ran as follows:—

"We are obliged to chronicle a sad accident on the Matterhorn, the first this season. Two Americans, M. Winthrop and M. le Dr. Markham, with their guide, were crossing the ice near the Refuge. Through some unknown means the party began to slip, and would surely have been lost had not the rope suddenly parted between the Americans. The two in front managed to regain their footing. M. Winthrop, who was in the rear, was killed. He was from Boston, Massachusetts. The body was not found."

Alexandre knit his brows deeply, as if he did not understand. Then, looking at the sick woman to see that she still slept, he stepped lightly to the other side of the room, and, taking a rope from a drawer, brought it to the light. He shook his head gravely as he examined it. One end was *cut.*

The blood of the Winthrops had shown itself at last.

JOHN TRUMBULL, THE PATRIOT PAINTER.

By Ellen Strong Bartlett.



THE TRUMBULL ARMS.

PAINTING is now an established profession in America; but not so was it a century and a quarter ago, when John Trumbull was growing up in Lebanon, Connecticut, a village idyllic in its natural repose, yet during his youth thrilling with the activity of martial business. For John's father was no less than Jonathan Trumbull—the man who was governor for fourteen trying years; who was proudly called "the only Colonial governor who held office during the Revolution"; and to whom Washington fondly referred as "Brother Jonathan," thus originating the name for the pure American. It was fine old stock, of Scotch-English origin, purified and intensified by New England Colonial life, and enriched by the best education the land could afford. The governor himself, and his sons, had gone to Harvard with divinity in view, but some impulse seemed to urge them away from the pulpit toward the bar, the counting-room and the magisterial chair.

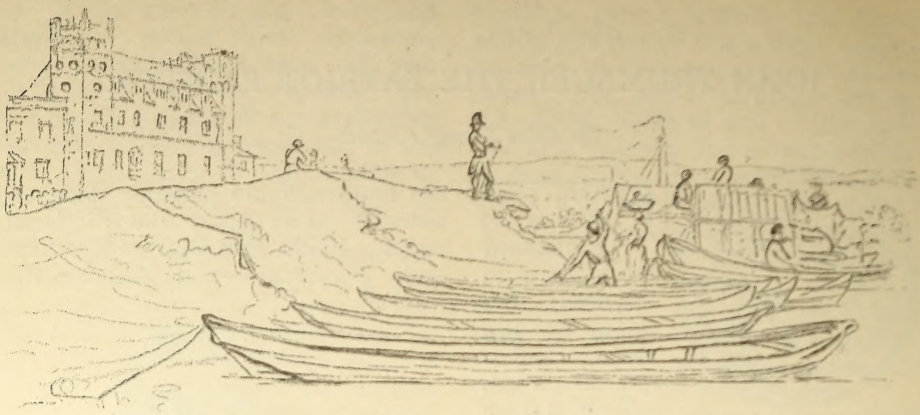
John's mother, Faith Robinson, was a descendant of the famous Priscilla and John Alden. To this mother we undoubtedly owe the preservation of the intellectual powers which gave us a history on canvas. For during the early months of the future painter's life, he was subject to convulsions. A wise physician examined the baby's head, and said that no medicine could help, for the trouble arose from compression of the brain, caused by the overlapping of the bones of the skull. Death or idiocy must come unless the mother would patiently and persistently press apart the displaced edges. Faith Trumbull *was* patient and persistent,—and hence the



INVALID SOLDIER BEGGING. PICARDY.
FROM A SKETCH BY TRUMBULL, 1786.

painter of our Revolution, with a mind clear until death in his eighty-eighth year.

Lebanon possessed a school famous as perhaps the best in New England,



OLD ELECTORAL PALACE AT MAYENCE.
FROM A PENCIL SKETCH BY TRUMBULL, 1786.

kept by Nathan Tisdale, a Harvard graduate. It drew pupils from the South, and even from the West Indies. What the boys of to-day would say of a school without vacations, like the "congregations" that "ne'er break up," is not hard to guess. The result in this case was that at six the little John won in a contest in reading a portion of the Gospel of St. John in the original Greek. He says that his knowledge was that of a parrot; but we certainly do not see many such parrots now!

Governor Trumbull believed in the education of women as well as of men, and his two daughters were sent to school in Boston. There they learned to embroider (those wonderful tombstone samplers, probably) and to paint in oil. The trophies, "two heads and a landscape," were hung in the parlor, and little John gazed on them. He was a born artist, and he tried to imitate. He used the sand on the floor for a drawing-board. We do not learn that kitty's fur suffered, as in the case of West; but it was still genius triumphing over obstacles. On the inside of his closet door, the boy painted, with success remarkable for untutored fingers, a spirited figure of Brutus. The celebrated Professor Silliman, the elder, of Yale, who married Faith Trumbull, the daughter of the younger Gov. Trumbull, removed this panel, and it is now in the Wadsworth Athenæum in Hartford, a curious and treasured specimen of the boy's first attempts to paint. Around the figure, with its flying drapery, are scattered the dabs of paint made in trying the brush.

The childish fondness for picture making did not depart; and when, at fifteen and a half, the boy was ready to enter Harvard in the second half of the junior year, he pleaded with his father to be allowed to study painting instead. At that time Copley was in Boston, with a great reputation; and young Trumbull thought that he might gain a profession while studying with him, for the same money that would take him through college. Economy was to be considered, for his father's fortune had been swept away by the storms of the sea. The war governor must have been generations in advance of his time; for he did not ridicule or reproach his son for having peculiar aspirations, but mildly overruled him, and sent him to college.

The school without vacations, and the diligent reading of all the history and of all the Greek and Latin authors at command in Lebanon not only placed him in the junior class, but

made it an easy matter for him to keep in advance of most of his classmates. So he filled his leisure hours by studying French with a French family of Acadian exiles, slyly paying for it out of his pocket money, and thereby afterwards giving a pleasant surprise to the father in Lebanon. He had a great treat in going to see the paintings of Copley, then living by the Common. Copley was going out to dinner, and quite dazzled the boy by his maroon suit and gold buttons. In his researches in the college library he had found a few books on art and some fine engravings, besides Piranesi's prints of Roman ruins and a picture of the eruption of Vesuvius. A copy which he made in oil of an engraving of a painting by Noel Coypel, representing Rebecca at the Well, was approved by Copley, and is now in Hartford. He was, of course, dependent on his taste for supplying the colors.

Graduated in 1773, he took up the task of teaching in behalf of his old master, Mr. Tisdale, who was ill for several months. Here was a boy of seventeen instructing a school of seventy or eighty, decidedly mixed, as the subjects for study varied from A B C to Latin and Greek.

But the sound of war was in the air. John's father was the only patriot governor in the Colonies, and his house was a centre for discussions of the burning questions of the day. John caught and fanned the enthusiasm, drilled a company, and after the thrilling news from Lexington hastened to Boston, as a kind of aid to General Spencer. There he witnessed, from Bunker Hill, the fight which he has made it possible for us all to see again on his canvas. He was in no small danger himself on that day; and his beautiful sister, the wife of Colonel Huntington, who had gone with a party of young friends to Boston to enjoy the novel scenes of a camp, beheld all too soon



Mad^lle Grenier de Breda
sur le Rhin Sept. 1786 — J. T.

the horrors of real war and, shocked by the apparently impending fate of her husband and brother, lost her reason, and died in the next November.

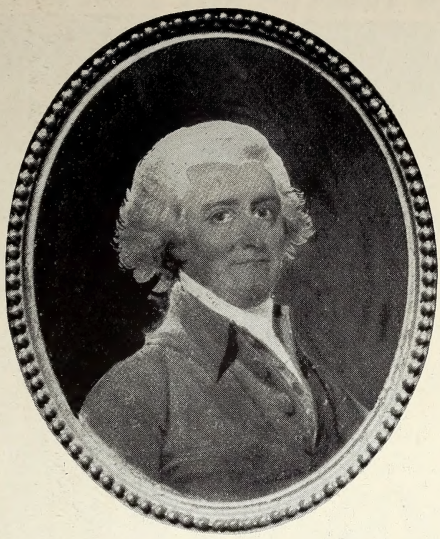
It is not strange that the "Death of Warren at Bunker's Hill" surpasses all of Trumbull's paintings in the whirl and rush of the combat, the fervor of



THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

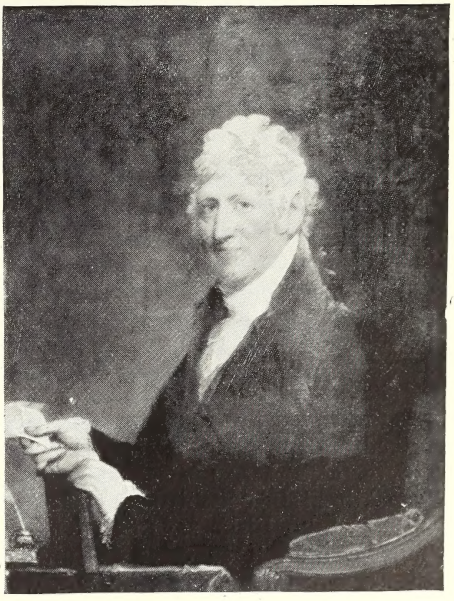
IN THE HARTFORD ATHENÆUM, HARTFORD, CONN.

patriotism, the contrast of opposing passions, the pathos of death. We all know Bunker Hill. How easy now to place on it, as Trumbull shows us, the form of Warren, sinking in death, but glowing with enthusiasm! Pitcairn, mortally wounded, is falling into the arms of his son, and the artistic grouping brings the patriot and the red-coat into striking opposition. The British General Abercrombie has just fallen at Warren's feet, and a grenadier aims his revenging bayonet at Warren, while the benevolent Colonel Small, his former friend, interposes with uplifted hand to save the dying man. Howe and Clinton and Putnam, the last loath to retreat, are seen behind. At one side, a young American, evidently a hasty volunteer, of elegant figure and dress, turns away in horror, while his negro servant rolls his eyes in a backward gaze of mingled curiosity and fright. Dimly in the background are seen fighting and retreating lines of troops; while the ships below and the lurid clouds of smoke tell the tale of burning Charlestown. Surely the artist was inspired by his theme and his glowing recollections of that memorable combat, where we lost the battle, but "kept the hill." The faces, with their varied expression, are nearly all portraits, the composition is fine, the figures are neither crowded nor theatrically posed, and tell their own story of the thrilling moment. This, and the "Death of Montgomery," a piece somewhat similar in spirit, with the light streaming on the central figures, are justly called the finest examples of American historical painting.



GOVERNOR JONATHAN TRUMBULL, JUNIOR.
IN THE YALE ART SCHOOL, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

To return to 1775. After Washington's arrival, a plan of the enemy's fortifications, stealthily made by Trumbull, attracted the notice of the commander-in-chief, and procured him an appointment as second aid, Mifflin being first. After a time, Trumbull became major of brigade, and in the spring went to New York under Gates, who on receiving his own appointment to the charge of the northern department made Trumbull his deputy adjutant-general. Then came the varied scenes of army life, during the campaign



GENERAL DAVID HUMPHREY.
IN THE YALE ART SCHOOL.



ENGRAVED BY WILLIAM MILLER FROM A SKETCH.

THE DELUGE.

around Crown Point and Ticonderoga. Trumbull speaks of a voyage by sloops up the North River as occupying seven or eight days.

The young adjutant was busy in preparing and submitting plans for the defence of strategic points; and it seems now as if much time and blood might have been saved had his ideas been accepted by Congress. He perceived and proved that Mt. Defiance commanded Mt. Independence, and urged that it be occupied instead of the latter. John Fiske says that he then showed himself superior in military sagacity to all the older officers who were around him.

Sad duties there were, too; for small-pox and a kind of yellow fever broke out among the troops, and Trumbull had to make careful examinations and returns. He says:—

"I found them dispersed, some few in tents, some in sheds, and more under the shelter of miserable bush huts, so totally disorganized by the death or sickness of officers that the distinction of regiments and corps was in a great degree lost, so that I was driven to the necessity of great personal examination; and I can truly say that I did not look into tent or hut in which I did not find either a dead or dying man."

After the defeat of General Waterbury, Trumbull met the prisoners returned by Sir Guy Carleton, and with unusual acuteness for so young a man he perceived the policy of the British commander's too propitiatory kindness. He hastened with his forebod-

ings to Gates, who ordered that the returned men should be forwarded to their destination without communicating with their former comrades and thereby reviving any latent affection for the mother country.

Trumbull had been serving for months as deputy adjutant-general under the appointment of General Gates, who was instructed by Congress to make such selection for the office as he saw fit; but that whimsical assembly delayed sending the commission, and when the delay had become almost inexcusable, sent the commission dated three months late. This affront was too much for Trumbull's sensitive spirit; he declined the commission. Conscious of having served with disinterested zeal, and of having gained the approval of his general, he perceived the tokens of jealousies among those in high places. While Trumbull, for instance, was aid to Washington in 1775, Hancock had remarked that "that family was well provided for,"—two brothers of John



Madame Bayer
Sept 1786 — J T.



FROM IRVING'S "WASHINGTON," BY PERMISSION OF G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.

GENERAL HUGH MERCER.

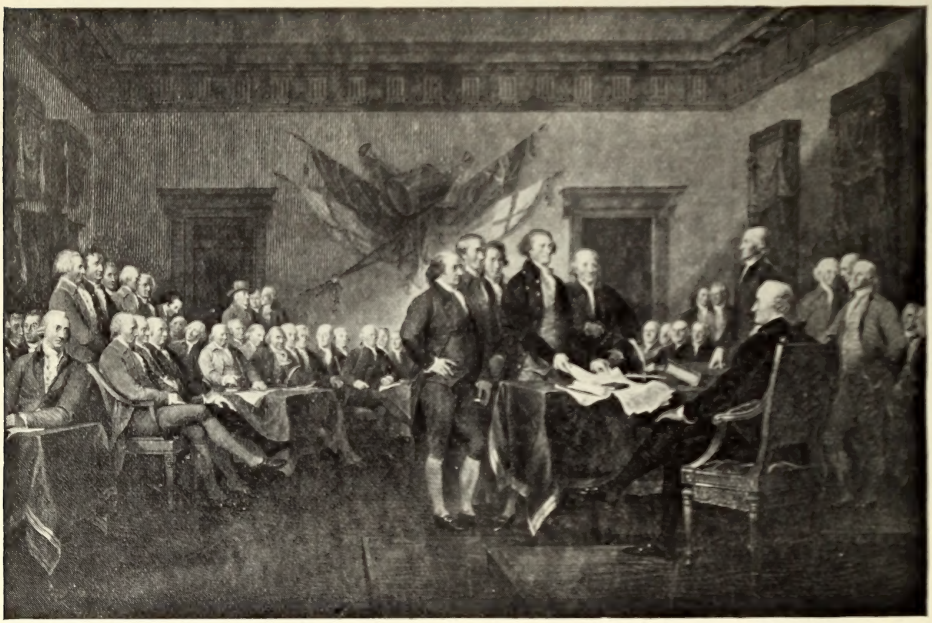
FROM A PENCIL SKETCH.

being in high position; to which John dryly rejoined: "We are secure of four halters, if we do not succeed." There was a long correspondence about the commission; but Trumbull was firm in his refusal and, full of disappointed patriotism, returned to Lebanon in the spring of 1777.

His first love, art, claimed him then, and he went to Boston to study. There Smybert, most wooden of painters, but deserving lasting remembrance as the first man who made pictures in America, and as one who stimulated Copley and Trumbull, had left a studio. Trumbull hired it, and found there several of Smybert's copies of celebrated paintings. Among these, Vandyck's head of Cardinal Bentivoglio, and Raphael's

Madonna della Sedia aroused his admiration.

Nevertheless, he says, "the sound of a drum frequently called an involuntary tear to my eye." Naturally, when General Sullivan and Count d'Estaing combined to rescue Rhode Island from the enemy, Trumbull volunteered his services as aid to Sullivan. The offer was accepted, and he took an active part in the short and stirring campaign, which failed in its principal object because the French fleet departed.



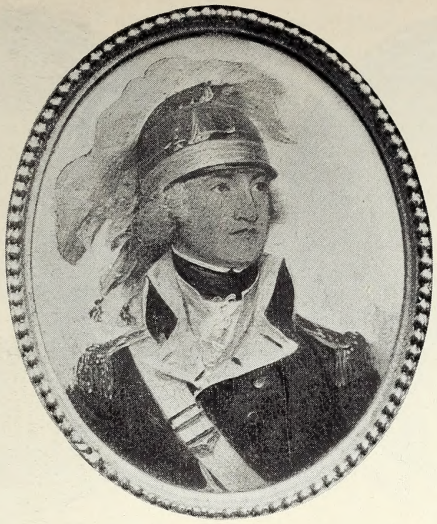
THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE CAPITOL, WASHINGTON.

Then it was that Trumbull, arrayed in a nankeen suit and mounted on a powerful bay horse, rode about in full view during the long summer day, with a white handkerchief tied around his head, because the wind had taken off his hat in the morning and, as he says, "it was no time to dismount for a hat!" He was sent by General Sullivan to the top of Butts's Hill, with an order to Colonel Wigglesworth. He had to climb a continuous ascent of a mile in full view of the enemy, and for the last half mile amid a hailstorm of bullets. He met one friend with an arm shot off, another shot through the back, a third borne away to have his leg amputated. On went the volunteer aid, to receive from Colonel Wigglesworth the characteristic greeting: "Don't say a word, Trumbull! I know your errand, but don't speak,—we will beat them in a moment." Sullivan, who had watched him on his dangerous mission, regarded his safe return as a miracle.

But the brief campaign ended, and Trumbull, almost ill, returned to Boston. The army seemed closed to him; painting lured, and for a year he studied his art diligently in Boston, where he became acquainted with the consul-general of Great Britain, Mr. Temple, afterward Sir John Temple. Undoubtedly the spectacle of a native of that country which had but barely emerged from pioneer life and was in the midst of a struggle for independent

existence devoting himself to the art of painting, without galleries, schools or teachers, almost without an example for imitation, produced a deep impression on an envoy of a country which had been the home of Vandyck, and even then boasted of Sir Joshua. He advised the young soldier-painter to go to London, under the protection of his art, and to study with West. Through him, Lord George Germaine promised that Trumbull's rebellious family and his own participation in war should be overlooked, on condition that he would devote himself unreservedly to study. Besides that, his case came under the amnesty proclaimed by George III. in 1778.



CAPTAIN THOMAS SEYMORE.

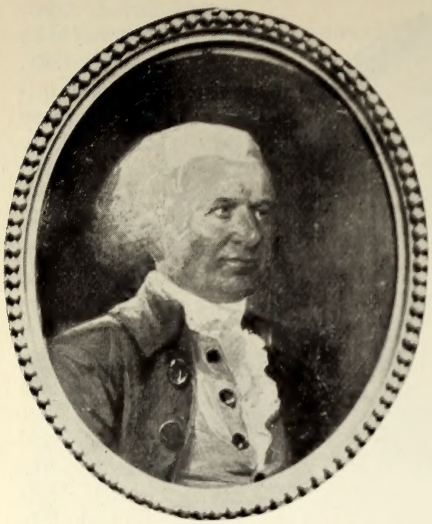
IN THE YALE ART SCHOOL.

Evidently there was a general impression that he partook of the Trumbull ability, for he was asked to take charge of a business venture which involved crossing the ocean; so with two objects in view he sailed, in May, 1780, from New London for Nantes. After a *quick passage of five weeks,* he landed in France, only to find that British success at Charleston had so lowered American credit as to make

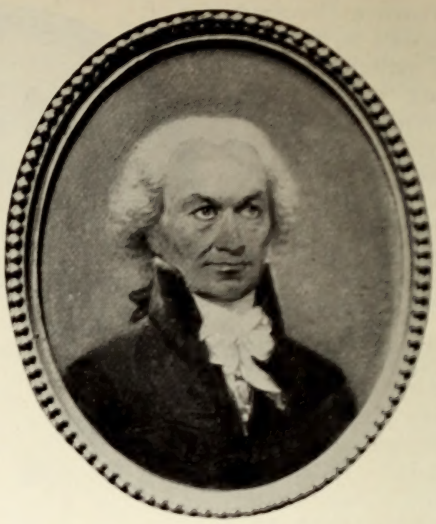


THE SORTIE FROM GIBRALTAR.

IN THE MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON. OWNED BY THE BOSTON ATHENÆUM.



THOMAS MIFFLIN.



OLIVER ELSWORTH.

IN THE YALE ART SCHOOL.

his commercial scheme impracticable. In Paris, he found two future presidents, John Adams and John Quincy Adams, the latter then a boy at school, besides Franklin and his grandson, Temple Franklin. Franklin gave him a letter to West; and, happy in the expectation of at last enjoying professional instruction, he went over to London, where he was received by West with characteristic cordiality.

At that time, Trumbull had never had a teacher in painting, and had acquired what skill he had from copying such paintings and engravings as he could find. He had not even learned to help himself by laying off the work in squares; and West looked in astonishment as he proceeded with his first task, that of copying the *Madonna della Sedia.* When it was done, the generous master cried, "Nature intended you for a painter!" At this time Stuart was also a pupil of West.

Those must have been blissful months for the young devotee of art. We know that he loved the work, because he did not let anything, even the wonders of London, interfere with it. He kept his part of the contract with the British government, and the horizon seemed clear. But in November up came a cloud of the darkest hue. Arnold, whom he had known as a brilliant patriot, had plunged into infamy. André had suffered the penalty of a spy; and the wrath of England gave the American tories in London a chance to carry out their spite toward the jealously watched son of Governor Trumbull, Washington's trusted friend. How Trumbull had ventured to place himself in such a den of lions is almost inconceivable; but the purity of his intentions and the rectitude of his conduct probably led him to expect the same in other people. Judge of his consternation on being suddenly arrested for high treason! Listen to the impetuous and high-spirited youth, proud of his place at home, when he bursts into the irrelevancies of the tedious examination with the exclamation: "I am an American; my name is Trumbull; I am a son of him whom you call the rebel governor of Connecticut; I have served in the rebel American army; I have had the honor of being an aid-de-camp to him whom you call the rebel General Washington!"

After this concise autobiography, he was treated with more respect; but

no representations of neutral conduct saved him from a night in Tothill-Fields Bridewell. He slept that night in the bed of a highwayman! Visions of the dignity of the governor's home in shaded Lebanon must have risen often that night, with the wondering thought of what father and mother would think of art now. By his own quickness and the intervention of Lord Germaine, he was saved from promise that, in the worst possible event of the law, his life shall be safe."

At last, through Burke's intercession, and with West and Copley as sureties, he was told that he might go, not to return until peace should be restored. With great store of meditation on the vicissitudes of life, and a copy of a Correggio made during his imprisonment, the Madonna and infant Saviour from the St. Jerome at



CAPTURE OF THE HESSIANS AT TRENTON.

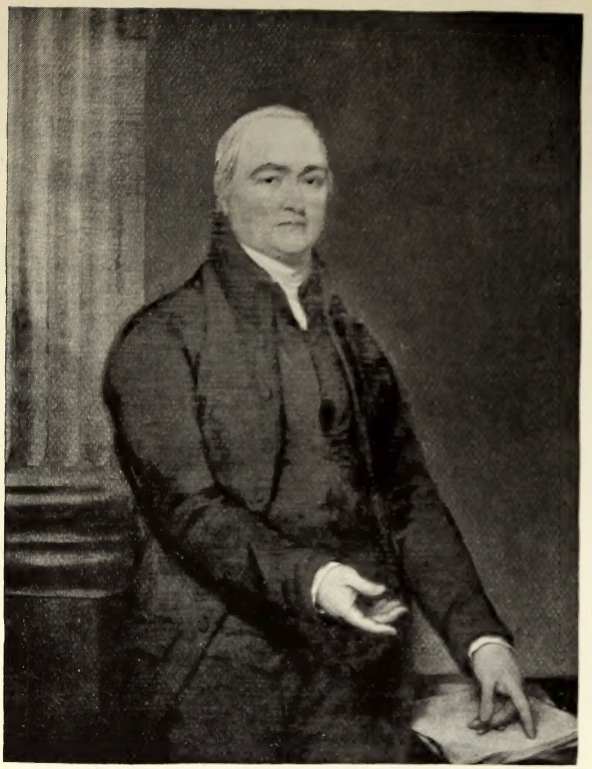
IN THE YALE ART SCHOOL.

imprisonment in Clerkenwell, the only criminal prison then left in London, and was enabled to choose his cage. Rejecting the costly dignity of the Tower, he preferred to return to Tothill-Fields Bridewell, where, for a guinea a week, he had a good room in which to be locked up for eight months.

West, himself on rather insecure ground as a lover of his native land, obtained an audience with the King, who, after hearing the story, ejaculated: "I pity him from my soul! But, West, go to Mr. Trumbull immediately, and pledge to him my royal

Parma, now in the Yale Gallery, he sought Amsterdam, as the best port of embarkation. There he found letters from his father, empowering him to negotiate a loan for Connecticut. John Adams was there on the same errand for the United States, but for both bad news from America rendered the attempt vain.

Setting out on the famous frigate *South Carolina,* Commodore Gillon, August 12, Trumbull, experienced adventures enough to fill a second Æneid. During the voyage of four months, they were tossed about from the Texel to the mouth of the Elbe,



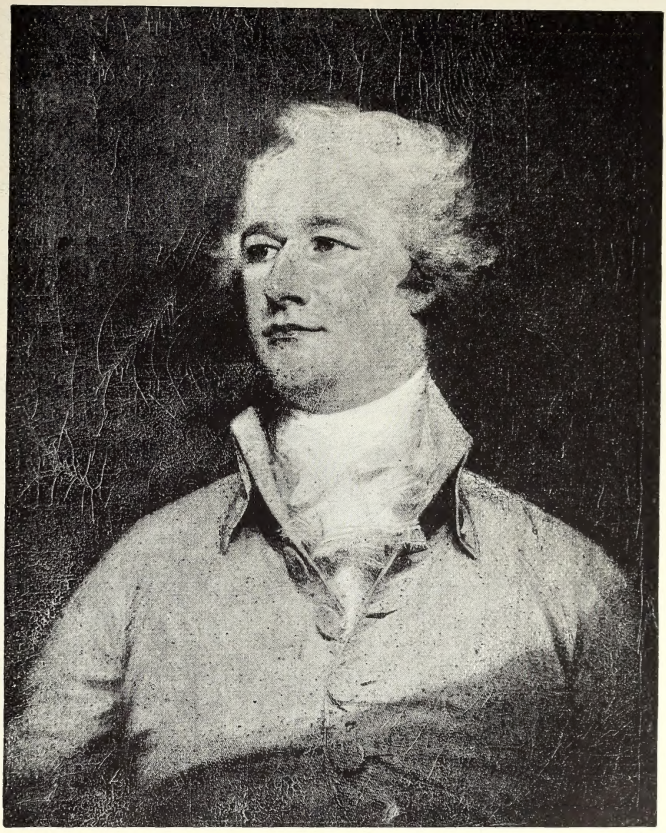
PRESIDENT DWIGHT.
IN THE YALE ART SCHOOL.

from the Orkneys to Spain, from the Bay of Biscay to Boston Harbor. Once Commodore Barney, who was returning from imprisonment in England, rushed on deck and saved them from imminent wreck; and again their last dollar was required to pay Spanish boatmen to overtake their retreating ship. Having escaped perils of fogs and gales, of loosened cannon, of lack of food, of British cruisers and Spanish detentions, of Cape Ann rocks, and of three days' Massachusetts snowstorms, the wanderer at last reached Lebanon alive, in January, 1782. It is not surprising that he was ill for months.

Nothing daunted his zeal for art; and after recovery he had one more conference with his father on his life work. Painting won the day over law; and, satisfying himself with the parting shot, "Connecticut is not Athens!" the old governor yielded. In December, 1783, John returned to London, and to West's studio. At this time Lawrence was often a fellow painter. This sojourn in London was a very important one for Trumbull, for during it he really decided on his career as a historical painter. His first composition of that kind was done while visiting the Rev. Mr. Preston in Kent. It was on paper, in India ink,—"The Death of General Frazer." Both "Bunker's Hill" and the "Death of Montgomery" were painted in the studio of West, who urged him to devote himself to scenes of the American Revolution. It was then that Sir Joshua Reynolds, at a dinner given by West, admired the yet unfinished "Bunker's Hill," attributing it to the host and complimenting him on his improvement in color. It happened that some months before Trumbull had taken to Reynolds for advice some portraits of Colonel Wadsworth and his son, only to be snubbed by a snappish remark about "the coat looking like bent tin." Sir Joshua's confusion on finding out who was being praised quite satisfied the young painter.

The best way of making these historical pictures pay was to seek subscribers for engravings of them; and the effort to procure the plates and the subscriptions involved much travel, delay and expense. In the course of these journeys, the painter met both adventures and great men. A letter to Le Brun in Paris introduced him to the artistic world there, and notably to David and the English miniature painter, Cosway.

Jefferson was then in Paris as our minister to France. He was greatly interested in the project of a revolutionary series, and invited Trumbull to visit him at his house, the Grille de Chaillot. Thus, with the advice and actually under the roof of the writer of the immortal paper, the painting of the "Declaration of Independence" was begun. Trumbull took unbounded pains in making this a trustworthy memorial of the momentous scene, and years were spent in securing the portraits. Says he: "Mr. Hancock and Samuel Adams were painted in Boston; Mr. Edward Rutledge, in Charleston, S. C.; Mr. Wythe, at Williamsburg, in Virginia; Mr. Bartlett, at Exeter, in New Hampshire, etc." Of some of the signers, already dead, no portraits existed; but no imaginary heads were introduced. What an achievement it was to fix on canvas the features and expression of forty-seven men who were in Congress assembled on that July day!



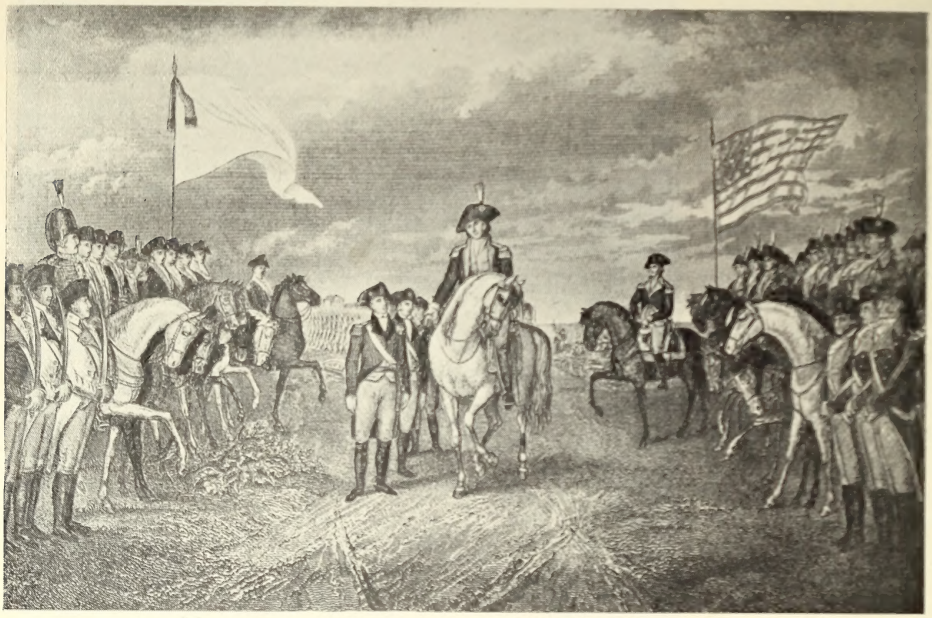
ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

FROM THE PAINTING IN THE ESSEX INSTITUTE, SALEM, MASS.

When we enter that sacred room in old Independence Hall in Philadelphia, the present fades away; the assemblage conjured to life by Trumbull's wand rises as the reality. Every schoolboy knows it,—the colonial room, the dull red curtains, the flags taken at St. John's, the dignified dress and furniture, the groups of expectant members, the alert, attentive face of Hancock in the chair, the solemn hush over all, as the five men, grouped by the artist as they truly are in our thoughts, present the paper fraught with such consequences. There they are: John Adams in brown cloth, his broad, enlightened views showing plainly on his handsome face; Roger Sherman, firm as a rock, with his tall form and face full of common sense; Livingston, looking at it as a wise business transaction; the venerable Franklin, his eyes turned to heaven in philosophic contemplation of the results of their act; in the middle, the fiery Jefferson, in plum-colored velvet coat, one step in advance, while presenting the document for which his pen is responsible. You feel the silence which

in one moment will be broken by irrevocable words; you know that soon one after another will come forward to sign away his safety with England,—that the Liberty Bell will peal forth above their heads,—that a nation will be born.

But it was long before Trumbull completed the work so auspiciously planned in company with Jefferson. kind of row-boat, with a small mixed company of queerly assorted but really congenial people, who ate their cold chicken from pieces of paper, distributed the two wine glasses between the men and the women, and all chattered in their various languages. Then a fierce storm swept down on them, driving them to the bank and the shelter of osiers.



THE SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS.

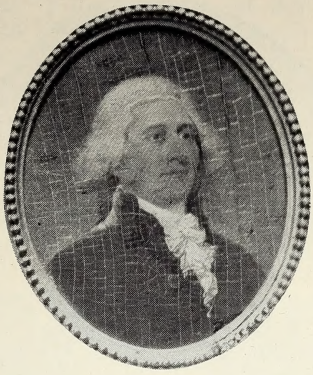
IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE CAPITOL.

In 1786, happy in the approbation given to his pictures in Paris, he left the brilliant society there, splendid even when within the shadow of coming events, and travelled to Stuttgart to attend to the engraving of his two historical works. He had, as usual, a series of interesting experiences. He was alert for everything picturesque; old castles and churches, peasant life, galleries and all. His pencil sketches made during the trip reflect the varied interest of what he saw. The Rhine smiled and frowned as is its wont; and even now the painter's words sparkle with the fun of one day's voyage in a

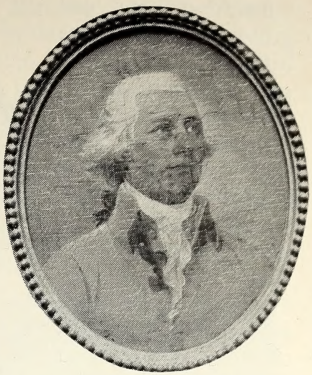
Through storm and sunshine, on her way home after two years in Lausanne, flits the lovely daughter of Gen. Gresnier de Breda with her pretty face and bewildering flutter of piquant headgear. The tale ends properly with a dinner invitation and addresses exchanged with the pretty girl's papa and mamma.

In London again, he gave careful study to the composition and preparation of those war scenes which were then his absorbing interest. Then he painted John Adams with "the powder combed out of his beautiful hair," and the "Sortie from Gibraltar,"

called by Horace Walpole "the finest picture he had seen painted north of the Alps." It made enough of a sensation to arouse the Marquis of Hastings to forbid British officers to patronize anything "done by a Trumbull." Trumbull refused six thousand dollars for it. The painting is now in the Boston Athenæum. It is not strange that one so constantly in the society of famous men in London and Paris should multiply the number of his portraits of American and English and French officers.



JOHN BROWN.
U. S. REPRESENTATIVE, 1792.



JOHN LANGDON.
U. S. SENATOR, 1792.

IN THE YALE ART SCHOOL.

Trumbull witnessed the outbreak of the French Revolution in Paris in 1789, saw the Bastile fall, and attended Lafayette when he calmed a French mob. While they were breakfasting together, Lafayette spread before him the true object of his party, and uttered prophetic warnings as to the danger which would follow any ascendency of the Duke of Orleans—words printed on Trumbull's mind by succeeding events. Lafayette wrote to him in later years, expressing most lively appreciation of his works and asking him to paint the Battle of Monmouth, as involving many portraits precious to himself.

The French Revolution in many ways was a decided blight to Trumbull's prosperity. Jefferson, still our minister in Paris, offered him the position of his private secretary. He declined this, as well as a mission to the Barbary States, mainly because he wished to devote himself to finishing his historical paintings and securing



THE SURRENDER OF BURGOYNE.
IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE CAPITOL.

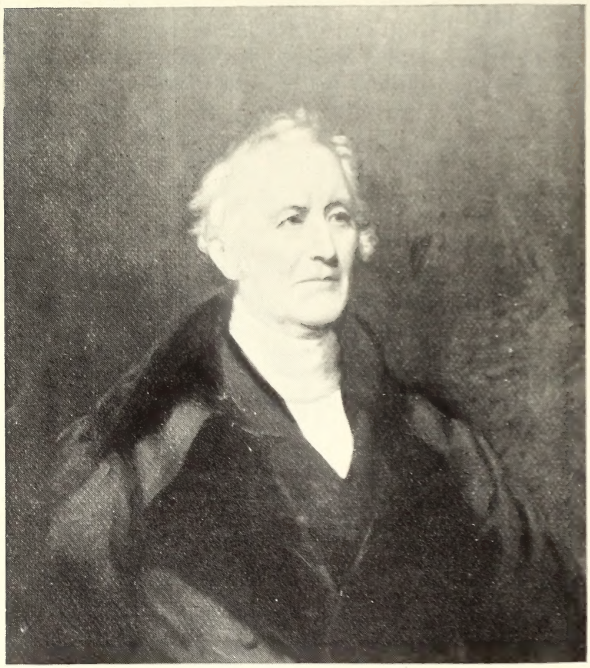
subscribers for engravings from them; but he had the chagrin to find, on returning to the United States for that purpose, that the whole population was so absorbed in abusing or advocating the performances of the French as to leave small chance for interest in the portrayal of the struggle through which we had just passed. Still the subscription list was headed by the name of Washington (four copies), followed by Hamilton, Jay, Adams and all the leading men of the country.



GENERAL RICHARD BUTLER.
IN THE YALE ART SCHOOL.

When Jay went to England as envoy extraordinary to negotiate a treaty, Trumbull accepted an offer to be his secretary. After several busy months, the treaty was completed. Apparently, the memory which was strong at six, had not failed at thirty-eight; for when Jay asked him to commit to memory, word by word, the whole treaty, in order to safely transmit it to Mr. Monroe in Paris, he did so.

Colonel Trumbull had been arrested in London for high treason, and now found himself under injurious suspicion in Paris. However, claiming immunity as an artist, he pursued his way to Stuttart, to hasten the delayed engraving. But the way was beset by perils of contending armies; and one night at Mühlhausen, he was barred from either bed or carriage by the presence of the French general who had his headquarters there. In the crowd he met the old general, who "looked at me keenly and asked bluntly, 'Who are you—an Englishman?' 'No, general, I am an American of the United States.' 'Ah! do you know Connecticut?' 'Yes, sire, it is my native state.' 'You know then, the good Governor Trumbull?' 'Yes, general, he is my father!' *'Oh, mon Dieu, que je suis charme!* I am delighted to see a son of Governor Trumbull. *Entrez, entrez,* —you shall have supper,



TRUMBULL'S PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF.
IN THE YALE ART SCHOOL.

bed, everything in the house.' I soon learned that the old man had been in the legion of the Duke de Lauzun, who had been quartered in my native village during the winter which I passed in prison in London, and he had heard me much spoken of there."

Next day he continued his journey to Paris and soon after arrived safely in London. His paintings arrived safely also, but through the carelessness of the lighter-men they were thoroughly drenched in the Thames and almost ruined.

Another commercial enterprise which promised large profits was now undertaken, and for eight months the artist was a brandy merchant in France. Through no fault of his the whole thing failed absolutely.

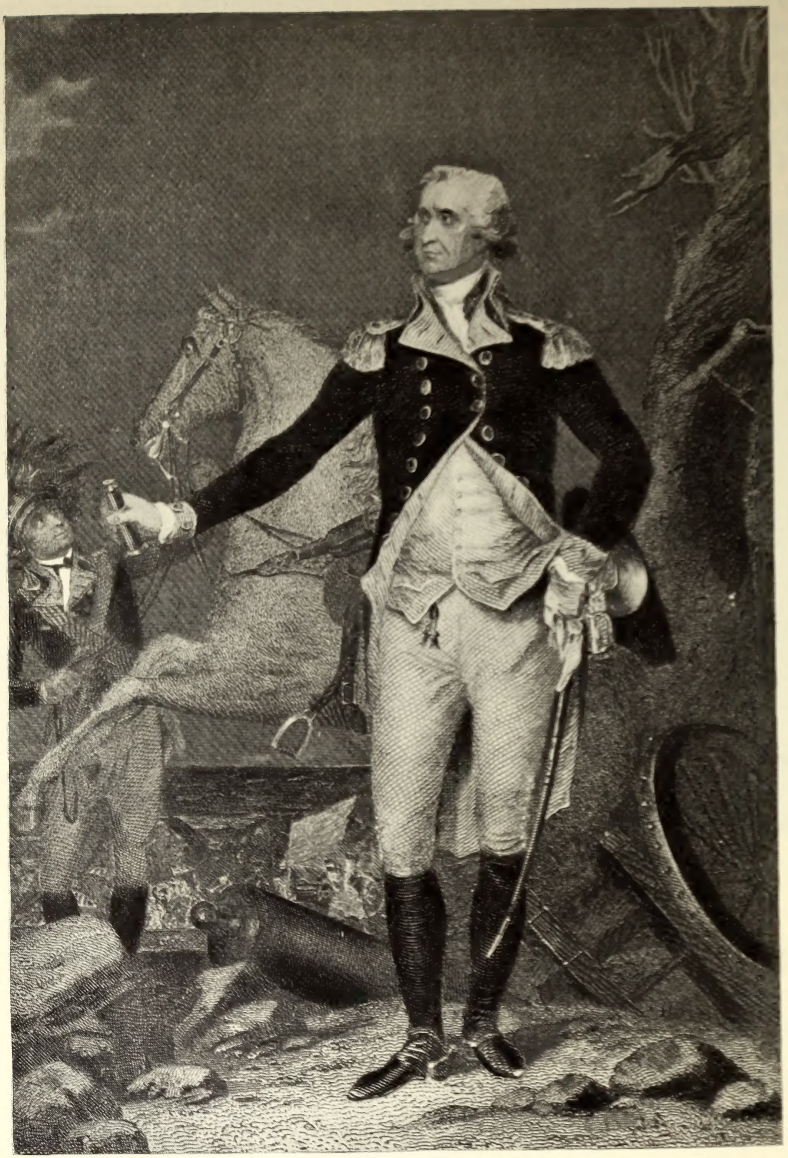
The next year was spent in the service of his country, as one of five commissioners for the relief of American seamen impressed by Great Britain. During a recess of the board Trumbull started for Stuttart to get the plate of his "Bunker's Hill." After many delays, caused by the unsettled state of affairs in France, he reached his destination, procured the plate and attempted to return to England by way of Paris. It was only through the personal influence of the painter David that he was allowed to leave the French capital, for his name was among those "to be always kept in sight." The route to Calais was beset with dangers, but, after delays and adventures innumerable, he reached the port and there eagerly engaged passage to England for the sum of seventy guineas. Even when on English soil, he must have felt twice to be sure that his head was on his shoulders!



THE BATTLE OF PRINCETON.

IN THE HARTFORD ATHENÆUM.

During this time, he had an opportunity to know Jay thoroughly, and we can perceive that intimate knowledge in the portrait he has left of the stainless judge. Various positions of trust were offered by government; he accepted that of fifth commissioner on the board appointed by the two nations



WASHINGTON.

IN THE YALE ART SCHOOL.

to execute the seventh article in the "treaty of amity, commerce and navigation," just concluded. It was a position of great delicacy, involving both impartiality and firm decision. He seems to have performed his duties ably and conscientiously. The other commissioners were John Wickoff, John Anstey, Christopher Gore (his college friend) and William Pinckney. The work of the commission went on from 1796 to 1804. The report of the proceedings, submitted to our government, perished in the flames of the war of 1812.

About 1800, Trumbull had married the beauty whose portrait is almost her only history. It has been said that "Her early name and lineage were never divulged." But we know that she was an English woman, Sarah, the daughter of Sir John Hope; and as we gaze on the exquisite portrait which is her husband's memorial of her in the Trumbull gallery, we feel that we do not need to know more. Daintiness is written all over her delicate features, her rose-leaf skin, her ruffles, her fluffy locks escaping from the coy cap and that evanescent, enchanting smile. Many stories are still told of her eccentricities, of her unfortunate seasons of being overcome by something stronger than tea; but Trumbull's tribute was:—

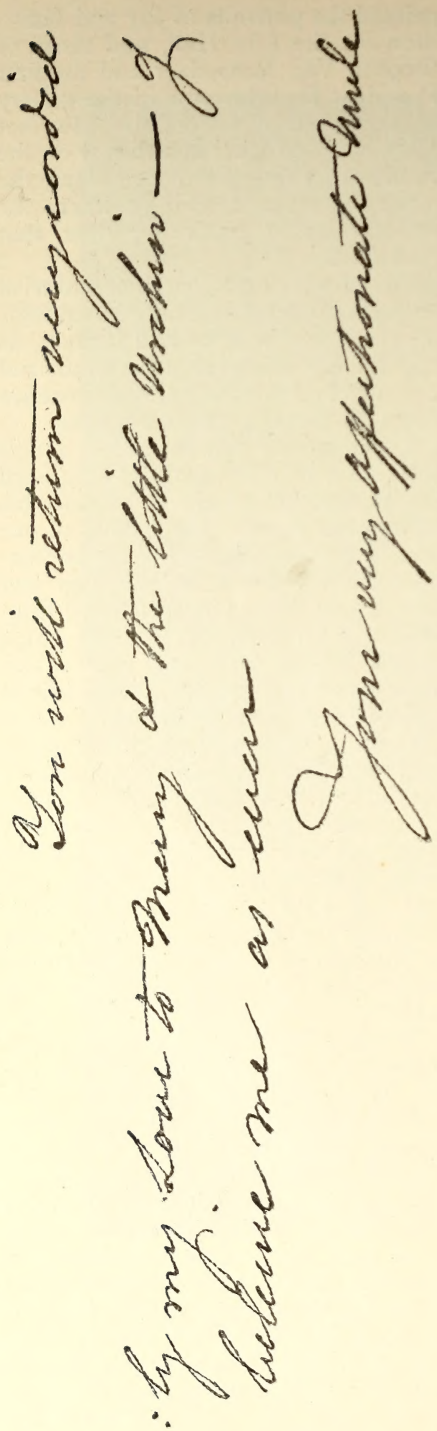
"In April, 1824, I had the misfortune to lose my wife, who had been the faithful and beloved companion of all the vicissitudes of twenty-four years. She was the perfect personification of truth and sincerity, — wise to counsel, kind to console, by far the more important and better half of me, and with all, beautiful beyond the usual beauty of women."

After sixty-three days spent on the Atlantic, Trumbull landed once more in his own country. He found himself welcomed by his family and by the Cincinnati of New York, but under a political cloud as a Federalist and follower of Washington rather than of Jefferson. Shut out from painting in Boston by the fact that Stuart had just been invited to settle there, he selected New York for the practice of his profession. Then it was that he painted the portraits of Jay and Hamilton for the City Hall, and those of Stephen Van Rensselaer and the first President Dwight, now in the gallery of the Yale Art School. He met Hamilton and Burr at a dinner on the Fourth of July—the one brilliant, the other silent; a few days later, the nation was in mourning over that fatal duel.

At various times Trumbull had tried business ventures, investing in valuable paintings, or in wine and brandy, as opportunity offered; but the winds and the waves were always destructive when his cargoes were on the sea.

London drew him once more across the water, in 1808; and the congenial atmosphere helped him to produce his best works there. The crudity of our own life then afforded little encouragement for the æsthetic. The war of 1812 prevented return from England, and involved him in debts which weighed him down for years. But after his return, in 1815, the cherished idea of a series of national pictures was presented to Congress, and was urged by Judge Nicholson and Mr. Timothy Pitkin. It met favor, and in 1817 Congress formally commissioned Trumbull to execute for the Capitol four commemorative paintings. He had hoped for eight; but, in consultation with President Madison, who was empowered by Congress to assign the subjects, a satisfactory choice was made.

The Declaration, of course, stood foremost. The two surrenders of entire armies, Burgoyne's and Cornwallis's, extraordinary and momentous events, came next; for the fourth, Trumbull suggested Washington resigning his commission, as of moral significance. After more than seven years these works were completed and carefully placed in the Rotunda of the Capitol at Washington, where for generations the crowds of visitors have paused to gaze upon them. Trumbull had been collecting portraits for these works for years; he had studied the details of dress and weapons; he had



visited the scene of each event. He felt it to be the work of his life, and he spared no effort in the execution or in arrangements for the preservation of the pictures after they were placed on the wall.

In the two surrenders, the faces express most vividly the feelings of the hour. The Surrender of Cornwallis gave the painter more trouble in composition than any other; for, as he says, the event was purely formal, and the landscape flat. But he had made the portraits of the French officers in Jefferson's Paris home, long ago, in 1786. He succeeded in grouping naturally the chiefs of the three powers, in the centre. Irving and Trumbull, with pen and pencil, depict the scene alike: General Lincoln on his white horse, Rochambeau at the head of the French troops, the British sullenly yielding to fate, Washington, in blue and buff, on his bay horse, in the calm dignity of success.

Trumbull did not wish to "sink into premature imbecility" after finishing these works. Although then seventy-two, he began a series of small paintings of the striking events of the Revolution. Of these, in size between the Rotunda pictures and the originals in New Haven, the Hartford Athenæum possesses a number—the Battles of Bunker Hill, Princeton, Trenton, Quebec, and the Declaration.

War scenes and great people were Trumbull's subjects, and he felt the dignity of his profession. His portraits have the charm of vividness and expression of character. After a hundred years, the colors are still clear and harmonious; and the painter seems to have struck a happy mean between the sallowness of Copley and the florid color of Stuart. We feel that we are

looking at the real people when we see these faces.

Trumbull's works, although largely in New Haven, are scattered in different cities. New York has two in the Lenox Library and four in the City Hall—Jay, Hamilton, a full length of Washington with a background of Broadway in ruins and the British ships departing, and Gen. George Clinton with the British storming Fort Montgomery in the Highlands where he commanded. This background was considered his best by the artist. In the Historical Society's collection are six or seven portraits, among them good ones of the sturdy old divine, Dr. Smalley, of Asher B. Durand, as well as of Bryan Rossiter in military dress, and an excellent miniature of John Lawrance. The best of all his portraits is the very beautiful and well-preserved one of Hamilton, in the possession of the Metropolitan Museum.

At the National Museum, in Washington, are the portraits of President and Mrs. Washington, painted in 1794. In private families in Connecticut and Massachusetts, as well as in the Boston Athenæum and the Hartford Wadsworth Athenæum, are other works. Norwich can boast of ten portraits and miniatures by him, almost a family gallery—the war governor, the father, Faith Trumbull, the mother, Sarah Hope, the wife, Faith Huntington, the sister of the painter, lost so early, among them. The four small historical paintings of Revolutionary scenes in the Yale gallery, which he did before executing the large replicas in the Rotunda at Washington, are always regarded as far superior to the latter in artistic merit.

Trumbull was deeply interested in the American Academy of the Fine Arts, which was founded in 1812, in New York, with Edward Livingston as president and Peter Irving as secretary. Trumbull was the only artist on the board.

The collection of casts owned by the Academy was rare and costly then, and students were restricted in using it to a few morning hours. On one eventful morning, two young men, Thomas S. Cummings, afterwards the historian of the National Academy of Design, and Frederick Styles Agate, were refused admittance by the janitor. Trumbull defended the janitor. A meeting of the disaffected was held in the rooms of S. F. B. Morse; and in 1825 the National Academy of Design was founded, with the purpose of securing greater freedom for practice.

Trumbull was never able to amass a fortune. War, which helped him to gain so rich an experience of the world, and was really the foundation of his fame, always blighted his finances. In 1837, he made an arrangement with the Corporation of Yale College, whereby the collection of his paintings, known as the Trumbull Gallery, became the property of the college, in return for an annuity of one thousand dollars, to be paid in quarterly installments during his life. It was a bargain creditable and satisfactory to both parties concerned. The painter was happy in seeing his life work in tender, reverent hands, and in the knowledge that the revenue from admission was helping some needy student. From 1837 to 1841 he lived in New Haven, where he had friends, being connected by marriage with Professor Silliman, the elder.

Passing away in New York, his body was placed in a vault in New Haven prepared by himself on the Yale Campus, beneath the Trumbull Gallery, now the Treasury Building. When Mr. and Mrs. Street gave the building for the Yale Art School, the Trumbull paintings found an appropriate sanctuary in the main gallery, and under the building still rest the bones of the artist and his wife.

The importance of this acquisition to an educational centre like Yale cannot be overestimated. As years passed, Trumbull added as many more to the number of paintings mentioned in the original agreement. There are fifty-five enumerated, besides many miniatures. Among them are copies

of the old masters and some large imaginative works, illustrating poetry, religion and history. The first independent work of the boy, "The Battle of Cannæ," is there, and the last effort of the old man, "The Deluge"; but the most numerous, valuable and beautiful are those connected with the Revolution.

Here you are ushered into the presence of not one famous patriot, but an assembly of our illustrious ones. We speak to them, and they look upon us, with the cares of state, the despondency of defeat, the gladness of victory, in their faces. They welcome us to their midst, and ask us to live and think with them—Burgoyne and Rahl and Howe and Clinton and Riedesel, Lafayette, and Rochambeau, De Grasse and De Lauzun, Greene, Gates, Schuyler, Knox, Morgan, Glover, Mifflin, Wayne, Lincoln, Laurens, Rush, Monroe, Madison, Rutledge, the two Governors Trumbull, Wolcott, Morris—too many to tell.

And the famous beauties who curled their hair and rustled their silks for the balls and the assemblies are smiling from their miniatures: Martha Washington, and sweet little Eleanor Custis, and Harriet and Mary Chew, proud of their stately battle-marked Germantown home, and sweet Faith Wadsworth, daughter of Gov. Jonathan Trumbull, Jr., Cornelia Schuyler Morton, "one of the worthiest of women," Mary Seymour Chenward, the Hartford beauty, and Harriet Wadsworth, beloved by the painter and early lost.

Dominating all is Washington, in full uniform, his white horse at one side, one hand on his field-glass, the other on his sword, his figure drawn up to its full height, his features lit by "the high resolve to conquer or to perish." He is planning his most brilliant move, just on the night before marching to Princeton. The watch-fires which are to delude the enemy are already burning, and soldiers are defending the bridge behind. The design, most successfully carried out, was to show Washington in his heroic, military character. The portrait was painted in Philadelphia, in 1792, for the city of Charleston, and the general entered with spirit into Trumbull's idea. "Every minute article of the dress, down to the buttons and spurs, and every strap and buckle of the horse-furniture, were carefully painted from the several objects." But Charleston preferred the hero as president, and he patiently sat for another portrait, which is now in that city. So the artist kept this until the Society of the Cincinnati in Connecticut was dissolved, when he and others (his brother, Governor Trumbull, Gen. Jedediah Huntington, the Hon. John Davenport, the Hon. Jeremiah Wadsworth and the Hon. Benjamin Talmadge) presented it to the college. Many have painted the great man, but no one else has so clearly portrayed his different phases of character in the varying and progressive scenes of his career, at Trenton, at Princeton, at New York after the evacuation, at Annapolis laying down his sword, and last as president.

Peace to the proud, sensitive soldier-artist, resting under the monument made by his own hands! Life tossed him like a ball between two continents, but gave to him more nearly than to most men the boon of accomplishing his heart's desire.



THE CLOAK OF CONFESSION.

By Dora Read Goodale.

" ' Breast the wave, Christian,
When it is strongest;
Watch for day, Christian,
When the night's ——' "

THE verse broke off; the door opened.

"Hey, hey, hey, doctor—what's all this? what's all this?"

A short, broad-shouldered, genial-faced man, carrying a medicine-case, stood on the threshold. The floor was littered with shavings. It was a carpenter's shop.

"I wish you joy, Hiram Rose," said the doctor, holding out his hand, while his benevolent face beamed all over. "Come, man! go into the house and speak to your wife. You've got a baby in there."

"Hey? what's that you say? You don't mean it!" ejaculated the carpenter, as he dropped his plane and pushed up his spectacles. "Well, well! Praise the Lord! Bless His name!" He rolled out the words *ore rotundo*. "And I didn't know you'd been sent for!" He wrung the doctor's hand twice, three times, laughed a great laugh, and the tears ran over his weather-beaten cheeks. "Emily—just like her, God bless her—why I thought she was canning pears! Praise the Lord!" and he fell on his knees and began pouring out his rejoicing in Bible phrases, the only language in which he was fluent.

"O God, manifold are Thy mercies and wonderful are Thy works. And now Thou hast seen fit to give me a son, even while my voice was raised in the songs of Zion—the son, as it were, of my old age. O Lord, may he indeed watch, and see Thy day-spring descend from on high; may he breast the wave, though all Thy waves and Thy billows go over him. Yea, and his name shall be called Christian. Amen! Hallelujah!"

The doctor stood during this prayer; he did not bow his head, nor close his eyes; and a slight smile played over his features; yet in his own way he was praising God too; he was thinking of his own child, a six-year-old boy. When the prayer was ended, he coughed slightly, and a twinkle came into his eye.

"Not so fast!" he said. "Who told you that you had a son, Mr. Rose? You are mistaken, sir; it's a girl!"

"A girl!" exclaimed Hiram; and for a moment he stood blank, the glow of exaltation dying from his brow. Only for a moment, however; love brought the illumination back, as he cried with heartiness: "No matter, doctor! We'll call him Christian all the same, boy or girl; we'll start him the right way. But what am I thinking of? How's Emily? Bless my soul, I must go to her."

Taking his old coat from a peg, the Methodist carpenter hurried out of the shop. A crowd of memories flashed unbidden into his mind. He thought of his youth—how, being poor, with old, helpless parents dependent upon him, he had resisted nature for fear of bringing some dear woman to poverty. Not until he was near fifty years old and had accumulated what appeared to his modest wants a competency, had he taken a wife—one of far higher breeding and education than his; but so sweet and noble was his nature that no one wondered why she had married him. And now a child!—that was the miracle; yet no more a miracle than Emily's love for him. The carpenter's heart was full of chivalry; he was a simple, devout, loving human being, who had never questioned that it was good to exist. All that day he crept about the house, his lips pursed up in a "sh!" of boundless

importance, involuntary smiles chasing each other over his face, wonder, elation and overflowing thanksgiving in his soul. But quick, to the tragedy! His time for rejoicing was short; already time for him was gliding into eternity.

Late that same evening he went out to the barn on some errand, and while he was stooping there, whispering to himself and flashing his lantern about, a nervous kick from the startled horse struck him dead. In this way it happened that he never returned, and that the little Christian Rose was left fatherless.

"Doctor, could you come in for a few minutes tonight—non-professionally? I should like to talk over my small affairs with you—in fact, I want you to help me. You told me to let you know when my plans were made; and now I depend upon you for moral support."

The speaker was Christian Rose; the man addressed was the old physician's son and successor, Howard Eames; the place was the cottage walk; the time, near sundown of an August day. The yard seemed overgrown and half deserted. The carpenter's shop was gone. Twenty-five years have passed since we entered there.

"I've been sitting on the door stone for half an hour, watching for you to go by," explained Christian carelessly, as she led the way into the little parlor. Very still and dusky it looked, with its prim matting and white muslin curtains, and a shut piano in one corner. "I knew you would be coming back this way with your mail."

"I'm very glad that you stopped me, and that you propose to make me of use," said Eames, with quiet warmth. They had known each other from babyhood—not intimately, perhaps, but in a friendly way. "I have scarcely seen you since your mother's funeral."

"I haven't been out at all, beyond the gate," replied Christian in her full voice, drawing up a chair and seating herself almost facing him. Eames looked at her closely and thought his old playmate changed; grief, perhaps, had softened her. She wore no mourning, but a thin, old silk dress of a shade between pink and ash-color, which had been washed and worn until it clung round her lovingly. There was something Madonna-like in the mould of her features and form; an artist in painting her would have put a child on her breast. It occurred to him for the first time that she would make some man a noble wife.

"You have come to some conclusion?" he asked. "You know what you want to do?"

Christian fixed her eyes on the floor and did not answer immediately. There was about her a habitual calm, a look of inward tranquillity, which often stood her in good stead.

"Yes, I have shut myself up and revolved the situation until I begin to see my way clear. In the first place, I want to leave Littlefield. I must get rid of this house—rent it, if possible. I can't go on living here, of course."

"Not alone, certainly; but if you had some one with you—some relative? There is a little income, I take it, aside from the place?"

"Yes, two or three hundred a year—enough to exist on. But my staying here is out of the question. I have no near relatives; I am practically alone in the world. Besides, I am looking forward to something quite different. I want work to do—the harder, the better. When Adam was turned out of Paradise I suppose work was given him for a compensation—a very good one, I think."

"Oh, of course," exclaimed the doctor sarcastically. "A vocation!—the modern young woman's war-cry! I expected rather better things of you, Christian. Haven't you always been busy enough—and contented enough?"

"No, never!—neither the one nor the other. All my life I have been struggling under an incubus of repression—superstitious repression. My father was a working-man. You

know what my mother was, doctor, a gentlewoman to the ends of her fingers —as good as gold. She would have gone to the stake for her principles, and what she regarded as principles. I did my best to stifle my heretic notions, on her account. But now I must get hold of things for myself."

She stopped, and the soft breathing of the summer evening air came in like pulse-beats at the open door.

"Just hear that little bird say 'sweet, sweeter, sweetest'," she exclaimed.

"Is that what it says?" The doctor felt the interruption a relief.

"It is what it sounds like,—isn't it?"

"I don't know—I have no ear for a tune."

"Yet you used to be always teasing me to sing. Don't you remember—when we went nutting together?"

"So I did;—I would again. But let us hear what you want to experiment on. Is it lecturing, or philanthropy, or art, or the bicycle?"

Christian did not lose her poise, but she now spoke warmly. She leaned back and began to describe the great current of human opportunity as it appeared to her from a conventional, conventual New England village life. The thought of organized effort of whatever kind appealed to the adventurous, imaginative fibre in her; the broad, rich, stirring, multiform, untested world seemed to promise a renovating bath to her spirit. The doctor, too, was warmed by her words. They took him back to his boyhood, his crude ambitions, the day when he felt like Tennyson's youth, who

> "At night along the dusky highway, near and nearer drawn,
> Sees in heaven the light of London flaring like a dreary dawn."

And the doctor enjoyed seeing Christian's cheek and eye kindle; he felt that there were possibilities here that he had never reckoned with. He seemed to detect in her words a note of maturity, born perhaps of some painful experience, which hardly belonged to a mere reactionary enthusiasm, such as was natural to her case.

"What I want for myself," she said at last, "is first of all to go to New York to one of the great hospitals where they train nurses. That will give me a starting point,—a calling that I can throw myself into, and that will bring me into touch with others."

"So that's what you want, is it? That's the vocation you've chosen for yourself—lady-nursing!—the most deluded fanaticism that modern sentimentality has to answer for! You want to make up beds and scrub floors and scour kettles in a hospital,—and pry out every loathsome spot that plague-ridden humanity has to blush for! You want to spend your life at the beck and call of whining invalids—doing work that might better be left to middle-aged widows with cast-iron nerves!"

The doctor spoke from an impulse that surprised himself; it suddenly seemed intolerable to him that Christian's fresh womanhood should be put to such uses. She gave him a remonstrant and half-startled look.

"But the nursing is more for a beginning than for an end," she said hurriedly. "It will be a way of approaching others—of reaching the poor. Don't imagine that it's a sacrifice—that I shall give up my own life. I shall have my little property,—be independent, free; I can come and go as I please. I shall take private lessons, too, in music. Then, I think I can be of use—help those who are suffering and in need of help. As to the things you think so hard—I've done them all my life. You know my mother was an invalid for a long time; and she always said that I had a genius for nursing sick people."

Christian, as she spoke, drew herself up into her usual attitude of conscious security. Her whole look and carriage generated an atmosphere of steadiness and repose. Clearly she was one whom the weak would trust, one whose strong arms were made to sustain others. If the doctor noticed these things, they only served to render him the more peremptory.

"It's all wrong," he declared energetically, "and the whole system is wrong—this bringing delicate susceptibilities that were meant to be the salvation of the race into trades where they are first blunted, and then destroyed. It's all a part of this mania for doing,—as if being good wasn't doing good! This letting women—young women—go into the slums,—to my mind it's a desecration. And you," he continued, after a pause, "with your heart and brain—and your beauty, too—I should wish a very different lot for you, Christian. I hope you will marry."

"Don't! Stop!" cried Christian.

The sudden change of tone, passionate and electrifying, was like the change before a thunderclap. In an instant the whole atmosphere of the room was transformed. Eames sat silent and erect, and his heart beat hard. He felt that something was coming. The doctor no less than the priest has his painful confessional.

"O, doctor, I must speak—I must—I shall die if I don't. I can't think of anything like that—love or marriage or happiness. There is only one person in the world that I care for—that I ever could care for,"—she clasped her hands and the words came tumultuously,—"someone who is dearer to me than life; and he doesn't love me—he never thinks of me."

"My dear girl! He does not love you!"

"No, no! Ah, you cannot know what it has been, night and day, day and night."

The river could not be stemmed. Yet no word was breathed which could reveal the man to whom she had given her love; a maidenly reticence, the doctor felt, held her back from anything that could at all betray him.

"Do you suppose I ever dreamed of any other happiness than loving and being loved? Do you suppose any woman would dream of any happiness before that? Do you suppose I would give up everything that a woman values, had it not been forced on me?"

She was anxious, he felt, to vindicate her womanhood to him. She bowed her head, and a deep, childlike sob burst from her.

Eames listened with a tumult of feeling almost equal to her own. His stubborn man's nature received her secret with a comprehending tenderness that no woman, young or old, would have been capable of. It cut him to the heart that his old playmate should have passed through such an experience. How little he had penetrated into her life! How cruel his scruples had been! He had never before heard such an avowal from a woman's lips—so intimate, so uncalculating, so pathetic. Who but Christian was capable of such tragic openness and such inviolable reserve? Eames was not a man given to words and had no soothing phrases of easy philosophy to offer; but the instinct of consolation was strong in him. He laid his left hand gently on the dark head bent forward upon the arm of his chair. Christian sobbed no more; she was as still as marble. At last she said:—

"You don't despise me? I had to speak. I should have died—I should have gone mad—if I had not."

"Despise you? Poor child! How I pity you! I am glad that you told me.—I have loved, too, Christian," he went on after a moment, in a low voice. "She died—the girl that I loved. I can feel for you; we can feel for each other."

"Yes, we can feel for each other," echoed Christian.

The thought of other woe—other loss—the wide community of sorrow—seemed to draw the poison from her own wound. She raised her head, placed her hand in his, and clasped it quietly. So they sat while the light waned, and the stars shone out, and the half-moon laid a silver finger on the cottage floor. The energy of Christian's emotion had for the moment exhausted her. One page of her life's book was closed. The next was opening before her, but she no longer

felt a care to turn the leaf. She sat as in a trance, her consciousness almost bounded by the rising and falling of her own breast.

But Eames was thinking rapidly. His quick intelligence had told him that there was only one man in Littlefield likely to take the fancy of a girl like Christian—the man who for two years had generalled the old church, glorified Littlefield tea-drinkings, and even bestirred himself in town politics. And the young doctor was irritated at the thought. He was not fond of the clergy, still less of that particular clergyman. He considered him a poor creature who took himself too seriously, was vain of his inches (the doctor was short) and untrustworthy in metaphors drawn from scientific sources. But women were all alike in their worship of ministers,—and with Christian it ran in the blood. He had heard of and even dimly remembered her father, the psalm-singing carpenter. And worthy or not, after all, what did it matter? As to blaming the man, it was out of the question; he was probably too much accustomed to feminine incense even to be aware of it. "We ordinary mortals have a keener sense for that sort of thing," thought the doctor sardonically. And Christian, poor child—no doubt she had guarded her secret well. Strange, that she of all women should fail of winning such a common happiness! Eames shrugged his shoulders, and the feeling remained that only a cold-blooded parson could be loved by such a woman without returning her love.

Even after he had risen and said goodnight, promising to do whatever he could—to rent the cottage for her, and to write to Bellevue—he pursued the same unprofitable train of reflection. Her words returned again and again, with curious insistence: "*Do you suppose that I ever dreamed of any other happiness?*"

"Think of such a treasure of love as that being wasted, and in a world where so many go hungry all their lives,"—and the doctor recalled one or two cases of warm-hearted men tied to worldly wives "with no more feeling than a broomstick!"—"Oh, I've no patience with it!"

On reaching home, he threw himself into his office chair and shaded his eyes. It was not a cheerful home, and the old aunt who kept it for him made no secret of her opinion that Howard would never equal his father. But it was not of the bleaknesses of his own lot that he was thinking.

"Poor child," he said again with a sigh, "she will have to make what she can of her life. It may not be so bad after all. It is this, no doubt, that has drawn her out toward others. And she will be one nurse of a thousand—a born healer. Well, love, like wisdom, is justified of all her children." Gradually, from dwelling on Christian, the doctor's mind turned to his own sweetest and saddest memory—to the girl of whom he had spoken; and he thought, as he had thought a hundred times before, that the image of that dead love was dearer to him than the hand or face or form of any living woman.

And Christian?

"He is gone—gone; and that was the most like happiness of anything that I shall ever know! I have nothing else—nothing better to hope for. But *he* knows my secret—he—only he of all the world. To any other soul I could not have breathed it—no, not to an angel from heaven. Oh, how desolate and empty my heart is! But he pitied me—he felt for me! and I can never be robbed of that." She sank down by the chair and stretched out her arms across it. "And when he touched my head so gently—oh, if I could have kissed his hand,—once—or pressed my cheek against it! Oh, why was not I the girl who died! To have him love me a little—a little would be enough."

To these wild thoughts quieter thoughts succeeded. "I shall go away now. There is something left still; there is work to do—so many people

who need comforting. I must bear myself as a woman should. 'Christian'—how gently he said it! Why did they name me Christian? It was too holy a name."

And, still kneeling, while the moon went down, Christian let her head sink lower and lower, until she lost all sorrows in a dreamless sleep.

PAUL DUDLEY.

*By Francis B. Hornbrooke.**

IT is the fate of some men who have held a high and honorable place in the esteem of their contemporaries, and who have worthily performed the duties of the various offices they were called upon to fill, that the memory of their words and deeds fades away and their personality becomes dim and spectral. Paul Dudley is an example of this. In his own day few men were better known, while to-day, few who have ever been prominent are so much forgotten. Even writers for our daily papers, with their extensive and profound knowledge of everything and everybody, speak of him as an "obscure person."

For this forgetfulness there are various reasons. In the first place, Paul Dudley had no descendants who could keep his name alive. Judge Sewall in his diary, for April 26, 1705, writes, and one can imagine a certain pathos in the matter-of-fact account, "Mr. Paul Dudley buries his little son Thomas." The child was only six months old; and so far as I have been able to learn there were no other children. All the property was left to his nephews and nieces. Another reason why so little is generally known of Paul Dudley is that he occupied during his entire public life of almost half a century positions which kept him from active participation in those occurrences which give men a large place on the pages of history. History does not concern itself with the ordinary proceedings of courts of law, and the better judges perform their duties the less is said about them. A bad or incompetent judge may succeed in gaining notoriety; a good judge is easily forgotten.

But Paul Dudley might have left a perpetual memorial of himself if, like his contemporary and colleague on the bench, Judge Sewall, he had only kept a diary. Perhaps if he had done this we might not have respected or loved him more, but we should have known him better. But he does not seem to have had any disposition to do this, or if he did his records have all vanished. The only thing of the kind that has come down to us is an interleaved almanac for the year 1740. The little that we have makes us wish we had more; but all such wishes are unavailing. In all probability Paul Dudley, like many other people, thought he would be good and keep a diary—and succeeded better than most of them do, in keeping one for a whole year. All the information we can gain about him must be gleaned from the diaries and letters of his contemporaries, and the few records of his life and work that still remain. We can only bring these fragmentary and widely scattered reports together so as to produce a more definite and real picture of the man as he lived and thought and worked.

Paul Dudley was born in the town of Roxbury, September 3, 1675. His father, Joseph Dudley, was afterwards, for a brief interval in 1686, and later on from 1702 to 1715, governor of the

* A paper read before the Governor Thomas Dudley Family Association. See remarks upon Paul Dudley's Harvard career in the article on "Harvard's Youngest Three," by Eliot Lord, in the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE for January, 1893. A portrait of Dudley accompanies the article on "The Roxbury Latin School," by Rev. James De Normandie, in the number for June, 1895.—*Editor.*

province of Massachusetts, which included Maine and also New Hampshire. He was a man of brilliant parts and of many offices, a man whose eyes were ever wide open to the main chance, who won the bitter dislike of the Mathers and of all who resented the taking away of the charter, but who also won on his death an eulogy from the newspaper of the day, which might have suited a Plato, a Washington and a St. Chrysostom rolled in one.

The child Paul passed his early days in Roxbury, in the old Dudley homestead, which stood on the land occupied until quite recently by the Universalist meeting-house. At that time Roxbury was one of the most beautiful places in New England, and was noted, according to the account of a visitor in 1686, for its fine residences and noble estates. It was the home of the richest and best people in the colony.

But fine as the place seemed at the time, it was really nothing more than a village and the wildness of nature was only in part overcome. For in 1740 Paul Dudley himself, in his interleaved almanac, notes: "A good fat bear killed upon our meeting-house hill—or near it." Boston was miles away, with its 2,000 inhabitants and three meeting-houses.

The earlier years, after infancy, were spent in study at the Roxbury Latin School. We have no knowledge of the character of his teachers, but we do learn something of the condition of the school house, since one of the teachers, not many years later, declares that it was "worse than any pig stie." But bad as the school house was, Paul Dudley learned his lessons in it so well that at the age of eleven he was ready to enter Harvard College. Joseph Dudley may not have been all that the Mathers could have wished, but his letter to Increase Mather, then president of Harvard, commending his son to his care, shows that he was a kind and thoughtful father. In a way, the letter is a model.

"Ap'l 26, '86. I have humbly to offer you a little, sober, and well-disposed son, who, tho' very young, if he may have the favour of admittance, I hope his learning may be tollerable; and for him I will promise that by your and my care, his own Industry, and the blessing of God, his mother the University shall not be ashamed to allow him the place of a son at seven year's end — appoint a time when he may be examined."

The curriculum at Harvard at that time was not what it is now. Science was unknown, and the requirements in mathematics were not rigid. But even in 1686, the ability to acquire enough knowledge of Latin and Greek by the age of eleven to enter college is exceptional. In the half century of the college's existence, Cotton Mather was the only one who had been able to accomplish such a feat. The number of students at that time was small, probably not exceeding sixty. There was only one building; for as late as 1712 a petition was presented by the overseers to the General Court, urging it to lengthen the college one hundred feet. The president, Increase Mather, lived in Boston. There were only two professors, Brattle and Leverett.

While Dudley was at Harvard, at the Commencement of 1686, Andros the colonial governor visited it, in state, in company with an Episcopalian minister. And he must have noticed on that occasion that no opportunity was given to the visiting clergyman for the exercise of any of his functions. Sewall says: "President Mather prayed both forenoon and afternoon and also craved blessing and returned thanks in the hall." Those were not the days of large inclusiveness.

Dudley must have been present also at the commencement of 1688, and have heard the exploit of Sir William Phips in raising the treasures of a sunken Spanish galleon compared by Hubbard, the orator of the day, with that of Jason, who brought home the golden fleece.

In 1690, at the age of fifteen, Paul Dudley graduated with high honors, and afterwards became tutor in the

college. In his case exaltation and humiliation came together. The year of his graduation saw the imprisonment of his father and the apparent destruction of all his political hopes. It is interesting to notice that in the catalogue of that time the name of Paul Dudley leads the list, because of the social position of his father. The democratic spirit was not in the air, and the Puritans were respecters of persons. Among his classmates were two who afterward attained to distinction: Benjamin Wadsworth, who became president of Harvard, and Peter Burr, who became Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Connecticut. Paul Dudley seems to have always been deeply interested in the fortunes of his alma mater, and from time to time during his life we find him taking part in its public exercises and, as a fellow, endeavoring to regulate its methods. Sewall—how many things would be forgotten, were it not for that prosaic but faithful soul—tells us that, on January 14, 1707, at the installation of Leverett as president of Harvard, "Mr. Paul Dudley read part of the 132d Psalm in Tate and Brady's version, Windsor tune." And again he writes that on July 2, 1712, "at Commencement Mr. Paul Dudley set the tune."

The conduct of affairs in the college did not always please him; for in 1718, when the overseers met to petition the General Court to lengthen the college building one hundred feet, he stood up and seconded Judge Sewall in his protest against the neglect of expositions of Scripture in the hall. He evidently suspected that President Leverett was lukewarm on the matter, as perhaps he was. Later on, the president complained that Paul Dudley reported that one of the fellows had told him that there had not been three expositions of Scripture in a year. The president says that he asked all the fellows if they had made any such statement and they all denied that they had. The inference Leverett drew from this general denial was that Dudley had not spoken the truth. It never seemed to dawn upon the presidential mind that one of the fellows might have conveniently forgotten what he had said to Paul Dudley. It is clear that he thought that the zeal for religious instruction and observance was being relaxed; and no doubt, he was perfectly justified in thinking so. The old Puritan fervor had left the college, never to return.

After his graduation, Paul Dudley, as we have seen, taught for a time in the college. He then devoted himself to the study of law, his chosen profession, first in this country and then in the Inner Temple in London. We have no information of him while here, except an incidental notice in a letter of Gov. Jonathan Belcher to his son, "Paul Dudley told me that it cost him £120 a year." It is easy to see from this that the young man was not stinted; for $600 a year at the end of the seventeenth century in London was fully equal in purchasing power to $1800 to-day. In one of his theological pamphlets Dudley says: "I myself being in Corunna in Spain,"—which shows that he must have taken a journey through Europe, like other gentlemen of wealth and position. Other than these incidental glimpses we have nothing of his life and conduct in England. But we may well believe that his residence of some years there must have influenced him in some ways, at least for a time.

He certainly became imbued with an idea of law and of prerogative which, popular as it may have been in England, was far from being so in these parts. January 12, 1703, he wrote to a friend: "This country will never be worth living in for lawyers and gentlemen till the charter is taken away. My father and I sometimes talk of the queen's establishing a court of chancery here." This is the letter to which Increase Mather, in his letter to Governor Joseph Dudley, January 20, 1708, refers, when he accuses both him and his son Paul of "contriving to destroy the charter privileges of

the province and to obtain a commission for a court of chancery, which is the same as a court of bribery." This is the letter of which the same divine says: "A gentleman in London gave £10 for that letter." Increase Mather's patriotism in this case seems to have been far greater than his sense of propriety.

Paul Dudley returned with his father to this country, on the latter's accession to the governorship in 1702. We find our first mention of him in Sewall's diary, under the date of May 4, 1702, where it is recorded that he dined with the judge in company with several others. And on July 4, 1702, we find the record: "In the afternoon Paul Dudley Esq'r is Apointed the Queens Attorney." Evidently Dudley and Judge Sewall were fast becoming intimate; since on July 21, 1702, we read in the diary: "Mr. Paul Dudley dined with us Thursday." "June 24, 1703, Mr. Paul Dudley visits me." Then on January 5, 1704, the Judge writes: "I dine at Mr. Paul Dudley's with the Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Capt. Sam Appleton, etc." For "a certain obscure person," Paul Dudley seems to have kept very good company.

One of the first things he determined upon after being appointed to office was to get married. His heart was turned toward Lucy, daughter of Col. John Wainwright of Ipswich. But learned and accomplished as he was, he feared that his "divine mistress" would believe nothing he said to her, and so he pours out the ardor of his soul in a letter to Mrs. Davenport, her sister. It is a manly, earnest and pathetic letter, and shows that lovers were not very different in the beginning of the eighteenth from what they are at the end of the nineteenth century. The whole letter may be found in Drake's History of Roxbury. These are the closing words:—

"Dear Madam: I once more beg pardon of you and pray you to think me in earnest in what I write, for every word of it comes from the bottom of my soul, and I hope before I have done to convince my dearest Lucy of the truth of it, tho' as yet she believes nothing that I say to her. Madam, I am with all affection and respect your most obliged tho' now Distressful Humble Servant."

The letter was successful; for Paul Dudley and Lucy Wainwright were married in 1703 and lived happily together until the husband's death in 1751. The wife survived until 1756.

Dudley's public life was varied, conspicuous and, for the most part, successful. As attorney general, he showed great activity in arresting pirates, who in those days infested our waters. Some years later he was a member of the great and general court, and showed, it is said, great ability and vigor in debate. But we have no report of his speeches, and we know little of the particular questions discussed. In the year 1739 he was speaker of the House. He was also several times a member of the Executive Council.

He always took a deep interest in the fortunes of his father; and we find him writing to the ministers to pray for his father as governor, in the churches. This was at the time when there was reason to suppose that Joseph Dudley had been deprived of his place and when the ministers seemed unwilling to waste their petitions on a deposed official.

Sometimes he had his little reverses. Sewall writes, April 7, 1715: "Governor proposed Mr. Paul Dudley for judge of probate, 10 nos, 8 yeas." Governor Belcher in one of his letters rejoices in the fact that he had received a "salivation" in the general court, but he does not explain just what he means. Probably he refers to some defeat of Dudley's purposes.

It seems from the letters of this same Belcher, who was governor 1729–41, that he used all his power to keep Paul Dudley out of the Executive Council, and that he was sometimes successful in doing so. He thought Dudley was overbearing and insulting. He accuses him of base ingrati-

tude, of falsehood, and refers to him as "Sarah" in terms which, if they are not descriptive of Dudley, certainly show us the kind of man he was himself. Last of all, he calls him "Paul the preacher." But the General Court seemed to think that, if there was any lying, it had not been done by Paul Dudley, and censured Belcher for writing so untruthfully about him. The fact is, he thought Dudley did not like him, and he considered whether he would refuse to appoint him as Justice of the Superior Court. Evidently he thought it advisable not to do so; for Dudley remained here as justice, while Belcher removed to New Jersey.

Dudley served sixteen years as Attorney General, and then, in 1718, became Judge of the Superior Court of the province; and in 1745 he became Chief Justice, in which office he remained until his death, January 25, 1751. He filled the offices of Justice and Chief Justice with marked ability and in a way to win honor for himself and to secure the best interests of the province. No record of the reasons for his opinions remains, but his decisions seem to have impressed themselves as just. Judge Sewall says:

"Here [on the bench] he displayed his admirable talents, his quick apprehension, his uncommon strength of memory and extensive knowledge; and at the same time his great abhorrence of vice, together with that impartial justice which neither respected the rich, nor countenanced the poor man in his cause. Thus while with pure hands and an upright heart he administered justice in the circuit thro' the Province he gained the general esteem and veneration of the people."

These words were written with little or no expectation that they would ever be read by others, and so may be taken as the sincere expression of one most competent to judge.

But his judicial duties—hard and tedious as they must have been for a judge who held court at places as widely separated as Barnstable, Plymouth and York, Maine, in days when roads were poor, bridges few and ways of travelling slow, did not exhaust his energies. He was constantly contributing to the transactions of the Royal Society of which he was a fellow,—a rare distinction, which shows in what esteem he was held by those in England who were interested in the study of natural phenomena. He wrote about "the method of making maple sugar," "the Poison-wood Tree," "Bee-hives and wild Honey," "the Moose-deer," "the Niagara Falls," "the Locusts of New England," "the Rattle snake," "the Indian sweating houses," "whales," "plants of N. E.," "several earthquakes," and "the Five Nations," for which last he was agent. These contributions, of course, do not give Paul Dudley any right to be numbered among the men of science. They were no doubt superficial in their character, and have long since been forgotten. But they show that he was a man of great intellectual curiosity, and that he went through the world with his eyes open, and so learned all that a man of his time, in his circumstances, could reasonably be expected to learn. The MSS. are in the Boston Public Library.

He was also much interested in theological questions; and there is a little volume of his in the Boston Public Library—of between sixty and seventy pages—composed of three pamphlets. It bears the following descriptive title page:

"An Essay on the Merchandize of Slaves and souls of men — Rev. XVIII-13. — with an application thereof to the Church of Rome, to which is added an Exercitation on Numbers XXXII, 10, 11, 12, with an occasional Meditation on 1 Sam'l XXIII, 11, 12. By a gentleman. Printed by B. Green, Boston, 1731."

The third paper is a brief comparison of the Heathen with the Jewish and Christian oracles. The second is an argument to prove that many others besides Caleb and Joshua who were twenty years old at the coming out of Egypt might enter into Canaan.

The first paper, on the "Merchandize of Slaves and Souls of Men," is not an anti-slavery paper, but an

indictment of the Roman Catholic Church for its dealings in the bones of the saints. He contends that its cause is here clearly foretold. To him the "man of sin" and the papal system are identical as are also "Babylon" and Rome. The doctrines of that church are called "damnable illusions"—a phrase which reminds us of "damnable heresies," in the Dudleian lecture foundation. He quotes with unhesitating approval the words of Mr. Durham on Rev. xiv. 9, "That a papist living or dying according to the Complex Principles of the Doctrine and worship that is followed in Popery cannot be saved nor expect justification before God." The pamphlet is written in good strong English. It shows a sound knowledge of the Bible in the original tongues, and also of the decrees of councils and statements of historic creeds. It is doubtful whether many justices of our courts to-day could command as many resources of scholarship on the same subjects. One sentence from it may give some idea of its spirit and style:—

> "If he that touched a dead body, by the Levitical law became unclean seven days, how putrid and loathsome must Mystical Babylon be at this day, who for so many ages has been defiling herself with the dead bodies and bones of men."

The religious faith of Paul Dudley was essentially that which his grandfather brought to New England and carried with him to his grave. President Quincy, in his History of Harvard College, intimates that Dudley inclined to the severer view of things for the sake of popularity. There is certainly nothing in Dudley's life and conduct that is not capable of an explanation consistent with a belief in his perfect sincerity.

But while Dudley adhered to the traditional faith of New England with his whole soul, he did not cease to think freely about some questions—and even to reason about them in such a way as might have become dangerous if he had carried it out to the end and applied it all round. Judge Sewall relates, in 1714, that while they were on the circuit together and were stopping one night at the house of Mr. Thomas, they had a discussion about the resurrection body in which Mr. Dudley maintained that "the Belly would not be raised *because he knew no use of it.*" To this Sewall demurred, and said: "I dare not part with my Belly. Christ has redeemed it. You may cut my hand and foot some day—obsta principiis." Judge Sewall was right. When a man begins to ask too earnestly what is the use, in theological matters, there is no telling where he will end. But in Dudley's case it ended apparently with this single application, and he still continued to listen, in his pew, next to the minister's, in the great meeting house in Roxbury, to Nehemiah Walter's old-school sermons, with intellectual satisfaction.

There are some instances that have come down to us of the public spirit of Paul Dudley. He erected milestones between Roxbury and Dedham, and placed his initials, P. D., upon them, and some of them may be seen to-day. He built a stone bridge over Smelt Brook, for which the selectmen were instructed to give him thanks, and to name it hereafter, "Dudley's bridge." This has long since disappeared. He and his brother were proprietors of the town of Leicester, which was named in compliment to Gov. Joseph Dudley. The town of Dudley was so named as a token of respect to William and Paul Dudley, "who were principal proprietors of the soil and great benefactors to the first settlers." The records of Roxbury for 1742 tell us that Hon. Paul Dudley gave a good handsome bell for the use of the Latin School. By his will he left seven pounds to the poor of Roxbury—and to the church. In fact, he seems to have been the magnate and benefactor of his native place.

In his will Paul Dudley bequeathed to Harvard College £133, 6s. and 8d.—about $666—to maintain four lectures, one of which was to be

delivered each year to the undergraduates. The subject of one was the defence of natural religion; of another, the defence of the great articles of the Christian Faith; and of still another, the validity of non-episcopal orders. All these are themes of permanent importance, and are capable of being treated with profit and without offence. The fourth, however, was to concern itself with "the detecting and convicting and exposing the idolatry of the Romish church, their tyrannous usurpations, damnable heresies, fatal errors, abominable superstitions and other crying wickednesses in their high places, and finally that the church of Rome is that mystical Babylon, that man of sin, that apostate church spoken of in the New Testament."

It is this lecture which causes Paul Dudley's name to be remembered by those who know nothing else about him and which, at times, makes Harvard wish that one of her graduates had forgotten her in his will. In our consideration of this matter, however, it ought always to be kept in mind that the terms in which the subject of the lecture is stated were not peculiar to him, but were the natural expressions of the Protestant feeling the world over, and especially in Massachusetts. Paul Dudley was no more to be censured for giving money for such a lecture than was the Harvard of that time for accepting it. No objection seems to have been made to the conditions of the lecture; nor was there for generations any hesitation about fulfilling them. No doubt, when the lecture was founded, it was acceptable, and to most of the constituents of the college seemed desirable.

The conflict between the forces of Roman Catholicism and Protestantism was indeed over, but men's nerves still quivered at the remembrance of it. The deeds of Queen Mary and Philip II. seemed recent, and the revocation of the edict of Nantes was not so far away. Popery was the one thing which the average Englishman of that time could not tolerate. Here the Churchman and the Dissenter were on common ground. Even John Milton, who indeed belonged to a somewhat earlier time than Dudley, but whose ideas of liberty were centuries in advance, could tolerate Lutherans, Calvinists, Ana-baptists, Arians, Socinians, Arminians—everybody except Roman Catholics, who were excluded because of what he considered their idolatry.

Then we must remember that the theologians of that time thought of God's revelation to man as a systematic statement of the absolute truth. So the system of Calvin was opposed to that of Roman Catholicism. There could be no wavering between them. If the one was true, the other must be false; if the one was the way to God, the other was the way to the devil. Paul Dudley was, therefore, true to the spirit of his time and to his own ideal of duty when he established his lecture. For doing so he deserves neither ridicule nor blame. It was not his fault, only his misfortune, that he did not live in a time when men are judged not so much by the standards they adopt as by their fidelity to them, when it is no longer our duty to denounce but to understand faiths that are not our own. But we are blameworthy if we, with our light, condemn him for not accepting our ideals, or if we fail to consider his conduct in view of his antecedents and circumstances. He was faithful to his vision. What more can we ask of a man than that? No doubt his gift has caused his alma mater some anxiety and annoyance; but he is not to be held responsible for that process of evolution which leads us to-day to deal with religious differences in a way other than that which seemed best to him. He has been dead one hundred and forty-four years, while all that time Harvard has been alive and advancing in knowledge. The living spirit must always outgrow the dead letter of the past. Yet with all the advances of almost a century and a half,

it would not be difficult for Harvard University even now to find men of character and ability who could and would give that lecture in a way that

spirited citizen, an efficient legislator, a learned and just judge, an attentive observer of natural phenomena, a sincere Christian, ever faithful to the



PAUL DUDLEY.
FROM A PORTRAIT OWNED BY DUDLEY R. CHILD, BOSTON.

would fulfil the earnest desire of Paul Dudley's heart.

But whatever we think of this particular act of his, Paul Dudley must impress everyone who studies his career as a man of great intellectual attainments, of forceful will and righteous purpose. He was a public-

light that was given him. The memory of him may pass away, and even his name be forgotten. But what he was and did must ever remain as one of those influences by which much that we have most reason to boast of in New England character and institutions has been rendered possible.

A JOURNEY TO MARIETTA IN 1794.

The Journal of Israel Putnam.

ISRAEL PUTNAM was a grandson of the famous General Israel Putnam, and a son of Colonel Israel Putnam. This journal is the record of his journey from his home in Brooklyn, Connecticut, to Marietta and Belpre, Ohio, — at which latter place his brother had settled, — in the spring of 1794, his life there during the summer, and his return the next winter. It is perhaps the completest account which we have of the journey from New England to Ohio at that time, and it is especially valuable for its pictures of General Rufus Putnam and the life at Marietta six years after Marietta was founded. The journal, which is in the possession of Mr. L. J. P. Putnam, was copied for the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE by Mr. R. K. Shaw of Marietta.

Brooklyn, 31st March, 1794. Monday. I with my cousin Benj. Dana took our leave of my . . . and my father's family, and set out to visit the much talked of & famed Ohio. Cloudy, wind S. E. At 10 began to rain & rained till we arrived at Windham, & there we put up. At 4 P. M. withheld raining & we sot off & rode to Lebanon, & put up at C. Wattles; all well. Got at Windham half pint wet mulberry seed 3*s*, & register &c 1*s*. Bill 6*s*. — 20 miles.

April 1st. Squally morn, Wd. N. We proceeded on as far as Colchester, & took breakfast at Doct. Watrous & took letters from him to his friends at Muskingum. We were made welcome & treated with great politeness. 8 miles.

Proceeded on to E. Haddam & there detained two hours at the ferry. Wd. high and river also. Crossed into Haddam, poor mountains of stone &c. Put up at Major Wadworth Dunhams Ex 6*s* — 37 miles.

Wednesday, 2d. Clear & cool, Wd. N. W. Proceeded & took breakfast at Mr. Lindley's, gratis. On through New Haven and crossed the river at Stratford, & put up at Lovejoys by the Church. Passed through Milford, a poor old town looks like from everlasting nigh its end. 8*s*, 1*s*. — 32 miles.

Thursday, 3d. Cloudy, Wd. N. E. Predict rain. Proceeded on to Fairfield, where we took breakfast. Put up on account of rain, which fell steady & fast. I felt somewhat unwell & rather low in spirit, perhaps on account of the weather. At 3 P. M. we paid our bill for breakfast & horse Oats with hay 8 1-6. Well up faith. Proceeded on to Norwalk and put up at Betts. Good land. 20 miles.

Friday, 4th. Beautiful morning, light breeze at W & S W. Left Norwalk & proceeded on to Stamford, bounded upon the Sound, as are all the towns we passed since New Haven. Stamford is exceeding poor land.

Proceeded on & passed . . . &c &c. At 1 P. M. rained a little. Kept going till we arrived at East Chester & there gave our horses 3 quarts corn, pay 1 1-3 currency. Rode to West Chester and put up. 37 miles. Rained some in the afternoon.

Saturday, 5th. Beautiful cool morn. Paid 10*s*, ½ York currency, & proceeded on over Kings Bridge & took breakfast 8 miles from where we lodged. Proceeded on to New York & put up our horses & called upon Mr. John Avery, & his people are all out with the Smallpox, & Mr. Avery went with me to a Doctor & there I was innoculated for the Smallpox.

Dined Mr. Averys, & were treated with politeness. Paid three dollars to the Doctor & one I left with Mr. Avery to pay the postage of any letters that I should send on &c. Bought Ramsey's American Revolution, pay 28*s* & paper, 2*s*. Took our leave & then took the Elizabeth Town boat, and set off with a good wind, but before we arrived at the Town we were becalmed, and went on the shore of Staten Island, held on an hour, arrived at the point about 9 o'clock & put up. Supper & Lodg. Hay 10*s*. Our ferriage was 9*s*. 15 miles by water.

Sunday, 6th. Pleasant day. We set off from Elizabeth Town & proceeded on to Fairfield, 11 miles, and called for breakfast. Got breakfast at a dirty Irish-

man's. Paid 3*s*. Proceeded on through Hubbletown, Bound Brook, Summerfield, and called at Crane's & oated. Excellent Landlady indeed. Proceeded on to Rarritan head at the confluence of North & South Branch, 32 miles.

Monday, 7th. Passed on through Reding town and took breakfast & had my horse's shoes set. Passed Bloomberry Foggs & on to the Delaware & crossed into Easttown [Easton] & put up at opp. Fell in company with two or three New England men, where we passed our time very agreeably with them. Pleasant cool day. 34 miles through the Jersey. Almost without exception the soil is of a reddish cast, and poorly husbanded, exceedingly so, & the houses about 12 feet square covered with long shingles, no barns except thatcht ones, and the wheat exceedingly killed with frost.

Tuesday, 8th. Pleasant cool morning. We left Easttown after dinner. Got a few articles from the store &c., & past through to Bethlehem (the famous place for education) and called for breakfast &c. We walked through and over the town. Visited the Nunnery or place of Young Ladies' education, & were much pleased with the pains we took, it being intermission with the pupils, so that we could see them running from one part of the monstrous building to the other, &c. It is about 16 rods long. Proceeded on through the town, crossed the Leehi where I was much diverted to see Dana & horse like to be taken in the trap of the ropes which they cross the ferry by. They, i. e., one is across the river and about six feet from the water, & the ferryman pulls by the rope and so pulls the boat over, &c. Passed Allentown & to within a mile of Coatstown and put up. Passed some of the handsomest country that ever I rode through. 33 miles.

Wednesday, 9th. Cloudy cool day, set out from —— ——— and passed Coatstown, a small, new, poor place, & proceeded to Reading, 18 miles, & called for Breakfast. Just began to rain as we arrived at Reading, a regular considerable town of about 700 houses at least, a place of no inconsiderable trade, altho there is no navigation. The people trade through the channel of Philadelphia, and transport chiefly by wagon, at which the country people are very expert. The town lies on a plain bordering on the Schoolkiln. There is now erecting a beautiful edifice. Indeed it is already erected but not finished within. A Lutheran Church, 81 feet in front, & a double one too, and 61 feet in width. The Gaol yard calls our attention. It contains about 32 rods of ground, walled with an admirable stone wall laid in lime about 30 feet high, perhaps not more than 25. After dinner about one o'clock we left Reading and crossed the Schoolkiln, upon our horses, the water about mid-rib & the river about 30 rods wide, tho in many places very shoal. It appears a chimera to me that it ever was thought of making this river navigable. However those that know better than I are the promoters of it. Passed on through a most delightful country & through a small new town of Wombledurfstown. It is regular and now has a new stone Church. On one mile & put up; pay —. 33 miles.

Thursday, 10th. Cool morning. Set off from Hinebroes and passed through Mirestown, a small new place 6 miles from Wombledurfs, & on 3 miles, and called for breakfast. Excellent country for springs, and excellent water. After breakfast we took a walk to see the Canal that is making through the country toward Philadelphia. It is proposed to conduct the Swatara, a considerable river of about 8 or 10 rods in width & midling rapid. It is undertaken by a number of merchants in Philadelphia & passess through meadows, fields, &c., which caused the Germans to report the treatment, and were obliged to have Washingtown (as the Germans are pleased to call the Illustrious Washington) & settle the affair.

It is left to a jury of farmers to appraise the damages: & they levy £150 per currency for every acre the Canal breaks for the farmer, likewise the proprietors pay for every mile they deprive of water, &c., &c. They have made the Canal about six miles, and have about 104 miles more to go with it as nigh as I can learn.

It is proposed (if the Swatara is not sufficient) to take out a part of the Susquehannah; & what will be the consequence of such a mighty undertaking time only will determine. To my feeble sight it appears a chimera. Proceeded on and passed through Lebanon, a regular town of about 200 houses, then Millerstown, Humbletown [Hummelstown?] & crossed the Swatara by fording a most delightful ford & passed a mile and put up. I felt somewhat in pain with my arm.

Friday, 11th. Beautiful day. We proceeded on to Harrisburgh, a new, well built, regular town of about 300 houses, chiefly new brick, most delightfully situated on the Susquehannah, where it is about one mile wide. I called at the Printing Office & bought about half a dozen papers & then crossed the ferry & rode on to Bathport [now Bridgeport] about 3 miles & got breakfast 7 miles from Harrisburgh. We lodged at a poor place, excellent tavern. Proceeded on & rode some time, & Dana stopped a few minutes to have his horse's shoes . . . & I to divert the impending storm of the symptoms (as they are called) walked on slowly. I felt some indisposition, my arm sore, my neck and back in pain, &c. . . . hoping and still about.

Arrived at Carlisle, & called at the first house in sight of the road a long way back & indulged myself in a few observations upon the people, country, &c. The people in general are of German extraction. The face of the country exceedingly smooth but not flat, inclining to gentle swells, &c. Almost entirely free from stones except limestone in quarries and hills. Almost the whole staple commodity is wheat, of which the country abounds, in large square fields, fenced with oak rails, of about 8 or 9 rails high. Horses extremely large and fat, the Cows few & good & the sheep few and large. As to oxen, there is not one to be seen, or very seldom. The soil of a redish cast, inclining to clay, & in general growing poor, owing as I believe to the inattention or ignorance of the farmers by not stocking the land with clover seed, as I believe it to be admirably adapted to clover. Carlisle is a considerable town, of about 300 or 400 houses, & the streets broad & regular. Appears to be a place of great trade, for an inland town. Left Carlisle & proceeded to Mount Rock and put up at Miller's. Felt some indisposition. 32 miles.

Saturday, 12. Cool morning. I took some pills. . . . Proceeded on to Shippenstown or borough & called for refreshment, but could not keep it down. Left Shippensburg in about 3 hours and proceeded to Strasburgh & put up. Here I took portion of salts, which vomited & purged me in a minute. Went to bed, slept tolerable well, except very dry, & thought of home. Passed some very indifferent land, 14 miles without crossing a place to water our horses. Rode 24 miles.

Sunday, 13th. Cloudy morning, predictrain, tarried at Rathbone's & got breakfast. Ate but little, headache, &c. It rained a little. About 10 we proceeded on across the Blue Ridge, &c. Before we got past the mountain it began to rain & I in a fine situation for a Small Pox man. We arrived at Ramsey's & put up, where we met with a fine Landlord and Lady.

Had a very poor night. 10 miles.

Oh, my God! what I undergo in body and mind. Ill with the Small Pox — in a poor strange country.

Monday, 14th. Pleasant day. We left Ramsey's & proceeded to Sidle Hill. [Sideling Hill in Fulton County.] Tolerable day of it all day; put up at Skinner's.

Tuesday, 15th. Clear, calm, warm, the first so that we have had since we began our journey. Proceeded on about 8 miles & put up on account of heat, &c.

[From the 15th to the 27th Mr. Putnam was sick with the small-pox, and it appears that he kept what diary he made in a separate book, which with the most thorough search cannot be found.]

Monday 28th April, 1794. The journal kept between this time & the 15th is kept by itself. After a very rainy night it cleared off in the morning. We left the poor old superannuated superstitious old man very early, and set off and rode to the Monongahela, and crossed the river. I called for breakfast. I shall omit giving a description of the river, and of my own feelings till I do it all under one

head, at the time I do it at the Ohio. I arrived there at the mouth of Buffalo, Tuesday about 2 P. M. After breakfast we proceed across the country (as it is called) through a . . & very uneven country. We put up at Wides, a poor drunken Whiskey drinker & a little bit of a wife. I had rather poor fare.

Tuesday, 29th. Beautiful morning. I proceeded and called at Esqr Charles Willis & got breakfast, and agreed with him to keep our horses. He agreed to keep my mare until foaling time, without any compensation any more than he already had from my father, &c. After that he expects pay, &c. He keeps Dana's for his labor. After that we proceeded on to the river, and went a very bad road and wrong one, down Buffalo, and crossed the stream 6 times by ford, and the last I got wet to the knees. The water almost swimming deep, occasioned by the setting back of the river. I felt very disagreeable on the account of wetting my feet, . . . cured it, by the thought of soon arriving at the Ohio, which we did in a few minutes, to my very great joy and satisfaction. I exclaimed, "Behold the far famed Ohio, the glory, boast and idol of the world," and three cheers, & I leaped from my horse, and walked on to the town of Buffalo. I viewed with peculiar satisfaction the River Ohio, but cannot at this time express in any degree the sensation I underwent, and the view of the river that is so famous in the northern states. It needs the poet and his muse. I think their description in the highest sense cannot exagerate, but that it will answer the description to all manner of purpose. The flood was great and the sheet rolls on in its silent majesty, and wafts the anxious traveller down the stream in rapid progress, imperceptably, hourly passing little contented cottages distributed almost all along the fertile banks of the most beautiful river that ever glided through so extensive uncultivated country: it almost grieves one to see so much good land lying idle & to travel through an old country and see so much poor land where people strive for a living and just barely subsist, with their most indefatigable industry & frugality.

We put up at a New England man's, by the warehouse, & there I got my clothes washed, and washed myself & disguised myself in fresh linen for the first time since I left home.

Wednesday, 30th. Beautiful morning. We walked early in the morning up the river and viewed with peculiar satisfaction the fertile bottoms, & with anxious eyes the river for a boat to waft us down the majestic flood. About 11 o'clock A. M. I espied a boat and went up and hailed it. To my great joy it was about to land of their own accord — & we contracted for a passage down to Muskingum upon the condition only that we would work our passage with the rest of the men & take our watch with them & find our provision and take our chance for a berth. Hard as the conditions were I agreed to them rather than take the chance of waiting for another upon uncertainty altogether.

About noon the 29th April, we shipped ourselves and baggage aboard a boat, a Merchantman, deep laden, & began our pleasant voyage down the most beautiful and wild stream of water that I ever saw, & wafted at the rate of 4½ miles an hour. Called at Wheeling half an hour, then proceeded on gently down the pleasant stream, viewing with pleasure the verdant groves, all in full vegetation, & perfectly green with respect to the growth of the trees, but intermixed with a variety of colors, hills and valleys, creeks and rivulets. At evening Dana & I with an old pilot took our watch & watched till one o'clock & then turned into the cabin.

Thursday, May 1st, 1794. Beautiful morning. We found ourselves in the Long Reach within 20 miles of Muskingum. Had a variety of diversion this day. Saw a bear crossing the river, & one of the owners with a hand went in the skiff and shot him and wounded him, but he made his escape by running a little way, and then I did not think fit to follow as it would be attended with difficulty to overtake him or the big boat. Dana & I took the skiff and went on the Virginia shore. Saw a fine large Sycamore four fathoms in circumference as high as my breast. Returned & wafted down slow and steady, the wind ahead. O,

that men knew there was so much good uncultivated land. We looked out with eager eyes to see the point at Muskingum, & about 3 o'clock saw the point, and about 4 o'clock P. M. we landed at Marietta to my great satisfaction, after a journey of a month and a day long. I met Mr. Meigs, & he was polite enough to offer his storeroom for us to put our baggage in until we should go down to Belpre, & after that went with us up to Campus Martius, introduced us to Judge Putnam, who appeared to be glad to see us. . . . He took us to his house and introduced us to his family, who appeared to be exceeding glad to see us, & we think they received us with the most genuine cordiality & true plain Putnam friendship. After spending an agreeable evening we retired to rest.

Friday, 2d. Beautiful morning. After breakfast Mr. Putnam, Wm, Son of the Gen'l, walked about the Campus Martius to the Grand Mound, and then they . . . Has been and still is the wonder of the world and Antiquity. Seems to be the only thing to be seen, and antiquarians left to conjecture as to the cause of it — it being a regular square and fortified. The mound is elevated above the plain about thirty feet, in the form of a cone, surrounded by a parapet or fosse & the grand square contains between 10 & 20 acres. Returned and dined. The Gen'l seems to be the most sage good old man that I have seen. After dinner I had some conversation with the Gen'l at his land office alone, & he showed me the plots & plans of the whole of the land of the Ohio Company's Purchase. I could not look upon the Gen'l but with veneration, and love for his philanthropy ; for seeing him upset in hiving a swarm of bees & the softness, tenderness and kindness he expressed in hiving the pretty creatures & the sorrow he expressed for a few poor bees that happened to be killed in the hiving made me prepossessed in his favor, so that I shall always love him for his tenderness to the bees.

P. M. I went to the Register's office & lodged 8 deeds & paid him for the recording them and others 6 dollars as per receipt — Mr. Woodbridge. At 4 o'clock P. M., Friday, 2d May, we shipped ourselves aboard a flat & floated down toward Belpre where my brother lives. I feel myself exceedingly delighted with the country by what I have seen of it & much more so by what I hear from Gen'l Putnam.

Friday, 2d May, 1794. I landed at Bellepre (on the Ohio River at a place called Farmer's Castle) about 7 o'clock P. M. & was conducted into the garrison by a courteous stranger, to the house my brother lived in, and found him in bed. I went to him and took him by the hand, but he did not know me at the first sight, but thought it must be some friend by the liberty I took coming to his bed without any ceremony. But after a short interval I called him brother, but could say but a few other words before I lost my utterance entirely, & I was so much overcome that I could not help it. After a few minutes indulgence in a plentiful flood of tears, I began to have the liberty & use of speech, which to recite will be too lengthy & to litle or no effect. Found him and his family well, &c. — his wife, & a fine woman she is, & a son & Daughter. Spent the evening and lodged there.

Saturday, 3d. Pleasant day. Walked about my brother's lots, engrafted a few trees with scions, I brought on. Attended the funeral of a woman from Virginia, &c.

Sunday, 4th. Went to the lower settlement &c. Very hot. Engrafted for fear of lost time.

Monday, 5th. Pleasant day. Very hot. Went to the upper settlement & viewed David's land & House & worked in the garden.

Tuesday, 6th. Worked and plowed.

Wednesday, 7th. Cool. I plowed.

Memoranda after May 7. I went to work with my brother without any arrangement of the business. I helped him plant, and he and I planted our . . . field and tended it all in common and the remaining part of the season, & business was so uniform that a particular detail of it would not be worthy the trouble of writing a journal of them, except that I were to write my thoughts,

and that is not safe, as my writing would be exposed to examination every day, & indeed if I had they would not be so uniform as my conduct or manner of living. After finishing hoeing and haying, I with Dana and others took a tour to Marietta and from there to Waterford up the Muskingum, about 28 miles, & returned in about a week.

August. Hot weather indeed! The mercury in S——'s thermometer arose to 99 in the shade. Continued to assist in clearing, sowing, harvesting, &c. After all was over I was summoned to attend on the Grand jury at Marietta. After that I with my brother took a trip down the river as far as —— Island, & viewed it and the land against it, in thought of purchasing the island, but found it so low that the whole of it is at times flooded. Returned to Bellville and tarried the same night. Rained.

Thursday, 20 November. Rain. We, i. e., my brother & I, set off for Bell Pre, but the rain prevented our getting any farther than Newberry & there we put up. Arrived at 3 o'clock P. M. Got very cold and wet. At 4 began to snow and continued till dark & grew cold fast. The spies that happened to be out & hunters suffered with the cold exceedingly, being thinly clothed, &c. After some days we heard of one Davol that got lost and bewildered in the woods and perished by cold or fatigue or a fit.

Sunday, 23d. I with Capt. Davol set off by land to go to Marietta, across the hills & arrived at Fort Harmar about 8 o'clock in the evening, almost tired so as not to be able to go any farther. . . . The first time that ever I travelled a day on foot off at a distance of 15 miles.

Monday, 24. Went to General Putnam's and tarried four days there and at Campus Martius. Very lame and sore from travelling. It rained. I bought 1,000 apple trees, and set 500 of them in William Putnam's nursery, and he is to tend them & engraft them when I send him scions, & to receive 500 for himself, and engraft the 500 for me, and tend them until fit to set.

Tuesday, 25th. I went with a party surveying Wiseman's Bottom, & found good and bad land. Out four days in the woods.

Friday, 28th. Returned to Marietta.

Saturday, 29th. To Bell Pre.

Sunday, 30. ——

Tuesday, 9th December. I took my leave of my brother & family & friends at Bell Pre, and set off for Marietta, & from thence to New England. Lodged at Gen'l Putnam's.

Wednesday, 10th. Spent the day at Campus Martius.

Thursday, 11th. Ditto.

Friday, 12th December. Beautiful warm day. I with A. Whipple took a walk to Wiseman's Bottom about 4 miles, in order to view the lots more fully, as I have thought of making purchase of some of the lots, if it is convenient and practicable, but am not able to now, as they are not drawn for settlers, will not be until long after I am on the way home to N. E. I found them much as they appeared to me at the time of surveying them. I wanted to be a little more satisfied about the water, & found it to proceed from a few small springs, &c., and made up my mind to give the following prices if they can all be had (viz for the principal lots:

No. 1 at 90 dollars, No. 2 at 110 ditto, No. 3 at ——, No. 4 at ——, No. 15 at ——, No. 16 at ——, No 17 at ——, No. 13 at ——.

I have written to Mr. William R. Putnam to procure the above nos. lots, if he can at the affixed prices; and left with the letter two notes against Col. Putnam, one of $133 Dollars, and the other of 110, Dated March 29th, 1793, & gave my obligation for the remainder to the above amount, to be paid on sight for the above lots.

Saturday, 13th. Beautiful, warm day, & has been for the week past or fortnight. Lodged at Gen'l Putnam's.

Sunday, 14th. Wrote a letter. I took my leave of the people at Campus Martius, and went to the point and tarried.

Monday, 15th. At 12 o'clock, I with Mr. Little & Packard & others left Marietta and set off up the river, and went 11 miles and encamped — beautiful day.

Tuesday, 16th. Cloudy. At Daybreak we struck our camp and proceeded

on 28 miles and encamped on an island; clear eve and wet.

Wednesday, 17th. Clear morning. Proceeded on at break of day, and put up at Baker Station.

Thursday, 18th. Foggy. Early on the way & worked hard to get up the canoe, and arrived at Wheeling, sun an hour high, and put up. Discharged our ship and hands, i. e., our plan from going farther by water, and paid passage.

Friday, 19th. Rainy morning. Viewed Esquire Zean's farm, orchard, &c. Passed the day at Smith's (tavern) among a number of people. P. M., snowed. Lodged there. Wheeling is a place that has been settled about 20 years and withstood the efforts of the Indians with amazing valor, under many disadvantages, and imminent dangers. Over the river is a little town, regularly laid out, of about 30 houses.

Saturday, 20th December, 1794. Thick, dark morning, a little falling mist, &c. All concluded to tarry & get breakfast & then part & 3 of us set off for New England, with Mr. Woodbridge in company to Philadelphia. We proceeded on through the snow and mud 15 miles. Snow about 6 inches deep, on the ridge road to Humphries.

Sunday, 21. Thick, misty morning. We proceeded on 5 miles and called for breakfast. The snow fell last night about 3 inches, and made a bottom of 7 or 8 inches now & exceeding bad travelling, for we are three of us on foot. We proceeded on and travelled through the snow and mud & water till we arrived at Washington & put up, 18 miles, & were all lame and worried. This is the first journey that ever I set out on foot. Put up at the Indian Queen B——. Some snow fell in the evening — cool.

Monday, 22. Cloudy cool morning. We tarried in town and called for breakfast before we set off, as we were all rather foot-sore. Got some biscuit to carry with us. Washington is a new town, on the top of a knoll, rather in a valley, and regularly laid off. About 100 houses & a fine brick Court House & Stone Jail, and yard. The wall about 15 feet high laid in lime. At 11 o'clock we set off through mud, water, and snow & streams 15 miles & put up at a McCaulister's, a proud, imperious man, and his wife was more so than himself. We called for Lodging & a little milk, as I observed that the house looked too much inclined to dirt &c. All we had 3 pints of poor milk & half a pint of whiskey; I laid on the floor & was charged half dollar. Mr. Woodbridge was charged *6s 6d.* — The stage is at the sign of the Black Horse 4 miles from Davoo's Ferry. Monongahela war whoop — Look out, sharp Yankees.

Tuesday, 23d. Beautiful day. Proceeded on and put up at S——, 13 miles. All well, but some put up at Brown's Ferry, at Mr. Boley's, a New E. man, who was living there until the war with the Indians was over. In the evening I was unwell & so that I was taken vomiting. They, i. e., the family, took the best care, & paid the best attention to me, the time and the place would permit. Laid my sickness to over-tired.

Wednesday, 24. Beautiful day all day. We crossed Youghageny by sunrise, & proceeded on 21 miles to a Dutchman's — innkeeper. I was very tired.

Thursday, 25th. Christmas. Beautiful day. Proceeded on 7 miles and called for breakfast. After that went on over Laurel Hill and put up at More's 17 miles from the foot of Laurel Hill, in the glades — slut of a wife. P. M., rain.

Friday, 26. Storm of snow. Ground frozen a little. Yesterday, mud! mud! mud! Proceeded on to Coldpenny's & called for breakfast, 8 miles. Good Landlady. Cloudy, not much snow — tolerable traveling. All well. Proceeded on through the Glades and crossed the Alleghenies, or the Backbone of North America, & put up at 5 miles from the top of the mountains, 23 miles in all. I was very tired and lame. The glades are 20 miles over, & low swampy land & muddy. After we crossed the Allegheny the snow was almost entirely gone, or there has not been much.

Saturday, 27. Hazy, cool morning. Proceeded on 4 miles and called for breakfast. Proceed on to the "Two Taverns," & then crossed the mountain over to Bedford. On the way I had a most delightful Landscape that ever I beheld; from the top of a high mountain I

looked down into a vast valley — so beheld the beautiful meadows, fields, hills, vallies, the beautiful purling stream of Juniata meandering through meadows & lawns covered with the feeding herd, interspersed with gentle hills, abrupt precipices, sharp ridges, beautiful well cultivated fields, barren hills, tremendous precipices under our feet. And to complete the whole scenery yonder toward the Allegheny "the lord of the Earth," with his towering height above the clouds, whose sides were covered with snow, & we poor feeble men looking up the mountains scarcely able to comprehend what we saw. In short, the one comprehensive view was the most picturesque that my eyes ever beheld.

Arrived at Bedford & called for a good bowl of Brandy Toddy to refresh our weary limbs after ascending & descending the mountain. Proceeded on against some of our intentions, six miles, and put up at Hartley's, where we had a good supper and excellent Landlady — P. M., very warm and muddy — I very lame.

Sunday, 28th. Cloudy morning. Left Hartley's early & proceeded on to the crossings of Juniata & crossed and went half a mile and called for breakfast. 8 miles from Hartley's to Lillie's. After that proceeded on up Sidell Hill & looked back and had a vast view of a vast valley & saw the towering top of Allegheny. Proceeded on to Skinner's & stopped, proceeded over a long pine country, poor as poverty itself, over small hills & valleys, & at 7 o'clock P. M. arrived at Birds, an excellent tavern, and put up. Had an excellent supper and an agreeable Landlady. I lost upon a wager pint of Brandy. All in good spirits & myself exceedingly lame and sore. Heard a little account of the behavior of Judge Simms & his family . . . &c., 27 miles on. Bird is a place known by the name of Ft. Littleton, 11 miles from Skinner's, 15 miles from Strasburgh. Warm day in the valleys, cold in the mountains.

Monday, 29th December. Beautiful, warm morning. Proceeded on over the T—— Mountain, and at the foot of it called for breakfast, at a little borough by the name Blensborough, 8 miles on. I tired enough faith. . . . After that I proceeded on before the rest and walked over the valley & up the Blue Mountain, & then they came up, & then we gave three cheers, at sight of the extensive country before us, from the top of Blue Mountain.

Proceeded on to Strausburgh, then to Shippensburgh and put up at Rippie's.

Tuesday, 30th. Cloudy and snows a little. I tried to hire a horse to ride to Carlisle, but could not, so proceeded to the Big Spring & called for breakfast & enquired for a horse, & the Landlord directed us to a man at the spring, where we all went to view the great curiosity. Bought a horse, saddle & bridle for 28 pounds, Pennsylvania currency. Had 20 Dollars of Little and 19 of B——. Proceeded on to Carlisle & there put up. I called upon Edwin Putnam (for whom I had letters) and spent the evening and lodged with him. Student at College. 21 miles.

Wednesday, 31st. Cool morning. Proceeded on from Carlisle to Patterson, 15 miles, & called for breakfast. Then on & crossed the Susquehannah, and then down to Middletown and crossed the Swatara and passed through a dreary wood, — mud, — mud, — mud, — & called at a private house, McKee's, — had excellent fare, — 4 miles from Elizabethtown.

Thursday, January 1st, 1795. Warm morning and very muddy. Proceeded on 5 miles & called for breakfast, and had a dirty room and stove, a cross woman, a dirty house, and poor breakfast. Great prices make hard times. Proceeded on through Lancaster, the largest town on the Continent, that is so far inland. The town is regular, and an excellent Court House in the center. Proceeded on two miles and put up at the bridge, where were the gentlemen of the Town, making merry over good wine. The young lads also by themselves, all very noisy. "Wine maketh glad the heart of man." As for myself, I am not cheery, but on the contrary rather too low, I mourn my absence from my family too much to be happy from them. I never have joined in any mirth heartily since I left them. I have this day passed through some of the best farming land (as it is called) on the Continent. But

I beg leave to differ very widely from such an opinion, since I have seen the land on the Ohio & its branches. There the soil is abundantly fertile, bordering on the Ohio, the most beautiful river in the world, rolling on in silent majesty, and "remains great without ostentation."

Friday, January 2d, 1795. Cloudy cool morning. We proceeded from the bridge two miles from Lancaster, & after having paid 6*s.* for our lodging and supper, rode five miles to breakfast. After that rode on 12 miles and baited there, on 10 miles & fed and put up for the night, at the sign of the ship. On the way we took notice of an elegant "Tampigee" road, making from Philadelphia to Lancaster. The distance is 66 miles. The road is made of stone made fine & laid crowning in the center, and is to be gravelled, & then it will be a most excellent road — attended with a very great expense to the proprietors, some hundreds of thousands pounds. Last night I felt very tired and sore, though nothing to what I did before. I begin to recruit a little & feel well and hearty.

Saturday, 3d. Hazy cool morning. Proceeded on 8 miles & called for breakfast, then on 8 miles & baited horse, then on nine miles & put up. Passed through a delightful country, large farms, elegant stone houses, and barns, stables and mills, in short every building is of stone and lime. The land seems to be on the decay — or thin. Within ten miles of the capital I am weary of travelling. I take but little notice of things. Tired out with journey, and spending money that way, more especially as the travelling is exceedingly high at this time. Pay 1*s.* 6*d.* for meal, 1*s.* 6*d.* for horse-keeping, & 3*d.* per quart for oats, and liquor high. Passed through Brandywine and Downerstown. In the night it snowed a little and rained.

Sunday, 4th January. Proceeded on over the Schoolkill & arrived at the metropolis about 10 o'clock A. M. & put up at the White Horse, Market Street, at R. Erwin's. Took breakfast. After that went to church, but could not hear the parson, so went out and viewed the city from the top of the balcony. Viewed the city to our satisfaction. It is needless to give a description of it, as it has been done by much abler hands long ago, and many times. The President's House is spacious and elegant. Morris exceeds description so far as it is done. P. M. went to St. Paul's Church & attended the worship till over, and returned to our Lodgings.

Monday, 5th. Beautiful day. I went about and viewed the town a little in the morning & returned to breakfast. After that went to the State House, where Congress was assembled, & went into the gallery and spent the whole time of the sitting of the House that day. Had a very fair opportunity of seeing the whole of the Members present and of hearing the Debates &c. Adjourned at 3 o'clock P. M. Returned and settled our bills & I with Packard met at the time appointed, but Little was not there. So we concluded to proceed on a few miles out of the town & did. While at Erwin's I got acquainted with Mr. Ballard to whom I am under obligations for kindness & present of a pair of overalls. . . . Rode out 5 miles & put up at a poor fellow's. Charged 2*s.* for supper, 2*s.* for horse hay, and 3*d.* per quart for oats, & 9*d.* for simple lodging. No Little this night.

Sunday, 6th. Hazy, cool morning. Proceeded on to Bristol and called for Dinner, paid 2*s.* 6*d.* per meal. Proceeded and crossed the Delaware at Trenton, and rode two miles and put up, rode 27 miles. No Little. About 8 o'clock Little came in. Joy. We have passed through a country of about 180 miles all in Pennsylvania, and never one single hill to pass in the whole distance. But a fine beautiful level country — very different from that which we have lately passed over, Allegheny &c., the mountain each end of it. I shall borrow a description which I think to be applicable. "Stupenduous hills without inhabitants, narrow valleys, badly cultivated, high rocks, where naught but moss has ever ventured. Giddy precipices which the most daring approach with dread, headlong streams, murmuring loudly at the roughness of their beds, and sickly vegetables, contracted in size by the

bleakness of their situation, and by deficiency of nutriment," are the only objects that presented themselves to our view, in continual succession for a number of days.

Wednesday, 7th. Rainy morning. Tarried until after breakfast. At 11 A. M. proceeded through Princeton. Nothing except a very fine elegant college worthy of notice. Went on to and baited at Kingston. Muddy enough. Proceeded to & put up at a good tavern; had an excellent supper and music afterwards. David & Little all well. 20 miles.

[The account ends at Kingston, N. J. The balance of the journal, if the account was continued, has not been found.]

THE COUNTRY SHOP.

By Emery Leverett Williams.

IN many New England villages, closely adjoining the homestead of its owner is the country shop.

This working-place of the village jack-at-all-trades, adding by its old weather-beaten gray color to the general picturesqueness of the home buildings, is within easy access of the kitchen door, perhaps at the end of a long grape arbor. It is a small shed-like building, having three or four little square windows, a low door fastened by a ponderous iron padlock, and its roof and sides usually covered with some creeping vine; while sunflowers grow in fence-like rows about it.

If near the coast, where from its windows the sea can be seen, now blue and pleasant, then gray and cold, it possibly awaits the return of some seafaring man who as a child played upon its well-worn floor, and whose handiwork is the weathervane, some impossible fish, fluttering on the pole at one corner of its roof. Now that the growth of mechanical manufacturing is so great, the little shop is being displaced; but from under its low roof came many of the inventions that gave rise to great industries, and its local importance is still as great as ever.

As one enters, the confusion is bewildering. Through the little dusty panes of glass the light scatters itself over the various objects in the shop. In the centre of the room stands a grimy, rusty stove of old-fashioned pattern, its long funnel penetrating the roof, while on one side the forge with its sooty mouth is ready for almost instant use. A small lathe is on the bench at the right, and tools of every variety and size are scattered about. Together with the tools are relics of the old homes and families of the surrounding towns; and objects of historic interest often find a resting-place under the old shop's moss-covered roof. Perchance one is shown a bit of wood pierced by a musket ball, to which some tragic tale of the war and a southern prison attaches, or an old Masonic badge worn at the laying of some famous building's corner-stone. Tucked away in the drawers of an old cabinet, upon the shelves, or in boxes, are many such things, usually relics of a personal rather than of an historical interest, but forming a certain part in the character of the old work-shop. In this way it is the repository of much that relates to the family history, an unwritten sort of biography of its owner.

Although the room seems to you in an indescribable clutter and muss, yet the owner suffers no inconvenience, readily finding, as if in perfect order, whatever object he may need.

For the younger generation, possibly for grandchildren, the old shop forms an excellent play-house, all its


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diverse collection of tools and furnishings making splendid toys, and its curious treasures are often regarded with childish wonder, as the grandfather relates of them some remarkable story. Its object lessons are imprinted on the memories of many who remember the shed-like little shop back of the homestead.

Standing at his forge is the owner, busily mending some household utensil. His hair is white now,—he and his shop have grown old together. Surely the dust on everything about is only the gray of age. Not rightfully can the old maxim of "jack-at-all-trades, good at none" be applied to him. From boyhood, when with jack-knife he whittled from a shingle a wind-mill, water-wheel or boat, he has been expert with tools. All the work needing mechanical ability is brought to this village genius, and he is perfectly able to do whatever may be required, from mending an umbrella to building a boat.

His time is his own, and though he accomplishes much, no rush or hurry disturbs his movements. When not busy, perhaps he is seated on the old-fashioned chair, diligently scanning the newspaper. He is well acquainted with much of the outside world, having travelled in his early manhood, often in the capacity of constructing engineer for some great firm, in a foreign country. Therefore with the general affairs of the world he is thoroughly in touch, and eagerly speculates on the outcome of things, political and otherwise. He is not always "content to live where life began," but generally is satisfied to pass his old age quietly in the gray village, working at some new device on the lathe, while a nodding sunflower, one of the row growing near the shop side, casts shadows upon his bent, earnest face.

Not until he ceases each morning to enter his shop will the great padlock remain unfastened in the bars, the dust accumulate more thickly upon the unused tools, and the light come more dimly through the cobweb-shrouded windows into the deserted interior of the old shop.

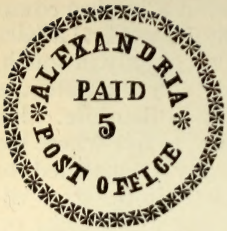
A GUARDIAN SPIRIT.

By Marion Couthouy Smith.

THE years affright me, love, for in their deeps
May lurk an ambushed woe—the loss of you!
Grief cannot wound me, while your guard is true;
And while your soul keeps watch, dark memory sleeps.
But, like a ghost, along my pathway creeps
That dream of evil which you hold at bay.
What shall befall me, should you slip away
From my life's clasp?—The sudden terror leaps
Upon my heart, as some wild thing alight,
Whose clutch is death!—Then were my soul laid bare
To all the sullen hosts of storm and blight.
But while I shrink from that unnamed despair,
Your tender presence steals upon my sight,
With blue eyes shining through the shadowed air.

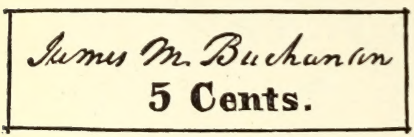
UNITED STATES POSTAGE STAMPS.

By J. Torrey Connor.



ALEXANDRIA, 1846.

THE great body of postage stamp collectors is not, as is commonly supposed, mainly recruited from the ranks of school misses and small boys. Stamp collecting is a hobby ridden by many men of many minds, and the philatelic societies number people from every walk in life. We find the millionnaire and the underpaid clerk meeting on terms of equality to discuss the acquisitions of a brother philatelist, while newspaper men, government employees, doctors, lawyers and tradesmen alike seek diversion in the study and classification of these scraps of paper. The collecting of stamps from every part of the world,



BALTIMORE, 1846.

in all their variety of shades, watermarks, perforations and dies, would occupy a lifetime and necessitate, if the work were made complete, the expenditure of a fabulous sum.

Take, for instance, the postage stamps of the United States. Since the year 1842, when stamps were first introduced, such frequent changes have been made that the collector of to-day finds it necessary to devote an entire album to this country alone. A brief history of the postage



BRATTLEBORO, 1846.

stamps of the United States may not prove uninteresting. If to some readers of the *New England Magazine* the account comes as coals to Newcastle, I remember that after all the vast majority of the American people are not postage stamp collectors. When the man in one of the Pall Mall clubs in August remarked that everybody in London was out of town, his friend responded, "Yes, all except five millions."



MILLBURY, 1847.

For a period of one hundred and seventy-five years after the inauguration of the postal system in America, there were no stamps. The rates for postage in those days were higher than at present, being six, eight, ten, fifteen, seventeen, twenty, twenty-two and twenty-five cents for distances of thirty, sixty, one hundred, one hundred and fifty, two hundred, two hundred and fifty, three hundred and fifty and four hundred miles respectively. An envelope would have made the letter subject to double postage; so the letter was written on a single sheet of paper, which was folded and sealed with a wafer, leaving the outside blank for the address. The postmaster then added in ink the name of the town, date of mailing, amount of postage, and "due" or "paid," as the case might be. Who among the readers of this article has



NEW HAVEN, 1845.



NEW YORK, 1845.

not seen among old family treasures, a missive such as the one described, the paper worn by much handling, the quaint, angular writing dim and discolored?

As considerable time was consumed in writing the name of town, date, etc., the idea of stamping such information on the letter was finally conceived. No further advance was made until 1842, when a city postal service was established in the city of New York, and postage stamps were used for the first time. This, however, did not prove satisfactory. A lower rate and better service were



PROVIDENCE, 1846.

demanded by the people; and in 1844 the matter was brought before Congress. An attempt was made to pass a law requiring the prepayment of postage, and to have stamps for that purpose provided by the government; but it was not carried through, and the postal service was left in the same condition as before.

Meanwhile, many of the postmasters at the larger offices issued stamps for the accommodation of the public, which stamps, however, were not recognized by the government. These primitive productions are found in but few collections, and command enormous prices by reason of their rarity, the stamps of the Alexandria and New Haven postoffices, on the original envelopes, being catalogued at $1,000 each. Other varieties are the Millbury, quoted at $750, and the Baltimore and Brattleboro, $400 each.





ST. LOUIS, 1845.

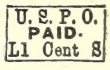
In 1847 the prepayment of postage was made obligatory, the government authorizing the postmaster general to prepare and furnish all offices with stamps; thereafter, the selling or using of any stamps not issued by the government was declared unlawful. The reproduction of the government stamps even in black and white for purposes of illustration is prohibited. The illustrations in this article are of the provisional stamps before 1847. On the first of July, 1847, these government stamps duly appeared. There were but two denominations, the five and ten cent stamps. A reduction of postage was made in 1851, three cents being the rate for three thousand miles, and six cents for all distances over three thousand miles. The stamps of this issue were of one, three, five, ten, twelve and twenty-four cent denominations, and were not perforated. For a time the writer of letters laboriously cut his stamps apart; in 1857 the perforating machine was invented, and every sheet of stamps was neatly perforated as now. Later, thirty and ninety cent stamps were issued.



FOR DELIVERY BY CARRIER, 1849.



1849.



1849.

The contract for the manufacture of stamps expiring in 1861, the government entered into a new contract with the National Bank Note Company of New York. As there were, at that period, a large quantity of the old issues in the hands of postmasters in states disloyal to the Union, it was deemed advisable to change the colors and designs of the new issue to prevent the use



1849.



1851.

of the others. All post-offices in the loyal states were allowed to return the remainder of the old stamps, receiving stamps of the new issue to the same amount. A two-cent stamp for use on drop letters, and a fifteen-cent stamp for register postage, were next in order. Some persons discovered that cancelled stamps could easily be cleaned and used again. It was to prevent this that the government, in 1868, adopted what is called a grill—the stamp being embossed with small, square points in the form of a rectangle, which broke the fibre, allowing the cancellation ink to penetrate the paper. The grilling of the stamps was continued until 1872, when a new ink was used that could not be removed from the paper without injuring the stamps.



1851.

Until the issue of the Columbian stamps, the stamps of 1869 were considered the most artistic of any ever printed. They were square, 20 mm. by 20 mm. The one cent, ochre, bore the head of Franklin in profile; the two cent, bronze, post horse and rider; the three cent, ultramarine, a locomotive; the six cent, blue, the head of Washing, three-quarter face view; the ten cent, orange, shield of the United States, surmounted by an eagle with outspread wings, under a semi-circle of thirteen stars; the twelve cent, green, a steamship in horizontal oval; the fifteen cent, blue and Indian red, a microscopic reproduction of the well known picture of the Landing of Columbus, in rectangle; the twenty-four cent, purple and green, reproduction of the picture of the Signing of the Declaration of Independence, in rectangle; the thirty cent, carmine and blue, eagle with outspread wings, resting on shield, with flags grouped at either side; the ninety cent, black and carmine, head of Lincoln in oval. This series of stamps aptly illustrated the progress of the postal service, beginning with the post rider of early days, following with the locomotive, and lastly introducing the ocean steamer, that most important factor in the carrying of the mails. The engraving on this set of stamps was good, but the paper was poor; and finding the expense of using two colors—which necessitated the running of the stamps through the press a second time—too great, stamps of a rectangular form and larger size, with but one color, were substituted. Finally it was decided that the stamps of the United States should bear the heads, in profile, of distinguished Americans, deceased; and until the recent Columbian issue this rule was strictly followed. The rate of postage was further reduced to two cents in 1883.

Of the Columbian set, it may fairly be said that they are the most beautiful stamps ever issued by any country; but their size was objectionable for popular use, and it was a pleasure to return to the ordinary size. It was prophesied that the government would make a profit of a million dollars from the sale of these Columbian stamps to collectors; and so great was the demand that the prediction has very likely been fulfilled. Even now the one, two, three, four and five dollar stamps, used, cannot be bought at their face value.



1853.

SHAKESPEAREAN REPETITIONS.

By William T. W. Ball.

THERE is a popular belief that the great master-mind of our literature, the "myriad-minded" Shakespeare, never repeats himself. This idea has been so often promulgated by writers who should know better, that the great mass of Shakespearean readers have come to look upon the statement as an established fact. If the common study of Shakespeare in schools and clubs were exacter than it is, we assuredly should not hear so often the absurd proposition: Shakespeare never repeats himself.

That the great poet does repeat himself, and frequently, is beyond question. I do not refer to non-essentials, the habitual use of certain words and colloquial phrases born of and appertaining to the age in which he lived, but the repetition of certain ideas, which, although clothed in different language, and it may be improved upon in the course of time, are yet the same individual, unmistakable thought. In instancing some of these repetitions which occur to me, I shall take them from the various plays and poems in their chronological order, as best determined.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

In *Venus and Adonis* (1585–87), "sick-thoughted Venus" says to "rose-cheek'd Adonis":

"Here come and sit, where serpent never hisses,
And, being set, I'll smother thee with kisses;

And yet not cloy thy lips with loath'd satiety,
But rather famish them amid their plenty,
Making them red and pale with fresh variety:
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty."

Turning to the second scene of the second act of *Antony and Cleopatra* (1606–7), this idea is thus reproduced, in Enobarbus' famous description of the Egyptian queen:

"Other women
Cloy the appetites they feed; but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies."

Again, Venus, lamenting over the death of Adonis, says:

"To see his face, the lion walk'd along
Behind some hedge, because he would not fear him;
To recreate himself, when he hath sung
The tiger would be tame and gently hear him."

In the first scene of the fourth act of *Othello* (1604), the Moor says of Desdemona:

"An admirable musician!
O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear!"

Further Venus says:

"Love is a spirit all compact of fire,
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire."

In the second scene of the third act of the *Comedy of Errors*, the idea is given:

"Let love, being light, be drowned if she sink."

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

In *Titus Andronicus* (1588), in the first scene of the second act, Demetrius speaking of Lavinia tells Aaron and Chiron:

"She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won."

In the first of *King Henry VI* (1590–92), act five, scene three, the Duke of Suffolk, musing on the charms of Margaret, who subsequently became the wife of the King, pronounces her

"Beautiful; and therefore to be woo'd;
She is a woman; therefore to be won."

And again, in the second scene of the first act of *Richard III* (1594), Gloster says of the Lady Anne:

"Was ever woman in this humor woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humor won?"

LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.

I come to *Love's Labor's Lost* (1588–9), in the first scene of the second act of which, the Princess of France tells the "good lord Boyet":

"Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not uttered by base sale of chapmen's tongues."

In the 102d Sonnet (1592 to 1602), the thought is reproduced in these lines:

"That love is merchandiz'd, whose rich esteeming,
The owner's tongue doth publish everywhere."

In the second scene of the fourth act of the same play, in the letter which the fantastical Spaniard Don Adriano de Armado sent to his Dulcinea, Jaquenetta, he tells her:

"Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,
Which not to anger bent is music and sweet fire."

In the second scene of the fifth act of *Antony and Cleopatra* (1606–7), Egypt says of the great Roman triumvir:

"His voice was propertied
As all the tunèd spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder."

In the third scene of the fourth act of *Love's Labor's Lost*, the King says to Biron:

"By heaven, thy love is black as ebony";

and Biron makes reply:

"Is ebony like her? O wood divine!
A wife of such wood were felicity.
O, who can give an oath? where is a book?
That I may swear beauty doth beauty lack,
If that she learn not of her eye to look:
No face is fair, that is not full so black."

In the 132d Sonnet the idea is again used:

"Then will I swear beauty itself is black,
And all they foul that thy complexion lack."

Once more in the same scene, Biron says:

"Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.
O, if in black my lady's brows be deckt,
It mourns that painting and usurping hair
Should ravish doters with a false aspect,
And therefore she is born to make black fair."

Something akin to the "usurping hair" may be found in Bassanio's musing over the caskets, in the second scene of the third act of *The Merchant of Venice* (1596), wherein he opines:

"So are those crispèd snaky golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols in the wind,
Upon supposed fairness often known
To be the dowry of a second head;
The skull that bred them in the sepulchre."

In the second scene of the fifth act of the play under consideration, Rosaline says to Katharine:

"Past cure is still past care."

In the third scene of the second act of *Richard II* (1593–94), the Duke of York says:

"Things past redress are now with me past cure";

and in the second scene of the third act of *Macbeth* (1605–6), Lady Macbeth tells her husband:

"Things without remedy
Should be without regard: what's done is done."

In the second scene of the fifth act, there is an illustration taken from that fell disease, the plague. It was the belief that the death of those visited by the plague was certain when particular eruptions appeared on the skin, and these were called God's tokens. Thus Biron:

"Soft, let us see;—
Write *Lord have mercy on us*, on those three;
They are infected; in their heart it lies;
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes."

In the eighth scene of the third act of *Antony and Cleopatra*, Enobarbus asks Scarus:

"How appears the fight?"

and receives his reply:

"On our side like the token'd pestilence,
Whose death is sure";

and in the third scene of the second act of *Troilus and Cressida,* Ulysses says of Achilles:

"He is so plaguy proud, that the death tokens of it
Cry — *No recovery.*"

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

In the second scene of the second act of the *Comedy of Errors* (1589–91), Adriana tells her supposed husband Antipholus of Syracuse:

"Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine;
Whose weakness married to thy stronger state
Makes me with thy strength to communicate";

and in the first scene of the fourth act of *Midsummer Night's Dream,* the love-sick fairy queen Titania says to "bully Bottom," who had "an exposition of sleep come upon" him:

"Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.
Fairies begone, and be always away.
So doth the woodbine, the sweet honeysuckle,
Gently entwist,— the female ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.
Oh, how I love thee! how I dote on thee!"

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

In *Midsummer Night's Dream* again (1590–91), we find in the first scene of the first act Lysander, wishing for "a sympathy in choice"

"Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That in a spleen unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say — Behold!
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confusion."

This is paralleled in the second scene of the second act of *Romeo and Juliet* (1591–93), where Juliet tells her lover:

"Although I joy in thee,
I have no joy in this contract to-night;
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
Ere one can say — It lightens."

In the first scene of the second act of this finest fairy poem that ever was conceived, the fairy speaking to Puck of Titania says:

"The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats, spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favors."

How beautifully is this idea brought out again in the second scene of the second act of *Cymbeline,* where Iachimo, gloating over the body of that "fresh lily," Imogen, notices:

"On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I' the bottom of a cowslip."

In the second scene of the second act, Helena tells Demetrius:

"It is not night when I do see your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night;
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company;
For you in my respect are all the world:
Then how can it be said I am alone
When all the world is here to look on me?"

Turn to the second scene of the third act of the second part of *King Henry VI* (1594–95), and mark what Suffolk says to Queen Margaret touching his banishment:

"'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou hence;
A wilderness is populous enough,
So Suffolk had thy heavenly company;
For where thou art, there is the world itself,
With every several pleasure in the world;
And where thou art not, desolation."

In the second scene of the third act Hermia says to Demetrius:

"If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
And kill me too."

Measure this with the fourth scene of the third act of *Macbeth* (1605–6):

"I am in blood
Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er."

Again in the same scene, thus Oberon:

"I with the Mornings Love have oft made sport,
And like a forester the groves may tread,
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery red,
Opening on Neptune, with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams."

Take the first scene of the third act of *King John* (1595). Says King Philip:

"To solemnize this day, the glorious sun
Stays in his course, and plays the alchemist;
Turning with splendor of his precious eye
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold";

or the 33d Sonnet:

"Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy."

Still in this scene, Demetrius awaking from his sleep, enraptured with Helena, exclaims:

"That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow
When thou hold'st up thy hand."

This idea is again found in the third scene of the fourth act of *Winter's Tale* (1612):

"I take thy hand, this hand
As soft as dove's-down, and as white as it;
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow,
That's bolted by the northern blasts twice o'er."

And still in the same scene, Hermia says:

"I am not yet so low
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes."

In the fourth scene of the fourth act of *Richard Third*, thus Queen Elizabeth to Richard:

"My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys,
Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes";

and in the third scene of the first act of the second part of *Henry VI*, thus the proud wife of the good Duke Humphrey to Queen Margaret:

"Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I'd set my ten commandments in your face."

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

The composition of *The Rape of Lucrece* is fixed for the year 1594. In the 77th stanza occurs this couplet:

"For marks descried in men's nativity
Are nature's faults, not their own infamy."

In the fourth scene of the first act of *Hamlet* (1602–3), the moody Dane says to his friend Laertes:

"So oft it chances in particular men
That for some vicious mole of nature in them
As, for their birth (wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose his origin)
By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;
Or by some habit that too much o'erleavens
The form of plausive manners; — that these men, —
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,
Being nature's livery, or fortune's star, —
Their virtues else (be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo)
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault: The dram of base
Doth all the noble substance often doubt,
To his own scandal."

It must be confessed that the philosophy of Hamlet is much more diffuse than that of

"False Sextus
Who wrought the deed of shame";

but the idea is precisely the same. In the 88th stanza this:

"For princes are the glass, the school, the book,
Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look."

In the second part of *King Henry IV* (1597–98), in the third scene of the second act, in the noble and pathetic lament which Lady Percy makes over her dead husband, the redoubted Hotspur, these lines occur:

"He was indeed the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.
He had no legs that practiced not his gait:
And speaking thick, which nature made his blemish,
Became the accents of the valiant.

* * * * *

So that, in speech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,
In military rules, humors of blood,
He was the mark and glass, copy and book
That fashioned others."

The commentators tell us that "speaking thick" means rapidity of utterance, so that in this respect Hotspur must have borne a resemblance to Phillips Brooks or Rufus Choate.

In the 227th stanza of *Lucrece* is this couplet:

"And round about her tear-distained eye,
Blue circles streamed, like rainbows in the sky."

Taking up *All's Well That Ends Well* (1601–2), in third scene of the first act the Countess says to Helena:

"What's the matter,
That this distemper'd messenger of wet,
The many-colored Iris rounds thine eye?"

Remarking on this passage, Henly observes, "There is something exquisitely beautiful in this representation of that suffusion of colors which glimmers around the sight, when the eyelashes are wet with tears."

In the 231st stanza, these:

"And now this pale swan in her watery nest
Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending."

So Emilia in the second scene of the fifth act of *Othello:*

"I will play the swan,
And die in music."

ROMEO AND JULIET.

Romeo and Juliet was one of the poet's earlier works, written between 1591 and '93. In the first scene of the first act, Romeo speaks of

"These happy masks, that kiss fair ladies' brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair."

This thought is reproduced in *Measure for Measure* (1603), where, in the fourth scene of the second act, Angelo makes mention that

"These black masks
Proclaim an enshield beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could displayed."

In the second scene of the second act *(Romeo and Juliet)*, Romeo tells us:

"Love goes toward love, as schoolboys from their books,
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks."

Is not this the foreshadowing of

"And then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail,
Unwillingly to school,"

in the seventh scene of the second act of *As You Like It?* In the second scene of the third act, Juliet, impatient for the appearance of her lover, exclaims:

"So tedious is this day,
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child, that hath new robes
And may not wear them";

and in the second scene of the third act of *Much Ado About Nothing* (1599–1600), Don Pedro says to Claudio: "Nay, that would be as great a soil in the new gloss of your marriage as to show a child his new coat and forbid him to wear it."

In the third scene of the same act *(Romeo and Juliet)* young Romeo has something to say about

"Taking the measure of an unmade grave";

while in the sixth scene of the second act of *As You Like It*, that faithful servitor old Adam says to Orlando:

"Here lie I down and measure out my grave."

In the fifth scene of the third act, Romeo says to Juliet:

"Look love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east;
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops";

and so in the first scene of the second act of *Julius Caesar* (1601–3):

"*Decius.*— Here lies the east: Doth not the day break here?
Casca.— No.
Cinna.— O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon grey lines
That fret the clouds, are messengers of day."

RICHARD THE SECOND.

Come we to *King Richard II* (1593–4), and find that in the first scene of the second act, "old John of Gaunt, time-honored Lancaster," tells the King:

"That blood already, like the pelican,
Hast thou tapped out, and drunkenly carous'd";

and in the fifth scene of the fourth act of *Hamlet,* Laertes says:

"To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms,
And like the kind, life-rend'ring pelican,
Repast them with my blood."

In this same scene Richard says to Gaunt:

"Dar'st with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheek; chasing the royal blood
With fury from his royal residence?"

and in act third, scene first, he says:

"But now the blood of twenty thousand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled;
And till so much blood thither come again,
Have I not reason to look pale and dead?"

In *Hamlet* (act 1, scene 5), the Ghost of Hamlet's father, in telling of his "taking off" by poison, says:

"Upon my secure hour your uncle stole,
With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,
And in the porches of mine ear did pour
The leperous distilment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
That swift as quicksilver it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body."

This idea is reiterated by Lucianus in act 3, scene 2, of the same play, in his speech:

"Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;
Confederate season, else no creature seeing;
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy natural magic, and dire property,
On wholesome life usurp immediately."

I may add that Shakespeare has quite a number of other allusions to the blood coursing through the veins and arteries, noticeably one in the first scene of the first act of *Coriolanus*, where Menenius, in his fable in making the stomach speak of the food which it receives into it, causes that organ to say:

"But if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart — to the seat o' the brain;
And through the cranks and offices of man.
The strongest nerves and small inferior veins
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live."

From these and other allusions to the blood, a theory has been advanced or is known to many, to the effect that Shakespeare knew of the circulation of the blood years before Harvey laid claim to the discovery. Shakespeare died in 1616, and his last play was written several years before that time. It was not until 1628, twelve years after the death of the poet, that Harvey made known his discovery, though at the same time declaring that he had been developing his theory since 1612. Nearly all of Shakespeare's plays, however, were written before this latter date; and it may be after all that this universal writer was the original discoverer of the circulation of the blood.

In the second scene of the third act of *Richard II* are several ideas which are repeated elsewhere. Thus the King apostrophizing the earth:

"And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,
Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder."

How like to this is Lady Macbeth's advice to her husband, act 1, scene 5:

"Look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under it."

So, too, compare the line,

"Too well, too well thou tell'st a tale so ill,"

with Macduff's speech in the third scene of the fourth act of *Macbeth*, in reply to Rosse:

"O, relation
Too nice, and yet too true";

and the lines:

"For within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Death keeps his court,"

with the lines in the second scene of the fifth act of *King John*:

"At hand is warlike John . . .
And in his forehead sits
A bare-ribbed death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French."

RICHARD THE THIRD.

The *Life and Death of King Richard III* is assigned to 1594. In the first scene of the second act, Richard, hypocrite that he was, replying to his brother Edward concerning the death of their brother Clarence, who was made a test of the preservative qualities of Malmsey wine on "your

whoreson dead body," bursts out with the words:

" God grant that some, less noble, and less loyal,
Nearer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,
Deserve not less than wretched Clarence did,
And yet go current from suspicion."

In the third scene of the second act of *Macbeth,* Donalbain speaks of

" The near in blood,
The nearer bloody."

In the second scene of the first act *(Richard III)* Gloster tells Lady Anne, who is desirous to be revenged on him for the murder of her husband, that

" It is a quarrel most unnatural
To be revenged on him that loveth thee";

and in the second scene of the fifth act of *Othello,* "the gentle Desdemona" tells her dusky spouse,

" That death's unnatural, that kills for loving."

KING JOHN.

King John was written in 1595. In the first scene of the second act, Philip of France, asserting the rights of young Arthur, says to the usurping John:

" Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face;—
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his:
This little abstract doth contain that large
Which died in Geffrey."

Now if we turn to the third scene of the second act of *Winter's Tale* (1612), Paulina, speaking of the infant Perdita, the daughter of Leontes and Hermione, says to the surrounding lords, appealingly:

" Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father: eye, nose, lip,
The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek; his smiles;
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger."

In the second scene of the same act, the English herald proclaims to the "men of Angiers" that

—" like a jolly troupe of huntsmen, come
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
Dyed in the dying slaughter of their foes."

There may be a distinction without a difference in the words of Mark Antony over the dead body of Cæsar, in the first act of the third scene of *Julius Caesar:*

" Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart;
Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe."

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

The Merchant of Venice was written in 1596. In the first scene of the fifth act are to be found some of the most delightful lines that ever poet penned. Lorenzo says to Jessica:

" How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank.
Here will we sit and let the sound of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony."

In the third scene of the second act of *Much Ado About Nothing* (1599–1600), is to be found this passage:

" *Don Pedro.*—Come, shall we hear this music?
Claudio.—Yea, my good lord:—How still the evening is,
As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!"

In the same scene of *The Merchant* Lorenzo again says:

" Therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones and floods;
Since naught so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature."

So the charming lyric introduced in the first scene of the third act of *King Henry VIII* (1613):

" Orpheus with his lute made trees
And the mountain tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing:
To his music, plants and flowers
Ever sprang; as sun, and showers,
There had been a lasting spring.

" Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art;
Killing care, and grief of heart,
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die."

In the first scene of the fourth act *(Merchant of Venice)* the Duke, in the hope that Shylock will show some mercy to Antonio, tells the Jew that the merchant's losses have been such that they would

"Pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks, and Tartars, never train'd
To offices of tender courtesy";

and in the fourth scene of the fourth act of *All's Well That Ends Well* (1601–2), Helena says:

"Gratitude
Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth
And answer thanks."

HENRY THE FOURTH.

The first and second parts of *King Henry IV* were written respectively in 1596–97 and 1597–98. In the second scene of the first act of the first part, Prince Henry in announcing his reformation, says:

"Yet herein will I imitate the sun;
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That, when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wondered at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapors, that did seem to strangle him."

Turn to the 33d Sonnet, a portion of which has already been quoted, and you will find this idea repeated; and so too perhaps in the lines of Bolingbroke in the second scene of the third act of the play:

"By being seldom seen I could not stir,
But like a comet I was wondered at."

And in the same speech of the Prince, we find:

"If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come,
And nothing pleaseth, but rare accidents,"—

a thought again brought out in the 52d Sonnet, in the lines:

"Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,
Since seldom coming, in the long year set,
Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
Or captain jewels in the carcanet."

In the third scene of the first act of the first part, Worcester says to Hotspur:

"I'll read you matter deep and dangerous;
As full of peril, and advent'rous spirit,
As to o'erwalk a current, roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear."

This is reproduced in the first scene of the first act of the second part, where Morton, speaking to the Earl of Northumberland of the death of Harry Percy, says:

"You knew he walked o'er perils, on an edge
More likely to fall in than to get o'er."

In the third scene of the second act of the second part, Northumberland says:

"'Tis with my mind
As with the tide swell'd up unto its height,
That makes a still-stand, running neither way";

and in the second scene of the third act of *Antony and Cleopatra* (1606–7), Antony says of Octavia:

"Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue; the swan's-down feather,
That stands upon the swell at full of tide
And neither way inclines."

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Much Ado About Nothing was the work of 1599–1600. In the first scene of the first act of the play we find these speeches:

"*Messenger*.—I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even so much, that joy could not show itself modest enough, without a badge of bitterness.

Leonato.—Did he break out into tears?

Messenger.—In great measure.

Leonato.—A kind overflow of kindness: There are no faces truer than those that are so washed. How much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping."

This idea of "weeping at joy" is crystallized in the fourth scene of the first act of *Macbeth*, where Duncan says:

"My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow."

In this same scene *(Much Ado About Nothing)* Beatrice, speaking of

Benedict, says to the Messenger, "I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he killed? for indeed I promised to eat all of his killing." Something similar to this occurs in the seventh scene of the third act of *King Henry V:*

"*Orleans.*— The dauphin longs for morning.
Rambures.— He longs to eat the English.
Constable.— I think he will eat all he kills."

In the first scene of the fourth act, Leonato, in his burst of sorrow over the supposed infidelity of his daughter Hero, cries out in his anguish:

"O, she is fallen
Into a pit of ink! that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again."

Is it straining too much to instance Macbeth's outburst in the second scene of the second act of that tragedy:

"Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand?"

AS YOU LIKE IT.

The year of grace 1600 brought with it *As You Like It;* and in the seventh scene of the second act, we find in the famous "seven ages" speech:

"The lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad,
Made to his mistress' eyebrow."

In the seventh scene of the first act of *Cymbeline,* written some twelve years afterwards, we find the expression:

"He furnaces
The thick sighs from him."

In the fifth scene of the third act Silvius says to the scornful Phebe:

"The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustomed sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humble neck,
But first begs pardon";

and in the second scene of the fourth act of *Measure for Measure* (1603), Pompey the clown, in accepting service under Abhorson the hangman, says to the Provost:

"Sir, I will serve him; for I do find your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd; he doth oftener ask forgiveness."

TWELFTH NIGHT.

Twelfth Night followed in 1601; and in the fourth scene of the second act we find the love-sick Duke Orsino telling Olivia that

"There's no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart";

and in the third scene of the first act of *Antony and Cleopatra* (1606–7), the Egyptian Queen avows that she is sick for the love of Antony and jealous of him, and that

"It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
Will not sustain it."

THE SONNETS.

The Sonnets ran from 1592 to 1602, when they were completed. In the 29th, is to be found this expression:

"The lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth sings hymns at heaven's gate";

and in *Cymbeline,* which was begun eight years after the last sonnet was written there is, in the third scene of the second act, this lovely song:

"Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,"
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes:
With everything that pretty bin;
My lady sweet, arise;
Arise, arise."

HAMLET.

The years 1602–3 brought with them the great tragedy *Hamlet.* In the second scene of the first act, Hamlet's opening soliloquy commences with the lines:

"O, that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fixed
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter";

In the fourth scene of the third act of *Cymbeline* Imogen says:

"Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine
That cravens my weak hand."

The last speech in *Hamlet* is spoken by young Fortinbras, and is over the dead body of the Danish prince. Says the Norway hero:

"Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have proved most royally: and, for his passage,
The soldier's music, and the rights of war
Speak loudly for him."

The last speech in *Coriolanus* (1607–8), that of Aufidias over the dead Caius Marcius, is almost identical:

"Take him up;
Help three o' the chiefest soldiers: I'll be one.—
Beat thou the drum that it speak mournfully;
Trail your steel pikes."

JULIUS CÆSAR.

The composition of *Julius Caesar* is set down for the years 1601–3. In the second scene of the first act, the lean and hungry Cassius makes inquiry of Brutus:

"Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?"

and Brutus makes reply:

"No, Cassius: for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection, by some other things."

In the third scene of the third act of *Troilus and Cressida* (1606–7) Achilles says:

"Nor doth the eye itself
(That most pure spirit of sense) behold itself,
Not going from itself; but eye to eye oppos'd
Salutes each other with each other's form;
For speculation turns not to itself,
Till it hath travell'd and is married there
Where it may see itself."

Again in the same scene *(Julius Caesar)* Cassius says of Cæsar:

"Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,
Like a colossus";

and in the second scene of the fifth act of *Antony and Cleopatra* (1606–7), Cleopatra says of Antony:

"His legs bestrid the ocean."

Still in the same act and scene *(Julius Caesar)* Cassius says of "the envious Casca":

"This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words,
With better appetite";

and in the second scene of the second act of *King Lear* (1605–6), Cornwall says of the banished Kent:

"This is some fellow
Who, having been praised for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness."

In the first scene of the second act *(Julius Caesar)* Brutus indulges in this fine figure:

"Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
The genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council: and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection."

Turn to the third scene of the second act of *Troilus and Cressida*, and you will find Ulysses saying:

"Imagin'd worth
Holds in his blood such swollen and hot discourse,
That 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,
And batters down himself."

Again in the same scene *(Julius Caesar)* we find Brutus saying to his fellow conspirators:

"Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purposes;
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd spirits and formal constancy";

and in the first scene of the fifth act of *Macbeth*, Lady Macbeth enjoins her husband

"To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue; look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under it."

In his oration over the dead body of Cæsar, act 3, scene 2, Mark Antony exclaims:

"The evil that men do, lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones";

and the "honest chronicler" Griffith, says of the Cardinal Wolsey, in the second scene of the fourth act of *King Henry VIII* (1613):

"Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass, their virtues
We write in water."

OTHELLO.

Othello was written in 1604. In the first scene of the second act, "a gentleman" says of the storm which beset Othello, on his passage to Cyprus:

"It is a high wrought flood;
I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main,
Descry a sail.
Montano.— Methinks, the wind hath spoke aloud at land;
A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements:
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them
Can hold the mortise?

* * * * *

Gentleman.— The chiding billow seems to pelt the clouds;
The wind-shaked surge, with high and monstrous main,
Seems to cast water on the burning bear,
And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole:
I never did like molestation view
On th' enchafed flood."

Compare this with the Clown's description of the storm in the third scene of the third act of *Winter's Tale* (1610), commencing with his speech, "I have seen two such sights by sea and by land."

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Antony and Cleopatra is set down to 1606–7. In the third scene of the first act Cleopatra says to Antony:

"Why should I think you can be mine, and true,
Though you in swearing shake the thronèd gods,
Who have been false to Fulvia";

and in the third scene of the fourth act of *Timon of Athens* (1607–8), Timon says to the courtesans, Phrynia and Timandra:

"You are not oathable,
Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear,
Into strong shudders, and to heavenly agues,
The immortal gods that hear you."

In the eighth scene of the fourth act of *Antony and Cleopatra,* Cleopatra says to Scarus:

"I'll give thee, friend,
An armor all of gold; it was a king's";

and Antony adds:

"He hath deserved it, were it carbuncled
Like holy Phœbus' car."

In *Cymbeline* (1610–12), in the fifth scene of the fifth act, Iachimo says:

"And would so had it been a carbuncle
Of Phœbus' wheel."

CORIOLANUS.

Following *Antony and Cleopatra* came *Coriolanus,* in 1607–8. In the second scene of the fourth act, Volumnia, the mother of Coriolanus, says:

"I would my son
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.
Sicinius.— What then?
Virgilia.— What then?
He'd make an end of thy posterity";

In the second scene of the first act of *Cymbeline,* Imogen exclaims:

"I would they were in Afric both together;
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer back."

THE TEMPEST.

The Tempest saw the light in 1610. Ferdinand, speaking to "admir'd Miranda," says in the first scene of the third act:

"For several virtues
Have I liked several woman; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foil: But you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best."

Says Paulina to Leontes, concerning Hermione, in the first scene of the fifth act of *Winter's Tale:*

"If, one by one, you wedded all the world,
Or, from the all that are, took something good
To make a perfect woman, she you kill'd
Would be unparallel'd."

CYMBELINE.

Cymbeline, the date of which is elsewhere mentioned, followed *The Tempest.* In the fourth scene of the third act, Pisanio speaks of slander:

"Whose edge is sharper than the sword";

and in the third scene of the second act of *Winter's Tale,* Paulina has precisely the same idea, when she talks of

"Slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's."

WINTER'S TALE.

Winter's Tale was written in 1612. In the second scene of the first act, Leontes says of Hermione:

"Were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.
Camillo.— Who does infect her?
Leontes.— Why, he that wears her like her medal, hanging
About his neck, Bohemia."

In the second scene of the second act of the last play that Shakespeare wrote, *King Henry VIII* (1613), the Duke of Norfolk says of the result of the divorce proceedings against Queen Catherine, that it will be to Henry,

"A loss of her,
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre."

These instances will perhaps suffice. It is plain enough that Shakespeare often repeated himself; in so doing, he might say, in the words of his own Shylock: "And it will go hard but I will better the instruction."

SHATTERED IDOLS.

By Alice D'Alcho.

SO fair, so bright,
That, blinded as I gazed,
I thought them gods, and then
A shrine for them I raised;
And in my wild idolatry
I bowed the head, I bent the knee,
In love adoring there.

Rare gifts I brought,
Sweet incense day by day—
Until, before my face,
In broken shards they lay.
Oh bitter hour! in agony
I mourned the things so dear to me,
In shame and sorrow there.

One hand of old
Laid low proud Dagon's shrine;
So now, in tenderest love,
O'erthrew these gods of mine,—
That I with clearer eyes might see
How poor the clay that dazzled me,
And kneel, repenting, there.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE Old South Church in Boston meant from the beginning liberty and larger life. It was founded by men who felt that the conditions of membership in the old First Church were too narrow and severe. It is a significant thing that it was in the meeting-house of this church, thus founded, that the great Boston town-meetings were held, which proved more than a match for the British ministry and parliament, in the struggle which led to the liberty and larger life of America. It is significant that it is from the present minister of the Old South Church that there comes to us to-day the book which is destined, if we mistake not, to prove a more distinct and definite milestone in the course of New England orthodoxy than any other book which has appeared during the last half of the century. It was ten years after the middle of the century that the publication of Darwin's first great book, whose fundamental propositions so quickly affected every realm of science, made the doctrine of evolution the dominant theme of controversy in the church which, with ever lessening intensity and bitterness and ever growing power, it has remained to the present time. The "higher criticism" of the Bible had found notable expression before then, but it was at about the same time that it became wide-spread and influential in church circles, although it was twenty years before its conclusions were commonly adopted by men who still called themselves orthodox. But this movement in thought, undoubtedly second in importance among the agencies which are working the present great revolution in religious opinion, has been a thing of far less moment than the advance of the doctrine of evolution, if it may not indeed be viewed simply as one phase of this larger doctrine. The doctrine of evolution involved and compelled a new philosophy of the universe, of nature, of human history and of religion. Immensely enlarging the realm of secondary causes, it undeniably seemed to strike, in the form in which it was long chiefly presented, at many of the most fundamental moral and religious sanctions. It was not strange that the church fought it. She fought it stupidly, often enough making herself the apologist for views which every scientific man clearly saw to be untenable and false. But her doctors, and much more her humbler servants, were undoubtedly more painfully conscious than their assailants, in a hundred cases, of the inconsistencies and difficulties of their positions in the controversy. They would not gracefully yield the positions, because they could not yet see by what other lines the more central principles, which they deemed fundamental, and which the new philosophy seemed to threaten, were to be held. The cosmology of Genesis and Adam in Eden were vulnerable enough, and becoming grotesque; but along with them were teleology, idealism and God, — and these to the ordinary mind seemed crowded out in the nebular hypothesis and in the hundred milleniums of prehistoric man. The new science was commended chiefly by a mechanical philosophy, and seemed best to comport with that. Without an idealistic philosophy, without teleology, religion cannot live and breathe; and the church, or whatever stands for the church in the world, never will and never can accept without reserve any revolutionizing new scientific theory until it can be stated in a way satisfying to the religious and poetic sentiment, — and it never ought to. The great significance and power fo Mr. Fiske's two little books, "The Destiny of Man" and "The Idea of God," lay precisely in the fact that they did that thing, — they stated the doctrine of evolution in the terms of an idealistic philosophy and in a manner which appealed to the religious imagination. The doctrine of evolution was all there, — it was never more sweepingly stated; but it was shown that this did not displace the teleological view, that it gave far more teleology than it took away, that it first supplied indeed a rational and grand teleology, and that the new doctrine, so far from relegating us to automatism or materialism, presented a vastly nobler view of divine operation than men had ever had before — and this was shown with clearness and eloquence and poetic fervor and convincing power. Here was recognized science distinctly on the idealistic and religious side.

Hardly less notable in its way than the work of Mr. Fiske was Henry Drummond's "Ascent of Man," which was first given to the world in the form of lectures at the Lowell Institute in Boston. More sharply than anything else since the reception of Mr. Fiske's little books did it register a stadium in the progress of thought in the American churches,— for we are considering it in its American capacity. Here was recognized religion distinctly on the scientific side — not apologetically and with timid reserves, but as confidently and boldly as Mr. Fiske's books were on the religious side. There was nothing new for scientific men in Mr. Drummond's book, touching the doctrine of evolution, although as a popular exposition of the doctrine it had singular merit — clearness, force and literary charm. But for masses of men and women in the churches it was new, as the work of one whose religion was their own, looking at all this dreadful evolution through eyes like theirs, and not finding it dreadful at all, but finding in it infinite material and provocation for the religious imagination and for reverence and worship on vastly higher planes.

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MR. GORDON'S "The Christ of To-day" seems to us destined to prove another of these epoch-making books for the American churches. If its welcome among them is warm, and the protest which it arouses but slight, it will show as

hardly anything else has done how great has been the change in our orthodoxy; for orthodoxy is a fluctuating thing, that of one time and place being very different from that of another. Among the Congregational churches of New England during the last twenty years we have heard much of "progressive orthodoxy"; but in no place recognized as orthodox has the new attitude toward nature and history and religion commanded by the doctrine of evolution, with reference especially to Christ and Christianity, been taken so naturally and strikingly as in this book from the minister of the Old South Church. Books of as great catholicity and breadth we have had, but none in which the issue is so definitely stated, the argument so close, and the spirit so philosophic as here.

The distance between the point of view of any other book ever emanating from the Old South pulpit and this book is almost immeasurable; the difference between the New England orthodoxy of fifty years ago and the teaching of these pages as signal as the difference between the Ptolemaic and Copernican astronomies. The writer is fully conscious of it. "A revolution has already been acomplished," he says, "in the fundamental thoughts of intelligent believers; the church has already moved, almost unconsciously, but still truly, out of the old narrow world into the new and vast world of our modern intelligence. All reflective disciples of Christ have been moving into a new realm of thought and feeling, and like men on an ocean voyage, they hardly know how far they have come. The same sun and moon and stars and sea seem to make the fact of progress insignificant; but the day arrives when a new territory is sighted, and the reality of advance can no longer be doubted." Dr. Gordon's book is itself such a new territory, revealing the reality and extent of the advance. The divine coming directly from the sound Boston sermon of the day when Dr. Gordon was born to this utterance would find himself in a foreign land, a new world, from whose dialect almost every distinguishing syllable of his creed was absent. Dr. Gordon quotes with sympathy the remark of Hegel, in answer to an invitation to give instruction in logic and traditional theological opinion, that that would be to become "whitewasher and chimney sweep" at the same time. "His conception of the human mind," says Dr. Gordon, "and of God in history utterly transcended, and rendered obsolete for him, the traditional German thought in which he was bred." As sharply does Dr. Gordon set himself against every peculiar feature of the theology to which he was bred. "Any one who has ever moved within the narrow circle of traditional orthodoxy," he says in one place, where he is considering the old theory of salvation and damnation, "will recall the hopeless puzzle that the world presented,— will remember how impossible it was to allow an important influence, or even seriously to entertain the nobler impulses of the Christian heart." He not only rejects traditional orthodoxy for himself; he arraigns it as directly opposed to the spirit and gospel of Christ. "Take any one of the great systems, from that of Augustine to that of the latest champion of New England theology, and compare it, thought for thought, position for position, with the consciousness of Christ, and it will appear that if the one is true the other cannot be." "The philosophy of Christianity, born amid the wreck of the Roman Empire, renewed in the grand contest with the corrupt church of the Middle Ages, and that seemed adequate to the narrow world of the Puritan, is to-day totally inadequate in view of the magnitude of the Christian task." With the merciless old New England Calvinism, which doomed the majority to eternal death, he will make no compromise; he rejects the entire scheme. "Modifications are a mean disguise of the issue; they have become an abomination. One will answer the call of the human reason and conscience by them as soon as but no sooner than one can 'stop the leak in a frigate with a porous plaster.'" His philosophy here is absolute optimism: every son of God — and such is every child of man — must ultimately be saved to God. He believes "that, on this side of death or on that, God and Christ and the moral universe are unchangeably the same; that all the Divine punishments are chastisements; that God's final purpose in scourging His children is to bring them back to Himself; and that even in hell the worm must gnaw and the fire burn in the service of the Eternal Grace."

The old theology, difficult enough with the old science, becomes impossible with the new. The book of Genesis was based upon the old astronomy. "It could have been based on no other, for there was then no other." This is now "superseded science," like the old history of man. "Instead of a race running only for six thousand years, we have a humanity with a probable history of a hundred thousand years." We live in a universe of which the fathers did not dream; we belong to a race of which they had but slight conceptions. "The past is too great and too brutal to bring within the compass of the redemptive movement as traditionally conceived; and the simplest way out of the difficulty, according to the logic of certain writers," — Dr. Gordon is speaking of the expounders of "the new paganism of conditional immortality," — "is to suffocate these multitudinous swarms of prehistoric humanity, taking good care to preserve for our own pious uses whatever honey they may have hived, in the way of laborious invention, noble custom, sacred institution, and sweet conquest over the wild forces of nature." The pages of tribute to the myriads of the nameless and unknown who through the darkness and ignorance of the prehistoric ages lived and died to make standing-ground for civilization are among the most glowing in the book; and the complexity of the moral process in the race and the individual is discussed with precision and power. The principle of salvation, says the preacher, can take care of itself; it does not need and is not helped by any fictitious supports. "Salvation remains utterly, sternly, eternally ethical, and more than that one cannot say. . . . The worm that never dies, the fire that is unquenched, the utter darkness full of weeping and gnashing of teeth, all tell of one thing, — the horror of unrighteous-

ness, the woe of a state which is the negation of love."

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DR. GORDON preached the sermon before the American Foreign Missionary Society at its recent annual convention; and his sermon was a noteworthy impeachment of the motives which have heretofore been made the most of in missionary enterprise. He touches upon the same point in his book. "The moment," he says, "that the traditional theology is utilized in developing enthusiasm for foreign missions, that moment the conscience of the best men turns away from the dismal business." This is in the midst of a noble discussion of the relation of Christianity to the extra-Christian world. Upon this subject, however, he says nothing which has not been said in substance by Mr. Abbott, Mr. Munger, Mr. Smyth, Mr. Gladden and many leading men of the liberal wing of his denomination. The same may be said of his discussion of inspiration and the Bible, in which throughout he takes the modern, rational view; of the stress which used to be laid upon prophecy and miracle in the old apologetics we have here nothing whatever. His general discussion of evolution is much more original and more important. While he urges no consideration wholly new, we do not remember to have seen anywhere a more forcible and impressive presentation of love at work alongside of selfishness from the very beginning of the long evolutionary struggle, hinting at the self-sacrifice and public spirit destined to become the supreme principles of religion and society. "There is something divine in nature. If in that realm there is a tremendous egoism, there is also a predominating altruism; if in that sphere there is an incessant struggle for life, there is beside it, and controlling it, the struggle for the life of others. Without this unselfishness, that selfishness would defeat itself, and the lower animal life of the world would perish in a generation. To make possible the continuous wrestle for life, we must have in nature a parallel devotion to the life of others, an increasing disregard for self, an unceasing solicitude for offspring. Throughout the animal world we find the amazing facts of fatherhood and motherhood, and these convert the lion's den and the tiger's jungle into centres of self-sacrifice." He returns to this thought in the pages devoted to a criticism of Mr. Kidd's work on "Social Evolution." "Nature is not the realm of wild and unmitigated egoism that Mr. Kidd seems to believe it to be. Parentalism is in nature, and that is but another name for altruism. The struggle for life is not everything; there is a struggle for the life of others. Further, the selfish struggle is dependent for success upon the unselfish; the battle for existence would defeat itself in a single generation were it not for the recruiting power of the battle for the existence of others." There has been no juster estimate of Mr. Kidd's book and its significance altogether than that contained in Dr. Gordon's pages. He recognizes Mr. Kidd's insight into the process of social development and his profound recognition of the power of religion in it, so strangely overlooked by much contemporary science; but he properly says that "Mr. Kidd's reason needs to be converted." Reason, to Mr. Kidd, is the critical, individualistic understanding which has stood as a hindrance in the line of progress marked out by the deep, half-conscious religious instincts and the providence of God; but reason to Mr. Gordon is "the source of our ideals of truth and beauty and goodness, the fountain of the whole altruism actual and possible in human life; it is the creative centre of all fraternity in the discovery of reality, of all sympathy in the vision and enjoyment of the beautiful, of all brotherhood in the duty and privilege of social existence. Reason is the absolute contradiction of individualism, the blessed mother of the forces that declare man to be needful to man, that bind life to life and all to the Infinite."

Everywhere we find in Dr. Gordon's book this good philosophy. Almost all Scotchmen are metaphysicians in some sort. Dr. Gordon is a Scotchman, and he does not rest until he can refer everything back to some ultimate intellectual principle. This makes the merit of his book. We have many books from the preachers, full of liberal and noble feeling; this is a book full of close and noble reasoning. It pleads for more careful and earnest devotion to philosophic thought on the part of religious teachers; and it does a much needed service in pointing out the bad metaphysics of the late generation of English scientific men, whose works have been so widely read and so influential. "For their accomplishments as students of physical science, for their zeal in sharing the brilliant results of their investigations with the public, and for their power as masters of the English tongue, these men deserve great respect. But as philosophic thinkers they have been, both for themselves and their followers, a lamentable imposture. Their triumph in this department has been largely owing to the general ignorance upon the ultimate problems of thought." The thoroughness of Dr. Gordon's own philosophical training appeared conspicuously in his former book, "The Witness to Immortality in Literature, Philosophy and Life"; the influence of Plato and Aristotle appears constantly in the pages of the present work; and his tribute to Thomas Hill Green for his final showing that, if Humism is to be the dominant philosophy, as it is with so many scientific writers to-day, nihilism must be the result, is the tribute of one who pierces unerringly to true metaphysical distinctions. "Never before in the history of speculation in Great Britain," he says, — and we remember a like remark by Martineau,— "has a similar final piece of critical work been done. Others have coöperated with Green at the common task of leading the British mind to comprehend the philosophy on which it was building the interests of the nation and mankind, but for thoroughness and demonstrative force his achievement is monumental."

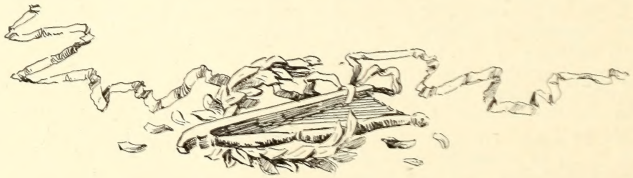
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"THE Christ of To-day," let us not forget, is the title of Mr. Gordon's book; and it is in their relation to Christ and Christianity that he studies all these problems. Undoubtedly the most im-

portant portions of his book are those devoted specifically to the discussion of the doctrine of the person of Christ. On the one hand, we have reiterated emphasis of the view of which the following passage, so alien to the spirit of traditional orthodoxy, is perhaps as succinct a statement as any in the book: "According to habits of thought but recently broken up, God had only one son. Our race, while in an unfilial mood, was not composed of the children of the Highest. By nature men belong to the animal kingdom; to the kingdom of the spirit they belong only by the miracle of regeneration and the condescension of the Divine adoption. This opinion is no longer preachable or credible among thinking men. . . . If it still lives in the schools, it is utterly dead in the great fields of militant Christendom. It is the mother of fatalism and despair. . . . The materialism and fatalism underlying the notion of the complete animalism of man, prior to the miracle of the new birth, are part of an obsolete philosophy that for a long time did duty with an equally obsolete theology. One may well rejoice over the gain that has come in the recognition of Christ as the elder brother, humanity's mighty representative, the revealer of the tie that forever binds every man to the heart of God." On the other hand, while insisting that the *nature* of Christ is the same as that of every son of God, as the nature of Homer, however supreme he may be, is the same as that of other poets, the nature of Michael Angelo the same as that of other artists, of Beethoven the same as other musicians, of Plato that of other philosophers, of Washington that of other patriots, his position is that Christ is forever supreme among the sons of God, and this by logical and practical necessity, his personality so identified with his revelation that the latter grows dim and ineffectual as men forget or slight the former in the religious life. In the discussion of this point Dr. Gordon is frankness itself, as he is indeed in every discussion in his book, his utter freedom from pride of opinion and his manifest pure love of truth and brave desire for truth and complete confidence in truth constituting the charm and power of his work. He sees clearly enough that this point is the crucial one. "Here," he says, "is where we are pushed by the strong Unitarian thinker; here is where little has been done, in the form of definite and conclusive thinking, to arrest his onward march, and while the liberal hosts are pressing forward, the orthodox warriors are puzzled. Surrender they never will; the vital interests that are still renewed out of the bosom of Christ make that catastrophe impossible. But they see no way open at present by which their conviction of the transcendent relation of Christ to God can be pushed into the invincible form of reason. Thus we see our difficulty; we are sensible of our embarrassment; we recognize our problem, — and that is more than half the battle. The great point to be determined concerning Jesus is, whether he is the supreme and unique representative of the humanity of God, the proper incarnation of the Filial in the being of the Infinite."

We do not know of any other recent work where the issue between a philosophical Trinitarianism and philosophical Unitarianism has been so clearly defined as in this book of Dr. Gordon's. It will have a great and wholesome influence precisely because it is so definite and intellectual. It will compel every thoughtful reader to ask himself plain questions, and the controversies which it must inevitably provoke in the churches will be upon distinct lines. Men who call themselves liberals are constantly impressed by the fact that champions of more conservative forms have a vastly better philosophy than most of their own brethren. The Roman Catholic doctor is constantly a better philosopher than the Protestant doctor. Dr. Gordon's book is strong by virtue of its good philosophy and by virtue especially of its powerful grip upon the central truth in the doctrine of the incarnation. That truth is fundamental to vital religion. It is not sufficient for the modern liberal preacher to say that all men are the sons of God, and think that the matter ends there. Unless the man who says it and the man to whom it is said can see the truth and embody it as Christ saw and embodied it, he must still look outside for it if he would have it efficacious in his life and in society. Until the truth can be universalized with the same potency that it is now particularized, it will continue to be particularized — though in ever different form and proportion. It is not an object lesson; it is a leaven,— and it cannot transcend itself until the lump is leavened. Then it will transcend itself.

We have devoted our attention here strictly to the theological features of this theological book. It would be profitable to consider Dr. Gordon's discussion of the social question as affected by the new conceptions of Christ and his teachings. The section upon the work and motives of the preacher in the modern world is something to be read by all men in pulpits. And we cannot fail to remark upon the literary force and brilliancy of the work, so conspicuously in advance of anything which we have had heretofore from Dr. Gordon's pen. But these things are secondary. It is as a theological essay that "The Christ of To-day" is important. As such it is of high importance intrinsically, and of still higher importance as an index of the progress of thought in the New England churches.





LINCOLN.

FROM THE STATUE BY JOHN ROGERS.

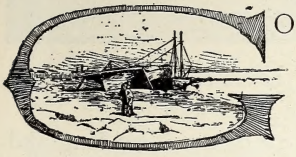
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NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES. FEBRUARY, 1896. VOL. XIII. No. 6.

THE PASSING OF THE NEW ENGLAND FISHERMAN.

By Winfield M. Thompson.



GO down to the New England coast, wherever you will, from Nantucket to Quoddy Head, and you will witness the passing of the New England deep-sea fisherman. Not many years ago he was on a practical equality in respect to the importance of his craft, with the farmer, and, with his sturdy qualities, he was a force among his fellows. Much has been written about the New England farmer's changes of fortune; the gathering of statistics regarding abandoned farms has been dignified by the state of Massachusetts through being made a function of the Commonwealth. But the deserted fish-wharves of New England have not been made objects of solicitude on the part of economists; and the fisherman of the old stock has been allowed to wither and pass out of the industrial field, unobserved and unlamented. He sees the old order of things passing away. Concentration of the fishing business has crowded him out, just as the gradual concentration of mining interests in the hands of corporations has crowded out the individual gold digger of the sort pictured in California annals and Bret Harte's stories.

With this concentration of the fishing business at a few ports, a new type of fisherman, of foreign birth, less citizen and more laborer than his predecessor, has come in; and the small fishing villages, deprived of the business that was their main support, have retrograded. The old fisherman finds the vessels which at different times he sailed in scattered. Some lie at wharves, falling apart from disuse; others have been pressed into service as coasting craft, carrying freight of lime, bricks or lumber, their hulls appearing in their old age like worn-out bodies, almost ready to lay down the





"THE DESERTED FISH WHARVES . . . HAVE NOT BEEN MADE OBJECTS OF SOLICITUDE."

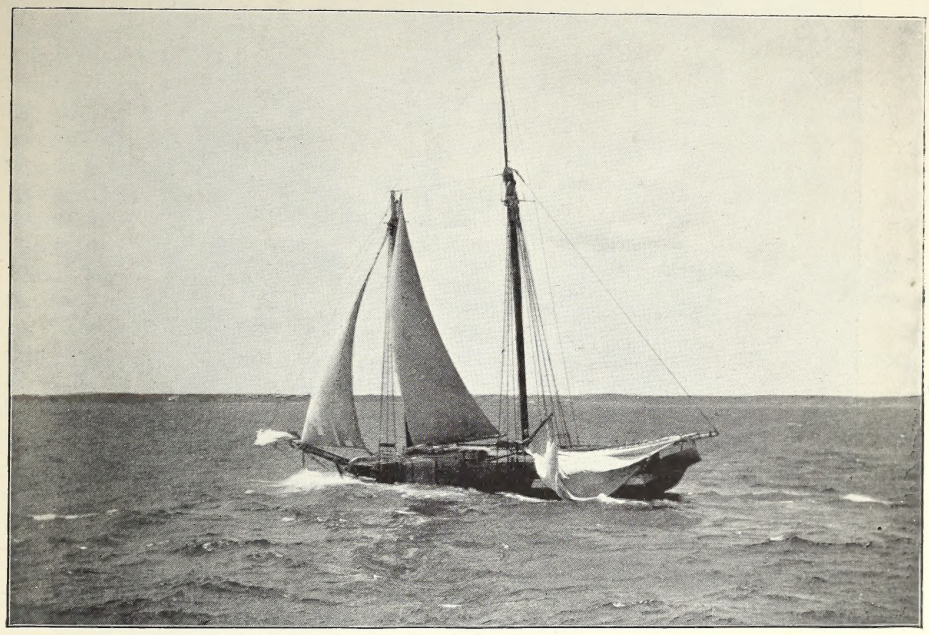
over-heavy burden; others still are broken on some barren shore, or thrown high above the tide-line on a bleak waste of sand, to bleach in sun and rain. More modern vessels have taken their places in the fishing business; but these hail from the central ports, and are manned by strangely assorted crews.

The old-time fleet, owned in the villages, depended on the Grand and Western Banks fishery to keep them busy. It cannot be said that since the disintegration of the fleet the volume of the New England fisheries has decreased. A statistical article from the pen of Mr. George A. Rich, printed in the *New England Magazine* for April, 1894, showed that the fisheries were more important in the last decade, both in tonnage and the number of men employed, than ever before. The fact remains, however, that the bank fishery has diminished in volume, and that the native New Englander has ceased to figure in any large degree in the business which he built up, and for many decades, before manufacturing reached its present stage of development, made the leading industry of the New England States.

While the interior of New England was yet a wilderness unscarred by axe and undisturbed by plow, the fisherman followed his ancient calling off the rocky coast, founded villages at sheltered points on cove and bay, and went far to lay the foundation of future states and promote their commercial welfare. Antedating the farmer, he was for a long period of our history a greater factor in the development of the community. His bravery and skill made him virtual master of the seas. From the stern school of the New England fisheries the American merchant marine drew its hardiest men, and the American navy the most valiant defenders of the flag.

The typical New England fisherman was a sturdy, wholesome citizen, as hardy as good blood and tough labor could make him, clean-minded, blunt in speech, open-handed, generous and confiding. He tried to rear his children to become as honest in purpose as himself. He saved what he could from his earnings after all the mouths dependent on him were fed, and paid

his taxes without questioning the theory which might underlie the system by which he was taxed. He exercised the right of suffrage as a sacred function established by a wise plan of government, and he voted for the best interests of his community according to his light. His mind worked within narrow limits, and never strayed far from the serious problem of how to live uprightly in the struggle between men for gain. He saw the workings of nature in its most awful moods, and respected the power that controlled them. The constant presence of danger in his labors, when only the thin plank lay between himself and the depths, robbed his nature of frivolity. Living was too serious a task to be gone through lightly. Yet within his rough breast beat a warm heart, and the light in his clear eye showed his appreciation of the amenities of life. He was no dullard, this Yankee fisherman, and he was no visionary. He went fishing and braved danger because there were a good many little ones to feed and clothe at home, and nobody to do it but himself. He had his life task allotted him; as fishing was the most natural thing for him to do, his father having done it, he accepted the situation, and fished. He felt himself there to stay, and he left his post only when there was nothing more to be had by staying.



FROM A PHOTO. BY E. W. LUNDAHL.

"CARRYING FREIGHT OF LIME, BRICKS OR LUMBER."

The causes which have led up to the New England fisherman's loss of identity seem to have developed naturally enough. In the leading fishing ports of New England,—Gloucester, Boston, Portland, and Provincetown,—his place has been taken by the thrifty sons of England's North American possessions, by the blonde and frugal Swede, and the swarthy Portuguese. Where twenty years ago there were fifteen Yankees to one man of foreign birth in a vessel's crew, there are now more likely to be fifteen men of foreign extraction to one Yankee, or possible none. Data compiled

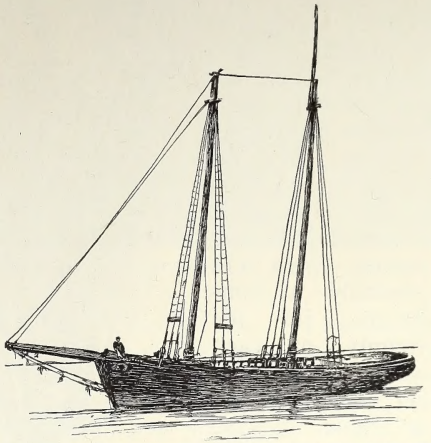


DRAWN, AFTER A PHOTO. BY FREDERICK A. MAC NEAL.

"BROKEN ON SOME BARREN SHORE."

from recent reports of casualties among fishermen sailing out of Gloucester bear this statement out. One hundred and twenty-two of the men engaged in the Gloucester fisheries were drowned in the twelve months of 1894 and the first month of 1895. Of this number only three, or less than two and one-half per cent of the whole, were of American birth and parentage,—according to a record kept by the Gloucester Relief Association, an organization whose object it is to distribute funds among needy widows and orphans of fishermen. A list of the men lost in the thirteen months was read at a memorial service held in Gloucester on February 9, 1895. The nationality of each man was given, except in a few cases in which it was unmistakably indicated by his name. The table of unfortunates was made up as follows: From Nova Scotia 35, Newfoundland 21, Sweden 15, Cape Breton 14, Portugal 9, St. Pierre, Miq., 8, Ireland 6, Norway 4, United States 3, Finland 3, Iceland 2, Germany 1, Italy 1. Total, 122. A dispatch from Provincetown, printed in a Boston paper on February 27, 1895, giving details of a Provincetown fishing schooner's narrow escape from foundering on the Grand Banks, stated: "Of the twenty men comprising the vessel's crew all were of Portuguese extraction. Nineteen were natives of Fayal, in the Azores, while one was born in this town."

In a country as new as ours no newcomer can with consistency be called a foreigner, if it is his intention to become a citizen. The original Americans died sorry that they ever saw a white man, and the remnants of the people whom our forefathers dispossessed are still nursing their resentment against the intruders on the reservations of the plains. We are not ancients, and the situation bespeaks charity and brotherly love for all. If the New Englanders feel any resentment against the new men who have secured a footing in the fisheries, it is perhaps directed more toward their Provincial cousins, who make their money here and spend a large part of it at home, than against the new comers from beyond the Atlantic who become citizens and spend their money where they make it. But the Nova Scotian or Newfoundlander has a right of course



"HIGH ABOVE THE TIDE LINE . . . TO BLEACH IN SUN AND RAIN."

to spend his earnings where he pleases. The change in blood and personnel in the New England fisheries therefore becomes interesting mainly from the economic and pathetic features it presents, in the decay of coast villages and the disappearance of a sturdy type of American citizen.

Visit the fishing villages with tablet and pencil, and the facts which may be compiled there will form an instructive chapter in the industrial statistics of New England. Everywhere signs of decay are found in once prosperous places. Especially is this true along the Maine coast. As the same conditions prevail in all these sea-shore Auburns, a description of the scenes and former customs in one may be taken as applying in large degree to the whole. The typical place which I choose, because I happen to have seen much of it, is Southport, in Lincoln County, Maine, where vessels were fitted out which once gave employment to 300 men in the aggregate, the town's population then being about

900. The wharves are now in condition to drop down, or have disappeared altogether, and the fish-houses on the shore stand like skeletons, the boards dropping from their aged frames. There are several of these former centres of activity in the town, each on some navigable cove; and in the county there are probably a hundred. In the vicinity of each wharf are a number of houses, and at some of the larger settlements are stores, silent and weatherbeaten now, with no goods upon their shelves.

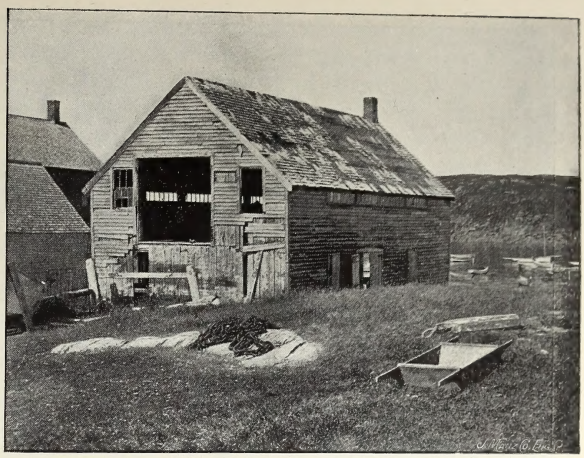


"THE TYPICAL NEW ENGLAND FISHERMAN, — A STURDY, WHOLESOME CITIZEN."

Here in the prosperous days of Bank fishing, before the government took away the tonnage bounty, men came by the score in the spring, from near and far, to "ship." As soon as the sun of early March had melted the snow on the south roofs of the fish-houses, they appeared, as true harbingers of spring as the first robin. The winter was an irksome time to them, when chopping spruce trees in the woods and preparing the cord-wood for the stove at home was their chief occupation. The thrifty man, who could be called a "good provider," was known by the size and neatness of his spring wood pile. This task of wood gathering being over in February, the fisherman watched the sun's rays grow stronger day by day, eager to construe its faintest smile into a promise of spring; and no sooner had March come in than the old family dory was cleared of ice and snow and fitted with fresh thole-pins, ready to take a little party to "get a chance." Usually the nearest fish firm was visited, but not always, for the quality of the vessels fitted out and the reputation of the firm for fairness in settling with the men were matters of prior consideration.

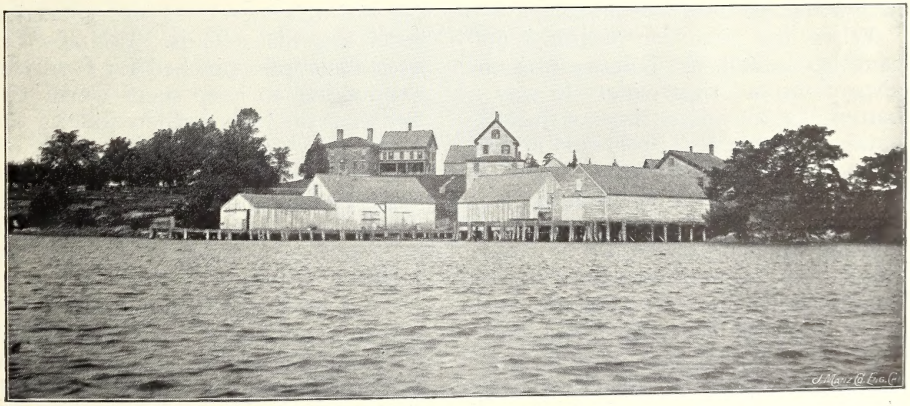
There was no question of wages, for the business was conducted "on shares," the nearest approach to a purely coöperative basis of profit-sharing in a successful business ever attained in this country, and a system which always has been and is now free from dissension and anything like "labor" troubles. As a rule, the fisherman of to-day, like the fisherman formerly, is satisfied with what he gets, providing Fortune favors him in his catch. In the Bank fishery, the owners supplied the vessel, equipment, salt and provisions. The crew paid the cook's wages and half the bait bill. The gross proceeds of the trip were divided equally between owners and crew, each man being assessed his part of the expense for bait and cook's wages, and then given his share of the net balance according to the number of fish he caught. Thus, if the high line caught 20,000 fish and earned $200, and the low line caught 10,000, he earned but $100. The captain was usually allowed an average share and given a percentage, from three to five per cent, of the gross receipts for the voyage. This percentage was paid by the firm. The cook was allowed to fish in return for caring

for the vessel while the men were out in the dories, and he received a share of the receipts in proportion to his catch, besides his wages, which ranged from $40 to $60 a month. If he was a smart fisherman and capable of doing a great deal of work, he could make more than the captain himself. The cook was shipped at the same time as the crew; and while the crew were at work painting the vessel, scraping spars and mending sails, he was cleaning up the fo'c's'le, and getting the range and cooking utensils into shape.



"THE FISH-HOUSES ON THE SHORE STAND LIKE SKELETONS."

In the old days, the owners kept open house during fitting-out time, every man in their employ being welcome to their board in the big house, which stood only a little way back from the fish-houses and store. This custom waned as time went on, and finally died out. With it was dissolved one of the strongest ties that bound employer and employed,—or, more properly, the parties in a mutual venture; for while the owners put capital into the enterprise and could be guarded by insurance against loss, the fisherman contributed skill and daring, and hazarded his life. In return for this the owner assumed the rôle of creditor and supplied the wants of the fisherman's family in his absence, taking chances on the season's returns being sufficient to balance accounts, and the honesty of the debtor in case they were not. As soon as a man shipped in the spring he was entitled to open an account at the store, to which account everything supplied himself or his family until autumn was charged. The first entry on the day book almost invariably included a pair of "buck," (red leather) or rubber boots, from five to ten pounds of tobacco, some clay pipes, a jackknife, a sou'wester, oil-



"A FORMER CENTRE OF ACTIVITY IN THE TOWN . . . SILENT AND WEATHERBEATEN NOW."



"FLAKE YARD," STORE AND FISH-HOUSES OF A TYPICAL FISH-CURING ESTABLISHMENT.

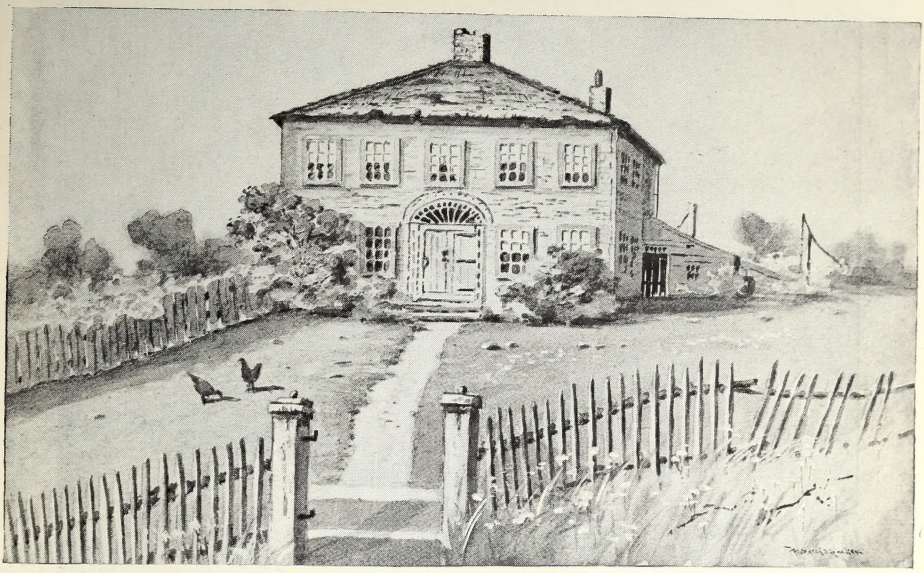
clothes, and at the end a list of groceries,—pork, beans, corned beef, flour and saleratus, to help the family "up March hill" and through the spring. After the vessel had sailed away, which was usually before April was very old, the purchasers at the store included brown-faced boys in jumpers and overalls, who timidly ordered what "mother said" was wanting, and stern-visaged women, who spoke without inflection of the voice and bought sparingly of such luxuries as rice and dried apples, and ordered only small quantities of necessaries like lard and molasses.

When the time for "settling up" came in the fall, the balance was not always on the right side. It was a hard pull at the heartstrings of the husband and father to be told that he had no money coming to him; for the winters were long and hard, his family was large, and no money meant more work and the suffering of fishing in winter. Sometimes the account would almost balance, and a few cents would be coming. Then the fisherman's face hardened a little, his jaw became more firmly set as his fingers closed over the few coppers placed on his calloused palm by the owner. He went out of the store slowly, and around the first corner. Only a few cents. He looked at them, now that he was alone. There was all he had to show for eight months' hard work and privation. As he looked, a word formed in his mind. It was "Georges". A journey to Gloucester, a place on a haddock fisherman,—and away to the marine graveyard, from which he might return and might not, to set trawls over a bottom scattered with human bones. Cold, wet and worn out at the end of each day's work, he sought his berth to think of wife and children before nature's sweet restorer placed a finger on his eyelids. Perhaps his loved ones were pinched for food and without fuel to keep them warm, except what the boys gathered along the shore. He could not tell, away off there on Georges Bank. He was the bread-winner, and no matter what his doubts or fears he must stick to his post, and draw money from the sea for them.

Amid such stern conditions, interspersed at times with some of life's tenderer and pleasanter phases, the New England fisherman worked on until within a decade of the present time. Then the adverse influences which

had been threatening him and his calling seemed to come together, and he saw the beginning of the end. The firms he had sailed for failed or went out of business, the vessels were sold, and the fisherman, now well along in years, found himself without a ready means of employment at the work he knew how to do best. His sons had drifted into different callings—had become skippers of coasting vessels, or were employed in the work of landsmen, from the peaceful occupation of building boats at home to the more exciting labors of the "cow puncher" on the western plains. There was no young blood to supplement the old and build up what had gone down in disaster. To be sure, there were fishermen; but they were not a class, numerous and distinctive, as formerly. They "tended" lobster pots or herring traps along shore, fished for cod and hake in the coast waters, or went to Gloucester, a few of them, and secured employment there; but all seemed ready to get out of the business, and let the ancient calling of their fathers fall into other hands. The sons of fishermen take readily to the habits of city-bred people, with whom many of them seek association, the marks of individuality are soon lost, the young men become unlike their fathers, and the effacement of a class whose sturdy virtues made their mark on New England character is swift, certain and abiding.

When these facts are considered, the personality of the old fisherman has a peculiar interest. Like the old soldier, he lives in the past. His day dreams are taken up with the brave fleets now scattered, and he compares the merits of all the vessels in which he ever made a trip. One sailed well before the wind, another made better time to windward, a third was a great sail-carrier, a fourth was noted for sea-going qualities in a storm; and so on through the list, as the old man sits in the sun before his door and lives in the days when he was in his prime. Life is monotonous to him now. He rows around the harbor in an old green dory, placidly, visiting the grocery and the post office,—for letters, newspapers and magazines come often from absent sons and daughters; and



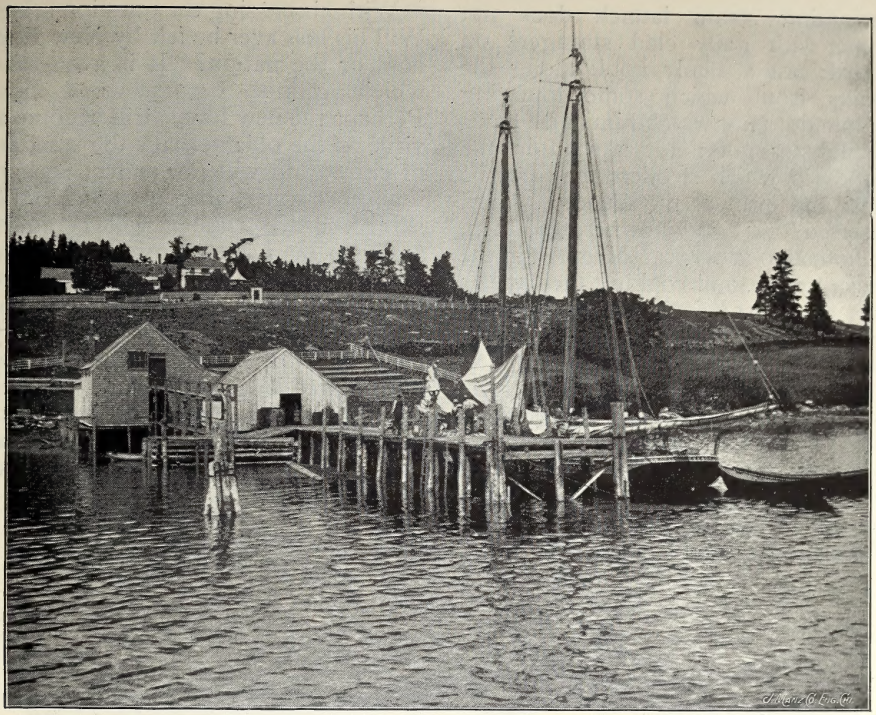
"THE BIG HOUSE STOOD ONLY A LITTLE WAY BACK."



BY PERMISSION OF THE NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.

"A SQUARE-RIGGER CAME BOWLING OUT OF THE FOG."

FROM THE PAINTING, "THE LIFTING OF THE FOG," BY MARSHALL JOHNSON.



A REMNANT OF THE OLD INDUSTRY. "PITCHING OUT A TRIP" AT A MAINE FISH WHARF.

as a diversion he "tends" a few lobster pots that are set within easy rowing distance of his home. At night the dory swings at a mooring in sight of the house, the light in the old-fashioned kitchen burns brightly in the early evening and then is quenched, and the old fisherman goes to bed knowing that he will not be called to stand watch or shorten sail. All that is over, and to the end of his days he is assured of peaceful quiet in the company of his faithful wife, the mother of his children, who toiled at home while he was on the sea, and who with her little flock around her managed to "make both ends meet" when times were hard and the bottom of the flour barrel was very near the top.

Their children are men and women now, and are making places for themselves. Summer usually brings one or more to the old home, with bright little ones ready for a vacation frolic. The old man forgets to dream of the past. He plays with his favorite grandson among the daisies of the fields, makes him boats out of shingles with sails of birch bark, takes him rowing in the old green dory, or tells him stories of shipwreck escapes, and rescue on the Grand Banks, when a square-rigger came bowling out of the fog upon his craft, and it seemed the supreme moment had come; or when an ocean liner cut the best vessel in the fleet in two, and the old man's white fiddle, long his heart's solace and known throughout the home fleet for its sweet tone, went down with the wreck.

He does not play the violin now, though he is often urged to do so by visitors to the village. He is shy in the presence of "summer people." He sees the whole town given up to them in July and August, and it disturbs him. Not a cove into which some

screaming steam launch does not come with gaily clad strangers on board; not a shady nook along the banks from which some lounging couple does not watch him as he hauls his lobster pots; not a road in the woods in which strollers may not be met; and even at the old fish wharf, deserted long ago by owners and men, he finds two artists camping out in the ancient store, and cooking their meals over an oil stove placed on the very counter where he received his money on settling day.

Of course the village is picturesque —things that are old and dropping to pieces usually are,— but he can hardly reconcile the laughing, sight-seeing crowds of to-day with the scenes which are still sacred to him from memories of his strength and labors.

With his passing the question arises, Will his loss ever be felt by New England or the nation? It is a question which cannot be answered now. Perhaps the new forces will become as virile as the old; perhaps the standard of citizenship will not suffer; perhaps if another war shall come hundreds of skilled, brave seamen will be found ready to man the country's ships and carry the flag to victory as in the sixties and in 1812. Whether so or not, the old fisherman in his green dory, rowing to the post office for his newspaper, is a dark and pathetic figure that seems to stand for something which is with us to-day but may be lost to view forever to-morrow.



"THE PEACEFUL OCCUPATION OF BUILDING BOATS."



AN OLD-FASHIONED VALENTINE.

By Minna Irving.

THE snow lies deep on the windy wold,
And the ice is thick on the silver rill;
But two little birds, despite the cold,
Are twittering love on the window-sill;—
St. Valentine's Day is here, is here,
So I summon courage to write thee, dear.

I have loved thee, sweet, since the day I came
To the mossy garden and saw thee there,
Thy dimpled arms in the rose's flame,
And the ivy wreath in thy golden hair.
I begged for a spray of mignonette
And a crimson rose,—and I have them yet.

For a year and more, as I came and went
By the low, white house on the hill, I've seen
Thy fair head over thy sewing bent,
The fluttering curtains of chintz between;
And I've walked with thee in thy gown of gray
To the little church on the Sabbath day.

So I know thee, love, for the purest maid
That hath ever blushed at a glance too bold,
And the fairest, too, that hath ever laid
Her lips to man's since the days of old.
Away in the top of the linden tree,
The birds have mated, and so should we.

The old blue china—my mother's pride—
Is dim with dust on the dresser shelf;
My windows watch for a dainty bride,
And my soul is sad for its sweeter self.
Oh, come and gladden the heart that must
Be thine alone till it falls to dust!

The Song



'Twas a song alas never finished that came to my couch of pain,
And a feeling of peace & comfort I found in the sweet refrain,
Whose melody I knew not but as it rose & fell
My faint heart felt a rapture too deep & sweet to tell;
And so to thee unkown singer — singer unknown and hidden —
My thanks are thine for the lay which came to me unbidden.



ACCEPTED WITH PLEASURE.

By Violette Hall.

WHO started the agitation Miss Hatch never knew; but news of it came to her ears at last through Mrs. Hotchkiss, her next-door neighbor. The ladies of Keyport had begun to wonder audibly that Miss Hatch never became infected with the village's spasmodic epidemics of entertaining. Bending their minds to the matter they concluded that the death of her sister was too remote a calamity to stand longer for an excuse. The final verdict was that the omission must spring from penuriousness. In Keyport no reflection is more invidious than parsimony; Miss Hatch decided to give a tea party.

"Who ye goin' t' invite, aunty?" asked her small niece, hanging over the kitchen table, where, a preliminary step, sugar jumbles were in course of construction.

Miss Hatch sprinkled a thin layer of sugar over the moulding board. "There's time 'nough to settle that," she answered crisply.

"Ye goin' t' ast Mis' Robbins, ain't ye, Aunt Jane?" smiled Janey, displaying several new very ill-at-ease front teeth. "Ain't ye, Aunt Jane?"

Miss Hatch spread a mass of rich yellow dough over the sugar coating on the moulding board. She rolled it out smoothly. She brought a tin cake-cutter down upon it sharply here and there. Then she slipped the blade of a knife under the thin rounds and lifted them into shallow pans. Meanwhile Mrs. Robbins's invitation hung in the balance.

Janey waited until two pans had been filled; then she said again: "Ain't ye, Aunt Jane?"

"Take your fingers off th' table. No, I ain't."

"She ast you t' her party."

Miss Hatch took up one of the pans and stalked across to the stove with it before she remarked, "I went, didn't I?"

Janey shook her cropped head.

Miss Hatch bore the other cakes to the stove. She opened the oven door with her foot, stooping over only to arrange the pans inside. When she arose to her natural height she was staring fixedly at her niece.

"She invited me to her sleighride, too, didn't she?"

Janey shook her head again.

Mrs. Robbins was the wealthiest woman in the place and, what was dearer to the child's heart, the dressiest. Janey was eager to see what she would wear on a state occasion like her aunt's party. The sleighride slight had occurred in Miss Hatch's girlhood. It seemed hard that it should be brought up now.

Her aunt moved briskly about, clearing away the baking utensils. Janey followed her when she went into the pantry with a pan of left-over flour: "Are ye goin' t' ast Mis' Powers?" she inquired.

"Janey Rudd, if you don't stop steppin' on my dress I'll know th' reason why. No, I ain't goin' to ask Mis' Powers. Your ma an' me was never allowed to go with Sarah Evans when we was girls, an' 'tain't at all likely I'll begin it now she's married that Abe Powers."

"Well, you're goin' t' ast Mis' Hotchkiss."

"There,—you tore out a gather. I ain't goin' t' ask Mrs. Hotchkiss.

You jest get up in that chair an' stop taggin' me."

As Janey was climbing into the particular chair designated by her aunt's gaunt forefinger, she lifted her voice to say: "Are ye goin' t' ast Mis' Jones?" Immediately the words had escaped, she clapped her hands over her mouth; but the stubby brown fingers were too late. Miss Hatch deigned no answer, though her tall, angular figure had taken on an awesome degree of grimness. She set herself down on the door-step with a lead pencil in her hand, a piece of brown wrapping paper and a cook-book to write upon. Janey was very quiet; she was conscious of a great mistake. Since the time when Mrs. Jones had wilfully exposed her to mumps by letting her play unwarned with an already infected member of her own family, the name of Jones had been tabooed in the Hatch household.

Miss Hatch wrote out a long list of proper names. The roughness of the book cover made them look crinkled, but Janey knew what they were. From her quiet perch she exclaimed excitedly: "Oh, what a lot!"

Miss Hatch silently examined the list, name by name. Then she drew a black line over one after another. Janey's head dropped. "Why, Aunt Jane," she cried, "there's only two left! That ain't a party."

Still Miss Hatch made no reply. She walked out of the kitchen, through the dining-room, and into the little parlor beyond. Janey slipped down from her chair and stole softly after her aunt on the tips of her toes. From a safe distance she saw her place the blackened list among the leaves of the family Bible. Then she knew that the party's fate was sealed.

Out into the garden she darted, running to its farthest limit, where stood a low-hanging syringa bush,—the burial ground of most of her childish sorrows. Under its shade she threw herself, face downward in an attitude of abjectest misery. She thought as she lay there kicking her toes into the hard beaten ground and sobbing, "'Tain't a party! 'tain't a party!" that nothing could possibly happen to dim farther the family's social glory.

But the very next day "the Swans"—so Mrs. Swan and her sister Miss Lewis were called—borrowed a cup of the best New Orleans molasses and returned an inferior article. Miss Hatch took it unsuspiciously from the boy who brought it to the kitchen door. As soon as he had gone she sniffed it, and her mouth set as stiffly as if her jaws were made of iron. She went over to the cupboard and took a teaspoon from a glass spoonholder. She dipped the least mite of the molasses upon the tip of it and tasted it. Then she held the cup out to Janey: "Throw it to the pig," said she.

There was a subdued crackle of stiffly starched petticoats in the direction of the parlor. Janey stole noiselessly into the dining-room far enough to see the brown paper withdrawn from the Bible and a pencil drawn across the two remaining names. However, when she returned from the pigsty she was given a large pan of raisins to stone. Miss Hatch was herself measuring out butter and sugar and the various ingredients of fruit cake. Janey recognized the fact that the party had passed beyond the point of questioning, though wonderment pounded all day upon her small gingham bosom as the preparations continued. Great creamy rusk were made, and meat loaf, and pot-cheese. Pound cake and citron cookies were added to the store of sweets; and what was of most vital importance, a favorite speckled hen was sacrificed.

Toward night Miss Hatch took her niece to the village store with her for a fresh supply of groceries. The nature of the purchases caused the young clerk to inquire gaily: "A party on the tapistry, Miss Hatch?"

Janey listened with strained ears.

"Yes," her aunt said very decidedly.

"When is it?" the clerk went on facetiously, rubbing his fingers together to

dislodge clinging grains of sugar, "I want t' be on hand at the right time, you know."

"To-morrow," was Miss Hatch's laconic answer.

She took up the largest of the brown paper parcels; Janey packed her thin little arms with the lighter things; and they trudged heavily toward home with no farther word upon the subject.

There were other customers in the store at the time of Miss Hatch's statement. The news of the party at once became general, as they knew from the way everyone in passing stared at the house the next day. It was interesting to note, too, the rush of feminine visitors who paid their respects to Mrs. Hotchkiss during the course of the afternoon.

Janey helped her aunt put extra boards in the extension table, but she volunteered no questions, even while she stood hesitatingly with her hands upon a pile of plates. "How many?" was all she asked.

"Eight," said her aunt.

Soon the table was dotted with the best china and toothsome food. Miss Hatch stood over it admiringly. "S'pose ye run out an' pick a bookay for it?" she suggested to Janey.

While Janey was lost in the tangled shrubbery of the little front garden, she heard Mrs. Hotchkiss announce from her piazza: "I ain't seen a soul go in; an' I've watched sence three o'clock."

"Mebbe it's stayin' comp'ny," was hazarded in another voice—a high nasal one, evidently Mrs. Powers's.

The long watch had told upon Mrs. Hotchkiss's disposition. There was a querulous note in her reply: "You jest go down t' th' end o' th' stoop there an' look at them spare-room shutters."

There was the tread of several pairs of feet and then someone called out: "Closed tighter 'n a drum. Well, this does beat all."

An excited stammer, which Janey recognized as emanating from a spinster known as "one of the Acker girls," suggested: "It-t-t might be-e-e somebody a-a-a comin' t' din-n-er."

"Sh' only got one pound o' steak o' th' butcher this mornin'," Mrs. Hotchkiss protested. "B'sides, three o'clock oughter be early enough t' see dinner comp'ny goin' an' supper comp'ny comin', I should think. Anyhow, I had my work t' do. I couldn't set here *all* day."

"Well," put in Mrs. Swan, "she's cert'nly got a party. You know what she told th' clerk t' Simpson Brothers'. B'sides, my George was there yestiddy mornin' t' fetch back some m'lasses I'd borrered, an' he said it smelt awful good—like bakin'—in th' kitchen."

There was a moment's silence; then Mrs. Hotchkiss said with a high, strained giggle: "I've as good a mind as ever I had t' eat, t' jest go right over an' find out."

"I bet ye will. It'd be jest like ye," Mrs. Powers struck in quickly, with an evident intention of blocking any possible change of mind.

As Janey was going around the house with her flowers, she met Mrs. Hotchkiss coming through a hole in the back fence, her broad face set in an embarrassed smile. She advanced before the child to the kitchen, where Miss Hatch was turning a mould of lemon jelly into an old-fashioned high glass preserve dish.

"Ev'nin', Jane," said Mrs. Hotchkiss. "Would it be *too* much trouble t' lend me only *one* drawin' o' tea? We're *jest* out."

Miss Hatch picked up the dish of jelly and started toward the dining-room with it.

"No pertic'lar trouble. Come in here while I fetch it. You'll roast out there."

Janey was busily decking the centre of the generously laid table with a pair of china vases filled with coarse bright flowers and striped grass. Miss Hatch returned quickly with the tea. She offered it to her visitor with one hand; with the other she lifted the latch of the dining-room door.

"Don't fall goin' out, Mis' Hotch-

kiss," said she. "It's kind o' wet an' slippery there."

"There was eight places set," was reported a few minutes later.

Mrs. Robbins pulled up her unfastened dolman, which was beginning to slide off her shoulders, with an impatient jerk which set its beaded fringe clanging. "I thought you said you'd watched sence three o'clock!"

"I have," whined Mrs. Hotchkiss.

Mrs. Powers cleared her throat, "Well, it stands t' reason, Sarah Hotchkiss, them six folks had t' get into that house someway."

A pause followed, more incriminating than a jury's verdict. Finally someone asked in a coaxing tone: "Didn't ye hear 'em a-talkin'? Couldn't ye tell whether they was Keyport voices or strangers?"

Mrs. Hotchkiss shook her head pettishly like a badgered child.

"I was only in a minute. She showed me right out. I hed plenty o' time t' peek through th' keyhole, though, if that Janey hedn't stayed 'round like a stickin' plaster."

Mrs. Robbins gave another hitch to her dolman. "Th' hatefullest girl I ever see! No wonder her mother died when she was born."

Mrs. Jones arose to her feet. "Well, I've got t' go now," she announced. "I can't fool away any more time."

Then the ladies started up in a body. They took an aggrieved farewell of Mrs. Hotchkiss, as if she had wilfully cheated them out of something. As they were flocking down the front steps she sought to divert them with: "I don't see where Jane got damask plums t' do up. There ain't none on their place."

There was no answer, and the front gate closed after the little procession with a sharp banging report.

It was certainly unfortunate for these housekeepers' curiosity that the preparation of supper should have called them away at precisely six o'clock. For a very few minutes later, as Miss Hatch was removing a blackberry shortcake from the oven, Janey burst in upon her with the announcement: "The minister's in th' hall. He won't set down; says he wants t' see ye jest a minute."

Mr. Paddock was a fat little man, with a very round mouth which suggested that if his calling had been a less serious one he might have been a perpetual whistler. Miss Hatch found him now in the front hall in great perturbation.

"I want a receipt for muffins like you brought t' the donation party," he began, in a hungry, careworn voice. "That unchristian housekeeper o' mine 's left, an' there ain't a scrap o' bread in th' house."

"Sally gone! Do tell where?" Miss Hatch exclaimed.

"She didn't inform me." The pastor spoke pathetically, almost peevishly.

A sudden impulse flashed through Miss Hatch's brain. Since the death of his faithful spouse six years before, the Reverend Mr. Paddock had been very much neglected by the husbandless portion of his congregation; and most of it was husbandless—either widows or spinsters. A rigid code of honor among these ladies restrained them from what they called "angling."

Miss Hatch's temperament had been strained to an unnatural pitch for the last few days, or she never could have done it. Then, too, there was a sumptuous company supper going to waste in the back of the house.

"Don't bother about them muffins, Mr. Paddock," said she. "They have t' be raised over night. You stay here t' supper. I've got a shortcake that I know you'll relish."

Mr. Paddock needed no urging. He dropped his hat upon the hall table with a quick thud, and almost ran into the little parlor, where he settled himself in a big chair.

When Janey was helping her aunt remove the extra plates from the table in preparation for Mr. Paddock, the only explanation offered for their being there was the mumbled remark: "I jest knew some of 'em would be

spyin' in." Presently she added: "Now Mr. Paddock's come, it's all right. Nothin' ain't too good for th' dominie."

Mr. Paddock seemed cordially to endorse the last sentiment when he was brought into the pleasant dining-room and seated at the generous board. Blackberry shortcake, rusk, meat loaf, creamy pot-cheese, savory tea, rich preserves and cake were dispatched in quantities sufficient to prove that the departed Sally had fed him poorly at best. However, there is a limit to every capacity. When Miss Hatch bade Janey "assist to jell," and that small woman thrust a large spoon into the quivering lemon mound, there was a husky expostulation: "Not for me, Miss Hatch; not for me. I've et sufficient."

The next evening, when Miss Hatch was dishing up the remnants of the feast, Janey again announced Mr. Paddock. His intention was now so obviously to remain, that Miss Hatch's most exacting neighbor could not honestly accuse her of "angling" in requesting him to do so. He appeared almost every night after this, at six o'clock, like a wilful boy. Sometimes at first there was a slight excuse offered, or a feint of not staying for supper; but very soon it grew into a custom, and he talked to Miss Hatch about dropping in to take a cup of tea with her as a matter of course. Finally he began bringing sermons to read; and in that way he spent most of his evenings in the snug little parlor.

After his visits had continued for several weeks, and all the village was upon tiptoe, he said abruptly one night: "I've come here for a long time, ain't I, Jane Hatch?"

Miss Hatch looked up from her knitting to find him standing before her. She glanced at him sharply. "What ye doin'?" she asked.

Mr. Paddock coughed. He was trying to look tender, but he seemed only to come a little nearer than usual to whistling.

"I've thought all along that I wouldn't marry again," he began; "but I don't know as it makes any difference."

Miss Hatch held one knitting needle in her mouth while she counted the stitches on the other. Then she looked up again. "You'd be better off married," she said.

Mr. Paddock reached down and took one of the busy hands in his. Miss Hatch gave a little start of surprise.

"Why, ye ain't goin' 'thout your supper, air ye?" she asked.

The man looked so genuinely alarmed at the suggestion, that the meaning of their attitude was borne in upon her maidenly consciousness with a rush. She glanced at her hand lying hard and unpliable in his masculine grasp, and blushed deeply. Mr. Paddock glanced at it and blushed. But having once begun, he hardly knew how to leave off. Finally Miss Hatch extricated herself to pick up a pin from the carpet.

"Won't ye sit, Mr. Paddock?" said she, "do sit."

The pastor looked relieved. He spread himself out in a broad horsehair rocking-chair as he remarked: "You mustn't mind if I forget an' call you Susan sometimes. It was her name. I'm used to it."

Miss Hatch shook her head. "I liked Mis' Paddock," said she, "I don't care."

"Then all I've got to say, Jane Hatch, is that if you want me, you c'n have me. I've always thought you a worthy woman—a plain, worthy woman."

They considered themselves engaged after this. The courtship was a calm one; but it was all she had ever known—and it satisfied her.

Miss Hatch delighted Janey by letting her make out a list of wedding guests little less discriminating than the village census. It seemed as if she could not find witnesses enough to the spectacle of her triumph in carrying off the minister.

On the afternoon of her wedding

she put on a new brown silk, and she wore her hair crimped on the sides in those waves that most shamelessly betray the crimping pins. As she wandered with the pastor bridegroom, in excited restlessness, about the stiff parlor, before the guests arrived, he took a bunch of marigolds from a vase on the mantelpiece.

"Put some o' these on," he begged. "You had 'em on the table the first night I et supper with you."

Miss Hatch's face was flushed and her eyes were bright with happy pride.

"However could you remember that all this time?" she asked, with a tender smile.

"'Cause the smell of 'em always makes me kind o' sick," said the truthful bridegroom.

Miss Hatch let her hand drop. She had begun to pin the flowers on. "Oh, then I won't" ——

But he held them back in place. "I don't mind to-day, with all the windows open." As he bent over to help her, he left a round little kiss on her red cheek: "You're gettin' real handsome, Susan," he said; but just then they were interrupted by Janey, who came in from the kitchen to report on certain momentous preparations there.



MEMORIES OF BLUEMEADOW.*

THE VILLAGE DOCTOR.

By Charlotte Lyon.

DR. WOOD was for more than forty years the leading physician of Bluemeadow. He was a man of positive character, somewhat eccentric, and greatly respected. He inspired absolute confidence in his patients, and his presence amid the dark anxieties of a sick chamber was like a beam of sunlight. It seemed as if death himself must beat a retreat before the doctor's vigorous and cheery onslaught.

There is a humorous story told of an old Scotch blacksmith whom Sir Walter Scott found on his visit to Flodden Field, who practised medicine as well as the veterinary art. He gave his patients, he said, "maistly twa simples, 'laudamy' and 'calomy.'"

"Simples with a vengeance," said Sir Walter; "and do they get well?"

"Eh, sir," said the old man, "whiles they lives and whiles they die, but it will be long enough before they make up for Flodden."

Laudanum and calomel were the great remedies of those days with wiser doctors than the old blacksmith,

*These pictures of persons and events in a Massachusetts village fifty years ago are true sketches, the names only being fictitious.

when blistering, bleeding and other depleting treatment were in high favor. Food and sleep, even for the strong and healthy, were regarded as enervating, and to be used sparingly, while the sick were no doubt often starved to death.

Dr. Wood of course retained many of the old ideas, but was far in advance of his day. He was among the first to advocate plenty of fresh air, and to send consumptives out in cold weather, instead of shutting them up for the winter. He was regarded as a radical when he scouted the prevailing idea that children and dyspeptics should not eat butter. He used to say that "good sweet butter was as wholesome as castor oil!" Certainly children preferred the butter.

He took a thorough cold bath every morning, and taught his family to do the same, at a period when water was considered almost as fatal to life as pure air. He had the fresh, clear complexion which daily bathing gives, and for want of which some people are not so beautiful as they would be if they were really clean.

Dr. Wood was a man of medium height, spare, upright, soldierly in gait, and at the age of seventy was still active and vigorous. He had the long features and somewhat austere face of our Puritan ancestors; but when he spoke or listened his face lighted up and was cheerful and reassuring. There was a twinkle in his steel blue eye, a ready, hearty laugh, a love of a joke, which made him very attractive. His short hair was brushed upward and forward "like a little blaze," as Mrs. Stowe says.

He used to ride away to see his patients over the distant mountain roads and to the outlying farms, on his horse "Major," on either side hanging his saddlebags from whence he drew forth pills and potions, salves and blisters; for the doctors in those days dispensed their own drugs. From these mysterious bags, we were taught in our childhood, came the babies which Dr. Wood from time to time "brought" to our parents. These new arrivals were occasions of unspeakable joy and pride. We often wondered why Dr. Wood was so disobliging about the sex. Why would he bring another boy where girls were so sadly lacking, or the reverse; and why, we wondered, did not good, kind Mrs. Wood, whom we supposed he must of course have consulted when making a selection from his stock, advise him more wisely? These new treasures came usually at night when we were all asleep; and I used often to sit wrapped in childish reverie picturing to myself Dr. and Mrs. Wood, candle in hand, secluded in the doctor's office, with several neatly dressed babies of both sexes on the table, picking out one for us or a neighbor's family. We used to wonder how these delicate creatures came so quietly in the saddlebags, when they were so noisy and resentful of discomfort after arriving at their destination. But our faith was implicit, and the saddlebag theory lasted until a late period of childhood.

Dr. Wood was a much married man, and one of those whom the Psalmist calls blessed, inasmuch as "his quiver was full" of the "heritage of the Lord." His first and second wives died young, and he was a widower with two sons and three daughters, when he took a third wife, who was a widow with one son. To this union five more children came, and I remember the great old-fashioned house, when eleven children were all at home there, their ages varying from three to thirty years. There never seemed to be any division between the three broods. All were truly brothers and sisters, and George Foot, Mrs. Wood's son, was a darling brother to Dr. Wood's children as well as to the young half-brothers and sisters of both families.

Mrs. Wood was a loving, saintly, indefatigable woman, devoted to her family, and a tower of strength to her friends and her church. She was always busy at home, her patient hands employed in multifarious duties.

Not only the endless patching and darning, mending and making, which went on in "mother's bed room," that sunny south corner behind the parlor, with its open fire and monthly rose bushes in the window, but the oversight of the kitchen, the cooking and baking, the care of the milk, the annual soap making and pig killing, the sausage making, the candle moulding, the barrels of "cider apple sauce" prepared for winter use,—all these must be supervised by the housewife, with very uncertain and precarious assistance from the "hired girls" then available.

I remember "Roxy," who reigned in the Woods' kitchen for years—a fiery tempered, "smart" person, subject to fits of indulgence, when she allowed us to make molasses candy in the kitchen or to stir up batter and fry little griddle cakes of an afternoon; subject also to fits of unreasonable crossness, when with the eye of a fury she drove us from the kitchen, and soon from the delights of the adjoining woodshed, where we made sawdust cakes in winter and frosted them with snow.

Mrs. Wood, while performing all her household duties and carefully rearing her children to old-fashioned usefulness, was always ready to share the joys and sorrows of her neighbors. Not only would she watch with the sick and minister to the dying, but she was the confidante of lovers, the sympathizer of the newly married and the young mothers. Her hospitality too was gracious, and she always seemed at leisure to welcome her guests. I remember her well when she must have been about forty-five, inclining to stoutness, her hair touched with gray, with rather small, pretty features, and a mild, bright eye, with an indescribable sweetness about the mouth, where dimples of youth still lurked. She wore a matronly cap and folded muslin kerchief, a close black silk or velvet bonnet, at an age when many women of to-day wear crimps and bangs, hats on the back of their heads, feathers and flowers. The sweet old ladies, the gentle, matronly, middle-aged ones in sedate apparel, have almost disappeared, and old women in youthful attire often look wicked and blasé, instead of venerable and dignified.

Dr. Wood lived in a square white house with green blinds, fronting the west. On the south side of the entrance hall were the family parlor and Mrs. Wood's bed room. The north front room was the doctor's office, and a side entrance behind it opened upon a driveway which led back to the stable. By this door patients were admitted, and here the doctor mounted and dismounted from horse, wagon or sleigh. In the office were many little drawers with brass knobs, bearing labels with the mysterious names of drugs; and one drawer contained a rich mine of "licorice stick," to which we children often repaired for saccharine joys. Here the doctor pulled teeth with a "turnkey," first cutting around the gums with a lancet. Sometimes a party arrived at the side door with swollen countenance wrapped in bandannas, for the evident purpose of getting rid of a tormentor. Then we children paused in our play to bury our heads in chair cushions, that we might not hear the victim's shrieks. Good Mrs. Wood was usually called in to hold the patient's head, as also to assist in sewing up cuts and other manglings, and took it all as a part of life's natural order. Here was drawn my first molar, which I carried home wrapped in paper, a grewsome thing, to show in triumph to a fellow sufferer in our kitchen, a maid servant too timid to follow my example.

The doctor's three elder daughters were pretty ladylike women, great favorites. They were all teachers, and at first went fresh from school to be governesses in Southern families. When I was about ten years old they decided to open a boarding and day school at home. Dr. Wood had a passion for building and improving his house, which cost him dear. He built a long new rear part to the old

square front, a large dining room, kitchen, pantries, and a large woodhouse, and above these a school room and several bedrooms. Still later he added a third story to the main portion of the house. Here for twenty-five years the Misses Wood carried on a most successful family school. The building of the new part was a great excitement to us all, and I never smell fresh plaster without recalling it. While it was going on, Miss Henrietta and Miss Amy carried on a day school in Mr. Bart Nevitt's house opposite St. John's church; and as we ran to and from school we used to drop in and watch the progress of the school room. Later in the autumn we moved in. We entered by a door and stairway at the extreme end of the house. The great yard of nearly an acre shaded with large trees made our pleasant playground.

The school room had a row of north windows and one of south windows opposite. It was warmed by a big box stove at one end and an open fire at the other. This was a cheerful rallying point in stormy weather, when we carried our dinners and stayed at noon between the two sessions of school. Here we roasted apples and popped corn, and told stories. We used during this recess to dance country dances to our own singing in the open space between the desks, to the popular tunes of "Old Zip Coon" and "Lucy Long," calling the figures as we sang.

First behind the school room was a "recitation room," small and snug, with another open fire. Here we recited French to Miss Henrietta; here she taught a small drawing class, small because an "extra" in those frugal days, and while we copied pencil landscapes, she read "Paul and Virginia" aloud to us. One hour daily we devoted to needle work, an excellent practice which might well be revived. Under Miss Henrietta's eye I learned "marking stitch" and completed a sampler with three alphabets, a row of figures, and a moral sentence embroidered upon it; also my name and age and some embellishments, stiff cornucopias, trees and flower pots,—"conventionalized" they call this wooden flora now.

We learned to knit our stockings and to hem and fell, and had to pick out our work again and again when faulty. At these times, too, Miss Henrietta read aloud from an improving book, laying it down occasionally and descending from her raised platform on tours of inspection. Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather" and the feats of the "Black Douglas" are closely associated in my mind with the intricacies of cross-stitch, and the hemming of yards of ruffling. What pleasant hours they were! Curiously too the old school room itself, then the largest room I knew, was always the scene in my imagination of all the great events of history. It was to me "the great hall of William Rufus" where Warren Hastings was tried. All the sovereigns of England were crowned there; and there Mary, Queen of Scots, was beheaded. It was the "castle hall" of Scott's romances, which I read and re-read with avidity in my school days. There court balls were held, and the private apartments of court ladies were pictured as the recitation room and the Misses Woods' bedroom just behind it, while the long passage to the front of the house was the corridor or gallery of every palace. This freak of imagination I find by comparison is not uncommon in childhood, and the scenery of history and romance is transferred to familiar places, while its absurdity is known all the time. To this day I can never get out of the old school room when I re-read certain books.

The doctor moved the old kitchen back into the orchard when the new addition was built, and converted it into a small house where the washing and ironing for the large family and school was done. "The cottage," as it was called, was presided over by Mrs. Muloihill or Muloilly (she was called by both names impartially), one

of the first emigrants from the Green Isle to Bluemeadow. She abounded in narratives of Ireland's greatness and her former (imaginary) life there, and was a charming *raconteur* in our young estimation. Here too "Lorenzo" slept and ate,—that fascinating hired boy of the "Jonas" species, which Jacob Abbott has immortalized; not so wise as Jonas was—few people are. He used to say that the long midsummer days were too short for him; "he didn't get half ketched up with his work." Perhaps his conversational powers demanded too much of his time. He too was a delightful companion to us as we tagged at his heels while he fed the pigs, milked, curried the doctor's horses, or weeded the garden vegetables.

Miss Amy was the youngest of the three elder sisters. She was like Miss Henrietta, fair and blue-eyed, with wonderful long hair coiled round her head; while Miss Caroline was dark and closely resembled the doctor. Miss Amy taught Latin and mathematics. She was more variable in mood than Miss Henrietta, and although far more indulgent at times we loved her less than her elder sister, whose firm, unyielding justice we always recognized. Miss Caroline taught music, and sat by the piano hour after hour, pointing to the notes with her little gold pencil, while all sorts of girls plodded through their exercises. She used to play the organ in church, and she sang very nicely the songs of her day: Moore's Melodies, and "Arise, Arise, Xarifa," and "Fanny Grey," and "Canadian Boat Songs." There was a queer old piano which belonged to the doctor's first wife, Rebecca Villars, which stood in the dining-room, and the beginners practised on it, drawing forth faint tinklings from the yellow keys. I came upon it one day lately, and its thin legs and square flat top had a strange familiarity,—a very ghost of a piano risen out of the long, long past. Miss Caroline's new and modern piano stood in the parlor and was used by herself and the more proficient pupils. Miss Caroline was delicate and inclined to consumption, to which at last she fell a victim, like so many New England women. Dr. Wood bought her a Canadian pony named "Cricket," on which she constantly took long rides, and no doubt greatly prolonged her days thereby. Cricket was an important factor in the pursuits of those days—a little dumpy black fellow with a shock mane, who had a capital "pacing" step. Frances, the doctor's eldest daughter by his last marriage, and my chosen companion and friend, used also to ride him; and together we have spent many a happy day on our ponies, riding through fragrant bridle paths in the fresh woods on radiant summer mornings, coming home with arms full of lupines, azaleas, columbines and laurel in its pink bloom. Sometimes we climbed the neighboring hills, Cumpotuck and Sugar Mountain, and the long level terraces on the sides of the Shelden and Conroy ranges. There is no pleasure that can come to the young more pure and simple, more elevating, than the free use of a horse amidst beautiful natural scenery like ours.

Frances was a pretty girl, with sweet and winning manners. Her brother next above her in age was sent to West Point, and Frances used to make long summer visits there to a friend, the wife of a professor, and intoxicate me on her return with her talk of cadets and balls and parades and encampments, of "Crow Nest" and "Kosciusko's Garden." The cadet brother and his young companions of whom Frances talked so much have had eventful lives since, some of them. They served in the Mexican war, to which young Wood went just after he graduated, and since then have done gallant service in the great War of the Rebellion; and the brother of Frances has since been a man of worldwide reputation.

Frances was two years my senior, and an object of intense admiration to me in those days. She had the small-

est foot of any girl I knew. She had several lovers, and knew no end of cadets. She could play and sing and excelled in fancy work. She married young, and her simple wedding seemed then a dazzling event. Life's sorrows have since fallen heavily upon my Frances. Long time a widow, she has become a Sister of Charity. The heavy black dress and close linen cap reveal little of the spirituelle girl of the past; but on her aging face comes the sweet, saintly smile of her long dead mother.

What happy days we all spent in the doctor's house! It was "Liberty Hall"; but like the Saxons, Dr. Wood insisted upon "liberty under law." Both in childhood and girlhood I passed many long days and sometimes nights with my dear Frances, and there was no end of cheerful bustle and gaiety. Long before anyone else thought of such luxury, Dr. Wood placed a big stove in the front hall, which warmed the house with the aid of several open fires, and little "air tight" stoves in the bed rooms. Mrs. Wood's bedroom behind the parlor was the central sanctuary, to be admitted to which was the choicest privilege.

Sometimes Mrs. Wood gave a party, when the big school room cleared of desks made a fine ball room, and the factotum who officiated as fiddler, Plato Church, was summoned over from his farm near Montgomery Bridge. The doctor entered heartily into these festivities, which critical pietists of his day regarded as unbecoming in the house of a church member. The "Orthodox" generally considered the Episcopalians as lacking in real piety, and these shortcomings of theirs as counting for little in the general hopelessness of their spiritual state. The good doctor could not see that there was mortal sin in dancing and card playing, and always advocated cheerful, healthy recreation at proper times, while no one exacted more scrupulously than he the performance of real duties. In social as in medical matters he was in advance of his day and thought for himself. It was a pleasant feature of the social gatherings of that time that people of all ages attended them; and we often danced in the set with our parents. Judge Bell and his portly wife, Mr. and Mrs. Merchant and Mrs. Knapp were desirable partners even for the young, and old Mrs. Bruce at seventy danced "Money Musk" with a light and agile step.

In my childhood the garret of Dr. Wood was the scene of many a little drama. Next the low window at the end, Frances and her next sister, Arabella, had what we called a "cubby house." Treasured bits of broken china, old teapots, shells and such like gear stocked the little shelves, and to them we conveyed the dainties given to us for lunch by Roxy in her more amiable moods. There was a huge doll named Cornelia brought to Frances from Philadelphia by Miss Amy, a doll of superior and costly make, who was as real a person to me then as the doctor himself. The garret was the receptacle of many queer purchases of the doctor, who had an unfortunate passion for auctions. There were stored the strange articles which bankruptcy had brought to light from long entombment in some country store, enormous lace collars, quaint shawls and handkerchiefs, "calashes," a nodding headgear in which we played make calls or go to church. It was a never-failing mine to explore, the old garret and its treasures.

Dr. Wood's family made a great festival always at Christmas, at a period when Christmas was little observed. Their Christmas Eve supper after the church service was a delightful entertainment, to which it was a high privilege to be invited. A large table was spread in the great dining-room well heaped with such viands as were appropriate to the season—roasted turkeys, oysters, coffee, frosted plum cake (salads and ices were unknown to our simple village life at that time), jellies and blanc mange and other

good things, which were eaten with much enjoyment and hilarity, the doctor being the life of the party. Dr. Long, the rector, and his family were always among the guests. After supper a Christmas tree was lighted in the front parlor, and the simple gifts which had been secretly prepared for weeks beforehand were distributed. Slippers and bags of worsted work, pincushions, needle-work and tidies were given with love and received with pleasure.

Dr. Wood was the senior warden of St. John's church, and a staunch churchman. He was a son of the Puritans and a convert to the old faith. He used to tell with merry laughter of the extemporaneous prayers of an old deacon with whom he boarded when teaching school and getting his own education,—who used to begin by saying, "O Lord, thou art *all* sufficient, and *self* sufficient and *in*sufficient," a magnificent invocation in the old man's estimation. This was one of the good doctor's illustrations of the superior value of a liturgy. No one ever called a "meeting house" a "church" in the doctor's presence without instant reproof. Indeed our dear doctor was by nature strong in all his opinions and ill brooked dissent from them in other matters besides religion. He sat in church in one of the little high boxes near the door like a sheriff's box, furnished with a long pole for rapping juvenile offenders on the head; and Judge Holcomb sat in the opposite one,—both loud in reading the responses. Dr. Wood was godfather to many, many children, whose names were all put down in his big prayer book, and all of whom were probably indebted to him for services in their natural birth as well as their spiritual one. He was an earnest supporter of our good rector, Dr. Long, in all his plans, and the leader in all parish business. His bookshelves held many volumes of sound divinity as well as the "Books of Homilies," which he read faithfully. A row of engraved portraits of bishops in full canonicals hung framed and glazed upon the office walls, chief among which I remember the "Right Rev. William White, D. D.," at whose high puffed lawn sleeves I used to gaze with childish awe.

Dr. Wood was as staunch in politics as he was in his churchmanship. He was an old-fashioned Democrat, a Jackson man, hating the Federalists and the new-born Whig party with all the animosity which he felt toward those opposed to his church. When the famous Harrison campaign was in full blast, Bluemeadow was an important headquarters for the Whigs in the western part of the state. A log cabin was reared just behind the Brick Church, in Colonel Booth's orchard, and there a convention was held in the fall of 1840. How well I remember it and all its stirring excitement,—the long procession of delegates, the speech-making by Webster and other magnates of lesser light, the hard cider, the "string never pulled in" of the cabin door, most of all the campaign songs, wherein "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" were adjured to "beat little Van. Van, Van is a used-up man." I supposed that Van Buren, then president, was little better than a highwayman, and used to wonder how he dared to show his face. Some years later, I used to meet him among his friends in Albany, a jolly, white-haired, red-faced old gentleman, and could hardly shake off the old impression or overcome my surprise at his respectable standing.

We children in time of the campaign received all the political slurs of the Whig songs as gospel truth. I remember my dear Mrs. Wood, always an obedient wife, striking a sort of compromise with her conscience and coming on the day of the convention to mount guard on our deserted house, which stood in the very centre of the village and was a fine post of observation. Almost every man, woman and child was at the "log cabin," listening to the speeches and drinking hard cider, gaping at the crowd. Good

Mrs. Wood, while in charge of our house, no doubt stole frequent glances at the excitement of the streets, but in respect for her husband's principles she gave no open countenance to the hated Whigs. My father, who was one of the chief marshals of the day, had left a hospitable sideboard well stocked with "refreshments" in our dining parlor, and to it repaired from time to time the distinguished guests of the occasion, stealing away from the hard cider to the port and Madeira, the "Hollands" and other comforts of my father's providing. Mrs. Wood sat in one of the deep window seats of the dining-room, a post of vantage for observation, and gently saluted the gentlemen as they dropped in. At last a distinguished looking man came alone, and helped himself rather freely to the stronger waters set forth for the occasion, saying that Mr. Merchant had bade him make himself quite at home in his house. Mrs. Wood timidly asked him if the great General W. had yet made his speech, saying she had a strong desire to see him. The stranger courteously replied that General W. would speak next, he believed, and politely took his leave. A little later the unsuspecting inquirer learned to her surprise and dismay that this was the great man himself.

I must here introduce a little story of a similar experience which occurred just afterwards. An enormous convention was held in a district about twenty miles above Bluemeadow, where there was an outdoor encampment of vast size for that day. Huge fires of logs were built upon the ground, and many thousand persons assembled, for a two or three days' convention. My father drove the great Mr. Webster there from Bluemeadow in a light wagon, and a few miles from the encampment stopped at a little house by the roadside for a glass of water. The old woman of the house paid scant attention to the two gentlemen. Her neck was craning from the window, watching for the stage-coach then due. She said that "Daniel Webster was a-comin' in the stage, and she would not miss seein' him for nothin'." Mr. Webster gave the good woman a silver dollar at parting, and she had not recovered from the shock of surprise at such unwonted largess, when my father upset her nerves by lingering behind, while Mr. Webster remounted the wagon, to say with malicious glee that she could tell her friends that that dollar was given her by Daniel Webster. So we entertained angels unawares in those primitive days, before the telegraph and the omnipresent reporter had come to warn us of their approach.

There was a slight coolness between Frances and Arabella and myself during the Harrison campaign; but they were, in their loyalty to their father's politics, so sadly in the minority as to be objects of compassion to their playmates. The coolness wore off during the dull administration of John Tyler after General Harrison's short reign of a month.

Dr. Wood was an ardent Freemason, and during the Morgan excitement and the anti-Mason uprising was as fervent a supporter of his order as of his church or his party. He had a great many little crotchets, too, in minor affairs. Among other things, he was greatly opposed to nicknames, insisting always on the baptismal name in full. There were not as many Minnies and Netties as there are now, when it is hard to find a woman with a serious name; but the Elizabeths and Katherines then were usually shortened to Lizzies and Kates, and there were alleviations to four-syllabled cognomens. The doctor's children, some of them, had long, hard names, but he permitted no curtailments either in his family or outside it. The good doctor himself bore the name of a famous river of ancient Greece, and bestowed it upon his eldest son, who grew side by side with a brother whose name was that of a Hebrew king, a name of many syllables. They were always called by their full names at home; nor were the sisters permitted to lapse into

pretty diminutives. When one of the doctor's numerous godsons was struggling through the difficulties of dentition, an elder brother late one night was sent in haste for medical aid, and burst into the doctor's office with the announcement that "Willie was in a fit!" "William, you mean," said the inflexible godfather, reaching a deliberate hand for his boots. He had a quick temper, and when moved to indignation would relieve himself by the expletive, "Condemn him!" which had the sound without the sin of blasphemy.

It is an interesting sight to see a born doctor, one who has the real genius for the profession, among his patients. With maturer judgment, I look back upon Dr. Wood's image in memory's chambers, and feel that he had the divine gift of the healer. He had the magnetic voice and manner which inspire hope and confidence and achieve half the work of restoration. He was never quick tempered or crotchety in the sick room, but he commanded obedience there most implicitly. I can see him now sitting down at a little stand by my mother's or a younger brother's sick bed, unfolding a square leather package, from which he drew forth the "James's powders," which were to insure a night of repose and perspiration, and divided them into doses, folded into neat paper packets, suggestive of currant jelly, in which the powders were to be administered and which seemed a pleasant alleviation to the distasteful potion. I can see now his nicely kept hands with the small plain gold ring on his little finger, as he worked at the potions, and hear his jolly laugh and the good stories he told meantime, leaving us at his departure with the comfortable feeling that there was not much the matter after all. If, however, anyone asked him as to the condition of a sick patient, he was discretion itself, and nothing could be gotten out of him. When asked if a person was dangerously sick, he always replied that "all sickness was dangerous," a truth which we learned in time by our own experience.

Directly opposite Dr. Wood's house, across the broad shaded street, lived his aged and widowed sister, Mrs. Knapp. She never left the house, being lame and infirm, but received with kindly, stately manners the frequent visitors who loved and revered her. Like the doctor, she retained the thick brown locks of her youth without a gray hair to the end of her life. Mrs. Knapp lived with her two daughters, one a widow, the other a maiden lady, whom the Misses Wood called Cousin Sarah and Cousin Louisa. "Cousin Sarah's" sons were village beaux, agreeable young men, and the youngest, who lived on with his mother after the others had left home, was the life of all our young parties—a handsome fellow, with a fine voice.

These ladies had a limited income and kept no servant, yet were always well dressed and seemingly at leisure. Their house stood with one end to the street, a big chimney in the middle, the door on the south side opening into a very little "entry." A row of superb maples stretched back at right angles to the street and shaded the house from the south sun in summer. Mrs. Shipley—Cousin Sarah—was a tall, slender, graceful woman; Miss Louisa was stout and cheerful, but talked very little, leaving her mother and sister to do the honors of the house. They used to give nice little tea-parties, when the delicate old china, the snowy rolls, the transparent "preserves," the faultless cakes, were set out in the "keeping room," with a big open fire in winter irradiating the room. In summer the tea table was garnished with the choice flowers reared in the garden behind the house, Mrs. Shipley's garden; and her house plants were always a triumph of success. She had plenty of time to do her own house-work, much sewing, knitting and gardening, to read all the new books, and to keep up all her social duties. Her house was a charming resort to young people.

The doctor had a farm about three miles north of the village, just on the edge of Great River. There was a beautiful view of the river from the little farm house; and when autumn painted the foliage which embosomed it with gorgeous colors, it was a fairy land to us. We used to go out on the river in a skiff with "the boys," Frances's brothers, and dip our fingers in the clear water as we drifted down past "the Island" and "Montgomery City,"—which was no city at all, but a few scattered farm-houses over the river. It was a legend of the past that "somebody tried to 'start up' a city there once." Just above the farm there was a fall in the river, partly natural, partly a dam. An island in the centre of the fall and the general outline made it a sort of miniature Niagara. There was a little old tavern near by; and we used to have picnics to the falls, row over to the island to dine, and sometimes go to the old tavern and dance in the "ball room," a queer, barn-like place in the attic.

In the maple-sugar season Dr. Wood's farm was very attractive. We used to ride on the ox-sled through the sugar orchard to gather sap and inhale the sweet air of early April, feel the sun growing warmer, and gather the checkerberries and mayflowers hidden under piles of brown leaves and beside old stumps. "The Falls" are now the foundation of a busy settlement. Shops and mills and a new railroad have extinguished the sylvan beauties of earlier days, and a foreign population swarms where the squirrels and birds were formerly possessors of the solitude. I read of fights and suicides and arrests there now; but I do not go there, to destroy the sweet picture of our miniature Niagara of long ago.

Near by the farm lived old Mrs. Bates with her daughter and son-in-law and her many grandchildren, a set of wild young colts, whose manners Mrs. Bates deprecated. She used to say that "when she was a little girl she was learnt never to take up her cup to drink at the table without saying 'duty to pa' and 'duty to ma,' and 'love to brothers and sisters.'" The young Bateses listened with suppressed gigglings to this oft-repeated tale, in which we revelled, and which was sure to be told when we were sent there on kindly errands. Mrs. Bates and her daughter, Mrs. Crossett, were faithful members of St. John's church, and Mr. Crossett was the village grave-digger for fifty years or more.

How firmly established seems such a household as I have described,—the still vigorous parents, the numerous and healthy children, the substantial homestead with its outlying precincts, the stout old trees which wave their benediction over all! But the ever shifting kaleidoscope of life makes a sudden turn, and all is changed. First an individual is withdrawn; marriage, migration, death, takes one at a time, while the main fabric remains. At last, however, and sometimes suddenly, comes the break-up, and the bright, cheery home is left desolate.

The death of George Foot, the beloved half brother, was the first break in the family. He died of a fever away from home, and his mother never fully recovered from the shock. Then the four remaining boys went out into the world; one only settled near home and married young. His boy was the first grandchild and the old doctor's darling. Miss Caroline fell into a long, wasting decline, and after months of suffering was laid beside her own mother, a mere shadow of her former self. Then came the marriage of my Frances, a sweet, simple ceremonial, when in the first blush of spring she walked in bridal white and floating veil on her father's arm to the little church close by, followed by friends and neighbors in regular old English fashion, and was wedded to a husband worthy of her, and went away to live in our chief university town. It was only the next autumn that the great blow fell which rent in twain the happy household. Typhoid fever was the scourge of our fair valley at that

day, and every autumn its victims were many. This year it seized upon our dear doctor himself, with such violence that all efforts to save him were unavailing. He died after a brief illness, and before his death, the sister next younger than Frances, a girl of nineteen, was stricken down and soon followed him to the grave.

The dear doctor was buried with all the funeral ceremony of his Masonic order, in which he held a high place; and Dr. Long preached his funeral sermon in the Episcopal church. We could not help thinking how entirely satisfactory it would have been to our doctor if he could have witnessed the scene and the honor paid to his memory by his church and his brother Masons.

When Arabella so soon followed him, the grief of the whole village was renewed. It was a heart-breaking sight to see Mrs. Wood tottering with feeble footsteps and half blind and dazed with sorrow to lay another dear one in the grave. She went home to lie down on her own death-bed. The fever assailed her in most malignant form and she survived her husband and child for but a few days. And now behold the once bright, full house left to the two eldest sisters; for after her mother's death, Louisa, the youngest and hardly grown up daughter, went to live with Frances. Poor, desolate women, left alone, out of the thirteen souls who had once, not long ago, made the family!

In due time they reopened their school, and continued it for many years, until they were at last able to retire with a moderate competence from active labors. They kept up so far as possible the old traditions, the kindly hospitality of their parents. They sat by the Franklin stove in the little parlor of an afternoon and received the friends who came in with cheerful welcome. They had always a cup of tea, a spare bed for a friend; they had the new books in the club, they labored in the church, they sympathized in all the village life.

We dreaded the coming of Christmas to them in the first year of their bereavement; but to the surprise of everyone, they kept it as usual, twining evergreens about the old pictures and bidding the rector and family to a Christmas Eve supper. It was always their consolation to do "as father and mother used to do" in everything. Their first, best comfort, however, was always in the dear old church, its fasts and feasts, in the "communion of saints" which death cannot sever.

Frances and her family were a source of new joys, her visits home with her little ones, their visits to her in her charming house, the congenial society of her husband, still later Louisa's success as an artist, gave them new sources of interest. So time the destroyer is time the builder, too; and God as He removes from us the dear past sends the new present and points us to the promise of the future, leading us from change to change, from one experience to another, till He fits us by our joys, our sorrows, our consolations, for the great transition.

Now the last of the household is gone to her long rest beside her loved ones in the "old burying ground."

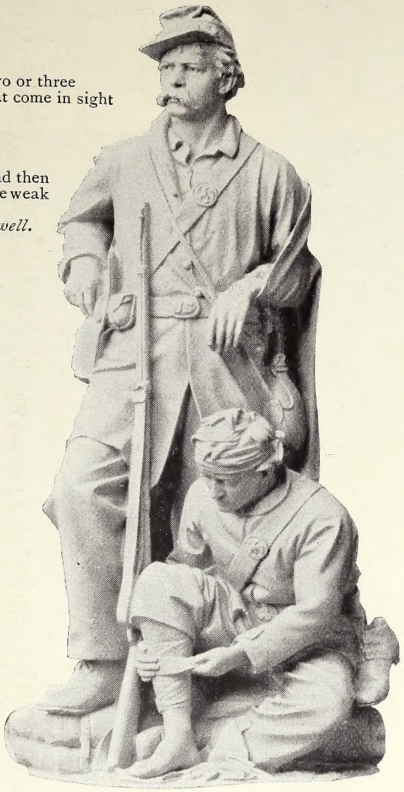
JOHN ROGERS, THE PEOPLE'S SCULPTOR.

By William Ordway Partridge.

It may be glorious to write
Thoughts that shall glad the two or three
High souls, like those far stars that come in sight
Once in a century; —

But better far it is to speak
One simple word, which now and then
Shall waken their free nature in the weak
And friendless souls of men.
— *Lowell.*

A WELL-KNOWN Boston wit, who chanced to find his way to a sculptor's studio the other day, speaking of John Rogers, said that he had made more people happy than any other sculptor in the land. In the doing of this, Mr. Rogers has certainly fulfilled a great mission. In these latter days of decadent schools and arts that change with every change of government in France, it is the fashion to speak flippantly of the older men who have made art possible for America. This lack of reverence is an unhappy characteristic of our time and people. It is not that we are ungrateful when we are brought to a realization of what the pioneers of American art and American thought have made possible for us, but that we find too little time for thought and reverence. Lowell, with fine discrimination, sees in the great frescoes of Masaccio at Florence the future Raphael and Angelo; with poetic insight he sees that if it were not for such as these, Giotto, Donatello and Cimabue, the world could never see the finished products of a mind like that of Raphael or Angelo. But in the hurry and scurry of this life, we build monuments rather to the men to come than to the men who have gone.



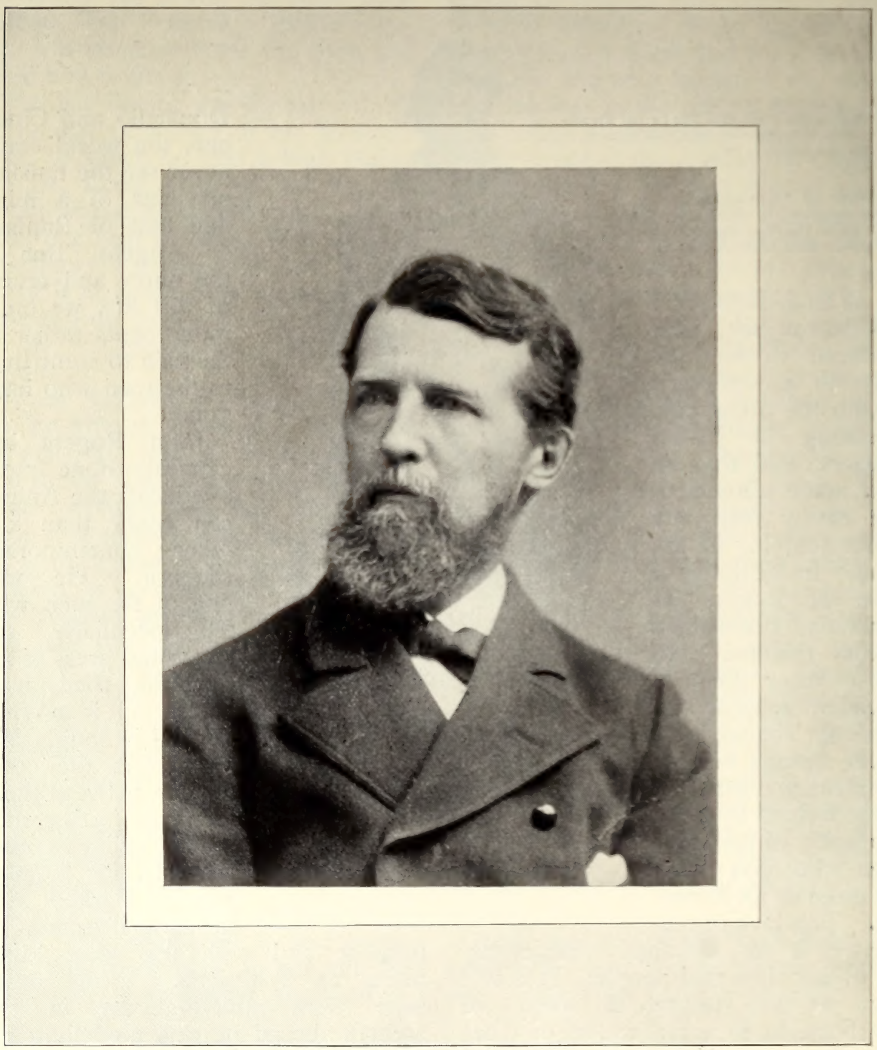
"WOUNDED TO THE REAR."

ONE MORE SHOT.

John Rogers has certainly done more to educate the American *people* than any other contemporary sculptor. He was one of the men who felt peculiarly the stress and press of the days that tried men's souls — felt it as Whittier did in song. We may push the comparison between these men even further; they are not unlike in other respects, for Rogers' face is marked with the same directness of purpose and with the same kindliness as Whittier's. While other men were studying art in the ateliers abroad he was modelling his "One More Shot" and "Union Refugees"; he was doing his duty like a man for the commonwealth and the Union.

His early career was the same as that of many men who grow up in a state of society where literature and art are relegated to the luxuries of life. But Dame Fortune, or rather let us

say a wise Providence, led this New England boy one day through a side street in Old Boston where a man was modelling some simple figure in clay. When he turned into that by-way his heart was full of sadness. He had started out upon an energetic course of mechanical engineering, and was balked by his eyes giving out; and as he passed through this side street he turned over the problems of existence with a heavy heart. He stopped before the man at work, and suddenly the thought flashed across him that here was a work he could do with little trial to his eyesight. The thought was an inspiration to gladden and hallow his entire life. There was something in the honest directness of sculpture which satisfied the same quality in the man. Sculpture is such a tremendous fact! It cannot be turned to the wall as one can turn a picture, and present an unfinished side; it must be



JOHN ROGERS.

finished in every part, for not only the gods but the humans must see it everywhere. There is the further charm about sculpture, that it combines the healthful life of the artisan with that of the artist. Sculpture is the art peculiarly of strength—more so than any other art, for in architecture much of the labor is done by workmen. Sculpture is the art which men of sluggish and effeminate natures naturally avoid; poetry, music and painting afford such natures more easy and comfortable expression. A sculptor must be always more or less a mechanic, a laborer. He can say with a man who hews stone, "I work with you, I know your toil and the joy that comes with hard work"; he can say to the man of brains, "I think with you, and the pleasures of the intellect I share with you." It is a happy combination, indeed, and one that we can see would appeal peculiarly to a nature like that of this single-hearted man. It was not long before he got possession of some clay, cut a stick into the shape of a tool, and produced some work that delighted his family and friends. Then he went to work with all seriousness, and soon produced his first work, "Checkers at the Farm." Through all his career he produced no better work than this.

Mr. Rogers's works must not be compared with those of the sculptors of Greece or the works of the Renaissance. The people of America demanded at that time homely tales to tally with their homely lives. True art is always a question of supply and demand. We cannot blame our people for their own product; and if Rogers's work is not supremely great in the sense of monumental art, let us not depreciate it after it has found a place, because of its sincerity, by the fireside of many a home throughout this land. John Rogers is not one of the men who start out upon the ocean of life, giving every sail to the wind and crying out to the elements, "Carry me safe over to the haven of my desire, or drown me!" His temperament is a



UNION REFUGEES.

more conservative one. But the art world has need of men of this stamp as well as those of brilliancy and dash. Some men paint sunlight, and others shadow; some reflect the upper classes of society, and others the homely scenes among the simple people. Let us give each his reward according to his accomplishment in the environments in which he lives and works. The lark has his song and his place,—so has the song sparrow.

Rogers was born in Salem, in October, 1839, and received his education in the public schools of Boston. He was obliged while still young to seek employment in a dry goods store and later in a machine shop. Through some happy chance he was enabled to spend the year 1858–9 in Europe in study; and on his return he went to Chicago, where he modelled for a charity fair his first and one of his best groups, to which I have referred, "Checkers at the Farm." It repre-



CHECKERS UP AT THE FARM.

sents a familiar New England scene, with the city visitor at the home of the farmer. After the enjoyment and work of the day, a game of checkers is proposed. With all his ingenuity the city visitor has at last been forced by the clever Yankee into a position where he cannot "move" without being "taken." The expression on the face of the farmer, of simple childish joy at triumph over the rich and cultured city man, is excellently rendered, and his attitude is well given. The accessories are true to life; the checker-board rests on a flour barrel, and the farmer himself is sitting on a bushel basket. The face and attitude of the city man are also well expressed. He is represented as studying his position, and one sees that he is surprised and chagrined at being defeated by the farmer. Back of these two, to fill in the composition, there are the wife and child of the city visitor, the former amused and surprised at her husband being beaten by this son of the soil, while the child amuses himself by kicking the checkers off the board. The whole group tells the story of a clean and simple New England life and of a happy democracy where the wealthy and the poor meet at intervals on a pleasant and manly footing.

It was about this time, when Rogers completed his first work, that gelatine moulds were invented, and the casting in these moulds was carried forward to such perfection as to enable the sculptor to reproduce his work accurately and with little cost. Rogers was enabled to start in a small way in New York with one Italian workman, who did his casting, and who has remained with him, I believe, to the present date.

Rogers is one of the men whom we may rightly call self-educated. He has read not only widely but to some purpose, and before he started out on his artistic career he had made a careful and conscientious study of mechanical engineering. While he lacked a college education himself, he has been able to give his sons a course at Yale College, where they have distinguished themselves not only in letters but in athletics. They will be remembered among the finest oarsmen the University has produced.

"Checkers at the Farm," Rogers's first important work, and his last effort, the "Football Players," exhibit the same healthful feeling. Regarding this last work, an athlete of one of our great universities, who has studied the human form and how best to adapt it to modern football, speaks in high praise. The group includes four men. The ball has been passed to the "half back," who is trying, with shut jaw and compressed brow, to break through the opposing line, but unfortunately for him he has been "tackled" around the waist by a man whose hold he tries to break by pushing his head down; at the same time he tries to escape from the clutches of another player who has caught him about the shoulders; realizing that he cannot get away with the ball, and while he struggles to do so, he is passing it to a confederate who will carry it to the goal. Mr. Rogers has made this a spirited composition, and shows a careful study of the laws of "line," parallel lines being broken by opposing lines, so as to lend variety to the composition and vivacity to the whole. He shows here an intimate knowledge of the human form. One can see the sturdy muscles of these young Titans standing out firmly beneath their rough clothing.



FOOTBALL.

From the creation of his first group to the one just described, he produced about fifty subjects. A certain percentage of this work, of course, will in time be chosen from the rest and set aside to do him lasting honor. It is probable that at least a third will survive. If he had accomplished no more than this, his life would have

been well worth the living, and of inestimable value to this people. Mr. Rogers himself considers his best piece of work to be "Taking the Oath"; and



TAKING THE OATH AND DRAWING RATIONS.

he also likes the trial scene from the *Merchant of Venice*.

While the captious critics who have made no study of art and who have spent but flying moments in the show studios of Europe criticise his work because it is not like that of Mr. ——— or the work of some other man produced on the plan laid out by the schools of Paris or Rome, let us try to arrive at his true accomplishment and give him what honest praise or censure his work and life may merit. The serious part of the community, as well as the people as a body—and sooner or later we must trust the great voice of the people—have given their certain approval to Mr. Rogers's work.



"IS IT SO NOMINATED IN THE BOND?"

The judges at the Centennial Exhibition commended him.

The *Art Arena* speaks of him in the following high terms:

"We now come to a high order of ability, indeed we may call it genius in its peculiar province, as original as it is varied and graphic, pure in sentiment, clever in execution, and thoroughly American in the best sense of the word, in everything. We know of no sculptor like John Rogers of New York in the Old World, and he stands alone in his chosen field, heretofore appropriated by painting, a genuine production of our soil, enlivening the fancy, kindling patriotism and warming the affections by his lovely and well-balanced groups in plaster and bronze. They possess real elements of greatness, and in their execution there is no littleness, artifice or affectation. The handling is masterly, betraying a knowledge of anatomy and design not common, and a thoroughness of work refreshing to note."

This is high praise, but it is well to note that it was written by a thoroughly trained critic, a man who was familiar with all the arts of the past and present, and well qualified to express an opinion on such a subject. The following quotation is from James Jackson Jarves. In his *Art Idea,* page two hundred and seventy-seven, he says of Rogers that "his pathos, naïveté and simplicity of motive increase with his subjects, and give even to the commonplace almost the dignity

of the heroic. The chief feature of his art is his power of human expression, bestowing upon plastic material a capacity and variety of soul action which, according to the canons of some critics, it was useless for sculpture to attempt. But he has been successful in this respect and inaugurated

To write some earnest verse or line
Which, seeking not the praise of art,
Shall make a clearer faith and manhood shine
In the untutored heart.

* * * * *

And thus among the untaught poor
Great deeds and feelings find a home,
That cast in shadow all the golden lore
Of classic Greece and Rome.



THE CHARITY PATIENT.

a new triumph in his department." At all events, Mr. Jarves goes on to say, "he is a master of those motives which help unite mankind into one common feeling of brotherhood." It is of such work that Lowell writes:

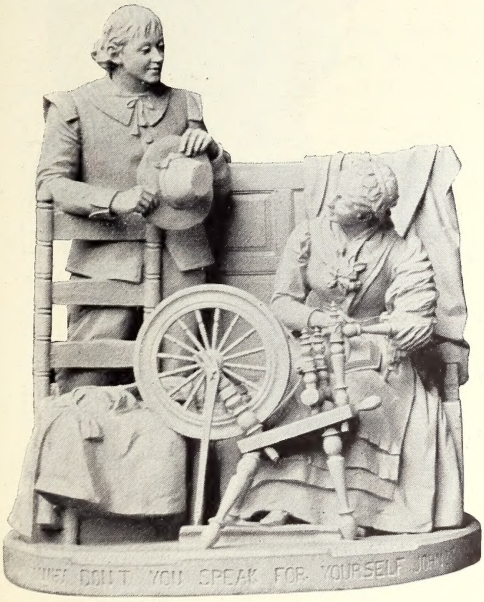
Turning to a later critic, I find William H. Goodyear in his *Renaissance and Modern Art*, commending the heroic statue of Lincoln exhibited by Rogers at the Columbian Exposition as a "serious and important work of the first class"; but he goes on to criticise the small groups, and states that he considers them concessions to popular taste, adding, however, that it is useless to criticise an artist in such matters, where only the public is to blame. With all due regard to Mr. Goodyear, for whose opinion and knowledge I have great respect, I would say from intimate knowledge and association with John Rogers, that he is not the sort of man to make concessions to either the public or his client. Whatever he has done in his small groups has been done with all honesty. He once said to me that he saw no use in depicting the nude in art to-day, because we do not see it in actual life as in the days of Greece and

Rome. There is a certain truth in that opinion, although I do not agree with him. While we do not see the nude form in the street or market-place, the child is brought into the world nude, and is as beautiful in his childhood and youth as in classic times. It is the unfortunate accident of the age that we cover the loveliest and most beautiful forms in God's universe with unseemly clothing that cannot even be dignified by the name of drapery. Our modern clothing (I speak particularly of man's costume) has neither beauty of color nor beauty of line. It lacks the grace of the toga and of the drapery which women wore in classic times, and conceals the fine curves and lines of the human body. I believe we are passing out of this stage into a more sane and beautiful order of draping the figure.

One cannot pass over the larger works of Rogers (for he has not confined himself to small groups exclusively) without mentioning his statue of General Reynolds standing before the City Hall in Philadelphia, which exhibits a consummate knowledge of the anatomy of the horse. Since Mr. Rogers's illness I have been fortunate enough to get possession of a number of casts made from the dissection of the horse by him. I have seen nothing like them in the studios of Europe, and there are few men in this country, among the artists, who know the horse so well as Rogers. Another of his heroic groups, which was exhibited in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, was "John Eliot and the Indians." There are other subjects which he has worked out in this way, but I must differ from many critics who believe that his fame rests on such statues as the Lincoln statue and the statue of Reynolds in Philadelphia. Every artist and every man has his limitations, which if understood may become the bulwarks of his future reputation. Mr. Rogers lacks a certain monumental quality or sense which is essen-



HENRY WARD BEECHER.



"WHY DON'T YOU SPEAK FOR YOURSELF, JOHN?"



RIP VAN WINKLE AT HOME.

tial to the man who is to deal with colossal work. The very conditions necessary to perfecting his statuettes would interfere seriously with the development of that order of mind which would enable him to grasp and execute a colossal statue. His forte is expressing homely ideas in the form of the statuette.

Take, for instance, his naïve group of the Charity Patient—as lovely in modern guise as the simple and beautiful works of Donatello, for it is filled with the sweet feeling of that great master. An old physician stops in the process of arranging his drugs for the day's work to attend to a poor woman who comes to ask assistance for her sick baby, which she presses close to her bosom. She holds its little hand in her own with a motherly tenderness that touches one's heart. The good doctor places his hand on the tiny head and talks to himself regarding the child's trouble, while the mother looks beseechingly into his eyes for one cheering word. Many of Mr. Rogers's groups make the beholder smile in spite of himself, which is a good test of their artistic value. This one, on the other hand, makes him feel like weeping,—this simple page from the dull life of the poor who surround us and of whom most of us know so little. We must commend Mr. Rogers for his happy treatment here of an unhappy costume. The composition is agreeable, the action natural, the expression well rendered, and the whole is a satisfactory, interesting and beautiful work.

The building of monumental works takes a certain abandon and recklessness. A man must cast everything into the balance, and in doing so his circumstances must be such that he can live during the rounding out of such work through years perhaps of self-devotion to his subject. It requires an absorption of mind which few men are able or



RIP VAN WINKLE AND THE GNOME.

willing to give to the work. It demands an intellectual isolation, and frequently puts the sculptor in a position where he is at war with his surroundings, and almost always in financial difficulties. While his monument is being wrought, it is the only thing in the world to him, and the business of his life is to bring it out of the clay. That Mr. Rogers has done little of this kind of work can hardly be called a lack in him. It is more just to say that he is a man of another temperament, desire and calling,—great, not in this way, but after his kind.

There is in one of the New York studios an original sketch by Rogers of the poet Bryant. It is one of a number of Rogers's sketches or studies which have never come before the public eye. It represents the poet in an easy attitude, sitting in his garden, his head dropped carelessly upon his right hand, as if he had stolen out there from his library to seek the quiet and loveliness of nature apart from the world of noise as well as the world of books. It is a very natural and suggestive study—one of those things in art which look as if they had happened without effort.

The author remembers one other charming piece of work which Rogers afterward destroyed because it did not come up to his ideal. It was a portrait of his mother, a fine and beautiful face of a New England woman—sedate, calm and holy. To the author it seemed as perfect as could be, but to the sculptor his idea of his mother was such a high one, and his artistic expression fell so far short of his ideal, that he destroyed it. How often it is so—that a man's best work is destroyed in some moment of dissatisfaction, and lost to the world forever.

Among his groups and single statuettes are to be found several portraits, notably those of Beecher, Washington, Lincoln and Grant. He has a happy faculty, a rare one in this age, of making familiar sculpture which is never vulgar and which never shocks us with its unkempt realism. Among his happiest creations are those of Joe Jefferson, the actor, in various rôles. Very happily has he hit off the comedian as Rip Van Winkle, in three groups which we may describe briefly. We come now to Rogers's marvellous blending of humor and pathos. The first scene represents the big-hearted, good-for-nothing Rip resting against



RIP VAN WINKLE RETURNED.

a fence, surrounded by children who loved him and whom he loved. One little fellow tries to raise the gun which is Rip's constant companion, while a little girl has climbed up over his back and pulled the torn hat off his head and put it on her own, and is calling to the vagabond to look at her in this new headgear. Irving assures us in his story "that the children of the village would shout with joy whenever Rip appeared; he assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them stories of ghosts, witches

and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village he was surrounded by a troop of them hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity." We cannot praise this group too highly. It is not only a memorial of the greatest rôle which Mr. Jefferson vivifies with his inimitable dramatic genius, but it will carry down to posterity this charming legend of our own Washington Irving. We must commend the artist for the skill with which he has adapted his costumes to the figures, for the natural, graceful pose of the chief character, and the happy disposition of the children about him. One could say much more of this group, but it is enough to merely mention it, as the American public has had a chance to see it from New York to San Francisco.



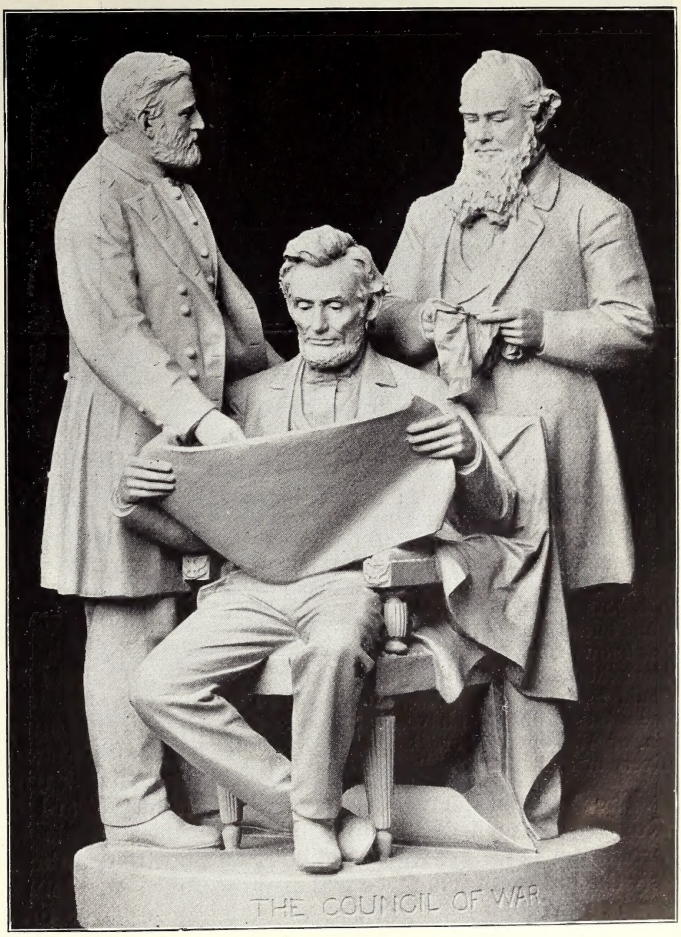
"FIGHTING BOB."

The next scene in which Jefferson appears as Rip Van Winkle is where he is hastening down the mountains driven by the storm from his favorite haunts; he stops, hearing his name called, and finally locates the voice in the body of a curious little imp, who proves to be one of the famous band of the legendary Hendrick Hudson. His dog bristles with terror at the uncanny appearance of the gnome, ready to attack him if his master did not hold him back, while Rip regards with good humor and curiosity mingled with incipient fear the face of this little weazened spirit of the mountains. The gnome is clothed in antique Dutch fashion, a cloth jerkin strapped around his waist, and a pair of breeches decorated with rows of buttons down the sides and bunches at the knees; on his shoulder he carries the open sesame to Rip's heart and secrets, a keg full of liquor. The intimation by sign language that the keg contains something good to drink leads Rip to lay down his gun and prepare to assist the gnome with the keg of liquor to his destination. Here is a happy bit of legendary history of the Catskill Mountains which might be forgotten were it not for Washington Irving, the happy rendering of its chief character by Joseph Jefferson, and its embodiment in plastic form by John Rogers,—a notable trio of genuine artists.

The last group represents the famous comedian when, as an old man, Rip returns from his twenty years' sleep in the Catskills. Rogers has chosen the scene where Rip stands in the ruined gateway of his own home and tries to recognize the house from which Gretchen drove him to the mountains the last night before he took the fatal drink; he finds the house gone to decay, the door off the hinges, the roof fallen in. High praise may be spoken of this group. It might have been wrought out larger with great success. The lines are simple, the masses well disposed, the modelling excellent, and the execution spirited, eloquently representing the returned vagabond who has wasted his life.

Rogers is not as felicitous in his Shakespearean groups as in the lighter phases of comedy. This again requires an order of talent which is essentially monumental or epic. The men who have been able to depict Shakespearean characters are rare. Among those who have failed and yet shown great facility in other lines is Mr. Edwin Abbey. His drawings of the old English comedies delighted the world, but when he undertook to represent Shakespeare's intense and terrible characters he failed. In fact there have been but few men who could act his great characters, let alone the putting of them into clay or bronze.

After all is told, Mr. Rogers's reputation will rest, as all reputations must, sooner or later, with the people, and not with a few critics and connoisseurs, however carefully they may be cultivated. He has done a great deal for American art; no man will dispute this. He had the good sense and the kindliness not to follow the pseudo-classical trend of so many of his contemporaries, which led to the producing of an order of art which was neither classic nor modern, but an unhappy echo of the splendid achievements of Hellas. Powers's Greek Slave has been relegated to its proper position as a mere copy of the Venus de Medici, which is itself a product of a decadent school of Greek sculpture, whose idea of womanhood was a coquette, affecting to conceal her charms, while she actually intends to display them. We must not underrate the work of Hiram Powers, for in his own way he accomplished some admirable things. But mark the difference between the men who live here for the most part of their lives doing their duties as citizens for the commonwealth and the men who have forsaken their own country for the pleasures of Europe and an atmosphere which, while it may be artistic, often lacks that



THE COUNCIL OF WAR.



THE RETURNED VOLUNTEER.

order of inspiration which produces fine men and fine art. Emerson says:

"Insist upon yourself; never imitate. Your own gift you can present every moment with the cumulative force of a whole life's cultivation; but of the adopted talent of another you have only an extemporaneous half possession. That which each can do best, none but his Maker can teach him. No man yet knows what it is, nor can, till that person has exhibited it. Where is the master who could have taught Shakespeare? Where is the master who could have instructed Franklin, or Washington, or Bacon, or Newton? Every man is an unique."

The fault, if there was any, why Rogers and men of his time did not produce a great art which would satisfy the highest intelligence and inspire man to his topmost endeavor was not with them, as Mr. Goodyear very pertinently remarks, but with the public. It is scarcely necessary to reiterate what I have said in previous essays, that art is forever a thing of supply and demand. John Rogers responded to a public demand in a simple, honest and straightforward way, according to his highest light. With him there was left no talent unused or wasted. His life has been frank and manly, and his art shows this order of living.

His associations have been with simple-hearted men of his own honest temperament. He has been on a friendly footing also with some of the great men of his time. Jefferson speaks of him with the greatest enthusiasm. He knew Grant, Lincoln and Stanton, and his group of these three men is an admirable piece of artistic grouping, representing Lincoln seated studying the great campaign of 1864, with Secretary Stanton standing behind his chair listening to General Grant who, on the right of Stanton, explains his plan with plain and almost aggressive interest. It is a happy conception and the best portrait group, I believe, that Mr. Rogers has created, certainly the most interesting in a historical way. All the portraits are excellent, and each character is given an individuality, which is certainly a high achievement. I believe that if Mr. Rogers had carried out this group in heroic size, it would have made his happiest monumental work.

Another statuette which commends itself by its truth to nature is that of Henry Ward Beecher, a model of a statue made in 1869—an excellent portrait of the great preacher. Many have seen him standing in this simple pose as he proclaimed to the people his free and vigorous Christianity. His figure was never graceful, but full of manly vigor, and this the artist has caught most happily. The pose of the head is natural and unassuming, while the face is strong, fine and full of a lofty purpose and unflinching manhood.



THE LANDING OF THE NORSEMEN.



ICHABOD CRANE AND THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN.

To return to Mr. Rogers's war groups,—"The Returned Volunteer" shows a young soldier stopping at the blacksmith's forge and building beneath it, with some of his rough tools, a fortification, and with a horseshoe and nails showing the opposing battery and explaining to the blacksmith how he and his comrades took the fort. This is a picture of return from the war and the interest which was shown in its outcome. It is happy in its rendering, the grouping is pleasant, the accessories are well handled, and the figures for the most part wrought out with sincerity and cleverness. It is one of the most commendable of Mr. Rogers's groups.

"One More Shot" is a touching and terrible picture of the days which tried men's souls. It represents two soldiers, both wounded. One is standing, his left arm in a sling, his gun resting against his breast, and with his right hand he attempts to extricate a cartridge from its case to have one more shot at the foe. There is a look of determination on his face which may well warn his adversary that, though he may be shot to pieces, while there is enough of him left to hold his gun he will do so. The other figure, sitting on a knapsack at the foot of the standing soldier, shows that he too has been wounded in more than one place. Aside from its historical value we must commend it sincerely for its artistic rendering. The details of the costume are well disposed, the action is natural, and the group full of the power of the time and epoch.



JOHN ROGERS' HOME, NEW CANAAN, CONN.

John Rogers holds a position in America which is unique and not to be assailed. Cunning men have sought to steal his clientage from him, but in vain; the veriest clown can distinguish between an original group by John Rogers and a spurious composition by one of his would-be rivals. The epicures of art have not found the work of Mr. Rogers up to their taste and the savor of the European demand, and have therefore imported at no little expense cheap copies of the goddesses of Hanover or the toys in sculpture which fill the shops of Florence and Rome. But that has been to their loss and not his. Since his worth was first recognized there has been a steady demand for his work, and together with an honest reputation he has accumulated a competent fortune. His works are like the household gods of the ancients; they preside over our hearthstones and guard the sacredness of heroism and loyalty.

Those who have known Rogers, and those who have not had that pleasure, must lament the fact that ill health has compelled him to abandon, while yet intellectually strong, the field of sculpture. A nervous difficulty which makes his hands too unsteady to work has made modelling almost impossible for him, and he has given up his studio in New York and lives with his family in the quiet of New Canaan, Conn. But it is a satisfaction to us and must be to him to realize that he has already accomplished more than many men who work up to fourscore years. He has led the American people to a point where they can turn from familiar art to that art which uplifts the soul and stimulates in man the divine inspiration. He has done for us a work for which we cannot be too grateful; he has served his people conscientiously; he has dealt honestly with himself and his time; he has fulfilled his mission with dignity, and may rest quietly, not as the old men on the walls of Troy who watched the young warriors go forth to the conflict, but as one who must remain forever young, because his life has been upright, manly and true.

HOME CULTURE FOR AMERICANS.

By Norman Hapgood.

A YOUNG man brought up among persons of culture and known in college as a man of taste comes back from some years in Italy to go into the practice of a profession. His work now is intellectual, but as far as possible from artistic; and he had cared only for artistic things. His present work requires energy, attention to practical details, and logic. Among his companions he finds none who have his instincts and his training. Beautiful surroundings, friends with leisure and taste, art, music, literature, had seemed necessities to him. To adjust himself to his conditions here and be happy has not been possible. The cities, which have some opportunities for art and music and drama, repel him by their noise and lack of sensuous beauty. Therefore he chooses to give up all effort after his natural intellectual food, to force his mind to dwell as many hours a day as possible on his work, and to keep in his times of relaxation the company of simple persons whom he likes but could not be interested in. He lives in a small town, earns his living, is cheerful in manner, and popular, but disappointed. If he ever makes enough money, he will go to live in a European capital.

In temperament like this man, but

with an artistic power which he has not, is a young painter who has already won success in Europe. He has everything—pecuniary independence, brilliant artist friends and talent. Yet he declares that his present life is temporary. He believes firmly that the foundation for really great art cannot be found by the artist outside of his own race and his native surroundings. After a few years, therefore, of pleasure, variety, and technical training, he will return to New England, to live there, to try to paint each year with deeper understanding the faces among which he was born and raised.

An acquaintance of this artist, with no talent, has a somewhat similar theory of life. He is a man who lives mostly in vivid sensations. Beautiful lines and colors move him more than anything else. He fails to be the artist only for lack of generalizing power. He is now hard at work in business, trying to save money enough to stop work while he is still young. Still America gives him much of what he wants, for he is willing to go about and choose. He cannot find places here where beauty of nature and art at once is crowded on him, but with a little effort he gets much. He finds single pieces of Oriental, European or American art in our shops and galleries. He finds spots of beauty in Boston, New York, Chicago or the country, wherever he may be. He finds in women some plastic beauty and more of that intangible æsthetic charm which lies in the whole personality—expression, movement, language. He does not take men and women literally, judging their attractiveness by logical or moral standards, but looks at all alike, their bodies, their minds, their morals, from the æsthetic standpoint. Therefore, though he agrees with the typical New England woman in nothing, he finds in her, perhaps, his most constant delight. He feels, however, that this desultory æsthetic life is not strengthening, and that even his practical application of the day does not give him just the balance he needs. Therefore, when he can, he will go to Europe for several years and study one of the arts absorbingly, from the technical and from the historic standpoints, for several years. Then he will, he thinks, give up effort and fill his time with quiet contemplation, learning abstract wisdom and acquiring the slowly ripening philosophic mind.

For women of the artistic temperament the conditions are not essentially different. For instance, one girl from a small city went to a great university and won a reputation as a writer, a talker and a painter. Her friends believed that she needed only opportunity to do much in art. Paris was a paradise to her. But she never went there. She was compelled to return to her home, where there is no art and no intelligent society. At first it seemed to her a moral death. Her imagination was so vital, however, that it soon began to enjoy its own power, even in its narrow home. The girl who had dreamed of the studios of Paris, the conversation, the gayety, the freedom, the art, is happy now with nothing but what she can get from a routine home life and child-like companions. She drives about the streets and looks at the spectacle of life as it is in the little city. She takes part in the pointless occupations of society, she delights in seeing people move and think, as she delights in watching fowls or insects. Perhaps the power to express is dying in her; she cannot tell, though she tries to keep it alive for the possible opportunity. But though the disappointment is heavy still, life itself seems the great thing to her now, so rich in its barest spots that it is worth all one's powers. Excitement, joy, fame, are gone for her, perhaps, but a deep seriousness has kept her happy. Of course, if she can, she will take the other goods,—for though less, they are additions; and she knows that now she would be in no danger of losing the essential outlines in the details.

Such a reconciled way of accepting limited opportunities seems to some who have settled permanently abroad perfunctory and provincial. It would not do to draw too radical conclusions from a score of examples; but it may be that perfect freedom of opportunity weakens as many as it develops. One man of wealth, with some taste and with no talent, bought a villa in Italy, and has never returned to America. His whole horizon seems to go no further than Italian art. If he takes a walk in the mountains, he judges the beautiful only from the point of view of its suitability to the painter. The Alps are not beautiful, because they cannot be painted. A scene is not beautiful, because the blue of the lake is in a different key from the blue of the sky. His world lies in a picture frame. Whenever he meets an interesting American, he tries to induce him to stay in Italy, where alone, he thinks, true culture can be acquired. America, he says, is in the dark ages—a nation of Chinamen. Intellect at our universities is scholastic, dry, without life. Life for him is Italian history, talk about painting, the slang of an art world in which he is an outsider, a hanger-on, a new-comer. The real citizens of that world, it need hardly be said, have no such narrowness. The talk, the standards, of the true artist are not obtrusively artistic. These young American prophets of expatriation (there are many of them) are in striking contrast to the thing they imitate, though they impress many who cannot understand the original. The real seer of the beautiful who, perhaps, has painted and starved in many lands, settles almost anywhere and becomes happy. New York is full of such men. They find beauties on our ugliest streets, which the pseudo-culture of their imitators could not see in Naples or in Paris.

Among the most exaggerated of the prophets of culture by one path only are the women. Their philosophy is likely to be even further from life, for it comes often from their men friends, who parody it from the originals. I have heard a number of women, living about the cheaper places of Europe on small incomes or the lower order of hack work, solemnly preaching the doctrine that "life" is in one place and not in another. Of course it is the rule that those who have come from the narrowest environment are the fiercest converts. They furnish many rather sad pictures of the check of the deep instincts of their sex for the painful forced culture of some intellectual absurdities.

It would be unfair, however, to leave the impression that all Americans who dislike their country are small. It is probably true that any man who is capable of sinking deeply into life has often a strong feeling for the instincts and prejudices of his race; but it is not less true that some men of genuine intellectual passion find other things outweigh these sympathies, and live with most happiness and fullest growth in foreign lands. But men of whom this is true are usually not the ones whose feelings about America are acid. The bitter berating of any country as Philistine is usually the mark of shallowness. A New York artist not long ago was speaking of an acquaintance who had been telling how he hated America and wanted to get back to Europe. "Think of it," exclaimed the artist, who was born in Europe and loves it, "he has lived in New York thirty years, and he hates America"! That is a whole philosophy. The person who can live in a great city so long and not find beauty and meaning is a small person. A strong man may say that he would prefer something else, but that will not keep him from feeling the fulness of life where he is.

Even to-day a good deal of blame for the failure of many of its graduates to adapt themselves readily to their occupations is put upon Harvard University, not by unthinking Philistines, but by men of comparative liberality. Of course the days when active men in general looked with distrust on college

graduates are gone; but many leaders in some of the professions, men who think that a college education is almost essential to-day, believe that Harvard's great advantages are offset by the impetus it gives to this kind of discontent with our conditions. For instance, one of the leading conservative newspapers in America employs almost entirely college men, but takes them from any other college more willingly than from Harvard. It is undoubtedly true that the variety, the freedom of Harvard, and the consequent prominence of the intelligent dilettanti spirit, make it harder for the average Harvard man to take up his burden in the world than it is for a graduate of a college where the charms of unbound speculation and the conversation of culture are not tasted. But to look upon this as a misfortune is hardly more intelligent than the old-time suspicion of all college training. The youth who for several years had roamed unfettered about the intellectual life of Cambridge, talking art and literature, studying what he liked, dreaming of distant scenes, is often for a few years after graduation an unhappy creature and a forlorn spectacle; but when he does turn from his dreams of other things to an effort to find beauty and interest in what is forced upon him, he finds more than he would have done without the experience.

Exactly the same thing is true, probably, of foreign training that is true of the influence of Harvard. The men who have seen doubt have in the end the clearest faith. Many of our young teachers, for instance, who are furnishing the hard work as well as the guidance in the educational changes being made in all of our American colleges are Harvard men who for a time after graduation wandered about the Louvre, or drank beer in Berlin, or idled sweetly in Italy, dreading the need of returning. It is true also, of some of our ablest young lawyers and journalists, and of men in other occupations,—though undoubtedly the men who get this spirit strong upon them and cannot earn a living in any of the arts are more likely to go into law, journalism, or teaching than into any other work.

Americans are accused of being superficial in education and in the conduct of life. Probably the men who will remove this reproach are not those who take instinctively to the methods and the point of view that grew out of the rapid settling of a raw country, but those who feel deeply the attraction of the slower, riper thoughts and feelings of the older countries, and among those, of course, the ones who after a time are able to use this insight on the actual material about them,—not to bring foreign culture here, like a grown plant, for it is not transplantable, but to get its seed, to use their knowledge of foreign things as one element of a new perception of their environment. Goethe's well known statement that he never deemed any truth his until he had himself conquered it is applicable everywhere. It is well for us to take what information we can from any source; but before it will do us good we must learn to find it over again in the things which we see and work with. Our deepest knowledge of life must be our first-hand perceptions, must come from daily sights and experiences. The man who lives in New York and thinks in London or in Rome guesses at life.

The question, of course, remains, whether one can say that every artist, or every student of life, will grow best where he was planted. The young artist I spoke of, who wishes a mass of impressions and instructions from Europe only to come back and spend a life in trying to understand from the inside the New England people, has a truth that is vital; but is it universal? It is one thing to say, "If you must return, you get most by putting your heart and mind into your surroundings." It is another thing to say, "Though you have the opportunity to live in any place you choose, wisdom

orders you to live in your native land."

Though the extreme position is taken instinctively by many intelligent Americans, it can hardly stand the bald statement. However strongly a fair minded man may believe that the general rule is that a man is best against his native background, he must admit exceptions. The final appeal must be to the facts of the particular case. One may argue: "The cosmopolitan is on the outside of things everywhere; he knows a great many things that are not worth knowing; his knowledge and his instincts are not in harmony; therefore he has no fundamental insight." Another may call this provincial or mystical. He may say: "It is as absurd to make such divisions by countries as it would be by counties. The more widely one sees the world, the more deeply he understands it." Each generalization must be untrue for some. Perhaps neither in its extreme form is true for many. Probably for most the fullest life would include the suggestiveness of variety and the responsibility of specialization, like the ideal of the young artist already spoken of.

The question as applied to artists often ends, in discussions among young Americans, in an issue on the case of Mr. Henry James. He is the favorite example of an American cosmopolitan. Some who like his work say that, however delicate and skilful it may be, it is not large or important, because it is remote, it deals with no instincts shared by large masses of people, it is the talk of a man who has floated about, touching various societies, sinking into none, and recording, therefore, nothing but a fringe, the minor differences of the outside, gaining none of the rich color that so subtle and so sensitive a mind would have drawn from a life of natural responsibilities and prejudices. The answer is to take issue on the facts. Mr. James, says the cosmopolitan, has a more real insight, a fairer judgment, for his lack of attachment. The other attitude is partisan; it is made intense by its lack of perspective; it is passionate because it is narrow; the large mind, unprejudiced and serene, chooses its goods from all the world and its friends from all mankind.

Obviously it is an individual matter. Mr. James may have done his best work with the life he has led, as Emerson may have done his best by the opposite course. Mr. Whistler may be living under the most favorable circumstances as surely as is Mr. Winslow Homer. Any sweeping rule is inadequate to the facts. One can perhaps say little more than that a man working his life out fully either way will have no impulse either to scorn or to envy the other method.

Granting all this, however, granting that some individuals will do better away from home, the fact remains to move our imaginations, that when our greatest artists come they will be no exceptions to the rule which has been illustrated by the other nations of the world. Probably these artists will come the sooner for any culture that leads our young men to study deeply real life about them—to rejoice, like the strong artist, in fresh fields. A deep enough understanding will bring some tremendous literature and some wonderful art out of the millions of people of all races crowded into our great cities. To be a great artist, a man must know his world so intimately that he does not express it on purpose. He does not go to work to give the character of his people or his town. He talks about the simple, universal subjects, and his environment is given inevitably, without conscious effort, in every line he writes. The style is not the man only; it is the country, the race. To this height, to the largest poetry, cosmopolitanism has never reached. The constant record of comparisons is a slight thing before the work of the national artist, steeped in the color of a race, profoundly conscious of definite social and political conditions as realities, not as spectacles. It is a good education, the cosmopolitan training and

instinct, a good influence for us, a refinement, a stimulant; but most of those who cannot have it should not take the deprivation as an essential one. It has dangers. Too much movement is unsettling and causes superficiality. Moreover, and more important from the general point of view if not from the individual, the most interesting men of all are not made by it. They grow in the soil. Certainly they will grow in our soil. We are a subject too large to be expressed yet, perhaps,—a nation that is immense in numbers, in energy, in practical sagacity, and entirely unparalleled in its composition and in the conditions of its life; in surroundings that have none of the established beauty of other lands. The beauty must be seen or created and shown to the world by men who see it as itself, not as like or unlike things they may have studied. Our deepest, most interesting culture, therefore, is to have its roots in the soil.

THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

By Samuel Hoyt.

HERE on this crest of life I pause
And look across the broad expanse
My track has crossed, environed by
The fertile fields of circumstance:

And here and there I may discern
Some little plot my hands have tilled,
Compelling its small harvest; but
How small beside the store I willed!

But more the ready fields rebuke
My sloth and lack of patient care,—
Sad deserts, stretching far and wide,
Gaunt trees which Sodom's apples bear.

I turn to view the western slope
Where other fields await my hand;
Alas! how little time may be
My own within this promised land.

What brief allotment may be given
The remnant of my finite power,—
Still I must gird myself to do
The duty of the eleventh hour.

GOVERNOR WINTHROP'S HOMESTEAD.

By Hamilton Andrews Hill.

THE Book of Possessions, compiled in 1643, or a year or two later, contains the original entries of the earliest recorded division of land in the town of Boston, and is in some sort the foundation of all titles of real estate within the old-time limits. The first leaf is missing, and probably contained a description of the possessions of Governor Winthrop and of some of his family; for the third page begins with those of Deane Winthrop, his youngest son. When the removal from Charlestown and the settlement at Shawmut were decided upon, the governor chose for his homestead the tract of land of which we are now to speak, and which came to be known as The Green. It would have been described at the time as situated just outside the town, on the high or main street, at a convenient distance from the business centre, — the market place, — round which the principal shops were grouped, with the humble meeting-house on the south side, where Brazer's Building now stands.

The governor's choice in this matter was undoubtedly determined by the spring of water that bubbled up and overflowed just to the north of the spot on which he was to plant his home. It was probably "the excellent spring" to which his attention had been called by Mr. Blaxton when solicited by him to move from Charlestown, where water was scarce, and it was for many years the principal landmark of the estate. When the governor made a conveyance of the property in 1643, he described it as "that my lott or parcel of land in Boston aforesaid called the Greene lyeing by the Spring." To avoid this spring, and to save it for public uses, we are inclined to think that the main street (now Washington Street) was deflected somewhat to the west from its general southerly direction; and the same cause may account for other deviations from straight lines in that neighborhood.

The exact site of the spring was at the angle of the present Spring Lane, opposite the northwest corner of the building formerly used as a chapel by the members of the Old South Church. It was enclosed with a fence and gate when the lane came to be a thoroughfare; and the Spring-gate, so called, became a favorite meeting-place for the people of the town. In later years there was a pump there, which may be in the recollection of some still living. When excavations were in progress in 1869, at the corner of Water and Devonshire Streets, for the new Post Office, the living waters of this perennial spring came to the surface, and more recently they appeared again when the foundations were laid for the new building on the north side of Spring Lane.

The governor's land extended along the main street to "the highway to the seaside,"—Fort Street, now Milk. His house, the frame of which he brought from Charlestown, was erected on the northwest corner and was soon made ready for occupancy. Elder Thomas Oliver was the nearest neighbor on the north; and, had he lived, Mr. Isaac Johnson would have been the nearest on the west, on the opposite side of the street.* The house of the latter became the home of William Hutchinson and his wife Anne.

Writing to his wife from London, in 1629, of the unsettled state of affairs in church and state, Winthrop had said:

* Mr. Isaac Johnson's land was the tract now bounded by Court, Tremont, School and Washington Streets, and his house was built, as we conjecture, on the southeast corner, — the site occupied in our day by the "Old Corner Bookstore." The measurements of this house lot are given as follows: twenty-eight feet one and one half inches on Washington Street, and seventy-eight feet two inches on School Street. The measurements of the governor's house lot, as stated in a conveyance made in 1654, to which reference will be made in the text, were twenty-two feet "on the street that goes from Boston to Roxbury," and fifty-four backwards "towards the northeast to the way going to the common spring;" and according to a deed executed in 1773, twenty-four feet on Cornhill (Washington Street) and sixty-two feet six inches on Spring Lane. It will be seen that the shape of the two lots was similar, as were the measurements.

"He will provide a shelter and a hiding place for us and others." From this shelter, provided for him in the wilderness, rude but welcome, he now wrote his first letter from Boston, November 29, 1630, — that beautiful letter, in which he said: "My dear wife, we are here in a paradise. Though we have not beef and mutton, etc., yet (God be praised) we want them not; our Indian corn answers for all. Yet here is fowl and fish in great plenty." Nothing could be more characteristic of this patient, uncomplaining, self-sacrificing Christian leader than the words we have quoted, for the autumn had been a most trying one, and there had been great suffering on the part of the people. Their main dependence for some time had been upon shell-fish, and at the end of October a pinnace had been sent to the Narragansett country for the purpose of procuring a supply of corn from the Indians there. During this period of scarcity, "in his charity and kindness the governor had so far parted with his own store to the people, that a day or two more would consume all he had."

In a letter to his wife a few months later, March 28, 1631, Winthrop wrote: "I praise God, I want nothing but thee and the rest of my family." But before we come to the happy reunion of the governor with his family, let us see what we may know of the house which for the next ten or twelve years was to be their home and the central point of interest in the colony. It was built of wood, and probably was two stories high, with garrets; its end was toward the main street, its front faced the garden on the south, and its rear was on Spring Lane. In time an orchard was set out on the eastern half of the land, a row of buttonwood trees was planted parallel with the street, and the ground was covered with sward, which gave a bright and cheerful appearance to the homestead and from which it took its name, The Green. To this home, made comfortable to some degree within, but rough and unfinished in its exterior and surroundings, and contrasting strangely with the home left behind in the English county of Suffolk, came Mrs. Winthrop, on the fourth of November, 1631, with several of the children who had not accompanied their father the year before. Their arrival was the occasion, not only of grateful joy to the latter, but of satisfaction to the people of the infant colony. "Divers of the assistants, and most of the people of the near plantations came to welcome them, and brought and sent for divers days great store of provision, as fat hogs, kids, venison, poultry, geese, partridges, etc., so as the like joy and manifestation of love had never been seen in New England. It was a great marvel, that so much people and such store of provision could be gathered together at so few hours' warning."

For the first two or three years the governor spent his summers at Ten Hills, his farm in what was then a part of Charlestown, opposite the entrance of Malden River into the Mystic; but after this Boston was his constant abode. All that occurred during this period until 1643 in his domestic life, and much that took place in his administration of public affairs, we may associate with the modest mansion that stood on the corner of the present Washington Street and Spring Lane, and with the help of the imagination the picture might be filled out with much detail; but we will not attempt the task. The mode of life was simple and homely. Dr. Ellis says: "After the arrival of the colonists not one of them, however gentle his degree in England, was free from the necessity of manual labor in the field, the forest, and in building and providing for a home. The governor's wife made and baked her own batch of bread, and from her dwelling, near the site of the Old South Church, would take pail in hand and go down to fill it from the spring that still flows under the basement of the new Post Office."

In 1639 it was determined to build a new meeting-house; but a serious difference of opinion arose as to where it should stand. Boston had been laid out after the fashion of English market towns, with its market stead or place as a centre, about which gathered the shops, with the meeting-house and parsonage in full view. It was the desire of many that the new

edifice should still front on the market place, although on another site; and their choice was a piece of land belonging to Richard Harding, one of Mrs. Hutchinson's followers in the Antinomian controversy, who had removed to Rhode Island. This land in recent years has been occupied by Joy's Building and later by Rogers' Building. Others — and they seem to have been the men of broader vision — preferred the southern part of Governor Winthrop's homestead. From the following concise statement of the case it will be seen why Mr. Harding's land was fixed upon in the end:

"Their old meeting-house being decayed and too small, they sold it away, and agreed to build another. . . . But there grew a great difference among the brethren, where this new one should stand. Some were for the green (which was the governor's first lot, and he had yielded it to the church, etc.); others, viz., the tradesmen especially, who dwelt about the market place, desired it might stand still near the market, lest in time it should divert the chief trade from thence. The church referred it to the judgment and determination of five of the brethren, who agreed that the fittest place (all things considered) would be near the market; but understanding that many of the brethren were unsatisfied, and desired rather it might be put to a lot, they declared only their opinions in writing, and respited the full determination to another general meeting, thinking it very unsafe to proceed with the discontent of any considerable part of the church. When the church met, the matter was debated to and fro, and grew at length to some earnestness, etc.; but after Mr. Cotton [the minister] had cleared it up to them, that the removing it to the green would be a damage to such as dwelt by the market, who had there purchased and built at great charge, but it would be no damage to the rest to have it by the market, because it would be no loss, but rather more convenient for them than where the former stood, they all yielded to have it set by the market place; and though some remained still in their opinion that the green were the fitter place, yet, for peace sake, they yielded to the rest by keeping silence while it passed."

The five brethren to whom the question had been referred were the governor, Mr. Colborne, Mr. Gibbons, Mr. Kenyon and Mr. Tyng. A paper addressed to this committee has been preserved in the Boston Public Library, in which the preponderance of the arguments is clearly on the side of the governor's land. Mr. Drake says of it: "It is a very able performance, and it is difficult now to understand how the committee could come to a decision adverse to it." If the First Church had built at this time on a portion of The Green, the Third Church, thirty years later, would probably have taken the piece of land known as Church Green, in Mill Lane, now Summer Street, and a great deal of subsequent local history might have been written very differently.

While this controversy was pending, a heavy financial blow fell upon Winthrop, from which he never recovered. Absorbed as he was, necessarily, in public affairs, he committed his own business to the charge of others, and through the perfidy of an agent or bailiff, James Luxford, he suddenly found himself held for large sums of money, for which his estate had received no equivalent and which it was impossible for him to pay. When the crisis came, Luxford was found to be not only a swindler, but a forger and a bigamist, and upon his conviction of these offences, "was censured to be bound to the whipping post [which stood in the market place] till the lecture from the first bell, and after the lecture to have his ears cut off; and so he had liberty to depart out of our jurisdiction." He went to Plymouth; and his graceless assurance finds edifying illustration in a letter which he induced Governor Winslow to write to his injured patron a few months later:

"By the enclosed you may perceive the earnest request of your undutiful servant Luxford, who hath no less but much more importuned me since I received his lines, using Paul's plea for Onesimus, etc., but you know the man and his manner of importunity, pleading his pains and care so many years, and however his failings were great yet I perceive he thinks his pains to be greater,

and that in his extreme necessity you should take compassion on him."

When the knowledge of his servant's dishonesty came to him, Winthrop had just drawn up his will, but he had not executed it. In the summer of 1641 he made this addition to it:

"My estate becoming since much decayed through the unfaithfulness of my servant Luxford, so as I have been forced to sell some of my land already, and must sell more for satisfaction of £2,600. debts, whereof I did not know of more than £300. when I intended this for my testament, I am now forced to revoke it, and must leave all to the most wise and gracious providence of the Lord, who hath promised not to fail nor forsake me, but will be an husband to my wife and a father to our children, as he hath heretofore been in all our struggles. Blessed be his holy name."

In this exigency Winthrop found it necessary to dispose of his farm in Charlestown and his homestead in Boston. By a deed dated September 26, 1643, he conveyed Ten Hills and his mansion house on The Green — not the whole estate — to William Tyng and others, "for and in consideration of divers sums of money wherein he" stood "indebted to them and divers others." The instrument was called an absolute deed of sale, but probably it was intended mutually by the parties in interest to be a mortgage only, for a few weeks later, November 12, the governor, "for divers good causes and valuable considerations," conveyed to his son Stephen (who returned to England and became an officer in what was known as the Parliamentary army), in words which we have already quoted, "all that my lott or parcel of land in Boston aforesaid called the Greene lyeing by the Spring," not excepting the mansion house or the land on which it stood. In this deed to Colonel Winthrop there is the following reservation: "Provided always, that I the said John Winthrop and Margaret my wife may have and use one half of the said parcel of land called the Greene and one half of the buildings to be thereupon erected for the term of our lives, and of the longer liver of us, so as we shall not let or dispose of it or any part thereof to any other."

From the foregoing it seems plain to us that in his reduced circumstances Governor Winthrop was obliged to vacate the house on the corner of Spring Lane, which he had occupied since his removal from Charlestown to Boston in 1630, and that he built another and perhaps a smaller one on the vacant land to the south, in which he spent the remainder of his days. Writing in 1830 of this second house, more than half a century after its destruction, Dr. Wisner said that it stood "on the spot now occupied by the north end of South Row. It was of wood, two stories high, with the end toward the street." We are disposed to question the last part of this description, for reasons which will appear presently. There was an entrance for carriages, ten or twelve feet wide, at the northern end of the lot, and a gateway five feet wide leading to the front door. Somewhere between these entrances, a distance of from forty to forty-three feet, was the house, as we learn definitely from a plan of the estate prepared in 1770 by Deacon Thomas Dawes, which fortunately is still in existence. If Mr. Dawes could have foreseen the circumstances under which this historic building was to be destroyed five or six years later, and the interest that would attach to it as the most memorable dwelling-house in the older Boston, he would have drawn a ground plan of it, at the least, as he did of another of which we shall have occasion to speak.

We may learn something of the rooms which Governor Winthrop's second house contained during his lifetime and during that of his successor in the occupancy of it, the Rev. John Norton, by an examination of the inventories of their effects taken after their deaths respectively, in which the contents of the various rooms are described separately and at length. From these documents we learn that there were on the ground floor a parlor, hall, study, kitchen and entry, probably in the rear; up one flight of stairs there were a parlor chamber, hall chamber and porch chamber; and above these, "a garret over the parlor" and "a garret over the hall." The porch may have served the purpose of a front entry. When the house was altered over for business purposes in the next century,

this porch was extended to the street. The study, we think, may have been built out from the main house, as we do not read of there being a room over it. In Mr. Norton's day it contained his library, valued at £300, and there was a "chamber next the study." The hall we suppose to have been such a room on a small scale as in England country magistrates use for public business and the administration of justice. It must have served also as the dining-room. It is not quite certain whether it was the older house or the new one in which, in the autumn of 1643, when Samuel Gorton and his brother schismatics were brought from Providence to Boston to answer for their opinions and doings, the governor, after consultation, "caused the prisoners to be brought before him in his hall, where was a great assembly, and there laid before them their contemptuous carriage." Gorton, by the way, is described as "a distinguished fanatic in the most high and palmy state of fanaticism on each side of the ocean."

In the inventory of Mr. Norton's effects the garrets are referred to as the "garret at north end" and the "garret at south end." A "shedd at the south end" is also mentioned. From these statements, and from the circumstance that at a later period the porch was extended to the street and, according to the Old South records, was also extended on both sides, we are led to believe that the house must have stood north and south, facing the main street, and not with its end to the street, facing to the south, as was the prevailing tradition in Dr. Wisner's day. Dr. Wisner was a careful and painstaking scholar, and his historical discourses are of great interest and value; but he does not appear to have known that Governor Winthrop occupied two houses at two periods of his residence in Boston; nor has the fact been noticed by later historians until very recently. To take a description of one house for that of the other was a mistake, therefore, which might easily be made.

It is not likely that we shall ever know anything more full and satisfactory than we now do concerning the house itself in which Governor Winthrop passed the last five or six years of his life. Here his wife Margaret died, June 14, 1647. She was a daughter of Sir John Tindall; and Stephen Winthrop was her eldest son. Here, after nearly twenty years of faithful service for the infant colony, the excellent governor, the American Nehemiah, as he has been called, rested from his earthly labors, March 26 (April 5), 1649. Here, as soon as he had breathed his last, a consultation was held by some of the principal men of the town as to the ordering of the funeral, "it being the desire of all that in that solemnity it may appear of what precious account and desert he hath been, and how blessed his memorial." These were the words used by John Wilson, John Cotton and others in a letter addressed on the same day to John Winthrop of Connecticut, "from his father's parlour," announcing that the funeral would take place on the third (thirteenth) of April. From this house and from this scene we may follow Mr. Wilson in his midnight walk along the main street to his parsonage on the north side of the market place as described by Hawthorne in "The Scarlet Letter," which, in the absence of any authentic record to controvert it, we almost accept as history. Upon the scaffold before the meeting-house built on Mr. Harding's land stands Arthur Dimmesdale, keeping vigil, as the author says, in a vain show of expiation and in a mockery of penitence. From the same house come Hester and little Pearl, all unconscious of the presence in the dark across the way. "Whence come you, Hester?" asks the minister. "I have been watching at a death-bed," answers Hester Prynne, — "at Governor Winthrop's death-bed, and have taken his measure for a robe, and am now going homeward to my dwelling."

In tracing the history of Governor Winthrop's homestead after his death, we shall speak first of the house and lot which he occupied on his coming to Boston and for several years subsequently. These were included in the conveyance made in 1643 to Stephen Winthrop, and they were deeded by him, February 20, 1654, to Amos Richardson of Boston.

The land is thus described: "One piece of ground towards the street of twenty-two foot and fifty-four foot backwards, lying and bounded westward to the street that goes from Boston to Roxbury, towards the northeast to the way going to the common spring, and on the south with the said Colonel's [Winthrop's] house and land." In 1679 Mr. Richardson conveyed this property to his son-in-law, Timothy Clarke, in consideration of his love and good will for his beloved daughter Sarah. He described it as lately in the tenure and occupation of Sarah Pickering, and as bounded on the southeast and southwest by "the land formerly Mr. John Norton's, now in the tenure and improvement of Mr. Samuel Willard." In 1764 Stephen Minot, who owned other land on the south side of Spring Lane, and whose wife Sarah was a daughter of Jonas Clarke and a granddaughter of Timothy and Sarah (Richardson) Clarke, leased the property for eight years to William Tyng, at £15 6*s.* 8*d.* per annum and taxes. At this time, the old building, Winthrop's first house, was taken down, and a brick store was built, three stories high (including, as we suppose, "a hipped slate roof"), with two stacks of chimneys, with sheds in the rear. In 1766 Mr. Tyng assigned the lease to Gilbert Deblois, whose advertisements appear in the newspapers of the day and represent him as an importer of and wholesale and retail dealer in dry goods and other merchandise. In 1773 Mr. Deblois bought the property of Mr. Minot. In the deed the measurements of the land are as follows: on the south, adjoining the Old South Church's land, sixty-four feet; on the east, on a passageway, twenty-four feet four inches; on the north, on Spring Lane, sixty-two feet six inches; and on the west, on Cornhill, twenty-four feet. These figures exceed slightly the measurements given in Stephen Winthrop's deed to Amos Richardson in 1654. In the surveys made in Boston for the United States direct tax of 1798, the property in question is thus described: "W. P. & L. Blake, occupants; Ann Deblois, owner; a brick store, 22 by 35, 2 stories. No. 1 Cornhill West; South on land of the Old South Meeting House; Northerly on Spring Lane making a corner; 1353 square feet, valued at 4,500 Dollars."

We turn now to the other, the principal portion of the original homestead, which kept the name of The Green. On the death of the Rev. John Cotton of the First Church in 1652, the Rev. John Norton was called from Ipswich to be his successor, and after some delay was installed in 1656. He became the occupant and, at length, the owner of the estate. Colonel Winthrop died in 1658;* and on the twenty-sixth of March, 1659, — the tenth anniversary of the governor's death, — his widow, Judith (Rainborow) Winthrop, and two others, executors, conveyed to Mr. Norton, for the consideration of two hundred pounds lawful money, a house and about an acre of land, then in his tenure and occupation, bounded on the west by the highway from Boston to Roxbury, on the north by the ground of Amos Richardson, the highway there leading to the spring and the ground late of William Tilly, on the east by the ground late of William Hibbins and Robert Knight, and on the south by the highway to the seaside (Milk Street). Mr. John Leverett, then in London, was joined with Mr. Norton as a party in the indenture, and is mentioned with him in the receipt for the purchase money of even date with the deed. He evidently represented Mr. Norton in the purchase of the property and in making payment for it.

Mr. Norton went on a political mission to England in 1662 with Simon Bradstreet, afterward governor, and, in anticipation of his voyage, he made his

* "The quarrel between the Army and the Parliament had ended in the expulsion [1647] of the officers who adhered to the Parliament from the ranks of the Army. The command of Colonel Sheffield's regiment was given by Fairfax to [Thomas] Harrison, and similar changes took place amongst the subordinate officers of the regiment. William Rainborow, brother of the more famous Colonel Thomas Rainborow, became Major, whilst Stephen Winthrop — fourth son of the first Governor Winthrop, and brother-in-law of the two Rainborows — became a captain under Harrison. Henry Cromwell, the second surviving son of the Protector, was given at the same time a troop in the regiment." Winthrop succeeded Harrison as colonel in 1656. In 1650, Winthrop was one of a commission with Harrison and others, under an "Act for the better Propagation and Preaching of the Gospel in Wales," which had power to expel unfit or scandalous ministers, and to replace them by "godly and painful men of able gifts and knowledge." — *Memoir of Harrison, by Charles H. Firth of Oxford. Proceedings of American Antiquarian Society, April*, 1893.

will. A few months after his return he died suddenly on Lord's Day, April 5, 1663. Having preached in the morning, he fell dead in his house before the afternoon service. "Leaning his head against the chimney-piece, he was heard to say, 'The hand or the judgment of the Lord is upon me,' and he sank down and spake no more." He bequeathed to his wife Mary, besides other property, his "dwelling-house in Boston with all the land, be it one acre more or less, with whatever else belongeth thereto." In 1669 the Third or South Church was formed by a large secession from the First. Mrs. Norton identified herself with the movement, and while the leading men subscribed £100 each toward the cost of the new meeting-house, she gave the southern portion of her land on which to place it. In her deed she says that she is moved thereunto by divers good causes and considerations, and more especially, "for and in consideration of that endeared affection that my late dear husband in his lifetime did bear, and myself do bear unto his and my assured friends," Thomas Savage, William Davis and the other brethren named in the instrument.

It has been said by as good an authority as Mr. Samuel G. Drake, that this gift to the Third Church was made "agreably to a provision in Mr. Norton's will;" but a reference to this document will show at once that there is no foundation for the statement.* Mrs. Norton, who brought to Mr. Norton much if not most of the estate of which he was possessed when he died, was executor under the will; and, with the exception of a few bequests, and of some land in Ipswich in which she was to have a life interest (there were no children), everything was left to her absolutely. Mr. Norton expressed a wish as to his library, which was a valuable one, but he added, "Having thus far signified my desire, I leave wholly unto herself, securing myself that she will not be wanting to answer my true intent." When he made his will, the synod of 1662 had not been convened, and no one then could have anticipated the conflict which was to be waged between the synodists and the anti-synodists on the question of the baptismal covenant, and which was to shake the First Church of Boston to its centre. In this conflict Mr. Norton would undoubtedly have been in full sympathy with the synodist party; and Mrs. Norton, when casting in her lot with the new church, founded by many of her husband's most influential parishioners, must have felt sure that she was doing what he would have wished if he could have foreseen what was to occur after his death.

The new meeting-house, built on the south part of The Green, was completed in the autumn of 1609, and on the nineteenth of December the pastor-elect, the Rev. Thomas Thacher, preached there twice, his text in the afternoon being, "He shall choose our inheritance for us, the excellency of Jacob whom he loved." Dr. Wisner says that it was built of cedar, with a steeple, galleries, square pews, and the pulpit in the side, "as in the present building" (1830). In a deed of trust executed by Edward Rawson, Joshua Scottow and Jacob Eliot in 1687, it is said that they and their associates had built and erected "a large, spacious and faire meeting house, with three large porches, every way compleately fitted, and covered with sheete lead, the house and said porches, which stood them and their associates neare if not above two thousand pounds." From the situation of its meeting-house, at what was then the south end of the town, the new church was called the South Church, and it continued to be so called until 1717, when a congregation was gathered and located in Summer Street, and took the name of the New South. After this the Third or South Church began to be known as the Old South; and its historical name it still retains, although its present house of worship is in another part of the city.

As was the custom in those days, the Third Church proposed to settle a second minister as colleague with Mr. Thacher. John Hull writes in his diary, 1872: "July 8. Dr. Leonard Hoar arrived at Boston from London, being sent for by the Third Church in Boston: but the

* For Mr. Norton's will, see *New England Historical and Genealogical Register*, Vol. XI., p. 342.

President of the College being dead, it was the earnest desire of the minister and magistrates that they would spare him for that work; and upon Nov. 15 they did yield him up to that service." Mr. Thacher during his pastorate occupied a house that had belonged to Major Gibbons; but in anticipation of the settlement of Dr. Hoar, or some other colleague minister, Mrs. Norton gave permission ("encouragement" was the word she employed) to the deacons to build an addition on the east side of her house to be used as a parsonage, evidently with an intimation on her part that the whole building would come into the possession of the church at her death. In 1677 she executed a deed conveying to Thomas Savage and others, in behalf of the Third Church, "all that piece of Land on which they built the said Additionall Cellar Kitchen Hall Chambers garratts as it is adjoyned to the Easterly part of my now dwelling house being in breadth twenty two foot and in Length from my said house to the Gateway that goes into my Orchard."

Mrs. Norton died January 17, 1677–8. Her executors were John Leverett, Edward Rawson, John Hull and Jacob Eliot; but the settlement of the estate seems to have devolved chiefly on Mr. Hull, who was, perhaps, the ablest business man in the colony. By her will, made five months before her death, she gave to the Third Church the remainder of the land bought by her husband of the executors of Stephen Winthrop, together with the house in which she was living, and which, as we have seen, had been enlarged at the expense of the church. In consideration of this and her previous gifts, the church was to pay, and through Mr. Hull did pay, all her outstanding bills and certain legacies, including one of £100 (one half of the value of The Green), to the First Church, Boston. The Third Church now came into full possession of Governor Winthrop's homestead, with the exception of the corner close to the spring, which was sold to Amos Richardson in 1654, and which was then permanently separated from the rest of the property. That the consecration for two centuries of his old home to religious uses would have been most gratifying to the Governor we have the judgment of his honored descendant, Robert Charles Winthrop, whose death we have recently had occasion to deplore.

> "But though he could not have been indifferent to the judgment which should be pronounced upon him by posterity, it may safely be said that, above all honors which could be paid to his memory, above monuments or statues or memorials of any sort, he would have appreciated the casual coincidence, that on the very site of his residence, or certainly within the enclosure of his garden, should stand a consecrated edifice in which, through a long succession of generations, should be gathered one of the chosen churches of Christ, worshipping God according to the faith and the forms which had been dearest to his own heart in his mature New England life. The Old South Church in Boston, as it is called, has many hallowed and many patriotic associations; but it may be doubted whether any of them are more congenial with its sacred uses, or will be more cherished hereafter by its devout frequenters than that it marks the Boston home of John Winthrop, its foundations resting upon the spot on which he dwelt in life, its steeple pointing to the brighter abode to which he ever aspired in the skies."

The Rev. Samuel Willard was installed as colleague pastor of the Third Church a few weeks after the death of Mrs. Norton, and he succeeded her in the occupancy of her dwelling. He lived here during his long and successful ministry, and after his death, in 1707, it became the abode of the Rev. Ebenezer Pemberton. Possibly they lived together for a time under the same roof, for, as we have seen, the house was enlarged and adapted for the use of two families while Mrs. Norton was still alive. In 1710 a second parsonage was completed in Milk Street, to the east of the meeting-house, and this was Mr. Pemberton's home from that year until his death. The Rev. Joseph Sewall was settled as colleague in 1713, and upon his marriage he took his bride, Elizabeth Walley, to the older parsonage, which had now become historic. Judge Sewall records that the young couple took possession of their new home January 26, 1713–14; and on the following day he adds: "As I pass along I call at my Son's and wish the Blessing of Winthrop, Norton, Willard, Pemberton, to come upon him."

Mr. Pemberton died early in 1717, but his widow continued to live in the Milk

Street parsonage until the autumn of 1718. In the mean time, the Rev. Thomas Prince had been settled in the colleague pastorate; and on his marriage to Deborah Denny soon after, the old parsonage was assigned to him, and Mr. Sewall moved to the Milk Street house.* Mr. Prince lived in the former home of Winthrop and Norton during the whole of his ministry in Boston, from 1718 to 1758. Here he wrote his "Annals," in which he tells the reader that he had recently received an authentic and valuable journal of events relating to the Massachusetts colony, "all wrote with the said Governor Winthrop's own hand, who deceas'd in the very house I dwell in."†

Early in the joint pastorate of Mr. Sewall and Mr. Prince the old meeting-house of the South Church was taken down, and the building with which we are familiar in our day was erected on substantially the same site.‡ Mr. Sewall made the following entry in the church records: "Lord's Day, April 26, 1730. We assembled for the first time for religious worship in the new meeting-house. *Laus Deo.*" "A peculiar interest," says Richard Grant White, attaches to the building, "because it is of home growth. It is not a copy nor an imitation of anything else. It is the conception of a Yankee architect — the outgrowth and development of the steeple-belfry of the New England meeting-house. New England may well be proud of it." The builder, it is believed, was Robert Twelves.§

Joshua Blanchard was the mason. He has left a diary, now in the possession of Mr. Edward Wheelwright, which contains the following entry: "1729, Aprill the 11th I with other layd the foundation of the South Brick meeting house and finished the Brick work ye 8th of Octr following."

What befell the meeting-house at the opening of the War of the Revolution and during the siege of Boston is familiar to all our readers, and need not be repeated here. The fate of the old parsonage, the house in which John Winthrop spent his last years and drew his last breath, may not be as well known. After Mr. Prince's death, it ceased to be used as a parsonage. The Hon. John Osborne, a prominent member of the South Church, and a leading man in the province, rented it for several years, after the loss of his own house in the fire of 1760. Afterward it was occupied as a general store by Charles Dabney and then by Benjamin Pierpont, goldsmith and jeweller. When the people began to come back to the town, after the evacuation by the British troops, this old landmark, with others, was missing. It had been torn down and used for firewood under the supposed exigencies of the siege. Dr. Holmes has said of another parsonage taken down not many years ago: "With its destruction are obliterated some of the footprints of the heroes and martyrs who took the first steps in the long and bloody march which led us through the wilderness to the promised land of independent nationality." A long procession of heroes and confessors in the cause of religious as well as civil freedom passed in and out of the venerable South Church parsonage during the century and a half of its existence.

The Green must have presented a desolate appearance at the time of which we write. The meeting-house was little better than a ruin; the fine row of trees which skirted the main street had been destroyed, and the land within the enclosure was a waste.* The church and

* Mr. Sewall died in 1769. In the Boston *Gazette* of May 20, 1771, J. Russell, auctioneer, advertises that he will sell on the thirtieth, "at the house of the late Rev. Dr. Sewall, all his library of books, consisting of about seven hundred volumes, on a variety of subjects." Deacon Samuel Sewall occupied the house for a time after his father's death.

† In connection with Governor Winthrop's relation to the Old South Church, it is a most interesting fact that the third volume of his Journal, long lost, was found in the tower of the church in 1816. It had been in the hands of Prince, as had also Bradford's Journal, likewise lost and not discovered until 1855 in the Bishop of London's palace at Fulham. It is a striking coincidence that the works of the two great governors should both have reposed in the Old South Church and both have had such eventful histories. — EDITOR.

‡ They began to lay the stone foundation for the new building March 31, 1729, "seven feet below the pavement of the street." The old building "was near 75 feet long, and near 51 wide; besides the southern, eastern and western porches; the length of this is near 95 feet, breadth near 68, besides the western tower, and eastern and southern porches." — *New England Weekly Journal*, March 31, April 28, 1729.

§ See article on "The Builder of the Old South Meeting-House," in the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE for December, 1895. Robert Twelves was evidently the carpenter. — EDITOR.

* There was an engine house on some part of the land. In the records of the Selectmen, Sept. 11, 1782, it is said: "Upon application from the Proprietors of the Old South Church Mr. Price and Mr. Hubbard are a committee to

congregation did not return to their sanctuary until the spring of 1783, having worshipped for more than five years in King's Chapel, and for a few months in what is now called the Old State House. In the mean time the Rev. Joseph Eckley had been settled as pastor of the church, and he occupied the Milk Street parsonage, which had been the home, in succession, of Mr. Pemberton and Dr. Sewall, as we have said, and of the Rev. John Bacon during his brief ministry just before the siege of Boston. After the siege, the younger William Phillips (lieutenant-governor of the Commonwealth from 1812 to 1823) lived in it for a few years. The property is thus described in the returns of 1798: "Joseph Eckley, owner and occupier;† wooden dwelling; South on Milk Street; East on Mr. Shattuck; West and North on Church land. Land, 19,200 square feet; house, 1,680 square feet; 3 stories, 30 windows; Value, $6,000."

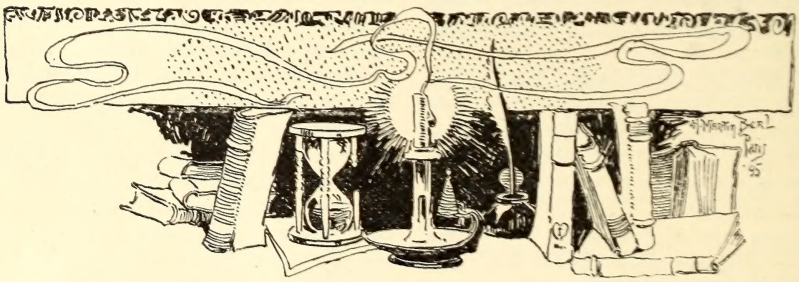
This parsonage, after standing for a century, was taken down in 1809, and a block of two brick houses was built in its place. These houses were intended for Dr. Eckley and his young colleague, the Rev. Joshua Huntington, but the former died before they were finished. Mr. Huntington occupied the one nearest to the meeting-house, and Dr. Waterhouse, a celebrated physician, rented the other for several years. In 1845 these brick houses were succeeded by the granite stores which bear the name of the Old South Block.

Before the Revolution, the proprietors of the Old South estate proposed to build on Marlborough Street, between the meeting-house and the first parsonage; and on an old plan drawn in 1770 by Thomas Dawes (deacon from 1786 to 1809) we have the elevation of three stores designed by him, each twenty feet square. The matter went over for a generation; but Mr. Dawes, who had prepared the original plan, lived to execute a somewhat different one in 1800, when a block of five stores — Old South Row — was erected. The special committee chosen by ballot to contract for and procure the materials consisted of the following influential members of the Old South: "The Hon. Thomas Dawes, Sen'r, William Phillips, Jun'r, Esq., John Sweetser, Esq., Gen. John Winslow, and Col. William Scollay." These stores still stand, although they have been altered and enlarged.

remove the engine house from the place it now stands on and erect another at the north part of said land to adjoin Mr. Deblois's store."

† Of course this was a mistake, so far as the ownership of the property was concerned. Mr Eckley, however, was the owner of real estate in other parts of the town.

NOTE. This article was sent to the magazine by Mr. Hill the day before his death, and is doubtless the last work of his pen. In the note accompanying it he wrote: "I have not been well of late, or I should have finished it before. I may add a few closing words, but I thought I would not keep it back for them. I have some suggestions to make for illustrations, which I will offer when the time comes." It is an interesting fact that this last work of the distinguished antiquarian should have such close relation to the Old South Church, which he loved so well and of which he was the historian. — EDITOR.



IBSEN AT HOME.

By Edgar O. Achorn.

IT was early on a June evening that I crossed Carl Johans Gade, in front of the Grand Hotel, Christiania, to meet Ibsen. Although the sun was still more than two hours high, the shadows of the mountains which encircle the city had lengthened somewhat, and the fine gold and orange hues so characteristic of a sunset in this northern land were gathering to give warmth and color to the sky far into the night. The best part of the day in this gay capital is still to come; it will be long after midnight before the last pleasure boat leaves the fjord, or the last reveller quits the festive board. The scene upon which I looked is a favorite one of Ibsen's. In the window of the hotel over my head it is his wont to sit and study the people, until this watch tower has come by common consent to be recognized as his, and is known as "Ibsen's window."



THE GRAND HOTEL AND IBSEN'S FAVORITE PROMENADE.

Directly over the way stands the "Stortings Huset," where just at present the future destiny of Norway—the question whether she is to continue to cast her unhappy lot with Sweden or to play a lone hand in the game of nations—is being fought out. Across the "Studenter Lunden" are the Tivoli Gardens; a glance at the throng of gayly dressed people gathered there for the music and feasting would banish at once the thought of anything so serious as a national crisis. Then comes the new Christiania Theatre, in process of construction, for the adornment of which the Danish sculptor Lansing is now working upon a figure of Ibsen. At the head of the street towers the "Kongen's Slot," and hard by it is the University Building. The street, the mall, the saloons, are well filled with people at this hour; one hears a babel of tongues from the café hard by; a knot of the King's Guard swings down the walk and salutes the officer discussing his sandwich and beer; an Englishman is disputing with his cabman over the fare. So, from his vantage ground at the hotel window, a sweep of the eye presents to the poet nearly every phase of human life; royalty, the statesman, the soldier, the actor, the student, the reveller, the traveller from foreign parts, the high and low, the rich and poor,—all are included. From the contemplation of this scene Ibsen has no doubt caught

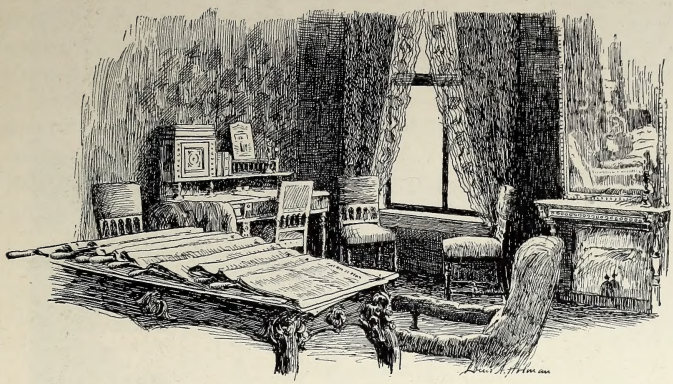
many a suggestion which has found expression in his later writings.

Mr. Ibsen would see me on the veranda, I was told, and, accompanied by my Christiania friend, I was ushered into the presence of Henrik Ibsen, the most discussed, admired, criticised and misunderstood writer of our time—perhaps nowhere read more than in sections of the public reached by the *New England Magazine*.

Ibsen has become so familiar to the American public that one need scarcely touch upon the incidents of his career. He was born on the 20th of March, 1828, in the small timber port of Skien, in Norway. His father was descended from a Danish family, long given to trade, in which there was a mixture of Scotch blood. His mother belonged to an old German family in Skien. His father was lively, enjoyed society, and is said to have been quick at repartee. His mother was quiet, retiring, and looked on the dark side of life. It is easy to see then,



HENRIK IBSEN.

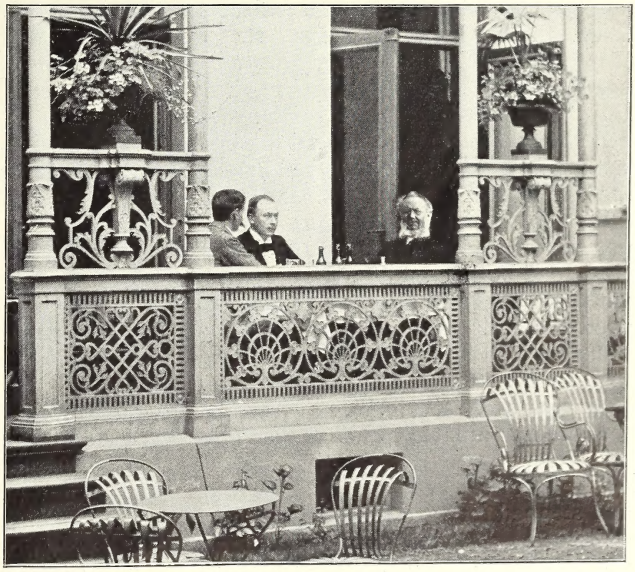


IBSEN'S WINDOW IN THE GRAND HOTEL.

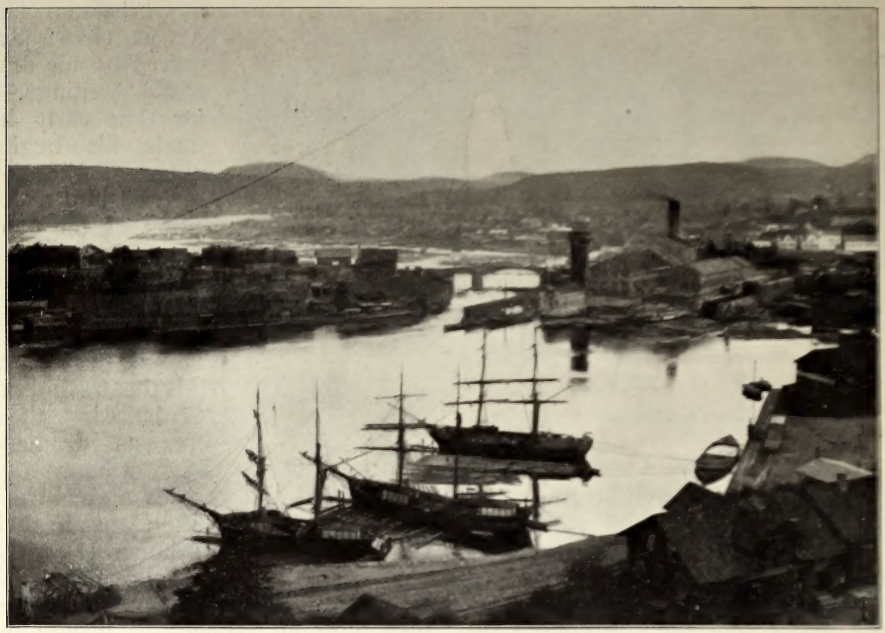
if we are to lay stress as he does on heredity, that Ibsen took his satire and wit from his father, his idealism and his dark views from his mother. His father had a large business in Skien; and all went well in the little two-story house opposite the church till Henrik was eight years old. Then a change came. His father failed, and the family moved into the country; and from that time life was a struggle.

In Skien Henrik attended a school kept by two theological students, the principal purpose of which schooling seems to have been to prepare him for confirmation. Later he was sent to Grimstad, a little town of eight hundred people, where he secured a position in a drug store. Everything in this place except the sea was narrowing. Ibsen chafed here under his restrictions. He appears to have scoffed at everybody and everything, and was in turn cordially disliked. Here, however, he found time to study and to write. In 1850, he entered the university at Christiana. The reputation acquired by his dramatic writings,—for thus early he made his beginnings at these,—secured him a position at the Bergen theatre in 1852, and a "stipendium," with which he studied abroad. He continued at this theatre and the Christiania theatre, as dramatic manager, till 1864, when, disgusted that the Swedes and Norwegians refused to aid the Danes in their contest with Prussia, he wrote caustic epigrams about his fellow countrymen, and left the country, only to return after an absence of twenty-five years. The greater portion of this time he spent in Dresden and Rome.

At the age of twenty-two he published *Catatina*, which was followed by *Fru Inger, The Comedy of Love,* and *Rivals for the Crown*, having thus, be-



ON THE VERANDA OF THE GRAND HOTEL.



SKIEN HARBOR.

fore he left Norway, produced his historical and legendary tragedies in prose. While in Italy he wrote *Brand* and at Ischia and Sorrento *Peer Gynt*, dramatic poems, which at once made him famous. Strange as it seems, he forthwith abandoned rhyme and metre altogether. *Youth's Bond, Emperor and Galilean, Pillars of Society, The Doll's House, Ghosts, The Wild Duck, The Lady from the Sea* and others, lastly *Little Eyolf*, have followed in succession, some gloomy and sardonic, others fresh and invigorating, but all provoking such a measure of discussion that both continents have rung with the author's name. The recent production of his works to crowded houses adds the fame of the successful dramatist to that of the author; and to-day, at sixty-seven, Ibsen stands on the loftiest pinnacle of his brilliant literary career.

The poet sat at a table, facing me, as I stepped forward. He is a man of striking personality. His hair is long and gray, and he wears it combed straight up from his forehead. The forehead itself is high, broad and prominent. His whiskers are gray and bushy; and he wears large gold-bowed spectacles. The lower part of his face sinks into insignificance beside these more marked characteristics. I can scarcely see his eyes under the beetling brows and behind his spectacles; I make them out to be small and blue, and I have the sensation of being peered at instead of looked at. His nose is small and irregular; his mouth, small, firm and straight. He was dressed in a black broadcloth coat, double breasted, long and closely buttoned, a white satin tie and dark trousers, while a silk hat, a walking stick, a pair of brown cotton gloves and his spectacle-case lay near him. He was sipping a glass of Scotch whisky and soda.

I spoke as I seated myself opposite him, of the greetings which I brought from many admirers in America.

"I thank you," he replied, "I have some very good friends in America."

He spoke very slowly and with a reserve that was little less than cold-

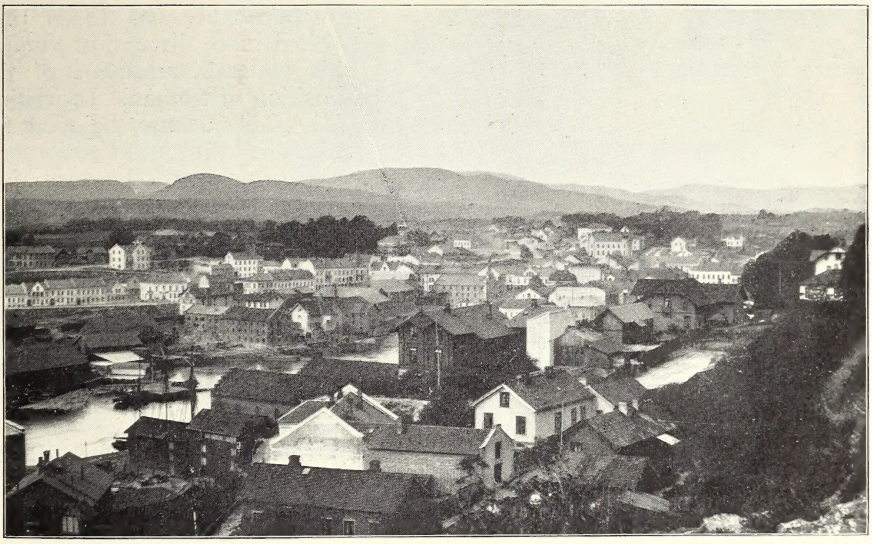
ness. He drew a long black comb from his inside pocket, and proceeded to set his hair more on end, if possible, than it already was. The feeling took possession of me that, himself so given to studying others, he was the kind of man who would give one very little insight into his own thoughts and feelings unless he chose to.

The conversation quickly turned upon the extent to which his writings were misunderstood, and I spoke of the misunderstandings in American circles.

"Yes," he said, fast growing warmer, "I have received a number of letters from Boston ladies, asking me what I meant by this or that expression or sentence in my writings; but I have never attempted to explain myself to them. In order to do so perfectly, I should have been obliged to go to great length and recount many details. Not having time for this, I thought it better to leave the questions unanswered. I am not only misunderstood," he added, "but I have not infrequently been misquoted."

As the conversation went on, the poet's reserve seemed to vanish, and a spirit of genuine *bonhomie* took its place. He glanced at his still well filled glass of spirits and asked us to join him. True to the instinct of a Maine man, I of course did so. The opportunity of draining a glass with Henrik Ibsen, I thought, did not fall to the lot of every man, and the stoutest teetotaler could pardon me.

"I must tell you," said the doctor, when we had settled ourselves more at our ease, "of something which befell me not long ago, which annoyed me exceedingly. A French journalist in an interview asked me what I thought of the modern French drama. I replied that I was an anarchist toward it, whereupon he announced to the world that 'Ibsen was an anarchist,' and I was assailed on all sides."



SKIEN, THE BIRTHPLACE OF IBSEN.

I broached the subject of our own American literature.

"I am not a good English scholar," said Ibsen. "I have read very many American authors, however, as Holmes, Emerson and Howells, but mostly through German translations. So far as I have read, American literature has impressed me very favorably." The talk turned particularly upon



IBSEN'S BIRTHPLACE.

THE HOUSE IN WHICH HE WAS BORN IS THE MIDDLE ONE ON THE RIGHT.

Howells, in whom he was interested, but he said nothing quotable. "I never give an *opinion* of any author," he said. "My work in the world has not been in the line of criticism. I have not the time to criticise others' writings. Criticism requires exact study. My efforts lie in quite another direction."

I told him that he ought to come to America; he would have a most cordial welcome, and it was such an easy matter nowadays.

"Yes, to cross to America is an easy matter," he said. "I have often thought of going, and still have it in my mind; but for me it would be like sending a portmanteau,—that is easy. The difficulty begins after I get there, and lies in the language. I should be very much hampered in that direction."

I spoke of the important body of our population speaking German or French, the great numbers of Scandinavians in the Northwest, and of the fact that there was one United States Senator who was born in Scandinavia.

"But if I came to America," said Ibsen, "it would be to visit my friends and to study the native American; and in order to do that well I must have a command of the language, for I think the simon-pure American clings tenaciously to his own language and institutions. Is it not so?"

I owned that it was true of the Yankee and the Southerner.

The conversation passed naturally to the position of woman in America. In nothing probably has Ibsen provoked more discussion than in his general treatment of the position of woman. In writing *The Doll's House,* he won for himself the title of "the woman's poet," because forsooth, he had pictured a wife who, sick of being treated as a child and of playing the rôle of a child, disappointed at not finding her husband the man she had taken him for, abandoned him and her children and went out into the world to learn something and to collect her senses. It was *The Doll's House* that was supposed, from the time of its appearance, to illuminate all his previous writings; it struck a blow, people said, at all the existing social conditions; it certainly set up such a clamor in Europe that the arch of heaven fairly rang with it. Discussion was carried to such a point in Scandinavia that social invitations, I was told, bore the foot note: "You are requested not to mention Ibsen's *Doll's House.*"

"I have never attempted to demonstrate in any book of mine," said Ibsen, "a theory of woman's working out her own salvation alone, living a happy and successful life in a sphere entirely independent of man."

Ibsen's woman is always found in a European environment, is a Euro-

pean woman with something of Ibsen put into her. She is never an American woman, with an American woman's tact and versatility. Ibsen simply emphasizes in his writings that a woman should be regarded as the equal of man, should be taken into his confidence and treated as a rational being. He persistently demands for her trust and freedom of thought and action. To the greater part of Europe, where a woman is simply a *hausfrau* to lay the table and bear children, or a fine bird to be kept in a cage or, if allowed abroad, to be watched, such a doctrine is heresy, but with us it is accepted as a matter of course. I do not mean that Ibsen has not fairly won his title of "woman's poet," for he has fought valiantly for woman's emancipation from the chains of European conventionality; but I say that from our point of view he advocates no new thing. Personally Ibsen is very fond of women; and they, in turn, are very fond of him. Not unfrequently one sees him on the street or lunching at the café with some favorite and favored young lady. He is very gallant.



IBSEN IN EARLY LIFE.

The question was raised as to how far he found his characters in real life, and how far they were creatures of his imagination.

"They are both," he said. "I have been going about studying life and character now, for twenty-seven or twenty-eight years, mostly in Germany and Italy, and my characters are either taken from the people and my incidents from fact, or they are suggested to me by experiences of life which I have myself shared or seen."

He asked, speaking of the critics who say that his characters and situations are unnatural, whether I thought of any cases in point.

I ventured the opinion that in *The Lady from the Sea,* the attraction of Ellida for the strange man was novel, to say the least, while *Ghosts* seems unnatural to many, and its philosophy, so far as most understand it, hard for them to approve.

"And yet both emphasize the existence of real forces at work upon humanity," exclaimed the doctor, his face aglow with animation. "My intention was to put Ellida under the influence of another than her husband, of such an intensity as to be at times irresistible. Such an influence has often been found, and has led many a woman astray. As for *Ghosts,* the whole drama was written to emphasize the influence of heredity. It is cruel, as is much else one finds in real life, but on that account the more to be respected."

I asked him which he himself considered his best work. The question evidently struck him as amusing,—and perhaps it was,—for a smile played over his face, chasing away the earnestness of the moment before.

"To-day no work in particular. Each book was written in its own time, and each at the time seemed best, for it was the expression of the thought and spirit which then animated me."

I asked him why, after writing *Love's Comedy, Brand* and *Peer Gynt,* he abandoned dramatic poetry and took up prose.

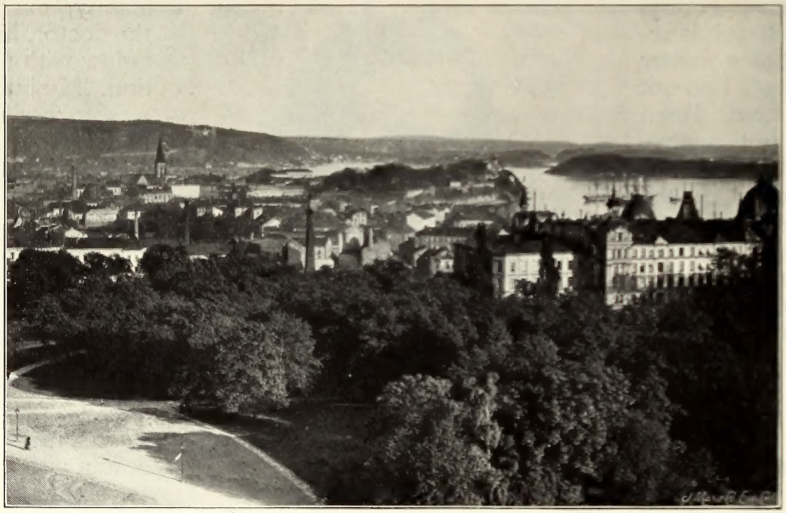
"I might say, briefly," he answered, "that it followed of itself. At that time I turned to the study and treatment of modern life. Poetry could not have been used to develop my ideas. It would have been out of place."

He said that he derived the greatest satisfaction from those of his works which he had specially written for the stage, and which had been successfully produced. One could almost have anticipated the reply. The toy theatre at Skien, the long course of study, the years of service at the Bergen and Christiania theatres,—all have stimulated that natural fondness for dramatic art, which is to-day paramount in Ibsen.

The influence of his works he believes is most felt in Germany. "I am not aware that they have made any marked impression in America," he said; and he added that he must leave it to others to say what the final outcome of his influence and that of the modern realistic school in general will be.

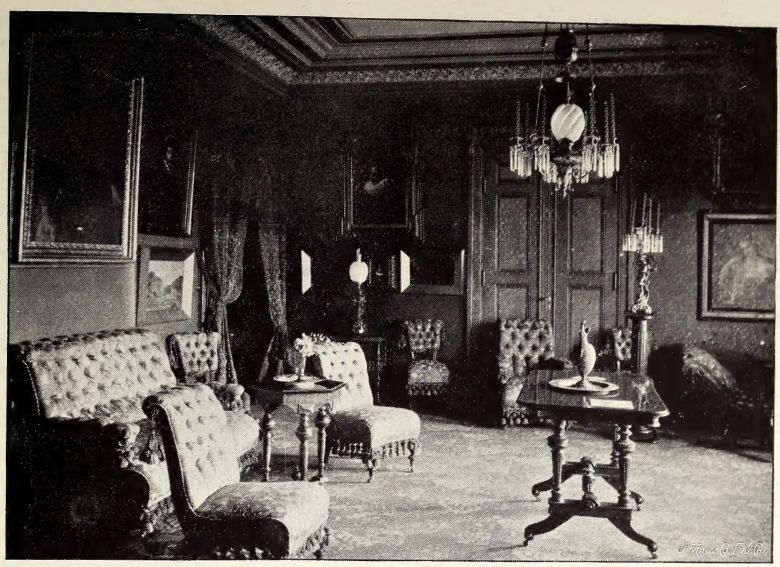
When by and by I rose to go, the poet exclaimed warmly, "Don't go yet"; and we sat and chatted of many things in Europe and America. Again he expressed his regret that he had not a better knowledge of English, remarking, by way of explanation, that his life had been spent largely in Italy and Germany, and that he had devoted himself to the mastery of the language and literature of those countries at the expense of others, as being necessary to his writings. As I finally took my departure, he invited me cordially to come and see his study.

So it came about that on the following day I found myself in his home in the Victoria Terrace, perhaps the most attractive building of the kind in the fashionable quarter of Christiania. On the one side stretch the grounds surrounding the king's palace; on the other the land falls away to the beautiful Christiania fjord.



VICTORIA TERRACE.

Ibsen's home is an ideal one. The picture taken from the palace which accompanies this article, shows a portion of the Terrace and also of the view from Ibsen's windows which are on the side toward the water. His suite comprises a reception room, a salon, very large and airy, a dining-room, cabinet, study, and a number of sleeping rooms. The



THE SALON.

views of the rooms, which are presented herewith, will give the reader a far better idea of their character than any words of mine. One is struck with the exquisite taste displayed on every hand, and with the collection of paintings which adorns the walls, every one of which is a gem. They are mostly the works of old Italian masters and views of Norwegian scenery, the former collected during Ibsen's sojourn in Italy.

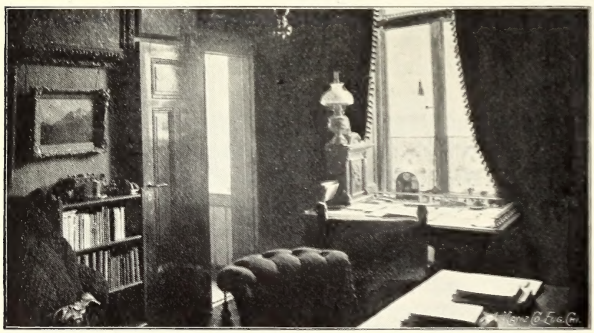
The study, to which we finally come, is of course the most interesting room, for it is here that Ibsen produces those strong works which not alone reach the homes of the millions who speak his native tongue and who regard him as their great teacher, but which in rapid succession pass through translations and become the property of all Christendom. Ibsen writes at his table by the window. Everything in and about the room is scrupulously neat and in perfect order.

Before I came away from Christiania I was so fortunate as to secure, by Ibsen's kind directions, the beautiful views of his home which are reproduced with this article and which I think have never before been placed before American readers.

If one were to ask me of my personal impressions of Ibsen, I should say that the first glance at his mighty forehead, his shaggy hair, his sharp eye, his firm mouth, his ruddy complexion, his compact build, made me feel that there was a tremendous power behind it all and that Henrik Ibsen was a man of intense thought and passion. Ibsen's facial expression is remarkable. Under intense feeling, his face hardens, his color deepens and his eyes blaze. Instinctively one looks for shelter, feeling that the storm is about to burst. Quickly the skies clear, the face softens, the eyes twinkle merrily, there is a suggestion of dimples at the corners of the mouth, and an expression at once very droll and very winning plays upon the features. He is a man of moods. If you catch him at one time, or if you "hit him right," he will do what no persuasion would induce him to do at another. Friends to whom I spoke of my own pleasant meetings with him told me that he is often unapproachable. The chosen few nearest him in Christiania let him

go and come as he will and guard him from rather than expose him to the approach of others. When he is in the throes of composition, he is well-nigh inaccessible.

At a dinner some time ago, where Ibsen was the centre of attraction, he said in response to a toast that he had spent many years away from his native land, that he had returned to find Christiania a cosmopolitan city and one capable of answering to his wants. Here he has settled down, probably, with the exception of an occasional sojourn elsewhere, for the remainder of his days. Here he lives a methodical life. He is found at work in his study in the forenoon. At one o'clock he turns up at the Grand Hotel, which he calls his second home, for lunch. Wherever he has lived, Ibsen has always selected some café or place of public resort to which he has betaken himself daily, where, free from molestation, he could observe all that was going on about him. He dines at home at three, and at seven in the evening is again found at the Grand Hotel, where he sits and watches the passers-by or reads his newspaper. He is very much by himself. People have come to recognize the fact that his time is too valuable to be squandered or that he prefers to be alone, and he comes and goes frequently without exchanging a word with anyone except the attachés of the hotel.



IBSEN'S STUDY.

It is interesting to watch Ibsen on the street. He moves along with his head well thrown back, a favorite attitude being one in which his hands are clasped behind him. Everybody knows him, and he receives the salutations of his acquaintances by raising his hat with a courtliness and dignity which mark the gentleman of the old school.

Ibsen's wife is living, and he has a son—a doctor of philosophy and something of a diplomat—married to a daughter of Bjornson. This marriage unites the families of the two most distinguished men in Norway.

He mingles but little in society. He is found occasionally at a dinner or gathering of the literary set, when it is said he unbends and is very affable. He never attends church. His religious views, his attitude especially toward the Established Church, can be inferred from the words he puts into Brand's mouth:

> "I am no death's head at life's feast;
> I speak not as a parish priest;
> I take my place in nature's plan
> Not as a Christian, but a man,
> And diagnose with doctor's eye
> The deadly thing whereof we die.
> * * * * *
> It is not churches, no, nor creeds,
> For sake of which my spirit bleeds."

It is not surprising that some of the clergy of the Established Church—and no religious order is more uncompromising toward those who interfere with their accepted views and the order of things, than the Norwegian clergy,—consider his writing destructive and harmful. That the Norwegian people are proud of their illustrious countryman goes without saying; they do not all agree with him, but they are eager to hear his next word.

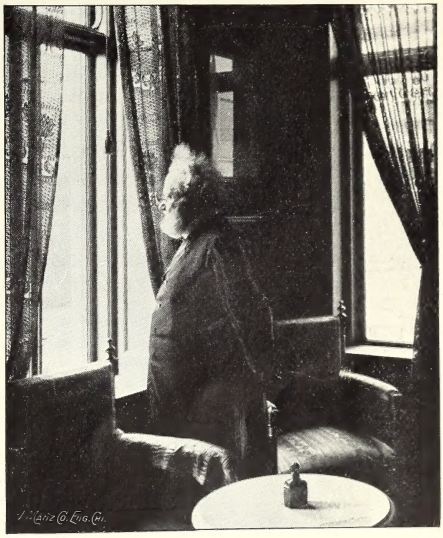
Ibsen is a modest man. He is determined not to be lionized, and any attempt in that direction receives poor encouragement at his hands. To a

careless word of my own to the effect that he would receive notable public recognition if he visited America, he replied quickly that such things were not in his line. At the Christiania theatre a year ago, on the opening night of the production of his latest drama, *Little Eyolf,* Ibsen was in the house. When the curtain fell the theatre rang with applause and calls for the author renewed again and again; but no amount of popular clamor would induce him to appear before the curtain.

One day, however, while I was in Christiania, there was a scene from which he could find no escape, and which well illustrates the hold he has upon the people of Europe. He was walking down the street, and had nearly reached the entrance to the Grand Hotel, when a large party of tourists—Germans, French and Dutch—sallied forth. The moment their eyes fell upon him, the word passed that it was Ibsen, and with one accord they made a rush toward the poet, formed a ring around him and, doffing their hats, saluted him with applause and cheers, in which, for once at least, the *"Lebe hoch!"* of the German was mingled with the *"Vive Ibsen!"* of the French. It was all done in a flash, and almost quicker than it takes to tell it a throng of people gathered from every quarter,—in the first place to see what it was all about, and in the second to add their shouts to those of the enthusiastic foreigners. Here were the representatives of four nations doing homage to the man; and Ibsen stood, surrounded by several hundred people, bowing and smiling, till they allowed him to pass into the hotel.

Ibsen is reputed to be a wealthy man, as the term is applied in Norway. The income from his books, coupled with his own prudence and sagacity, has made him so.

Whenever it is known that he has a book approaching publication, public curiosity is at a white heat. It is his unvarying rule, however, not to give any clew to what is to come; not even his own family is let into the secret. He guards every avenue of approach until the book is laid on the bookseller's shelves. This precaution was circumvented, however, in the case of *Little Eyolf,* while the manuscript was in the hands of his publishers at Copenhagen. The *Politiken,* one of the city's leading newspapers, came out one morning with an accurate account, under the heading "Ibsen's New Play," of one of the acts of the play. It circulated extensively and was copied far and wide. Ibsen demanded an explanation of his publishers, and they in turn of the news-



A CORNER OF THE CABINET.

paper, and legal proceedings were threatened. Finally the mystery was unravelled. It seems a young author of high social position was having a book published at the same time and place as Ibsen. While visiting the publishers to procure proof sheets of his own work, he saw certain proof sheets of *Little Eyolf.* The temptation was too strong—he devoured the contents, of course restoring the sheets. He itched so to tell that he knew what Ibsen's next book was about, that he let some friend into the secret, not sup-

posing that it would go any farther. But this friend told another, and in due time it reached the ear of a newspaper man.

I have here undertaken to give only a few simple impressions of Ibsen and his home, knowing how deep an interest is taken in the great writer by many Americans. As we shook hands at parting, I again expressed the hope that his half-formed resolution to visit America might result eventually in his doing so. Surely the study of our newer civilization might afford material for the farther play of his marvellous genius.

POSSESSION.

By Emma A. Opper.

IN all the world I own no rod of ground;
But all the gladsome, boundless world is mine.
I revel in the meadows greenly gowned,
I know the pleasant spots where wild things twine
The ragged, gray stump fences, and I love
The pools where frogs chant hoarse on balmy eves—
That ripple when the young trees sprung above
Rock in the wind and drop their loosened leaves.
They own the rolling acres, they who turn
The fresh earth with their plows, with heads bent low,
Intent upon their toil, unseeing, stern.
The fair land is not theirs; they do not know
The things wherein I find a dear delight—
The orchards where the shadows lengthen through
The dreamy day, the stony pastures white
In the dim morning with the drenching dew,
The deep, still woods, where dead leaves and dank mold
Scatter an earthy fragrance, where a sky
Spreads in the leafy limbs, that meet and hold
A tender gloaming when the sun is high.
My fervent love has made it all my own.
When the warm, welcome autumn sunlight fills
The hazy air, and all abroad is blown
The scent of ripened grapes, I climb the hills
By tangled rock-strewn pathways rising steep;
I drink the sparkling freshness of the day,
And watch the dazzling clouds whose shadows creep
And blot the russet fields, and look away
Across white roofs and slim roads winding red
And the green valley where the wooded stream
Bends and is lost and shines again, a thread,
A broken trail of silver all agleam.
I see the wid'ning world that circles round
And fades to a blue, far-off, misty line.
In all the earth I own no spot of ground,
But all the wondrous world is mine, is mine!

LORD AMHERST.

By Herbert B. Adams, Ph. D.

THE name Amherst is of old English origin and was first applied to a landed estate in the parish of Pemburg, in the county of Kent. Early forms of the name were *Hemhurste* and *Hemmehurst,* compound words formed by prefixing the Saxon *Hem,* meaning a border, to the Saxon *Hurst,* meaning a wood. Amherst, therefore, probably signifies the border of a forest, or Edgewood.*

The Amherst family derived its name from the situation of its land. *Gilbertus de Hemmehurst* is on record as early as 1215.† The family occupied its Amherst estate for over five centuries, but now lives at a country-seat called "Montreal House," near Seven Oaks, Kent. The present owner is Earl Amherst, who signs his name simply "Amherst." His father and grandfather before him were earls, but the man in honor of whom the town of Amherst, Massachusetts, was named in 1759 was, at that time, Major General Amherst.

Jeffery Amherst was born January 29, 1717. He was the second son of a barrister and owed his first advancement in life to the Duke of Dorset, who took the boy as a page and early obtained for him a place as ensign of the Guards, in the British army. On the duke's recommendation Amherst served as aide-de-camp of General Ligonier and the Duke of Cumberland in the English campaigns for the defence of Hanover in Germany, in those old wars when Frederic the Great was enlarging his kingdom at the expense of Austria. Amherst fought the French in the battles of Dettingen and Fontenoy. By manifest ability and courage he won the confidence of his superior officers and rose to the command of an English regiment. He had the best fighting qualities of his race and nation. Parkman says of him: "He was energetic and resolute, somewhat cautious and slow, but with a bulldog tenacity of grip."

Colonel Amherst was called home from Germany and made a major general by the influence of William Pitt, who was on the lookout for new and efficient military leaders in America. The French and Indian War (1755–63) had opened disastrously to the British. General Braddock had been defeated and killed. Oswego and the control of the Western Lakes had fallen into the hands of the French. In threatening Louisbourg on the east the Earl of Loudon had exposed the centre of the English colonies to attack by way of Lake George. Fort William Henry had been captured and destroyed with terrible butchery of prisoners. Fort Edward, on the Hudson, and Albany, if not New York itself, were in danger. Loudon was recalled. It was time for better commanders and for a vigorous and combined English attack upon the French centre at Ticonderoga and also upon the French stronghold at Louisbourg. Major General Abercromby, with Brigadier Lord Howe, was put in command of the central movement with an army of 15,000 men. General

*"Edgewood" is a local name in Maryland. Ik Marvel (Donald G. Mitchell) long ago adopted "Edgewood" for the name of his country place near New Haven. Professor F. A. March of Lafayette College, Easton, Pa., a graduate of Amherst College and one of the most eminent English philologists in America, says, in a letter dated September 14, 1895: "I can find nothing more to establish or explain the history of Amherst suggested by the earlier forms which you mention. I would take *hemme* as descriptive of *hurst*. Amherst = a fodder-wood, bordering an open meadow, perhaps, or a stream. That makes a good name enough to be an accepted hypothesis for the given facts. But the general run of the names of *hursts* makes one suspect that the *hemme* is a variation of *hamme* or *helme* for *elmme*, and that the original name was an *enclosed wood*, or *elm-wood*, or *Ham's*, or *Amswood*." Thus we have a pleasing variety of good old Saxon etymologies to choose from. Still another is *Homewood*, if we accept the derivation of Amherst from *Hamhurst* by dropping the letter "h." *Homewood* is as good a name as *Edgewood* or *Elmwood*. *Amhurst* is a family name in England.

† Burke's Peerage, "Amherst."



SIR JEFFERY AMHERST.

FROM THE PAINTING BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

Amherst was put at the head of the Louisbourg expedition, in May, 1758, with over 11,000 regulars and a great fleet of vessels under Admiral Boscawen. Under Amherst's authority was Colonel Wolfe, now a brigadier, bold, dashing and eager for glory, but not distinguished like his chief for absolute self control.

On the eastern coast of the island of Cape Breton may still be seen, in a land-locked harbor, the ruins of old Louisbourg, once the strongest fortress in America. Captured, in 1745, by a provincial army under Colonel Pepperrell,* the place had been ignominiously restored to France by treaty in 1748. Since then the fortications had been greatly strengthened. They were a mile and a half in extent, and enclosed an area of 120 acres in the form of a triangular peninsula, protected on two sides by the sea and, on the land side, considered impregnable. In spite of the difficulties occasioned by heavy surf and a craggy shore, a landing was effected at Fresh Water Cove by the gallantry of Wolfe, supported by Amherst and the whole army. The British fleet coöperated efficiently with the land forces and captured or destroyed the French shipping. Amherst commanded operations and conducted the siege. Batteries were erected at various points around the harbor. By means of trenches the siege-guns were brought nearer and nearer to Louisbourg, whose great bastions began at last to give way.

After an heroic defence of two months, the French commander was compelled to ask for terms. Amherst demanded the surrender of the whole garrison as prisoners of war and a definite reply within an hour. A French officer was sent out to beg for more honorable conditions, but Amherst refused to parley. He remembered the treatment of English prisoners at Fort William Henry, and sent a curt message to Chevalier de Drucour, the commander: "You will have the goodness to give your answer, yes or no, within half an hour." A contemporary account says: "A lieutenant-colonel came running out of the garrison, making signs at a distance, and bawling out as loud as he could, 'We accept! we accept!' He was followed by two others, and they were all conducted to General Amherst's headquarters."

Louisbourg was duly surrendered, July 26, 1758, with all its stores and munitions of war, together with the whole island of Cape Breton and also Prince Edward Island. The outlying coast possessions of France were thus cut off at one blow. It was a signal victory. Throughout the English colonies men thanked God and took courage. England went wild with joy. The flags captured at Louisbourg were carried in triumph through the streets in London and were placed as trophies in the cathedral of St. Paul. In recognition of his distinguished services General Amherst was made commander-in-chief of the King's forces in America and his name was honored throughout the English-speaking world.

From the beginning of recorded history, towns have been named after illustrious men. The towns called "Amherst" * are living monuments to the hero of Louisbourg. On the 13th of February, 1759, by act of the Province of Massachusetts (Acts and Resolves of that date, chapter 12), the precinct hitherto known as East Hadley, or Hadley Farms, or East Farms,

* A good illustrated account of "Sir William Pepperrell and the Capture of Louisbourg," by Victoria Reed, was published in the *New England Magazine* for June, 1895.

* The suggestion of the name is said to have been made by John Pownal, at that time royal governor of Massachusetts. He was an Englishman and doubtless acquainted with General Amherst, who had been in Boston. Pownal was at one time secretary of the lords commissioners for trades and plantations. In 1759, General Amherst was made Royal Governor of Virginia, where, in 1761, a new county, set off from Albemarle, was named in his honor. Amherst Court House is the county-seat. A glance at the postal guide of the United States shows that "Amherst" is a local name, not only in Massachusetts and Virginia, but also in Maine, New Hampshire, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Kansas. There is a town called "Amherst" in Nova Scotia (midway between St. John and Halifax) on the Bay of Fundy; and there is an "Amherst Island," the chief of the Magdalen group, at the entrance to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. There is an Amherstburg in Ontario, Canada, and an Amherst Island in Lake Ontario. The name is applied in honor of Earl Amherst, to a seaport in Burmah, to islands off the coast of Arakan, and a group off Korea.

was made a district,* with the distinctive and now historic name of "Amherst." That town, still on the edge of the woods, was at once an unconscious revival of the old Saxon *Hemhurst* and a conscious commemoration of the most glorious event in American colonial history before the fall of Quebec and the surrender of Canada. The permanent conquest of Louisbourg was the necessary forerunner of these two grand achievements, and all led directly to the American Revolution, when French pressure was removed from a people already trained to war.

After taking Louisbourg, General Amherst intended to proceed from Cape Breton up the St. Lawrence and lay siege to Quebec. But a modification of this plan was caused by Howe's death, and by Abercromby's disgraceful defeat (July 6, 1758) at Ticonderoga by Montcalm. A superb English army of 15,000 was hurled back from Lake Champlain by a French force only one-quarter as large. The English had fought bravely under an incompetent general, whom Amherst was now ordered to supersede.† Accordingly he proceeded to Lake George with reënforcements and left Wolfe with a strong enough army for the siege of Quebec, which place was gloriously taken in September, 1759.

Meantime General Amherst had to recruit, drill and discipline a demoralized and shattered army on Lake George. Cowards were court-martialed and deserters were shot. The greatest pains were taken to restore health and confidence among the soldiers. All sorts of military manœuvres were practised on shore and in the woods. The whole region was carefully explored and mapped. Better roads and means of communication were established along the shore of the lake. Amherst built a new fort called "Fort George," near Fort William Henry, at the southern end of the lake, for greater safety and for the profitable occupation of his men while other needed preparations were in progress for an advance on Ticonderoga. Amherst left nothing to chance. His countrymen had suffered overwhelming defeats in this lake region, and his army was now much smaller than that of Abercromby, his predecessor. From the beginning to the end of his American campaigns Amherst never lost a point in the great game of war. His operations covered all the English colonies, the western and southern as well as the northern and eastern frontiers. Under his masterly combination distant and varied forces now moved together for one common end, the destruction of French power in North America.

In June, 1759, while Wolfe and his squadron were sailing up the St. Law-

* Judd, in his excellent History of Hadley, p. 426, says: "Amherst was a district in August, 1775, and a town in January, 1776. The date of its incorporation as a town is not known." Amherst simply grew as a district. She acted with Hadley in public matters as long as it was convenient to do so, and then virtually seceded. Amherst obtained practical recognition as a separate town by independent representation in the general court two years before the United Colonies declared themselves free from the mother country. Amherst held a district meeting as early as March 19, 1759. After January, 1776, the records of Amherst speak of it as a town. It was legally incorporated in a general act, March 23, 1786. See Records of the Town of Amherst, edited by J. F. Jameson, pp. 20, 69.

† General Amherst was now commander-in-chief of the King's forces in North America. See Pitt's Instructions to the Governors in America, Sept. 18, 1758, in N. Y. Colonial Documents, vii, 345. Amherst's own general instructions from Pitt may be seen in a letter dated Dec. 29, 1758: "It is His Majty's pleasure that you do attempt an invasion of Canada, by the way of Crown Point, or La Galette, or both, according as you shall judge practicable, and proceed, if practicable, and attack Montreal or Quebeck, or both of the said places successively with such of the forces, as shall remain under your own immediate direction, in one body, or at one and the same time, by a division of the said forces with separate and distinct operations, according as you shall, from your knowledge of the Countries, thro' which the War is to be carried, and from emergent circumstances, not to be known here, judge all or any of the said attempts to be practicable. It is also the King's pleasure, that you should give a due attention to the Lake Ontario and facilitate as far as possible, consistent with other main operations of the Campaign, the reëstablishment of the important post of Oswego, a place so highly essential to His Majty's possessions in North America in time of peace, as well as war; and you will accordingly not fail to concert with the Lieut Govr of New York, within whose province Oswego is situated, all necessary and effectual measures, for reëstablishing that Post in the course of the ensuing year, and for building a sufficient and proper Fort for the security and defence thereof, and the enclosed copy of my letter to Mr. De Lancey, will shew you, that he has similar orders to concert with, and assist you, in the execution of this very important service. It were much to be wished, that any operations on the side of Lake Ontario could be pushed on as far as Niagara, and that you may find it practicable to set on foot some enterprise against the Fort there, the success of which would so greatly contribute to establish the uninterrupted dominion of that Lake, and, at the same time, effectually cut off the communication between Canada, and the French settlements to the South: and the utility and importance of such an enterprise against Niagara is, of itself so apparent, that I am persuaded, it is unnecessary to add any thing to enforce your giving all proper attention to the same, as far as the great and main objects of the campaign shall permit."

rence to Quebec, Amherst began his grand advance northward over Lake George towards Ticonderoga and Crown Point on Lake Champlain. This double movement was calculated at once to divide the French forces defending Canada and to capture the two most advanced strategic points. The French on Lake Champlain quickly felt the irresistible pressure of Amherst's organized methods of approach. He did not repeat the blunders of Braddock in unknown woods, nor imitate the folly of Abercromby in charging against impregnable defences of fallen timber. With a smaller army than Abercromby's he occupied the enemy's entrenchments, brought up his artillery, and would have knocked Ticonderoga into pieces as he had Louisbourg, if the French had not quickly evacuated their stronghold. After a brief defence, both Ticonderoga* and Crown Point were abandoned. The French withdrew down the lake to its northern outlet, the Richelieu River, and took a supposed impregnable position for defence on the Isle-aux-Noix.

The French had the advantage of four armed vessels. Amherst could not move his army in open boats over a lake of one hundred miles long without an armament for their protection. Ship-building requires time. How Amherst could have begun to build a fleet near Whitehall on Lake Champlain, as Parkman suggests, *before* capturing Ticonderoga and Crown Point (see Montcalm and Wolfe, ii, 252), it is difficult to understand. It is not likely that the lynx-eyed French and Indians would have allowed it. Parkman criticises Amherst for wasting time in building a new fort at Crown Point† and in making a military road to Charlestown on the Connecticut river instead of advancing on Canada to coöperate with Wolfe. But each general had his own appointed work, and each did it manfully. Amherst understood his business better than all his predecessors who had failed to establish and maintain military connections at critical points. He had to hold his own and recover all that had been lost by reckless advances or in consequence of inadequate support.

There were many necessary steps in the conquest of Canada. One month after the capture of Louisbourg, Colonel Bradstreet with 3,000 provincials from Abercromby's defeated army had taken Fort Frontenac commanding the Upper St. Lawrence and its outlet from Lake Ontario. Three months later, General Forbes, another of Pitt's men, had captured Fort Duquesne and founded Pittsburg in honor of the great minister who was the soul of this whole war, which Amherst now directed. He it was and his deputy Stanwix who henceforth protected Fort Pitt and all the middle colonies from French forays, ever threatening from Lake Erie and the far northwest —a point of military history too little emphasized or understood. After capturing Ticonderoga and Crown Point in July, 1759, Amherst sent Brigadier Prideaux and Sir William Johnson to restore lost connections with Oswego and to seize the French fort at the junction of Niagara River with Lake Ontario. Thus in midsummer, while his ships were building, all the French posts between Lake Erie and Fort Pitt were cut off from their eastern connection. Presqu'isle Le Bœuf and Venango were abandoned like Ticonderoga, and French power in the west was driven back to

* Amherst's own account of his success at Ticonderoga is given in a letter dated July 27, 1759, and addressed to Lieut. Gov. De Lancey (see N. Y. Colonial Documents, vii, 400).

† Amherst's prudential motives in refortifying Crown Point, once the centre and capital of the French on Lake Champlain, is seen in the following extract from a letter written in "Camp at Crown Point," August 5, 1759, to Lieut. Gov. De Lancey: "No time shall be lost in building such a Fort as from its situation and strength will most effectually cover the whole country and ensure the peaceable and quiet possession of this side, whereof you may as soon as you please advise and recommend it to such of the Inhabitants of your Province as may have deserted their settlements to come and reoccupy the same and also encourage all those that you shall think proper to come and settle such parts as you shall please to grant and parcel out to them, and now they can have nothing to fear from the Incursions of the Enemy which they may henceforth safely look upon to be at an End, not only on this side, but likewise along the Mohawk River, which Sir William's success at Niagara (of which you ere this have had the accounts) has also ensured" (N. Y. Colonial Documents, vii, 403).

Detroit, while Montreal and Canada were at last isolated.

Pitt understood the importance of all this preliminary work. He wrote to Amherst, January 7, 1760:

"The King entirely approves the due care you have taken, agreeably to the orders you received last year, for causing sufficient respectable Forts to be erected at the Oneida Carrying place, Oswego, Lake George, and on the Ohio. His Majesty further sees with great satisfaction, in your several Dispatches, how justly sensible you are of the high importance of Niagara, Ticonderoga and Crown Point; and the King relies on your utmost attention for the effectual security of these most essential Posts by strengthening and establishing such Forts as you shall have judged most proper and adequate for that purpose."

In the same letter Pitt gives Amherst his final instructions for the reduction of Canada:—

"In my letters of the 11th [December, 1759], I observed to you that the reduction of Montreal was evidently the great and essential object which remained to complete the glory of His Majesty's Arms in North America, and I am now to signify to you the King's pleasure, that you do immediately concert measures for pushing the operations of the next campaign, with the utmost vigour, early in the year by the invasion of Canada, with such part of his Majesty's forces, in conjunction with so many of the forces of the Northern Provinces as you shall judge proper" (N. Y. Colonial Documents, vii, 422).

There had been some unavoidable delay. The armed vessels were not ready for service on Lake Champlain until Ocober 11, 1759. They quickly succeeded in disabling three out of the four French ships; but storms came on and it proved impossible to transport the English forces down the lake so late in the season. General Amherst's correspondence with government officials is preserved in the State Library at Albany. His numerous letters reveal the innumerable and vexatious details that needed attention in the equipment, provisioning and moving of a great army. These things were difficult enough for the armies of the Union at the outbreak of the late war, but were inconceivably more difficult before the days of railroads and telegraphs.

At last, in the summer of 1760, Amherst was ready for his final and closing movement on Canada. With western connections now well established, he was able to descend upon Montreal by way of the St. Lawrence and, after conquering the river garrisons, thus to cut off the French from all relief or escape in that direction. Three English armies were now advancing upon Montreal, the last important centre of organized resistance. Wolfe's army at Quebec had been left in the hands of General Murray, who had been defeated by his abler antagonist Lévis. But for the opportune arrival of an English fleet in the spring of 1760, the English would certainly have lost all they had gained by Wolfe's daring exploit. Now under Amherst's orders Lord Rollo with 1,300 men from Louisbourg and Murray with 2,500 men, the remnant of Wolfe's army, were moving cautiously, watched by Lévis and his troops, up the St. Lawrence River, blockaded by English ships against all possible relief from France. Canadian troops were deserting by hundreds and thousands in consequence of Murray's proclamations of peace to non-combatants and destruction to all villages whose men were under arms.

Brigadier Haviland, with Amherst's armed vessels, advanced from Crown Point and, with 3,400 men, forced the passage out of Lake Champlain and drove Bourgainville and the French garrison from Isle-aux-Noix. The French fell back from St. John and Chambly to the St. Lawrence. Under the guidance of Rogers' rangers Haviland was now moving northwards through the woods to unite with Murray's army coming up from Quebec.

General Amherst had safely led his main army of 10,000 men up the Mohawk valley, across Oneida Lake and down to Oswego on Lake Ontario. On Friday night, the 15th of August, 1760, he wrote to Colonel Bradstreet, saying:—

"I write this from an Island some few miles down the River St. Lawrence, whither

the Army has got this day, after having met with some high Winds and heavy Rains: upon the whole however we have got on pretty well and lost but a few Batteaus, and I intend to proceed to-morrow. I shall depend upon you for Provisions, and you will give orders to your people within the Communication to forward it up as fast as possible to Oswego" (Bradstreet and Amherst MSS. Albany, State Library).

The descent of the St. Lawrence in open boats, with 10,000 armed men and all the necessary munitions of war, including artillery, which could not have been dragged through the woods, was the most critical movement in Amherst's military career. It is a pleasing excitement for the modern traveller, in a comfortable steamboat, to shoot those numerous rapids—the Galops, the Rapide Plat, the Long Saut, the Côteau du Lac, the Cedars, the Buisson and the Cascades; but it was considered something of an exploit by Amherst's contemporaries. Horace Walpole said of it:—

"Amherst himself, with a body of ten thousand men, and reinforced by a thousand savages under Sir William Johnson, embarked on Lake Ontario for the river St. Lawrence; a spectacle that recalled the expeditions of ancient story, when the rudeness and novelty of naval armaments raised the first adventurers to the rank of demigods. That vast lake was to be traversed in open galleys laden with artillery, not with arrows and javelins. Wolfe,* with all the formidable apparatus of modern war, had almost failed before Quebec; Amherst with barks and boats invaded Montreal, and achieved the conquest, though, what would have daunted the heroes of antiquity, he had the cataracts to pass. He surmounted that danger with inconsiderable loss,† and appeared before Montreal on the very same day with General Murray"(Memoirs of the Reign of George the Second, vol. iii, 287-288. London edition, 1847).

It was by an unerring historic instinct that the great artist, Sir Joshua Reynolds, seized upon that bold descent of the St. Lawrence rapids, with an army of 10,000 men in bateaux, as the most heroic moment in Amherst's lifetime. He is represented as watching the distant scene at one of the rapids as he stands upon the heights above. By a pardonable anachronism* and for artistic reasons, Sir Joshua has painted his hero in the full regalia of a Knight of the Bath, with glistening armor, a red sash over his shoulder, and a golden sunburst upon his breast. His helmet is removed and rests before him, while he leans thoughtfully upon the marshal's staff or truncheon, with the map of the Island of Montreal spread out before him.

The French generals, Lévis, Bourlamarque, Dumas, Bourgainville and La Corne, skilled fighters all, with their Indians, Canadians and regular troops, were watching these military movements of the English and hoping to take advantage of some accident and to defeat Murray or Haviland before Amherst could unite the three armies; but so carefully guarded was every advance and so well-timed was the whole combination, that all of these separate detachments from far-distant starting points, Louisbourg, Quebec, Crown Point and Oswego, arrived at their destination without serious mishap.

On the morning of the 6th of September, 1760, the commander-in-chief landed his troops above the La Chine rapids nine miles from Montreal, marched straight upon the city, and encamped before the walls. All that remained of the French regular army, deserted by Indians and Canadians, was now concentrated here, Lévis commanding. The next morning Murray, crossing over from the Isle of Sainte Thérèse, landed below the town, while on the southern shore of the St. Lawrence were seen the tents of Havi-

* Walpole, in his Memoirs, iii, 229, pays a noble tribute to Wolfe's exploit at Quebec: "The horror of the night, the precipice scaled by Wolfe, the empire he with a handful of men added to England, and the glorious catastrophe of contentedly terminating life where his fame began — ancient history may be ransacked, and ostentatious philosophy thrown into the account, before an episode can be found to rank with Wolfe's."

† Amherst lost sixty-four boats and one hundred lives in the Cedar Rapids alone.

* General Amherst was knighted at Staten Island, Oct. 25, 1761, more than a year after the capture of Montreal. The red ribbon was put over Amherst's shoulder by Major General Monckton, governor of New York. In the *Magazine of American History*, vol. ii, p. 502, is printed a brief and original account of the proceedings, with the text of William Pitt's letter dated July 17, 1761, and containing the King's nomination of Amherst as "one of the Knight's Companions of the most noble Order of the Bath."

land. The English armies closed around the French at Montreal as the Germans closed around Sedan. "It is all over with the French now," said Sheridan to Moltke. It was all over with the French then; but not a drop of blood was shed.

On the 8th of September, 1760, Vaudreuil, the French governor, signed the capitulation of Montreal and surrendered all Canada. As at Louisbourg, General Amherst refused to grant the honors of war, on account of the horrible atrocities which the French had permitted their Indian allies. He was most humane to the Canadian people and most firm with Sir William Johnson's savages. No outrages or cruelties of any sort were allowed at Montreal by the conqueror of Canada.

It is a popular belief that French dominion in America was overthrown in 1759 by Wolfe at Quebec. That event, like the fall of Louisbourg in 1758, was a glorious victory but it did not end the war. The French army escaped up river and returned the following spring. Murray, by his rashness in attempting to fight Lévis before the walls of Quebec, came near losing all that Wolfe had gained. This same French army which again abandoned Quebec was finally captured at Montreal by General Amherst without a blow. The last act in the great drama of the French and Indian war was less spectacular than the fall of Louisbourg or of Quebec, but it meant vastly more for England and all her colonies in the New World. "Half the continent," said Parkman, "had changed hands at the scratch of a pen." The cession of Vaudreuil included all French territory from Louisbourg to Detroit; it embraced all the Great Lakes and the whole Northwest.

The conspicuous services of America's first great commander-in-chief were gratefully recognized. Faneuil Hall and New England pulpits resounded with his praises. The pastor of the Old South Church said to his congregation: "We behold His Majesty's victorious troops treading upon the high places of the enemy, their last fortress delivered up, and their whole country surrendered to the King of Great Britain in the person of his general, the intrepid, the serene, the successful Amherst." In like manner all the churches of Massachusetts observed a day of thanksgiving. Parliament gave him a vote of thanks, and he was appointed governor general of British North America and took up his residence in New York City, whence he continued by correspondence* to direct the military affairs of the country.

His letters to Colonel Bradstreet and Sir William Johnson are still preserved at Albany and throw some light on those dark and troublous times of Indian warfare, which was kept alive by the French and by the conspiracy of Pontiac. If it had not been for the network of forts already constructed by the prudent policy of Pitt and Amherst, that Indian outbreak would have been terribly disastrous to the frontiersmen. The army was now for the most part disbanded, but Amherst

* The following official letter signed by General Amherst has lately been obtained by the writer of this sketch at a sale of autographs in Leipzig. The letter illustrates the position of Amherst as Commander-in-Chief and his method of recruiting his Majesty's forces:

"By His Excellency Sir Jeffery Amherst, Knight of the Most Honorable Order of the Bath, Major General, and Commander-in-Chief of all His Majesty's Forces in North America, &c., &c., &c.

"*To Lieut: Williamos of His Majesty's 80th Regiment of Foot:*—

"Having received Advice from Governor Dobbs of North Carolina, that there were already One Hundred Recruits Raised in that Province for the Regular Service, & that he was in hopes of Compleating the Quota Demanded by the King, Viz. One Hundred Thirty Four; And it being necessary that those men should be Reviewed by a Regular Officer, I have fixed on you for that Service; You will therefore Embark on Board the Brig Endeavour (which is ready Victualled and Watered for the Above Number of Men, for Six Weeks) and proceed to *Brunswick*, or the most Convenient Port in North Carolina, where on your Arrival, you will Wait on Governor Dobbs, & Deliver him the Letter herewith, that he may give the Necessary Directions for your Receiving the Men, whom you are to Review, Observing to have them Examined by a Surgeon, and so soon as you have passed them, you will Order them on Board, not to be permitted to come on shore on any account whatsoever.

"They are not to be under Eighteen, nor above Forty Years of Age: As to their Size, I should Chuse them not to be under Five Feet Five Inches; but I would not have you Reject any merely on that account provided they are not Remarkably Low: As the Men are to Receive a Further Bounty of Five Pounds, New York Currency, on their being Approved of by you, & the Provincial Officer that Enlists them, a Reward of Forty Shillings like money, I herewith Enclose you an Order on Mr. Mortier, to pay you the Sum of Nine Hundred Thirty Eight Pounds, New York Currency, which you will accordingly Receive into your Care & Charge, to Answer the above purposes, but I

did all that was possible in this trying emergency, and, in 1763, asked to be relieved of further responsibility.

The Earl of Egremont, successor of Pitt as secretary of state, wrote Sir Jeffery Amherst from Whitehall, August 13, 1763:—

"The King is pleased to grant your request to leave North America and repair to England, at such times, and in such manner as shall be most convenient and agreeable to yourself; and his Majesty has commanded me on this occasion to renew to you in the strongest terms, the repeated assurances you have constantly received of his just sense of the many eminent and meritorious services you have performed during the course of your long command in North America" (N. Y. Colonial Documents, vii, 539).

Amherst had now seen six years of service in the colonies, besides his campaigns in Europe. He deserved honorable retirement and a good pension. Amherst informed Bradstreet, Nov. 1, 1763, that General Gage would take command of the troops and direct future operations. Soon afterwards he returned home, and was for many years the popular hero of England. He enjoyed honors and emoluments all the rest of his days. Although an absentee, he continued to be royal governor of Virginia until 1768. He became commander-in-chief of the forces of Great Britain, and was the military adviser of the English government during the war of the American Revolution. He advised the king to withdraw his troops from North America and fight the French in the West Indies. In 1780, he put down with a strong but merciful hand the Gordon riots in London. In 1787 he was created Lord Amherst of Montreal, having already in 1776 been made Baron Amherst of Homesdale, Kent. When at last in 1795 he resigned the office of commander-in-chief, he refused an earldom; but the following year he was made a field marshal. He died Aug. 3, 1797, at the ripe old age of eighty.

From the position of page to the command of the armies of England! Such was the career of Jeffery Amherst. He will live in history as the hero of Louisbourg and as the conqueror of Canada. Professor H. Morse Stephens, in Leslie Stephen's "Dictionary of National Biography," gives a just estimate of Amherst:—

"His greatest glory is to have conquered Canada; and if much of that glory belongs to Pitt and Wolfe, neither Pitt's combinations nor Wolfe's valor would have been effectual without Amherst's steady purpose and unflinching determination."

Lord Amherst* was twice married, but left no children. His title and property passed to his nephew, William Pitt Amherst (1773-1857), whose name commemorates the great prime minister, to whom the Amherst family and the English nation owed in no small degree their glory in America. The second Lord Amherst rendered his country valuable services in India, where he was governor general from 1823 to 1828. For diplomatic and military successes in Burmah, he was made Earl Amherst of Arakan in 1826. He left one son, William Pitt, who became Earl Amherst in 1857.

think it will be better for the Men, as well as prevent any Desertion, that they do not Receive their Additional Bounty untill their Arrival here; and therefore you will only pay such part thereof as you find absolutely necessary, which will be in case the Men make Difficultys in Embarking without their Bounty; — You will Observe to take proper Receipts for whatever Monies you pay, particularly Specifying the Number of Men, for which the Bounties, or Rewards, are paid: Any Expences, Attending the Examination of the Men by a Surgeon, shall be Allowed, on producing a proper Receipt for the Same.

"By the Enclosed Orders to the Master of the Transport, which you will Deliver to him, you will See that he is to Obey such Directions as he shall Receive from you; and therefore you will give him strict Charge, in your Absence, not to permit any of the Recruits to get on Shore; And when the Whole are Raised, or that you think there is no probability of getting any more, you will Return, with the utmost Expedition, in the Transport, to this place, Causing the Master to Come to an Anchor at some Distance from the Shore, untill you have made a Report to me of your Arrival, that I may give the Necessary Directions for Landing the Men.

"Given under my Hand at Head Quarters, in New York, this 2d Day of July, 1762.

"JEFF: AMHERST.

"By His Excellency's Command.
ARTHUR MAIR."

* Doyle's Official Baronage of England contains a good account of the Amherst family. Their motto is *Constantia et Virtute*. The supporters to the Amherst coat-of-arms are two Indians in full battle array (see Debrett's Illustrated Peerage, "Amherst"). Leslie Stephen's "Dictionary of National Biography" contains a list of authorities and the most recent (1885) account of Sir Jeffery Amherst and of his two brothers, Colonel William and Captain John Amherst, who served with him in America. The first was General Amherst's aid-de-camp at Louisbourg and became a lieutenant general. He was the father of William Pitt, the second Lord Amherst. The other brother, John, was appointed commander-in-chief of the English navy in 1776. The sketch of Jeffery Amherst in the eighth volume of Lodge's Portraits is not accurate, but contains a small en-

graving of Sir Joshua Reynolds' portrait of the general. Walpole's Memoirs and Letters are contemporary authorities, but are somewhat biased. John Knox's Historical Journal of the Campaigns in North America (1757–60) and Entick's History of the Late War are also contemporary. Bancroft's treatment of Amherst is inadequate and opinionated. Parkman's account, in the volumes devoted to Montcalm and Wolfe, and to Pontiac, is the best of all, but, like Bancroft's, it is not just in some military respects. Winsor's Narrative and Critical History of America (vol. v) is fairer and contains much original matter, with maps and diagrams illustrating the siege of Louisbourg and the conquest of Canada. Winsor gives also a list of Amherst portraits (vol. v, 531) and reproduces a good one from Knox. Professor Stephens mentions one by Gainsborough in the National Portrait Gallery. Gerald E. Hart's "Fall of New France" contains an excellent artotype of James Watson's mezzotint engraving of Sir Joshua Reynolds' best painting of Lord Amherst. Copies of this mezzotint are owned by the Massachusetts Historical Society and by persons in Baltimore. From this engraving a life-size copy was painted in 1895 by a Baltimore artist, Charles Peale Didier, and is now in the possession of Amherst College. The original hangs in the house of the present Earl Amherst, at "Montreal," near the parish church of Seven Oaks, Kent. In a letter dated July 4, 1895, describing this portrait, the owner says: "The colour of Jeffery Lord Amherst's hair is brown, the eyes are steel grey, with much light in them." Wraxall, a contemporary of the first Lord Amherst, said of him: "In his person he was tall and thin, with an aquiline nose, and an intelligent countenance." This word-picture corresponds with Sir Joshua's best known portrait, as engraved by Watson in 1766. For various likenesses see Hamilton's Engraved Works of Reynolds and J. C. Smith's British Mezzotint Portraits, iii, 1008 and iv, 1488.

There is no life of Lord Amherst and no collection of his letters. Most of them, particularly dispatches to Pitt, are preserved in the Public Record Office in London. Some are in Halifax (see T. B. Akin's List of MS. Documents). Douglas Brymner's Report on the Canadian Archives, 1894, is devoted to Nova Scotia and under the dates 1758–1763, contains various interesting references to General Amherst and the Acadians. At the State Library in Albany there is a bound volume containing the correspondence of Amherst with Bradstreet. The bound and calendared volumes of Sir William Johnson's and Governor De Lancey's Papers contain many of Amherst's letters, written by his secretaries but bearing his well-known signature. O'Callaghan's published Calendar of Historical Manuscripts preserved at Albany is an invaluable guide. The seventh volume of the New York Colonial Documents contains important and original materials relating to Lord Amherst. See also the Aspinwall Papers published by the Massachusetts Historical Society. The published Lives of Amherst's contemporaries contain some of his letters. See Wright's Life of Wolfe and Stone's Life of Sir William Johnson. See also Lanman's Michigan, and the numerous references to "Amherst" in Winsor, vol. v. Gerald E. Hart's "Fall of New France (1755–1760)," published by G. P. Putnam's Sons in 1888, is a very fair review of the whole period and contains good portraits of Amherst's contemporaries.

COMPLETION.

By Frances Hastings.

Love must also be the desire for immortality.—*Socrates.*

IN all the years since first my thoughts began
To beat like restless waves against a shore
Where fortress rocks keep secrets evermore,
I have not hoped a future life for man.
I have not cared to lengthen out the span
Of blundering years, nor stormed at heaven's door
For promise of some good that might restore
My dear, lost Paradise, my early plan.

Then, star-like, in the midst of barren years,
Dawned my one day, God's wonder, when you came,
And touched my lips with love's divinest kiss.
No room for baffled doubt, for coward fears.
If Time could hold one miracle like this,
God's gift of endless life I dare to claim.

A NEW ENGLAND CONSCIENCE.

By Annie Eliza Brand.

UNDER the scorching sun the road lay white and dusty, a ribbon of glaring light, winding across the flats away where beyond the salt marsh the waters of the sound glittered in the haze. The tall elms by the gate drooped their dust-laden leaves, sighing for a shower, as the hot breeze shook them and stirred the parched grass. Now and then the stamp of a horse's foot or the dreamy bark from some half sleeping dog broke the afternoon quiet.

The creak of splint rockers accentuated the drowsy quiet of the hour. A large pale woman sat under the shady vines on the side piazza. The excitement of hearing a genuine piece of news had given her features a momentary air of animation. Her indeterminate expression was the more striking in contrast with the force and decision written in every line of the shrivelled face opposite.

"Yes, Mrs. Alling," the latter was saying, "yes, Emerson Buell's comin' East a spell this summer."

"You don't say!" Mrs. Alling's placid tones interrupted. "Why, it must be near upon ten year sence he set foot in town; not sence he married Roweny, and went to Chicago."

"Poor Roweny!" There was irritation as well as regret in the old woman's voice.

"When d'you expect him, Aunt Juliana? All our folks'll want ter visit with him. I s'pose he's made money out there?" she went on, tentatively.

"Now, Sarah Jane Ailing, did you ever expect one o' them shif'less Buells ter make money, East *or* West? 'Tain't in 'em."

"Well," Mrs. Alling rejoined, "I d'know as I did. When's he comin'?"

"Most any time now, I guess. Lucile, she got a letter a week ago Monday. I guess he'll be along ter-night or ter-morrer forenoon."

"I want ter know. An' how does Lucile feel about it? Folks do say he was her beau till Roweny came, an' he hadn't eyes fer anybody but her."

"Folks say more'n their prayers," was the tart reply. "Lucile hed too much sense ter take up with a triflin' critter like Emerson Buell."

"Roweny was a real handsome girl," put in Mrs. Alling, soothingly.

"A bit o' pink an' white prettiness—just the sort men make fools o' themselves over."

"You'd never taken her fer Lucile's sister."

"Mercy, no! Not but what Roweny hed her good points, poor girl."

"Ah!" Mrs. Alling reverted to that short and forgotten romance with sentimental relish. "She and the babe both died, didn't they, Aunt Juliana?—an' he's never married sence."

But Aunt Juliana was not to be drawn into further confidences. She said "Yes," abruptly,—then turned and called shrilly: "Lucile, Lucile!"

Upstairs in the stillness of her room, Lucile sat thinking,—for once idly looking in the glass. She leaned forward, with fixed, critical attention, trying to call back the face that used to look out at her from that same glass ten years ago. No; it was the ghost of her dead sister's young beauty, which now, as then, rose preëminent to dwarf and overshadow hers. It was a small pale face which the glass actually reflected, framed in lustreless ash-brown hair; only redeemed from insignificance by brown eyes, whose tender light softened the sternness of the mouth and chin. The thin but well curved lips suggested tenacity of purpose, a possible hardness, which would have repelled, had it not been

contradicted by the whole power of an unselfish nature.

With a sigh of regret she shook off this rare sin of idleness, rose, set back glass and chair at their customary angles, and walked across to see if all was ready in the guest chamber opposite, where, in spite of open windows the atmosphere of a long unused room still lingered. The heavy walnut furniture, even the big bed in the prim glory of freshly ironed pillow-shams, looked chill and unhomelike. Would flowers improve the matter? She fetched a bowl of brilliant red wood lilies, another of garden flowers, and a few of her own books, to break the cold level of marble table-tops,—and then hurried down at her aunt's call.

Aunt Juliana sat knitting crossly, while Mrs. Alling tied her bonnet-strings and talked to Silas Thompson, just come in from the pasture, where they were haymaking.

"Well," he remarked, mopping his wrinkled face with a speckled handkerchief, "I dunno as I ever see a heavier crop of hay. How's Josiah?" he went on. "I guess his corn ain't as well along as mine; looks pretty healthy, but I'm ahead this time."

"Seems ter me you folks is always smarter than the rest," rejoined the placid Mrs. Alling, comfortably. "But Josiah an' me, we manage ter worry along some way. Now I must trot home an' git supper. I've made a long call,—but I ain't seen a mite of you, Lucile."

"Fixin' up fer comp'ny, eh, Lucile?" said Uncle Silas, with a twinkle in his deep-set blue eyes.

"Guess you'd better fix up some yourself, Silas," Aunt Juliana interrupted. "You need it more'n a little."

"Think so? I'd an idee city folks 'ud be glad to see somethin' diff'rent from store clo's; but p'raps if I'm goin' ter hitch up 'n' meet the cars, I'd better wash up."

The New York express came clattering through the Connecticut woods. Its noisy passage by stretches of shady woodland or across the streets of dull little towns seemed like a dream of another long past journey to Emerson Buell. The flying landscape had changed little since he had started with the bright-haired Rowena by his side for the untried western world—a world they found wofully harder than that rural life of which both had been so impatient. Was he the same man whose restless youth had fretted at the dull safety of home, so crudely sure of the success which in fact never came? How peaceful the country dullness now, after the unresting toil of a noisy city life, homeless but for the apology of a boarding-house!

Blandford Centre might have slept during the years of his exile, so familiar and unchanged were the little depot, the store, the white frame-houses, and the Orthodox church, with its line of horse stalls behind. Silas Thompson and his buggy, too, looked scarcely a day older and only a shade more weather-beaten.

Surely it was but yesterday that he stood in the doorway of the prim parlor, as now, to see Lucile's gentle face and slight figure, strangely youthful and unreal against a background of dead white wall relieved below by a stiff row of haircloth chairs, above by cold prints in gaunt black frames. No, the past years would not be forgotten; he felt old and world-worn before the untroubled eyes that gave so frank a welcome. A decade of different aims and experiences separated them; and the constraint made speech difficult. It was a relief when Uncle Silas came in, with hearty interest in his guest's appetite for supper.

Chicago boarding houses knew not a meal such as this, spread in the quaint dining-room. Raspberries and cream, flanked by home-made bread and yellow butter, surrounded a heaped up dish of lobsters, the mere sight of which brought back days when an idle boy had lingered to play, instead of helping with the lobster pots, and patient Lucile had borne the brunt of Aunt Juliana's anger.

Aunt Juliana's welcome had been

short and severe; there was no change there, save a certain softening due to the feebleness that kept her a prisoner in her chintz-cushioned chair and forced the reins of government into Lucile's gentle hands. But if no longer able to act the bustling hostess, her tongue was still a power, and her caustic inquiries as to Chicago doings increased Lucile's nervousness, which deepened every time her eyes rested upon her old friend. That indifferent, tired and commonplace man was so utterly unlike the companion of her youthful memories!

For his part, he felt out of place and alien from these quiet folks, whose simple interests centred round the farm work and the village gossip. Not only that; Lucile's tranquillity, the peace of a soul untouched by the world's despoiling hand, roused in him an irritable sense of unfitness along with a feeling of personal grievance. He felt that she breathed a purer atmosphere than he could live at ease in, and he was sore and angry with himself and with her for the gulf between them, well as he knew that it had never been her act which had set them drifting further and further apart.

As the hot July days slipped by, Lucile forgot the wraith of past youth, which thrust its chilling presence between Emerson Buell and her on that first night; and a new friendship grew up. Their relative positions were somehow reversed. He was no longer a superior being, to be respected and depended upon; on her side it was a half maternal and protecting feeling which crept into her heart. Little by little Lucile realized that she, staying at home, had gone further and lived a broader life in her solitude than he who had been out fighting on the world's wide battlefield that bitter uphill fight which narrows the whole nature into the dull channel of business routine, where the higher sides of life are so often starved. With her ideal of manhood, her interest in one who fell so far short of any ideal was a source of wonder. It was not her habit to think much of her own feelings, yet she knew she was happier now than even in that long passed time, before her sister had come home and taken her friend suddenly and utterly away. In this new happiness her nature expanded, like a flower warmed into life by the sun of a tardy spring.

Emerson only half realized the quiet power with which Lucile turned the shafts of sharp-tongued local critics, who had a long standing grudge against the acknowledged shiftlessness of the Buell family, revived now by this new proof of its truth in the fact that Emerson Buell had passed ten years in Chicago, to come home without the *eclat* of success. The community had a sufficiently good opinion of itself to think a certain meed of financial glory only its due from the returning native. Yet the neighborhood did not shirk its social duties on this account. His return was the exciting cause of a series of prim festivities, where a spice of gossip was as necessary as the supplies of fried chicken and hot biscuit to temper the austerity of manner produced by an atmosphere of best china and second-best black silks.

"Mis' Trumbull's dead," was Silas Thompson's greeting as he took his place at supper one night.

"She's been a good spell a-dyin'," was Aunt Juliana's dry comment. "This twenty year she's been given over once in six months, ter my certain knowledge."

"She was in dead earnest this time," Uncle Silas replied.

"When's the funeral? 'Tain't no matter ter me, though; I ain't goin' ter funerals these days."

"I guess Lucile'd better go," said Uncle Silas. "Emerson'll drive you over, Lucile. Then he'll have a chance ter see the old homestead, and the Lord knows who—the hull tribe of Buells and Emersons. I shouldn't

be surprised if yer cousin Sabriny were there, Lucile."

"Emerson ain't interested in her," interrupted the old lady. "She wa'n't but seven years old when he went off."

"Well, she's a mighty pretty girl now, and that's more ter the purpose, —ain't it, Emerson?"

"It 'ud be more ter the purpose, Silas Thompson, ef you was ter stop yer talk about pretty girls, an' tell us when Mis' Trumbull's ter be buried!"

"Guess it's Thursday afternoon. I declare, I feel sorry for her. There ain't one of her folks cared nothin' about her."

Thursday afternoon came, sultry and lowering. The team was at the door. Aunt Ju and Mrs. Alling watched Emerson Buell help Lucile in; the lazy horse, shaken into temporary activity, jogged soberly away.

"Dear alive," said Mrs. Alling, settling herself comfortably for conversation, "seems poetical like ter see them two so happy together after all. We've heard of returnin' ter first love, but I dunno as I ever put much faith in it before."

"What under the sun are you talkin' about, Sarah Jane Alling?"

"Well," exclaimed Mrs. Alling, jerking her head in the direction of the receding buggy, "you won't deny Lucile looks ten years younger than she did a while ago. As fer him, it don't take a genius ter see when a man's gettin' fond of a girl."

"I don't see no difference in Lucile; and I ain't any idea but what she's too much sense ter take up with that critter."

"Well," Mrs. Alling went on reflectively, "I ain't goin' ter deny but what Lucile's out an' away beyond him in everything; but girls are odd critters. I dunno but what it's all right too; 'tain't the most superior men always make the best husbands."

"I tell you one certain fact, Mis' Alling, ef Lucile's such a fool as that, she ain't goin' to have one cent of my money for him ter fritter away."

Mrs. Alling breathed a long sigh. "It don't appear ter me," she ventured, "Lucile'd go against her feelin's fer money,—and after all one's life's more than money." The last was a timid attempt to assert herself, which shrivelled into nothing before Aunt Juliana's hawk-like expression. "But like as not it's just my fancy," she added soothingly, and sharply changing the subject continued: "I'd like real well to be over ter Mis' Trumbull's. I never had no ill feelin' towards her; but Josiah's that set, he wouldn't hear a word about goin'."

"It beats me what Mr. Lamson'll find fittin' ter say 'bout Mis' Trumbull," grumbled Aunt Juliana.

"Well, she was a good provider, Aunt Juliana; and her salt risin' bread was as good as ever I'd wish t'eat."

A great cloud had come over the sun; heat brooded about the woods; and there was a suspicion of thunder in the air. Dolly trotted along the dusty road, between fields of ripening rye and tall corn, relieved here and there by the deep green of a patch of tobacco. Now that the hay was all carried in, the country roads were quiet but for a bird note now and again or the whir of a cricket in the long grass. Lucile felt nature's mood to be in unison with her own. Thoughts vaguely sweet were reflected in the far-off gaze of her eyes. Emerson half feared to break a silence he felt to be irksome. He looked again and again at her face. Had it grown more and more lovable, or was he only now awakened to the charm of its sweet serenity? To-day a faint color fluttered in her usually pale cheeks, the wind had blown her hair into a girlish freedom, and in the depths of her eyes shone a new light. With a sudden pang he realized that he was but a passing guest; another two weeks, and this would be over for him. An impatient sigh broke from his lips.

"What is it?" said Lucile, startled out of her day dream.

"Nothing that matters to you. Only this is the last of July; and Watrous &

Co. can't do without your humble servant a minute later than the fifteenth of August."

"I'm sorry you can't have a longer vacation."

"Oh! it don't matter. Where'd be the good, when one's got to get back to the grindstone after it anyway? Life's a poor show for some folks."

Lucile lifted her eyes to his. His words jarred on her. By nature and habit she had long accepted the burden of irksome daily duties as a matter of course, and made the consciousness of duty done a substitute for happiness.

"I suppose it's different for a man," she said. "There are hard things in everyone's life."

"Don't preach, Lucile. I know the proper doctrine: make the best of everything; but I tell you I hate it all. You don't know what it is," he went on fiercely, "to have no one"——

She looked up half frightened by this sudden rebellion against the inevitable. "Will it be any good if I write and tell you all the home news? I wish I could do more."

"Lucile, you could, if you would!" He leaned forward eagerly. For the moment he was only conscious of Lucile's loving eyes and the barrenness of life alone. The narrow income, the impossible economies, all prudential scruples, were forgotten.

"How can I?"

She stopped abruptly there as she met his glance. The pale roses in her cheeks deepened into a hot blush.

From the cross-road just then came the clatter of wheels, and a cheery voice called: "Hello! why it's Lucile and Emerson Buell!" The buggy came up behind them, and Deacon Smith was deep in a series of friendly inquiries before Lucile's blush had faded away. She let herself be carried on the surface of this stream of neighborhood gossip, while the deep undercurrent of thought was busy. Emerson relapsed so quickly into his customary indifferent manner that she could hardly determine whether that half-made confession were not all a dream.

The best room of the Trumbull house was already comfortably full when Emerson followed Lucile to the places indicated to them. An unnatural hush pervaded the darkened room. Portraits of Washington and Lincoln frowned on the assembled company, waiting in rigid silence. Now and then one woman relaxed sufficiently to exchange a furtive whisper with her neighbor, and all favored the newcomers with an inquisitorial stare. There were a few subdued nods and smiles for Lucile.

The sound of wheels proclaimed another arrival and the loungers about the door separated. Behind a plain elderly woman came a tall girl whose bright tints gave her the look of a tropic bird in this dim and neutral atmosphere. As she paused hesitating, a stray ray of sunlight quivering through the half closed shutter lent a touch of gold to her chestnut hair and deepened the rich carnation of her lips and cheek. The changing shades of pink and green in her dress carried out the idea of radiant color which she brought with her; the light of her hazel eyes was repeated in the golden tints of the silk; the curves of her warm and youthful face and figure seemed the richer in contrast to the straight primness of her companion. As she settled herself in front of Emerson, Lucile leaned forward with a whispered greeting, and the group of men about the door parted once more to allow the minister to enter.

Emerson found his attention wandering from the prayer to the chestnut-haired girl in front of him. Apparently her thoughts were no more absorbed in the service than his. Perhaps she was not quite unconscious of the presence of the stranger behind her. A hand went up to smooth out the rings of wayward hair oftener than necessity demanded, and the frequent half turn of the head might have been thought to betray her interest in her unseen neighbor.

With a start Emerson realized that there was a general movement about him. He too rose mechanically to follow the line of sober faces for the last look at the dead. The bright girl turned away from the rigid face in the casket and met Emerson's admiring look with a blush of flattered vanity, her eyes wet with the easy tears of happy youth. Emerson cast a furtive glance back at Lucile. How pale and insignificant she looked as she bent her pitying eyes on the old face. Outside in the door-yard groups were already gathered, chatting cheerfully, relieved from the restraint of the darkened house. There was a bustle of teams being brought round from the barn, and a growing hum of neighborly greetings. The tall beauty came gaily up.

"O Cousin Lucile, I haven't seen you for an age. You know I've only been home two days. Yes, I've had the loveliest time in Boston. I've no end to tell you about."

"Here is a new cousin, Sabrina—Mr. Emerson Buell, from Chicago."

"Oh, I've heard of Mr. Buell,"—and Sabrina's face took on an expression of deeper interest. Emerson's eyes followed her movements and he hung on the flow of animated nonsense she kept up until her mother was ready to go home. Lucile made a silent and scarcely noticed third now. Before the homeward drive began, she realized that this was no longer her cousin of the morning. The road seemed endless. A pain she hardly understood made her breathless to be at home and alone. In truth Emerson was scarcely conscious of her presence, so dazzled was he by the image of Sabrina's glowing beauty. Once or twice a vague feeling of shame at his attitude towards Lucile faintly stirred him, but her outward composure was sufficient to reassure a more sensitive person than he. He did not guess at the fever that was raging beneath her placid exterior.

Lucile was glad to get home and be brought back to realities and duties. She knelt down by her aunt's chair with unwonted tenderness.

"Uncle Si's afraid you're sick, Aunt Ju."

"I'm well enough ter be left alone; that's all old folks's fit for."

"I'm sorry we didn't get back sooner. It wasn't easy to get away,—and I thought Mrs. Alling was here."

"Mis' Alling! I'd as lief be left alone, as have a born ijeot fer comp'ny. An' you, I guess you come home right straight, with that meandering Emerson Buell! Seems ter me, I wouldn't go on so with any man as ter set all the neighbors a-talkin'."

"What do you mean, Aunt Juliana?"

"I mean that ef I was a girl and hadn't more sense than ter take up with him, I'd go an' shet myself up in a convent. I tell you one sure thing, Lucile Thompson. Ef you take him, don't look for anything I've got to leave."

"I don't want your money, Aunt Juliana. What right have you to say such things to me, because someone has told you lies?"

Lucile's conscience smote her. It was not with Aunt Ju she should quarrel; *she* at least was not fickle. The thought of Emerson crushed her; she walked to the window for self-control, and came back to touch her aunt's shrivelled old hand.

"I oughtn't to have spoken so, Aunt Ju."

Little more was said till Lucile was about to put out the lamp, when she had helped the old lady to bed. Then her aunt called her.

"Look here, Lucile, you needn't get mad. Mis' Alling, she thinks Emerson Buell wants ter marry you."

"It isn't true," Lucile exclaimed in a hard, sharp voice.

"Look at yer face, as red as a beet! If you're fool enough ter throw yerself away on him, you can just look out fer yerself. There never was a Buell that amounted to anything, or had an ounce of steadfas'ness in his natur'. I pity yer taste, Lucile Thompson."

Lucile hated herself. It was the

truth of her aunt's words that hurt. Alone that night she fought her battle. The tick of the old clock on the stair kept tally of the moments when jealousy was disarmed by the strength of an unselfish nature, only to rise again with revived venom at the vision of Emerson enchained by Sabrina's beauty, or sink into misery at the remembrance of the happiness of the past.

Dawn was lighting up the sky when she was roused from an uneasy slumber by sounds of suffering. What new evil had come? Her bare feet crossed to her aunt's room. Her conscience smote her at the sight of the drawn face and the eager eyes, terrible in their speechless appeal. Soon the household was aroused to the excitement that comes in the first hours of any calamity. The doctor came, looked grave, and gave a guarded verdict. By noon the neighborhood was discussing Mrs. Thompson's stroke, and the chances for and against her recovery.

The endless duties of a sick room seemed to put yesterday back into a distant past. Lucile hardly saw her cousin. At supper Silas Thompson looked askance at her face sharpened and aged by fatigue and emotion,—then at Emerson's listless, constrained attitude. He too had shared Mrs. Alling's suspicions. Now it was evident there was something wrong. He decided that Lucile was overdone, and Emerson sulky because he was left alone. But for once Lucile was obstinate. She could manage the work and wait on Aunt Ju too. Kitty McCarthy would come in and wash; and she didn't want anyone else. Uncle Silas was thrown on his own resources, and he solved the difficulty by riding over next day to fetch Sabrina Thompson to stay a while.

A sharp spasm of pain, and shame at the pain, shook Lucile as she saw Sabrina get out of the buggy. At the sight of her, Emerson had started up from his lazy attitude under the great elms, all interest and renewed life. They came up the garden path together, Sabrina's high-pitched tones and light laugh floating up on the still air.

A glitter of mingled satisfaction and malice shone in the quick glance Aunt Juliana darted at Lucile as she quitted the room with Uncle Silas, when they had told her Sabrina had come. Lucile divined its meaning as a triumphant forecast of the certainty with which Emerson's facile nature would fall under the spell of Sabrina's beauty.

Downstairs Sabrina quickly made herself at home. Aunt Juliana peremptorily refused her attendance, to the surprise of Silas Thompson. He said to himself that it was one of her cranks to keep Lucile tied to her bedside. At other times Sabrina had been a favorite. Aunt Ju was proud of the good looks and style at which she scoffed. In truth she had never valued them so highly as she did now.

As for Lucile's words about never marrying Emerson, her aunt instinctively put them aside; a long-ago tragedy buried in the depths of her own memory helped her to interpret Lucile's feverish desire for unceasing occupation, and the indefinable change in her. Aunt Ju set her teeth and determined that Lucile should not waste herself on Emerson Buell. Silent, waiting for death, she turned the thing over in her mind. It was hard to be old and helpless. All the pent-up affection of a close nature was given secretly to Lucile; and she had but two barriers to set between her and this threatened danger: first her bit of money, second the weapon Silas had put in her hand—Sabrina. To think of that hoarded store in other hands than Lucile's hurt her; yet the old woman had small belief in Emerson's disinterested feelings and a thorough conviction of the temptation of money.

The days went by in monotonous quiet. Lucile sat sewing, her aunt as silent, the thoughts of each occupied with the same subject, both dimly conscious of their hidden antagonism. Slowly and painfully Lucile fought her

way to a renunciation of the hopes which had cheated her heart into a glow of unreal happiness. She felt the smart of shame and degradation at her jealous, wild revolt against Emerson's admiration for Sabrina. That had speedily deepened into a devotion too absorbing to be careful about other people's feelings or criticism.

Sabrina's attitude to Emerson was less plain. She had the girlish habit of taking homage as a natural tribute to her charms. Whether she returned his feeling or not, she was not likely to repel the attentions of the only young man about the place. The girl was ambitious, too. But ideas of wealth and poverty are relative. Emerson's narrow means might look like competence to a girl brought up on a farm where money was the least plentiful of commodities, something to be used for the luxuries of life and hardly considered as a means of satisfying necessary wants. Her experience of city life was but the result of a distant relative's chance visit. Struck by the girl's beauty and its incongruous setting in her mother's little house, Mrs. Townsend had taken her to Boston to shine in the more fitting atmosphere of pretty dresses and idle society. It was the whim of a good-natured woman; now that a new interest had stirred Mrs. Townsend's fancy, Sabrina was dropped back into her old place with the addition of a stock of fashionable clothes and an unsatisfied love of gayety.

Lucile stood in the shadow of the stairs. She saw the kitchen in a flood of rosy light that turned Sabrina's hair into a golden aureole. She was doing the supper dishes, her pink gingham sleeves rolled up over her round white arms. She moved briskly to and fro with the freedom of youth and happiness. Lucile checked a sigh as she felt the girl's beauty and the sense of abundant life and power which she shed around her. It was unreasonable to rebel; yet she did rebel.

Faint whiffs of smoke from Uncle Silas's pipe blew in from the porch. Lucile's bitterness passed as she thought of him and of the pale face upstairs on which the shadow deepened day by day.

Suddenly Emerson's dark figure obscured the sunlight at the door. He came in quietly; and before Lucile could move or speak he had drawn Sabrina to him. His murmured words of love and the look of passion in his face held Lucile a chained although an unwilling, as she was an unnoticed, witness. How had she dared fancy him her lover—dared mistake the pale affection he showed towards her for this which was so different? Yet it was hard. Why should it be withheld from her? Sabrina did not care as she did.

The lovers passed out into the sweet evening. Lucile went wearily back to her post.

"Well, Lucile, I dunno as you'll be as surprised as I be." Uncle Silas paused and let his eyes wander to the waving rye beyond the garden fence. "Emerson and Sabriny's made up their minds ter git married!"

"Why, Uncle Si, where were your eyes? I could have told you what was going to happen days ago."

"Well, it beats me," said Uncle Silas reflectively, but with a side glance at Lucile. "He's a good fifteen year older'n her. She's a handsome little critter,—but how's he goin' ter keep a wife of that sort?"

Lucile muttered some commonplace as to his knowing his means best.

"It's her face, I s'pose. What the mischief does he want ter git married fer, unless it was some good capable woman with a bit of money?"

"Sabrina's capable, Uncle Silas."

"Oh, she can wash dishes an' cook a biled dinner; but how's it goin' ter be in Chicago? She thinks she's goin' ter be a society lady like them down to Boston. She ain't got no more solid sense ter build on than her father had. But 'tain't any affair o' mine. Folks must settle their own business."

He turned on his heel towards the barn.

Lucile went into the house. That chapter in her life was closed irrevocably. But a sudden thought flashed across her mind: What if Emerson were to owe some of his happiness to her, whose love was so despised? Sabrina was not made for the discipline of poverty; she would harden under it, and sink into the aimless life of a disappointed woman, a drag upon her husband. And he—how passionately Lucile felt his limitations!—he, too, would grow coarse and indifferent, the friction of a sordid home and unprogressive business daily wearing away what finer points of character he had.

"Uncle Si," she said to that worthy man the next day, "it'll be better not to worry Aunt Juliana about that—about Sabrina. She don't like Emerson."

But could she herself take her aunt's money at the cost of what her aunt demanded? A hateful promise it seemed—false, because she could only give it now that she knew it could never be acted upon. The doctor forbade the hope that the old woman might recover. Lucile knew that one word of Emerson and Sabrina's plans would settle the matter beyond her help. Yet she could not say that word. So long as she refused to humble her pride, there was the chance that her aunt would leave it all to Sabrina. She knew instinctively that her aunt had calculated on Sabrina's fascination to detach Emerson from herself, though the old lady's intense dislike to him blinded her to the possibility of his pleasing the girl's fancy in turn. She expected Sabrina to amuse herself and then throw him over. Weary with her miserable problem, Lucile sank into troubled sleep, to wake and face another day of irresolution and pain.

"Ain't Silas took any word ter Mr. Dean, Lucile?"

Lucile started at the sudden question put with all her aunt's old abrupt decision, despite her weakness.

"I don't know, Aunt Ju."

"I guess you don't want ter know. You jest go out ter the barn an' tell him ter hitch up right away. I'm a goin' to hev my affairs settled up."

"Don't you feel as well to-day?" Lucile put the question timidly as she laid aside her work.

"Well!" The sick woman gave a short, hard laugh. "I dunno's you'd care, anyway, Lucile Thompson."

"O Aunt Ju, it's all wrong; you don't understand."

"Oh, I understand fast enough. You go and tell Silas."

When the noise of Silas Thompson's departure died away, the invalid sank into a long silence, broken only by the faint rustle of Lucile's work. At length she rose to prepare her aunt for the lawyer's visit. As she turned to set down a cup, the old woman's withered hand clutched at her sleeve.

"Lucile, you ain't goin' ter be obstinate! That money's fer you. You won't let that triflin' Emerson come between us at the last?"

There was both coercion and appeal in her voice. The girl's heart answered to the half expressed tenderness.

"Dear Aunt Ju, won't you understand? There's no need of a silly promise. I'm a born old maid," she added with the ghost of a laugh.

"Oh! if that's it you needn't be so scared ter tell me you'd never marry Emerson Buell."

"I can't, Aunt Ju." There were tears in Lucile's voice. "I can't promise to refuse what will never be mine to take."

The old woman's anger rose. "I tell you one thing you can't do, Lucile Thompson, you can't fool me. I s'pose you're goin' to wait tell I'm gone—it won't be a great while—so's you can hev him and the money I've slaved for too. I dunno what you call it; I call it mighty like lyin'—an' I brought you up honest."

Lucile's cheeks flamed. "Emerson Buell hasn't a thought of me, or of your money, Aunt Ju. And I don't want your money either, and I can't

talk about it. Leave it to anybody you want."

"I never supposed I'd have ter feel Sabriny was more ter me than you. At any rate, she'd have more proper pride than ter throw herself away."

Lucile turned to the window to hide her face.

Uncle Silas ushered Mr. Dean into the room with a solemnity befitting the occasion, and the few preliminaries were quickly disposed of. Aunt Juliana hesitated long to name the legatee. She looked wistfully at Lucile, but Sabrina's name was inserted, and the two hired men were fetched in to witness the signature.

Mrs. Alling ran in the next morning, installed herself as nurse, and ordered Lucile to rest.

"But Mrs. Alling, I must be here when she rouses up again."

Mrs. Alling shook her head doubtfully. "I d'know,—it don't seem likely she's goin' ter know anything ag'in."

"Oh, you can't think that; she's been so before."

Mrs. Alling's kindness prevailed and Lucile only begged to be called if there were a change. Left alone, Mrs. Alling settled herself in a rocker which commanded at once a view of the road and of the bed. The sick woman had ceased her plucking at the sheet, and lay so still that at length the watcher crossed on tiptoe to listen for her breath. It came feebly, but with the regularity of natural sleep; and Mrs. Alling returned to her chair, pondering on the toughness of the Thompson constitution. A curt question from the bed startled her.

"Where's Lucile?"

She went over to the bed. "Why, she was tired out, and I jest packed her off ter git rested. She didn't want ter leave you, but I said I'd fetch her soon's you was awake."

"I don't want her."

The sharp, ungracious tone jarred on Mrs. Alling. "Why, Mis' Thompson!"

"I tell you I'm done with her, an' I don't want no talk about it."

Mrs. Alling was silent. She devoted herself to feeding her patient, who, propped up on the pillows, muttered to herself and glared at her companion's puzzled face.

"Sarah Jane Alling," at last she broke out, "I guess you think Lucile's a saint, an' I'm a cranky old woman not equil t' appreciatin' her." She stopped for breath, and then added emphatically: "That's all folks know."

Mrs. Alling's mild voice interposed. "'Tain't in Lucile to be anyways but kind an' good."

"Kind—and—good! There's jest —one thing—'s I wanted her ter do,— an' she's too set ter do it. She'll do— anything—'cept the one think I arsk her. If I thought there was a girl in creation as hed too much sense ter run after such a feller, 'twas Lucile."

"Land sakes, Mis' Thompson, Lucile ain't had no time fer fellers sence you've been sick. I ain't seen her speak t' a man, less it's Silas or Emerson Buell."

The old woman clutched at the bedclothes. "Emerson Buell! I wish ter the Lord he'd stayed where he belonged!"

"But fer mercy's sake, Mis' Thompson, what's he got ter do with Lucile an' you?"

The excited tones had roused Lucile; she stepped into the room and made a hasty move forward.

Mrs. Alling's broad back was towards her as she went on: "Ain't Lucile told you? He's goin' ter git married ter Sabriny."

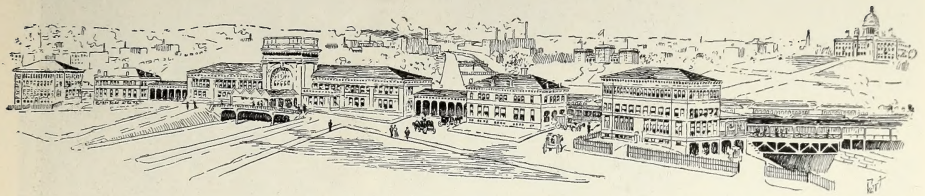
She stepped back in dismay, terrified by the expression on the old woman's face, and she saw Lucile, with fear, regret and helplessness in her eyes.

"Lucile— Lucile —you lied fer"—— Rage, pain and defeat were in the old woman's hoarse cry.

The words died into an inarticulate muttering, the mouth worked in a fruitless effort for words, the look of futile agony froze into a dumb horror, as the light of consciousness faded, while Lucile, shaking with sobs, dropped by the bedside.

MODERN PROVIDENCE.

By Robert Grieve.



REDRAWN AFTER A SKETCH BY F. E. DODGE.

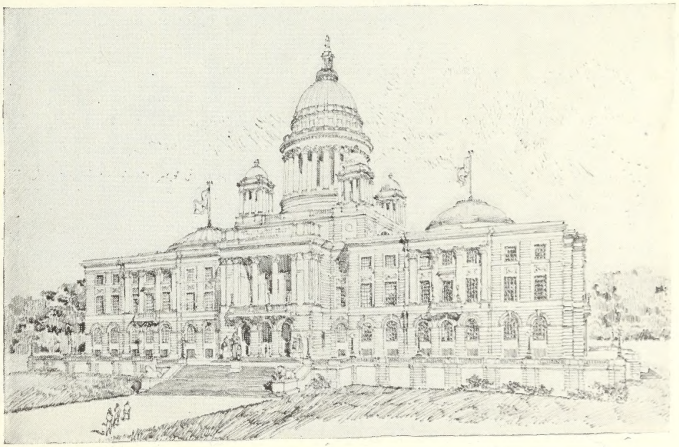
THE NEW RAILWAY STATION.



NO city in the United States is at the present time making greater preparations for the future than the city of Providence. Her citizens believe that she is destined to occupy an important place in the development of the nation during the coming years, and they have shown their faith by inaugurating a comprehensive series of both public and private improvements, which will put the city in the very front rank of American municipalities.

The story of the founding of Providence combines many elements of the highest human interest. The unique and strong character of Roger Williams, his varied career, his philosophy, and the substantially new experiment in government which he inaugurated and successfully carried out, all unite to make the work which he and his associates performed of more importance than the size of the colony they formed would otherwise give it.

About the first of May, 1636, Williams, after fleeing through the forest from the persecutions of the Massachusetts colony, was joined by William Harris, John Smith, Joshua Verin, Thomas Angell and Francis Wickes, and a settlement was begun on the east bank of the Seekonk river, within the present limits of East Providence. Finding, however, that the settlement was within the bounds of the Plymouth colony, Williams and his five associates early in June embarked in a canoe and



FROM THE ARCHITECTS' SKETCH

THE NEW STATE HOUSE.



THE CITY OF PROVIDENCE.



* NORTH MAIN STREET FROM MARKET SQUARE.

paddled down the Seekonk, through the broad tidal basin now the harbor, past the two headlands of India and Fox Point, and proceeded up the "great salt river," as they at first called the Providence river, until they reached a beautiful and spacious cove into which two clear rivers flowed. On the northeast shore of this cove, at the mouth of one of the rivers, they picked out a spot close by a running spring, for a settlement. Williams, in gratitude for "God's Merciful Providence," and in recognition, as he believed, of divine guidance, named the settlement "Providence." On their way down the Seekonk, they are said to have been hailed by an Indian from a rock on the west bank, with the words, "What cheer, Netop?" and to have held a parley with this Indian. The rock on the Seekonk has always been known as "What Cheer," while the city's seal embodies a representation of this legendary event.

Roger Williams bought, at the time of the settlement—it is supposed by a verbal bargain from Canonicus and Miantonomi, the two chief sachems of the Narragansetts—the land which now forms the city's territory. This purchase was confirmed by a deed signed by the two chiefs, March 24, 1637, which deed also gave rights to considerable sections of the adjoining regions; a memorandum to this deed, dated March 9, 1639, and acknowledged by Miantonomi, confirmed the previous grant and gave the use of the territory "up the streams of Pawtucket and Pawtuxet without limit," "for our use of cattle." This language could be interpreted to embrace practically the whole northern portion of the present state of Rhode Island; and that was the interpretation put upon

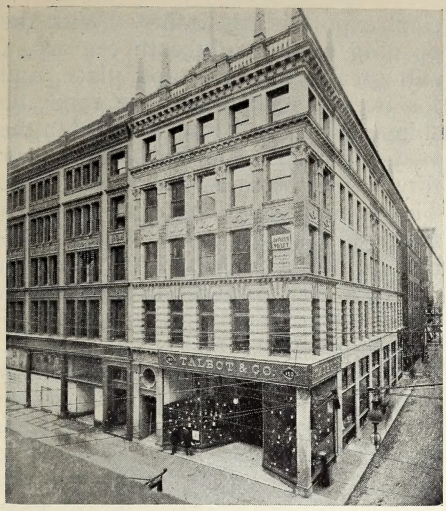
* The illustrations used in this article are from photos by Leander Baker, Providence.



BUTLER EXCHANGE AND THE SOLDIERS' MONUMENT.

it subsequently. Roger Williams became practically by this deed the sole owner of the territory. In his own language, in a letter to the town, many years later, referring to Providence and Pawtuxet, he says: "They were mine own as truly as any man's coat upon his back." He, however, conveyed, October 8, 1638, to twelve associates for the sum of £30, equal rights in the territory with himself. Twenty-three years later, December 20, 1661, he confirmed this conveyance in a more formal document, which gave a detailed history of the circumstances; and this was also signed by his wife. The original deed from the Indian chiefs, which is still in existence in a much mutilated condition, together with the deeds from Roger Williams, constitute the foundation of all land titles in Providence Plantations.

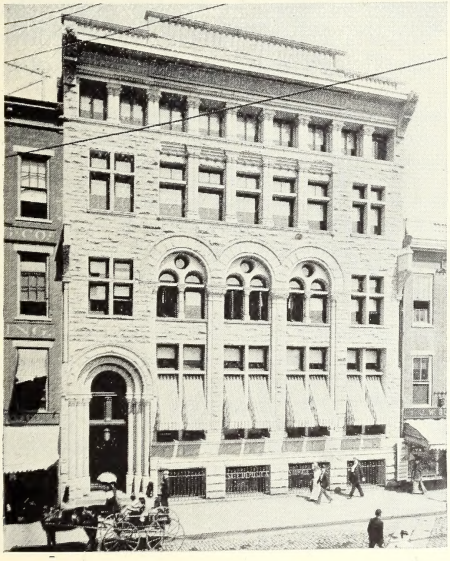
The first settlers built their houses on the east side of the river, where each proprietor was allotted a long narrow "home lot" extending from the river up to what is now Hope Street. Besides this, each was given six acres of outlying land; and all had equal rights in the general estate. At first each new arrival, on the payment of a small sum, was admitted a proprietor. Beginning with the thirteen original owners, the number was thus increased until there were 101 "proprietors," the majority of whom had "equal fellowship of vote"; but some were admitted as 25-acre or quarter-right purchasers, and these latter, as appears by a record of 1646, did not have any vote in town affairs until they were received as freemen. Landless men were also received as townsmen, but were not "freemen." Subsequently by purchase from some of the proprietors other citizens acquired land, without, however, obtaining any interest in the common land. This condition led to disagreement in the town meetings between proprietors and non-proprietors and resulted in the organization of the proprietors as a separate body in 1717. In fact, they formed a land corporation which is still said to have a legal existence. Tracts of land were divided into 101 parcels among the representatives in 1718 and 1724, and were receipted for in the names of the original proprietors.



LAUDERDALE AND FRANCIS BUILDINGS.

Unfriendly critics of Roger Williams have endeavored to show that the effect of his policy of freedom of conscience and the separation of church and state was not well adapted to promote the progress of such communities as the first English colonies. Such critics point to the fact that Rhode Island drifted behind her neighbors in education, that she produced no literature, and in general occupied a lower plane in culture. It remains to be proved that these results were due to the grand policy of the founder. That policy was productive of good, directly and indirectly. People of all religious opinions found a place of refuge at Providence, and many desirable citizens were thereby attracted, among whom were Quakers, Jews, Huguenots and advocates of all religious opinions.

The true cause of the retarded development lies in another direction.



THE RHODE ISLAND HOSPITAL TRUST CO.



STUDLEY BUILDING.

The early history of Providence consists mainly of disputes about land titles, either among the settlers themselves or between them and the neighboring colonies, and as a result undue importance was doubtless placed on land ownership as a qualification for citizenship. As early as 1662 a "freeman" was defined to be a landowner, and only freemen could vote. The amount of freehold necessary to constitute any male citizen a "freeman" was changed by law from time to time, until in 1798 it was fixed



STATUE OF MAYOR DOYLE.

MADE BY HENRY HUDSON KITSON.

at one hundred and thirty-four dollars or an annual rental of seven dollars. Such it still remains, although it may be a personal as well as a landed estate; and men without land or property have at the present time a very much abridged right of suffrage in Rhode Island.

Without doubt the narrowing effect of the landowners' exclusive domination has been responsible for preventing the full development which the great freedom in matters of religion and of opinion would otherwise have made possible.

In March, 1676, during King Philip's war the Indians burned the town of Providence; but by the following August it was rebuilt with larger houses, new streets were laid out and other improvements made. Yet up to the time of the Revolution, Providence was a comparatively small place. It increased in population slowly. Farming and fishing were at first the chief occupations, but after 1663 commerce developed, the principal export being timber. With the opening of the eighteenth century, a still greater increase took place, and for twenty years preceding 1708 the shipping increased fourfold, and in the years preceding the Revolution over fifty vessels were owned in the port. The population at that time was less than 5,000. Among the chief merchants, at this period, were the Brown brothers, the Hopkins brothers, with Captain Esek as chief manager, Samuel Nightingale, and John Updike. The Revolutionary war seriously interfered with trade; but after the peace of 1783 there was a notable revival, and a large foreign commerce was built up by Brown and Ives, Samuel Butler & Co., Edward Carrington, the Nightingales, Russells and others; and the foundation of the wealth of many of the leading families of the city was then laid.

The destiny of Providence was materially affected through the introduction of the cotton manufacture by Samuel Slater at Pawtucket in 1791. As this industry spread, Providence increased in proportion, and from the first it was the depot of supplies, the counting-house and the industrial centre of a manufacturing district which has been increasing in size and importance ever since. While cotton has always maintained the lead, other



THE ROGER WILLIAMS STATUE.

important industries have grown to large proportions. Some of them, such as the manufactures of engines, mill supplies and machinery, were rendered necessary by the extension of the chief industry; and others, like the manufactures of woolens, locomotives, files, jewelry, silver ware, screws and many minor industries, were attracted sympathetically, it might be said, because of the facilities already created. In this manner a community with a great diversity of industry developed in a steady and uniform way for the first half of the century. The commerce of the port began to decline about the end of the first quarter of the century, partly because the merchants found they could obtain a larger return from manufacturing. At the beginning of the century, the population was only 7,614; but in 1830 it had increased to 16,836. In June, 1832, Providence began its career as a city, with Samuel W. Bridgham as its first mayor.

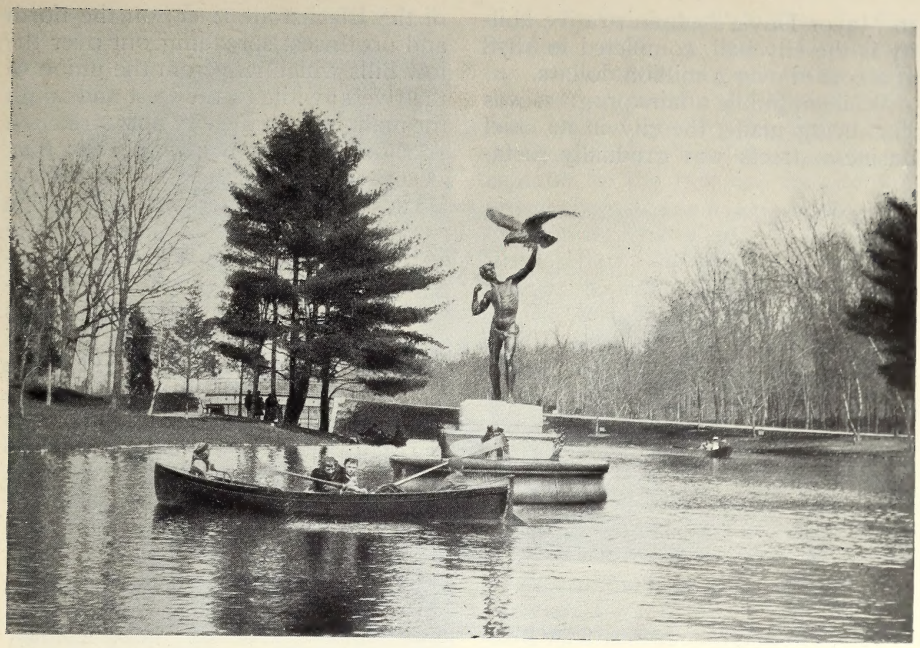
The railroad era began for Providence in June, 1835, when the Boston and Providence road was opened. Then followed the line to Stonington in 1837, and the road to Worcester in 1847; and in 1848 these three roads began using conjointly the present passenger station. By 1850 the railroads had exerted such a marked influence that the city had more than doubled in population as compared with 1830. Other roads soon followed. The line to Hartford was built in 1852; the Warren & Bristol along the east shore of the bay in 1854; the Fall River & Warren in 1860; and since then other lines have been constructed, until now the city has six main lines besides numerous branches, reaching to every part of the state and radiating in all directions, so that every part of the country can be reached directly.



WESTMINSTER STREET, FROM TURK'S HEAD.



PROVIDENCE HARBOR.



IN ROGER WILLIAMS PARK.
THE DYER MEMORIAL, MADE BY HENRY HUDSON KITSON.

Up to the period of the war of the Rebellion, Providence was a rather slow going town, content to pursue somewhat old-fashioned methods in the management of its affairs. The spirit of a new life was, however, stirring within its veins; and little by little the ancient conservatism was overcome. One of the first steps in this direction was the substitution, in 1854, of a paid fire department for the old volunteer system; and shortly after an agitation for a public supply of water was begun, but was not successful in its object for many years.

After the distracting years of the civil war, a new impetus was given to all projects for improvement. With the advent of the desire for the conveniences of modern city life, Providence was fortunate in possessing a citizen who, by his genius for administration, his strong and genial character, his ability to live down opposition, and his intense public spirit, was chiefly instrumental in conducting all the new enterprises to a successful conclusion. This man was Thomas Arthur Doyle, who became mayor of the city in June, 1864, and held the office continuously from that time until January, 1881, with the exception of the year 1869. He again assumed the office in January, 1884, and continued the chief officer of the city until his death, June 9, 1886. He practically reorganized the city. During his first year the police department was put on an efficient basis; the fire alarm signal system was introduced in December, 1870; a city water supply from the Pawtuxet river was put into operation on Thanksgiving day, 1871; a comprehensive system of sewerage was begun in 1872—with the great defect, however, that the main sewers all emptied into the river and harbor. During these years the school system was greatly improved, and the majority of the schoolhouses now in use in Providence were erected; the most stately and expensive of these, the high school, was built in 1878, at a cost of $200,000. Another monument

to Mayor Doyle's administrative ability is the city hall, completed in 1878 at a cost of over a million dollars.

While in public affairs progress was thus being made, the city in its chief business streets was gradually metamorphosed. Old frame structures were giving way before brick and stone buildings, new streets were laid out, industry increased, clubs were organized, and Providence more and more took on all the features of highly developed city life. When Mr. Doyle began his career as mayor the population was only 54,000; when he died, it was 120,000.



CENTRAL CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

The geographical position of Providence is such as naturally makes it the converging point for the surrounding country. It lies at the head of navigation on Narragansett Bay, thirty miles from the ocean. The business section is at the confluence of two small rivers, the Mosshasuck and the Woonasquatucket, with the tidal waters of Providence river; but the city extends miles in all directions from this centre, covering on the east a high ridge between the Providence river and the Seekonk, the tidal estuary of the Blackstone river; on the north and northwest spreading out over the low hills which rise from the union of the rivers; while to the west and south the main bulk of the city now stretches. A short distance below the city line, on the south, the Pawtuxet river flows into Narragansett Bay. The valleys of these four rivers, the Mosshasuck, the Woonasquatucket, the Pawtuxet and the Blackstone, are dotted with a continuous succession of manufacturing cities, towns and villages, engaged in the cotton, woolen and other manufactures, and as every valley, as well as each shore of the bay, has its railroad, all these places are in close communication with Providence, their shipping point and base of operations.

For eight or ten miles southward from the city, Narragansett Bay forms a broad tidal estuary known as the Providence river, which, at first a narrow stream receiving the waters of the two small rivers, then enlarging at the end of Providence Neck into the spacious harbor by uniting with the Seekonk, gradually widens until it reaches the main portion of the bay. The



YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.



INDUSTRIAL TRUST CO. BUILDING.

shores on both sides are dotted with summer resorts, club houses and residences, and every part is within easy distance of the city either by rail or by steamer, so that the pleasures of the shore and water, chief of which is the clambake, can readily be enjoyed. The configuration of the country, the proximity of the tidal water and the enclosed character of the bay result in giving Providence most advantageous climatic conditions. Since about 1865 the popularity of the shore places on the Providence river has constantly increased. These places are now the chief attractions in the summer, constituting a centre of summer travel, attracting much trade and many visitors.

As far back as the early seventies the question of better railroad facilities began to be agitated. Various plans were proposed, and for years the discussion was carried on incessantly and at times acrimoniously by press and people. In December, 1888, a plan formulated by a commission of three engineers, appointed by Mayor Robbins, was adopted by the city council. Although this plan did not prove acceptable to the railroad, its adoption paved the way for negotiations which eventually resulted in a beginning of the solution of the problem. The engineers' plan provided for the location of the new passenger station on the north side of the cove near the old state prison. As a substitute, in June, 1889, the Old Colony, the New York, Providence & Boston, and the Providence & Springfield railroad corporations proposed a plan, locating the station in the centre of the cove, and providing for overhead tracks with wide streets underneath.

An agreement was entered into between the railroads and the city early in November, 1889, to the effect that certain land belonging to the city was to be exchanged for the land belonging to the railroad, on which the old station and its approaches now stand; and the railroads agreed to build the new station and approaches and all bridges over existing highways at their own expense, while the city was to build the new highways



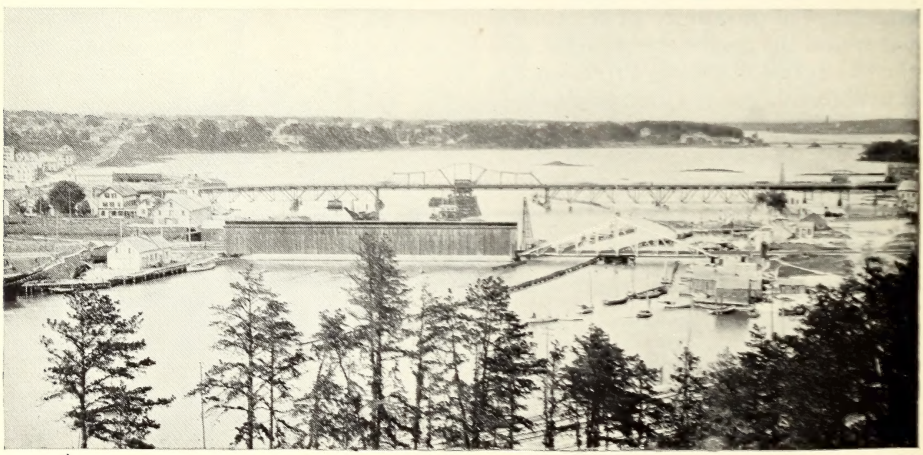
THE HOPE CLUB.



PROVIDENCE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

and bridges in connection with them. The first important work necessary to carry out this agreement was the filling of the cove basin.

The cove was originally a beautiful sheet of water in the centre of the city with two fresh-water rivers flowing into it from one side, while the tide of Narragansett Bay made up into it from the other. In early times it formed an inner harbor. As the town grew, its shores were the favorite resort of the citizens, and the youths utilized its placid surface for their boats and bathed in its waters. Gradually, however, its limits were contracted by the filling of the shallows, and with the advent of the railroads, it was very much more contracted in area. When the Union Passenger Station was built, in 1848, a wall was partially constructed around the cove, and eventually the basin was wholly enclosed in the form of a circle, with an eighty-foot parkway about a mile in circumference running around it. This was known as the cove promenade, and with its trees and grass was, before the civil war and for some years after, a popular park with the citizens. With the growth of the city, however, the basin became very foul, partly from the waste material from the factories brought down by the rivers and partly from the inflowing of the city sewage into the rivers and tide water, and the promenade, instead of remaining a desirable lounging place, became a locality to be avoided. It became evident that only by surrendering the old park and basin could the railroad improvements be secured. The standing and influence of some of the opponents of this measure rendered legal precautions necessary before any steps were taken; and an act was secured from the state legislature in 1888, empowering the city to fill the basin, build channels with retain-



LOOKING UP THE SEEKONK FROM FORT HILL, EAST PROVIDENCE.

ing walls through it for the two rivers, and to borrow $450,000 for these purposes. The work was begun in 1888, and the extensive area was filled by the fall of 1892, while the massive walls forming the river channels were then completed.

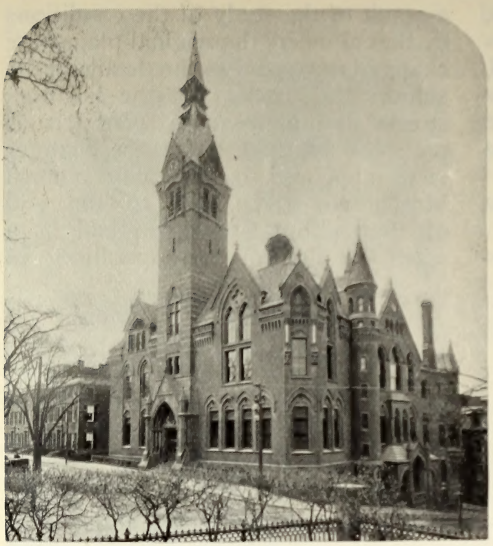
Since 1892 the surface of the new land has been a scene of great activity. The city has built three main streets across it, all running under the railroad tracks, besides two other side streets in the rear of the station, and has changed and straightened other avenues in the vicinity beyond the cove limits. The main avenue, Francis street, is 100 feet wide and runs directly under the centre of the station. Gaspee street runs under the tracks at the west end of the station, and Promenade street which is on the east bank of the Woonasquatucket river, runs under the tracks at the east end. A bridge has been built carrying Francis street over the Woonasquatucket, and one is in course of construction for Promenade street over the Mosshasuck river. Up to October 1, 1894, the cost to the city of filling the cove and building the streets and bridges has been $450,000. The city received from the railroads, in January, 1894, for the difference in value of the land exchanged, according to the original agreement in 1888, the sum of $477,705; and there is still due from the railroads $525,000.

Some delay was occasioned by the railroad consolidations, which, however, simplified the situation by bringing in one corporation as owner. As a result of the study of the conditions by the engineers the original plans were changed in respect to the details of the station and tracks, but the location, streets and approaches were left as proposed in 1889, and these changes were approved by the city council March 20, 1894. Up to the end of 1895 about $1,500,000 had been spent on the railroad operations in the cove area, on foundations, walls and bridges.



THE CITY HALL AND DORRANCE STREET.

Immediately after the railroads' plan was accepted, in 1889, the railroads began work on their approaches. The road beds were greatly widened to provide for more tracks. Much excavating had to be done, and massive retaining walls were built to hold back the steep sand hills. Grades were changed and new highway bridges built. All grade crossings will eventually be abolished. The wide bridges for the tracks and platforms, extending entirely across the former area of the cove and spanning the new channel of the Woonasquatucket river and the three new streets were completed by the fall of 1895. They are constructed of steel,



THE COURT HOUSE.

on massive foundations of granite. These bridges will carry twelve tracks, four through tracks in the centre and eight local tracks. Passengers can reach and leave many trains without crossing tracks; and in order to obviate crossing in the case of the through lines, a system of subways with inclined planes instead of stairs has been planned, which will also give access to the platforms from Francis street.

The station as now planned has more an appearance of solidity than of architectural beauty. It is to be constructed of light brick and terra cotta, and will consist of a range of connected structures. The central building, directly over Francis Street, is to be 220 feet long, two stories in height, with a broad square tower in the centre of the front; this tower with a façade of the triumphal arch order will serve for the main entrance, having a clock beneath the keystone. At either end of this building, open vestibules with pillars, will extend for fifty-six feet, affording access either to the subways, the various departments, or the platforms. These vestibules lead to two square structures, each two stories in height and eighty-four feet long, to be used respectively as a restaurant and baggage room. The total frontage is to be five hundred feet. At either end of the station, and separated from it by a distance of about sixty feet, will be two massive buildings, each about one hundred feet square and four stories in height. The one at the east end will be used by the express company, and the one at the west for the railroad company's offices. The interior arrangements of the station are excellent. The main waiting room in the central building is to be sixty by two hundred and eighteen feet, twenty-three feet high, and will overlook the new public grounds to take the place of the present station. The platform between the station and the tracks will be four hundred by seventy-five feet, and will certainly afford ample room for the largest crowd. The heavy granite walls for the foundations of these structures are now well under way, but the work on the building will probably not be begun before the spring of 1896.

The three streets across the cove cannot be utilized fully while the present tracks remain, which will be until the new station is ready for use. These streets will bring Smith's Hill and the northwest section of the city practically from half a mile to a mile nearer the centre of the city by affording access in a straight line instead of by a wide circuit. Under the station Francis Street is one hundred feet wide. On either side of it will be two roadways leading up to the front of the station from Exchange Place; they will be seventy feet wide, with sloping, grassy banks between them and Francis Street. Along the front of the station will be an eighty-foot avenue, which at the east will connect with a thoroughfare leading to the bridges at the end of Exchange Place. This street, at the main entrance to the station, will be covered by an iron and glass roof, sixty by one hundred feet.

The new station will be about six hundred feet northwest of the present one, and this broad space will be made into parkways.

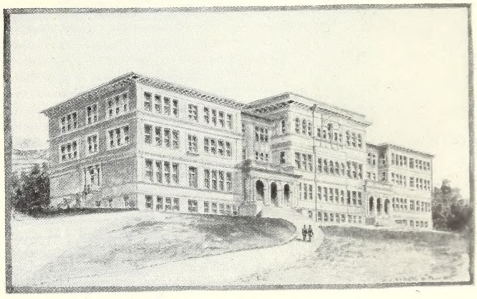
Among the most important railroad improvements are the new freight yards. It is hardly possible to conceive of more ample freight facilities. A freight-yard whose importance will gradually increase is one of four acres extending from Eddy Street to the Providence river, a short distance south of the Point Street bridge; it is the present terminus of the Harbor Junction Branch, which runs along the east side of the harbor. While the railroads were widening their approaches, they also secured in the north part of the city, at the base of Smith's Hill, about twenty acres on the west side of the tracks, and here have built round houses, coal sheds and storage tracks and sheds for cars.

One of the most important of the recent improvements has been the rebuilding of bridges in the central part of the city, which has been done in a most thorough and admirable manner, at a cost of about $250,000.

Ever since the first system of sewers was put in operation in 1872, the evil effects of using the rivers as receptacles has been constantly becoming more apparent. The problem of how to remedy the evil became a burning public question. The first step in its solution was taken when the city council in 1884, sent Samuel M. Grey, then city engineer, and his assistant, Charles H. Swan, to Europe, to investigate methods of disposing of sewage. Mr. Grey presented a voluminous report, and proposed a comprehensive plan that would meet the requirements of a population of 300,000. In 1886, at the request of the city council, the American Society of Civil Engineers appointed three engineers of high standing to examine this plan, and they decided in favor of the system proposed, recommending the disposal of the sewage by chemical precipitation at Field's Point.

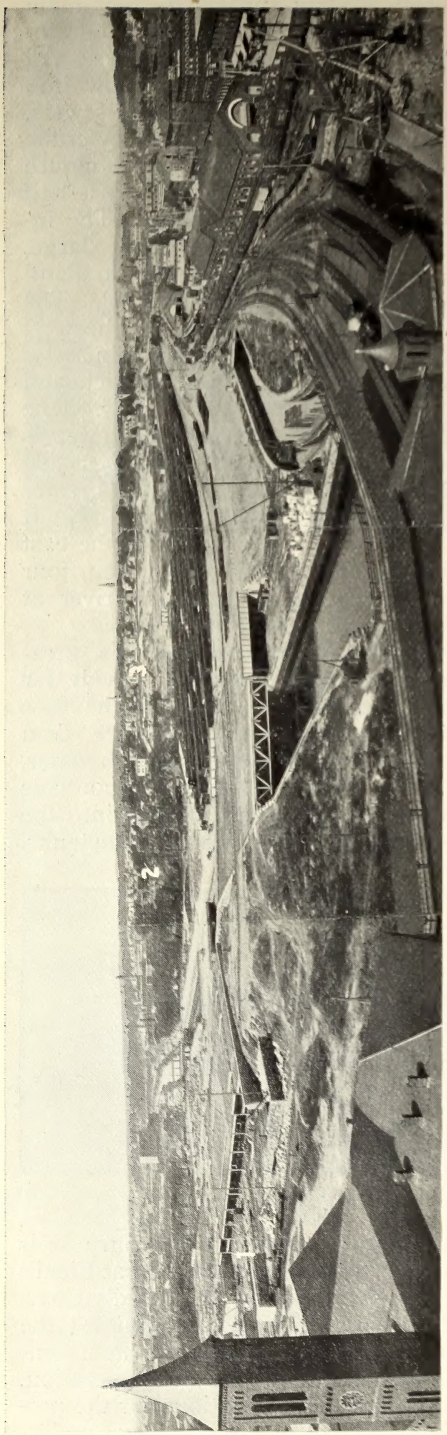
The system provided for main sewers along the lines of natural drainage to follow the river valleys. All the lateral sewers were to flow into these main or "intercepting" sewers, and they in turn were to convey crude sewage to Field's Point at the mouth of the harbor, two miles and a half from the centre of the city. The intercepting sewers are very large, ranging from four to nine feet in diameter, and are nearly completed. The sewage from a large part of the west side is drained through the main sewer traversing the Elmwood district, and reaches Field's Point by gravity. The other principal intercepting sewer is under Allen's Avenue, on the west side of the harbor, and into it the greater part of the city's sewage will flow. It will receive the sewage from the east side through an inverted siphon, four feet in diameter, under the river at India Point.

As the further end of this great trunk sewer, in order to provide for sufficient grade to allow of the flow of the sewage, will be more than seventeen feet below mean high water, it will be necessary to pump its contents to a sufficient height to flow into the receiving basin and precipitation tanks.



THE NORMAL SCHOOL.

A pumping station for this purpose is now in course of construction at Field's Point, overlooking Old Maid's Cove. Until this building is completed the improved sewerage system in its entirety cannot be put into operation. Although the excavations for the precipitation tanks and the huge under-

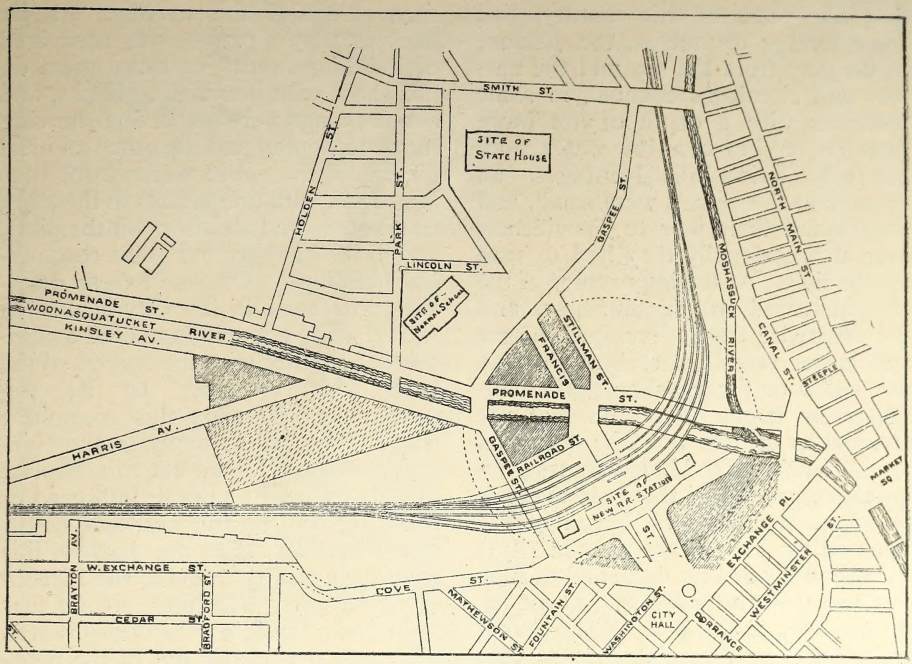


1. RAILROAD STATION. 2. NORMAL SCHOOL. 3. STATE HOUSE.

SITE OF THE NEW R. R. STATION, THE STATE HOUSE, AND THE NORMAL SCHOOL.

ground passageways across its area leading out to tide water have been in existence at Field's Point since 1892, nothing has been done since then to build the tank or put the precipitation disposal scheme into execution. Instead, the crude sewage now flows into tide water at the extremity of the Point; and when the pumping station with its three engines begins work, as is expected early in 1896, the amount of crude sewage thrown into the bay will be more than three times the amount at present. It is to be feared that this will result in a wholesale pollution of the shores, and be a nullification of the original design of the improved sewerage system. The precipitation portion of the plan ought to be put into operation at once. Otherwise the beautiful shores below Providence may be irretrievably ruined, their desirability for residences impaired, and the summer shore business which brings so much trade to the city, may be disastrously crippled. At present the river along the upper city wharves is little better than a cesspool. This condition is greatly intensified by the manufacturers' waste brought down by the rivers, but a proposal is now before the city council to ask for legislation requiring the factories to cease polluting the rivers.

When the railroad improvements were assured, the necessity of laying out new streets and widening some of the existing avenues was apparent. Three new thoroughfares were constructed which are essential to the new transportation facilities, and they opened up the existing area of low flats lying on both sides of the Woonasquatucket river west of the station. This section, known as the "Cove



PLAN SHOWING THE NEW STATION, NORMAL SCHOOL AND STATE HOUSE SITES.

Lands," was little better than a marsh; but it is now partially filled in, and the new streets, and its nearness to the freight yards make it the best location for manufactories in the city. Washington Street, one of the chief streets in the centre of the city, has just been widened to sixty feet for a quarter of a mile, making the lower end uniform with the upper part. The street runs into Exchange Place at the City Hall, opposite Francis Street, and when the station is finished it may prove to be the principal business avenue. Charles Street, the main thoroughfare to the busy northern section of the city, is to be widened in the near future to sixty or eighty feet, and Canal Street is to be extended. A number of new streets have been laid out in connection with the improved sewer system.

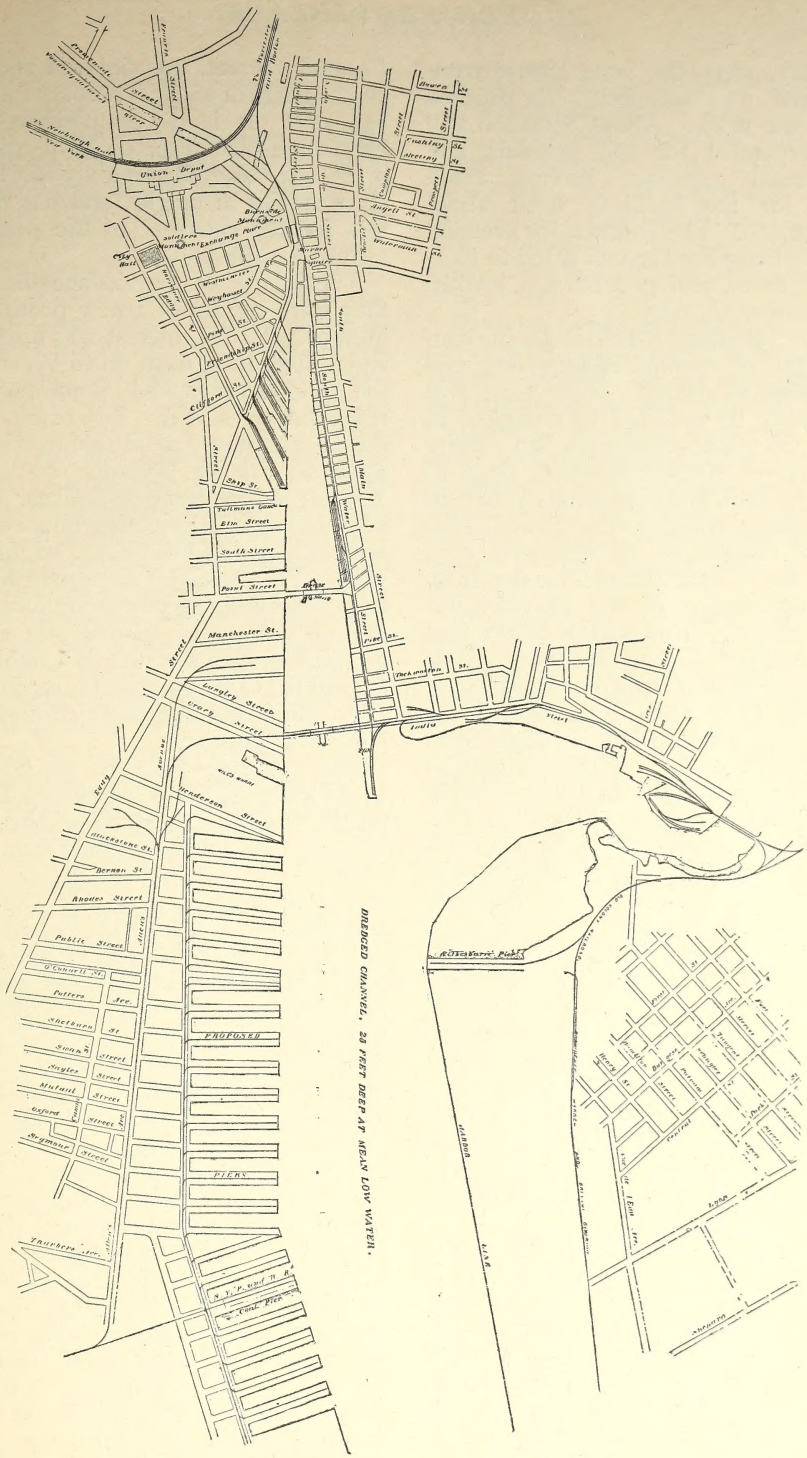
Many street improvements not directly connected with the two great engineering undertakings, but which have beautified the city and increased business facilities, have also been accomplished. The conversion of Greenwich Street, for about a mile, into a wide tree-lined boulevard, with the street-car tracks at either side and a clear roadway at the centre, is one of the most noticeable of these improvements, as this avenue, since then renamed "Elmwood," is the chief thoroughfare to Roger Williams Park, the city's popular pleasure ground. On the extreme east side of the city, near the Seekonk river, a boulevard has been substantially completed, about two miles in length, known as Blackstone Boulevard, consisting of two wide macadamized roadways with a tree-dotted and grass-grown parkway, one hundred feet wide, in the centre. At present this magnificent roadway runs mainly through vacant land and is comparatively inaccessible; but its construction has greatly enhanced real estate values in its vicinity, and it will be a popular resort when the street cars run its entire length.

When Providence, during the last part of the eighteenth century and the

first few years of this century, had some foreign commerce, the distance of the port from the sea and the narrow and circuitous channel, in some instances with a depth of not more than five or six feet at low water, were not very serious disadvantages. In those days the vessels were small, and they found their way to Providence, even if occasionally they had to wait for the tide. As the importance of the city increased in manufactures, and the coastwise trade developed, larger and larger vessels were brought into use, and soon the merchants and manufacturers began to realize that the channel to the sea must be deepened and widened. The United States government, as part of the general work on rivers and harbors, began operations on the Providence river in 1853; the channel was first deepened to nine feet and then to twelve feet, at a cost, up to 1873, of $56,500. The government engineers formulated a new plan in 1878, modified in 1882, providing for a channel twenty-five feet deep and three hundred feet wide, to extend from the harbor to the deep waters of the bay and for the deepening of the lower harbor from Fox Point to Field's Point, so as to form an anchorage basin. The removal of Green Jacket Shoal which occupied about eighteen acres in the upper harbor was begun in 1885. Essentially these undertakings have been accomplished at a total cost of about $800,000.

Since the completion of these improvements, some of the business men of the city have had visions of future commercial greatness for the port. Adequate dock accommodations are, however, lacking. The shore of the harbor and anchorage basin on the west side consists of low flats and sand wastes backed by unimproved property, with the exception of two piers, one belonging to the railroad company and the other to the gas company. Allen's Avenue runs along this shore at the edge of tide water, and the Harbor Junction branch of the New York, Providence & Boston Railroad runs alongside this avenue. As far back as 1877 a project was conceived of building twenty or more piers on this shore with intervening docks, and two drawings were made, one showing the ground plan and the other an ideal picture of the entire water front thus improved, with fine vessels in the slips, warehouses and elevators on the piers, and in the background great commercial buildings. Copies of these drawings now hang in the City Hall. In 1891 the city council appointed a committee to confer with the owners of the land with reference to its improvement. In 1893 this committee was empowered to apply to the General Assembly for an act to authorize the city to build a suitable bulkhead or retaining wall on the west side of the river, parallel with the harbor line from the new city wharf to the Harbor Junction pier. Nothing so far has been done; but it is to be hoped that in the gradual working out of the problem the public interest will not be sacrificed. In his message of 1895, Mayor Olney advocated municipal ownership of docks as a means of encouraging commerce and also as a source of revenue ultimately. In this plan of building such a splendid line of docks lies the opportunity of Providence to attain to the dignity of a free port.

For many years the State House at Providence has been far too small for the accommodation of the legislature, the officials and various boards and commissions. It is a historic structure, built in 1762, and would serve excellently as a museum of antiquities, but is not at present a safe storehouse for the public records or suitable for the state's business. The legislature in 1890 appointed a State House commission, to consider plans, and this body in 1892 recommended the design of McKim, Mead & White of New York. The question of authorizing the borrowing of $1,500,000 for the construction of the proposed State House was submitted to the people, and was carried in the affirmative; and



PLAN OF THE PROPOSED NEW DOCKS.

in May, 1893, the State House commission was authorized to proceed with the work. About $400,000 will be expended for the grounds and incidental expenses, leaving available for the building itself about $1,100,000. The contract for erecting the building has been awarded to Norcross Bros., and ground was broken September 16, 1895.

The building, which is to be constructed of marble, is imposing and beautiful in design. Two years will probably be required to complete it. The location comprises an entire square on the southeastern slope of Smith's Hill, and commands a view of the main portion of the city and of the upper reaches of Narragansett Bay. The main disadvantage results from the adjustment of the railroad improvements. Immediately at the foot of the State House grounds, across Gaspee Street, is the great freight yard on the filled cove land. From the porticoes or front windows of the State House the platform of the new station will also be in sight; and thus in addition to the view of the city and the bay, the legislators will be privileged to witness the arrival of their constituents' goods and to keep watch on their comings and goings.

The members of the State House commission are some of the most prominent citizens in the state: Ex-Gov. Herbert W. Ladd, chairman; William Ames, Olney Arnold, Albert L. Sayles, Francis L. O'Reilly, ex-Gov. John W. Davis, George Peabody Wetmore, Nathaniel B. Church, Joshua Wilbour, Webster Knight, Rowland G. Hazard, ex-Gov. D. Russell Brown and Ellery H. Wilson.

Hardly a stone's throw west of the new State House, also on the slope of Smith's Hill, another splendid state edifice is rapidly taking form,—the State Normal School. The Normal School grounds are spacious, including the Old State Prison estate and adjoining land, and with those of the State House will form a fine park.

The new Central Police Station, on Fountain Street, was finished and occupied early in 1895, at a cost of about $150,000. It is a commodious and handsome structure, of light-colored brick, one hundred and sixty feet long, three stories in height, and has quarters for the overseer of the poor as well as for the police.

The people of Providence thought they were certain of a new post office in 1892. Public interest was aroused, and a delegation went on to Washington and interviewed senators and representatives, with the result that the Senate passed a bill appropriating $300,000 for the purchase of a site. The House of Representatives, however, failed to take concurrent action, and nothing has been heard of the bill since. The present government building, containing accommodations for the post office, the custom house and the United States courts, is a substantial edifice of hewn granite, erected in 1857, but it has not room enough for post office business.

The popular pleasure ground of Providence is Roger Williams Park, on the southern outskirts of the city, between two and three miles from the centre. By the will of Betsy Williams, who died in 1871, and who was a lineal descendant of the founder of the city, the land was bequeathed for a park. Since then it has been greatly improved until the original Williams' farm of a little over one hundred acres is one of the most beautiful public grounds in the country. In 1891 additional territory southward was purchased at a cost of $359,000, increasing the area to about 400 acres. The new portion is nearly all unimproved land, covered with woods and shrubbery, and contains an extensive chain of shallow ponds, which occupy about one-third of the entire area, and by deepening, or by a dam in some place, will in their full extent be available for boating. The entire area is diversified, the banks of the ponds are high and picturesque, and when the main avenue, eight miles long, is finished, encircling the ponds, a resort of unex-

celled attractiveness will be opened to the citizens. In the old portion are a statue of Roger Williams by Franklin Simmons, a memorial monument to Elisha Dyer, a deer park, and a menagerie. Here also is an old gambrel-roofed cottage—Betsy Williams's former home—and an old graveyard of the Williams family. A natural history museum has been erected on an elevated site in the new portion of the park. It is a beautiful structure, and was finished and opened during the season of 1895.

The city has two other good-sized parks. Blackstone Park, of about thirty-five acres, is on the western bank of the Seekonk river, but as yet is unimproved, although its natural situation is unsurpassed, and the territory is covered with trees. Davis Park, between Valley Street and Chalkstone Avenue, convenient to the homes of a large working population, which was a well cared for private estate of great natural beauty, was purchased in 1891 for $75,000. It contains about thirty-four acres, and is diversified by glens, steep slopes, a brook, groves of trees and lawns, and has a picturesque mansion house.

One of the features of the railroad improvements proposed when the plan for the new station and its approaches was first accepted was a double belt-line railway, which should encircle the whole territory within seven miles of the city north and east, and five miles south and west. By making use of existing lines and branches, all that is necessary to complete these circuits is the building of a bridge over the river at India Point, and the construction of an elevated road from that point to the new station. Authority to construct this latter improvement was granted by the legislature, but no steps have been taken to carry out the project, and probably nothing will be done until the completion of the new station. This line of less than a mile in length would provide much needed accommodation for the east shore of Providence river, and would render available the larger of the two circuits. The smaller circuit will take in Olneyville, Elmwood, Cranston, Auburn, Roger Williams Park and South Providence, and the larger one would run through East Providence, Rumford, Phillipsdale, Pawtucket, Valley Falls, Central Falls and the north end of the city.

With the completion of the new railroad station, the State House and the Normal School, the city will have in its centre a great area of public lands comprising the open spaces in front and rear of the station and the grounds encircling the two state buildings, which taken together will, if properly laid out, form a central park unsurpassed by any similar park in any American city.

The city has advanced along all lines, while these extensive engineering projects have been under way. The school buildings in all sections of the city are fine brick structures, conveniently located and equipped. A manual training high school was opened in 1892, and a second high school is now in course of erection on a lot adjoining the present one. The fire department has been maintained at a high degree of efficiency, and the fire stations, like the school houses, are substantial and handsome buildings. It is, however, in reference to the water supply and its administration that the citizens of Providence have the most reason for satisfaction. The works are not only self-supporting, but are a source of income. The cost of construction to October 1, 1895, amounted to $6,504,156.32. For the year 1894-95 the income from water rents, etc., was $497,644.14; cost of maintenance, $100,200.88; interest on water loans, $339,176.08; surplus over maintenance and interest, $58,267.18. This is an excellent exhibit after twenty-four years of growth, and is an example of the wisdom of public ownership. The water works plant consists of two pumping stations and three storage reservoirs.

Large sums of money have been

spent to secure these municipal improvements. The cost of the improved sewer system up to September 30, 1895, has been $2,375,000; for street improvements $2,140,000 has been spent since 1887; the bill for rebuilding the bridges in the central part of the city will amount to about $250,000; for filling the cove, putting streets through it, and constructing Francis Street bridge, the expenditure up to September 30, 1894, was $450,000; for buying land for new parks or additions since 1890 about half a million dollars has been spent, while about an equal amount has been used in improvements and buildings; the schools and school buildings have also absorbed large amounts.

The total debt of the city on September 30, 1895, was $15,757,384. Deducting from this the sinking funds of $2,832,881, made the net debt $12,924,503. The debt has increased about five millions of dollars since 1888, when the gross debt was $10,005,417, and the net debt $8,005,158, and this increase practically represents the cost of the improvements to date. In this connection it is interesting to state that the bonds of the city issued since 1891 have commanded a higher premium than those of any other New England city. Probably before every one of these great enterprises is fully completed a total expenditure of $10,000,000 will be required. The assessed valuation of Providence in 1895 was $167,784,560; the tax rate was sixteen dollars per thousand, the tax assessed being $2,716,552.

The community is fairly well served with light, local transportation and telephone communication by four corporations,—three having a legal monopoly of their respective specialties for a period of twenty years from 1892. The Union Railroad Company operates all the street railway lines in the city and suburbs, in all about ninety miles of track. These corporations all pay a small percentage on their earnings. The city received for the year ending September 30, 1895: From the Providence Gas Company, $17,491.63; Narragansett Electric Lighting Company, $11,782.64; Union Railway Company and Providence Cable Tramway Company, $25,614.31; Providence Telephone Company, $2,555.57; total, $57,444.15. While these monopolies exist the citizens must be content with some disadvantages, and while the service is good in general the prices paid are too high.

Although by the figures of the state census of 1895 Providence has a population of only 145,472, which is much below previous sanguine estimates, the community of which it is the nucleus is very much larger. A large proportion of the recent growth has been in the suburbs, just outside the municipal limits. In these adjoining towns and cities, many of those who work and do business in Providence find their homes. A section included within a radius of five miles from the City Hall forms what may be justly called the "Greater Providence," and this now has a population of about 250,000. Some of these suburbs desire to be annexed to the city, and probably will be in the near future. They have precedents in six such annexations since 1868, and Providence originally comprised the whole county, the towns having been successively set off. The notable growth of the suburbs is in a measure owing to the extension of the street-car lines, which have been carried into new sections since the application of electricity.

To a greater extent than is the case in most of the smaller cities of New England the inhabitants of Providence live in detached houses. Unless on the extreme down-town streets and occasionally in the factory suburbs, dwellings with more than two families using the same entrance are rare. The "flats" which have invaded other municipalities have not been popular here, perhaps because of an ingrained conservatism in the people. Whatever the reason, the result is one for

which to be grateful. The city is spread out over a great area in proportion to its population, there are wide air spaces between the houses, and the conditions conform well to those laid down by scientific sanitation. The majority of houses, save in the worst slums, have enough yard space for flowers, trees and grass. Most of the residence streets and some of the business ones are lined with trees. A view of the city in summer from any elevated point, such as the east side hills, Prospect Terrace, the Hope Reservoir, or Brown University, surprises strangers by the mass of foliage showing above the houses and in many districts hiding them.

The east side is the fashionable quarter. Here are the stately mansions of the wealthy mill owners, manufacturers and merchants, embowered in trees, surrounded with fine lawns, fronting on well kept streets, and occupying the most elevated and commanding situation in the city. Within the last twenty-five years some portions of the west side have become popular with the wealthy citizens, and on Broadway, upper Westminster Street, Elmwood Avenue and Broad Street are many beautiful modern residences. In the oldest part of the city, at the north end, a few old-style buildings still stand, some antiquated brick and wooden structures, and gambrel roofs that date back to the last century; but these are disappearing before the march of improvement.

As soon as the terminal improvements were assured an era of building set in all over Providence. New dwellings were erected in every locality, and several new suburbs grew up as by magic, chief among which are Washington Park, Edgewood and Arlington. In the business district the main streets have been almost metamorphosed. Many splendid modern structures have been erected. Among them are the buildings of the Rhode Island Hospital Trust Company, the Industrial Trust Company—the only "sky scraper" in the city—the immense Kent & Stanley block, the Lauderdale, the new Boston store, and the Young Men's Christian Association; while several large edifices are now in course of erection. Many old structures have been modernized and enlarged. By the changes wrought in the streets by means of the new buildings, the city has assumed an entirely new aspect.

In the main portion of the city there are only three monuments to public men: an equestrian statue of General Burnside dedicated in 1887; a bronze figure of Mayor Doyle, dedicated in 1889; and a statue of Ebenezer Knight Dexter, dedicated in 1894. A statue of Columbus on Elmwood Avenue, was presented to the city in 1893. A statue of Ezek Hopkins, the first admiral of the American navy, is to be erected in Hopkins Park in the near future. On Exchange Place, in front of the City Hall, is a stately Soldiers' and Sailors' monument, erected in 1871. A fund, now amounting to over $6,500, is in existence for the erection of a monument to Roger Williams on the east side, after a curious design furnished by the original donor, Stephen Randall, thirty years ago. A proposal has also been made to place a figure of Roger Williams on the dome of the State House.

If at one time Providence was not up to the standard of some other New England cities in education, that time has passed. The public schools are admirably conducted. Brown University, with a history dating back to 1764, has always been a centre of influence in the community; but its power has been greatly increased during these last years through the energy and ability of President Andrews. Under his administration the number of students has more than doubled, while a woman's college has been established, and by free public lectures and extension work the university has done much to obtain a stronger hold on the city. The buildings of the university are on the hill on the east side;

the grounds are beautiful, with the shady campus in front, wide spaces in the rear, and the old and new buildings grouped together picturesquely.

Another important educational establishment is the Friends' School, which has a proud history and a high reputation as a preparatory school.

The Providence Public Library has filled an important place as an educational factor in the city since its establishment in 1878. Mr. W. E. Foster, the librarian, is eminent among the librarians of the country for his originality and industry and for his zeal in bringing the library into close touch with the people. The library has always been hampered for room, but in the near future is to have a permanent home. A large lot of land has been secured on Washington, Greene and Fountain streets, with ample area for as large a building as is necessary. The plans have not yet been fully decided upon, but they are in hand.

The great improvements which we have outlined being certain, enthusiasts in Providence now dream of still greater advances—of a time when the city will have 500,000 inhabitants; when it will operate the street railway lines, and the electric light, gas and telephone monopolies for the benefit of the citizens instead of allowing them to be conducted for private profit; when a water supply, obtained from additional sources, shall be filtered and purified so as to be fit for all purposes; and when it will have a foreign commerce.

Providence now stands on the threshold of a new era, equipped for the struggle as never before, with splendid artificial and natural advantages; and if she does not rise to her opportunities it will be because of the indifference of her citizens and the inefficiency of her public men.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

No one who was present at Plymouth on Forefathers' Day, at the celebration of the 275th anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims, will ever forget the culminating moment in Senator Hoar's great oration. It was in the very week that the country had been shocked by the threatening words toward England in President Cleveland's message on the Venezuela question, the hasty action of Congress, and the reckless words, more culpable than either, of portions of our press and people, showing a degree of the spirit of war and of the old, unthinking prejudice against England, which it was hoped had forever passed away in America. There was no heart in that vast assembly which was not heavy with the burden of responsibility so suddenly laid upon the nation, and no one who did not feel that the great senator, knowing history and its deep lessons as no other now in the national councils knows them, could not let that memorable occasion pass without some clear and serious word upon the problem of the hour. The people waited for that word; and every ear was alert and every face showed a new eagerness when, as he neared the close of his oration, in his magnificent characterization of the Pilgrim qualities, he said with peculiar and solemn emphasis:—

"The Pilgrims were Englishmen. Their children are, in the essentials of national character, Englishmen still. We have a great admixture of other races. But it is an admixture chiefly from those northern races of which England herself was composed. In spite of past conflicts and present rivalry England is the nation closest to us in affection and sympathy. The English language is ours. English literature is, perhaps, more familiar to the bulk of our people than to English-

men themselves. The English Bible is still our standard of speech, our inspiration, our rule of faith and practice. We look to English authority in the administration of our system of law and equity. English aptness for command, habit of success, indomitable courage, unconquerable perseverance, have been, are, and are to remain the American quality. The men of other blood who come here acquire and are penetrated with the English, or perhaps without boasting or vanity we may say, the American spirit. The great bulk of our people are of English blood. But by the spirit, which has its own pedigree, its own ancestry, its own law of descent and of inheritance, we are English even more than by any tie of physical kinship. It is of this pedigree of the spirit, governed by forces of which science has as yet given us no account, that we are taking account to-day. It is by virtue of its laws that John Winthrop counts George Washington among his posterity, James Otis transmits his quality to Charles Sumner. Emerson may well be reckoned the spiritual child of Bradford; Channing the spiritual child of John Robinson; and Miles Standish the progenitor of Grant. . . . When the boys who went out from a New England dwelling to meet death at Gettysburg or Antietam with no motive but the love of country and the sense of duty, shall meet, where they are gone, the men who fought the livelong day with Wellington or obeyed Nelson's immortal signal, they shall

> 'Claim kindred there and have the claim allowed.'"

The orator paused—and a hush fell upon the multitude. "What I said just now," he continued with deliberation, breaking the silence, "was written more than ten days ago. Let it stand!" It was an electric word; and quick as the thunder follows lightning came the great tempest of applause and gratitude from the hands of every man and woman of the thousands gathered there. Never before, it seemed, had approbation been so eager, so solemn, or so eloquent.

"Let it stand! It is well that these two great nations should know something of each other that they don't get from their metropolitan press, whether in London or in New York. Each of them should know that, if it enter into a quarrel with the other, it is to be a contest with that people on the face of the earth which is most like to itself. The quarrel will be maintained on both sides until Anglo-Saxon, until English, until American, endurance, is exhausted. For that reason, if for no other, such a conflict should never begin. This whole thing is very simple. We cannot permit any weak power on this continent to be despoiled of its territory, or to be crowded out of its rights, by any strong power anywhere. England would not permit us to do that to Belgium or to Denmark. On the other hand, we have no title to interfere with the established boundaries of English territory, whether we like them or do not like them. All between these two limits is subject for discussion and for arbitration; subject for that international arbitration which a delegation of English members of Parliament came to Boston a few years ago to impress upon us, saying that, in their desire for its establishment, they represented the opinions of a large majority of the English House of Commons. The settlement of pending differences upon these principles will be compelled by the business men and the religious sentiment of these two nations, influences always irresistible when they are united, and when they are brought to bear upon large matters of national and international import."

And once again came the great thunder of applause. New England, gathered by Plymouth Rock, had found her voice. One of her senators, in that jaunty, insane hour at Washington following the reading of the message, the remembrance of which hour still brings the blush to every patriot, had rubbed his hands and

cried that he was "bubbling over with delight." Another had made haste to move the appropriation of a hundred millions to put the country in readiness for war. But here, by the mouth of her greatest man in the national councils, the deep, true feeling of New England had found expression; and the reception of the word was as eloquent and memorable as its utterance. Political adventurers might play with the awful issues of war; but men who pilgrimage to Plymouth Rock, to consecrate their lives anew to freedom and to God, do not play, and their voice is not uncertain.

* * *

The business men and the religious sentiment of the country, said Senator Hoar, would unite to compel the settlement of these unhappy differences upon righteous principles. The reckless politician might bluster for a day, and the irresponsible man about town indulge his folly; and so they did. The Washington correspondent of our leading Boston newspaper telegraphed on the morning after the message, along with the interviews with scores of congressmen: "The popularity of the message in the country generally was the first thing that most senators and representatives spoke of, and there was no contrary opinion on this point. The war spirit, as a result of thirty years of peace, is supposed to be rising in the country, and the hereditary hatred of Great Britain, the desire of the South to march to battle once more under the American flag, and the impatience of the young men of the country with the slow processes of reward in peaceful pursuits, were all mentioned as reasons why the suggestion of the possible war would be popular." "We ought to show the British our teeth," was the word, quoted from somebody at one of the great hotels, which, we were told in the local columns of the same issue, crowded with similar insanity, "admirably expressed the views and beliefs of nine-tenths of the representatives of manufacturing houses found at the hotels last night." But all this was hushed when the real masters of business found their voice, recovering from the confusion into which the country had been so suddenly and wickedly precipitated under circumstances which compelled it to show its superficial side and do itself injustice. The true business men of the country found their voice in the noble address of the New York Chamber of Commerce. They found it in the letter of Charles Francis Adams. They found it earlier still in the speech of Nathan Matthews, the late mayor of Boston, at the dinner of the alumni of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. While hundreds were yet talking of war with the same lightness with which they would talk of New Year's dances, this sagacious business man reminded Boston and the country what war would really mean to us, and especially what war with England would mean to the interests of civilization with which we are so sacredly entrusted.

"If a war should break out between this country and Great Britain, it would be carried on, not by land, but on the sea; and with the inadequate navy which we now possess there can be no doubt that the principal seat of war would be the cities along our sea-coast. These cities are practically defenceless against the attack of a strong naval force. Such a war might and probably would result in the annexation of Canada, and in the paralysis or destruction of British commerce; but, on the other hand, it would involve an enormous destruction of property along the sea-coast and perhaps in the destruction of New York, Boston, Baltimore and Philadelphia, in the loss of our foreign markets and an incalculable injury to every branch of industry and commerce. Let us take a further step and consider the effect of such a war on the future of the civilized world. This country would have nothing to gain from it; but Great Britain would, beside injury to her commerce, suffer perhaps the loss of her colonial em-

pires in the different sections of the globe. England's difficulty would be Russia's opportunity, and we might confidently expect a war between this country and Great Britain to be the signal for the outbreak of that general European conflict which has been pending for a generation. With her naval forces divided, the final outcome, it seems to me, could not be doubtful; the British empire would be destroyed; and the ascendancy of the English-speaking races would be forever ended. The final result would be the end of English civilization as the controlling factor in the progress of the world. That such a war with all its consequences should be precipitated by the United States of America, a country that above all others owes its success and power to the peaceful prosecution of industry and trade, is a thought that should cause every true American to pause before he advocates or talks of war; and it should cause every representative of the American people in the federal administration or in the federal Congress to proceed with prudence and deliberation before committing the country to a conflict certain to end in disaster on all sides, and likely to lead to the complete transfer of the commercial supremacy of the world from the English-speaking races to the Frenchman, the German and the Slav.

"I believe that there is here, at least, little or no sympathy with the thoughtless jingoism that would set one branch of the English race to fight the other, and thus bring on the greatest and most disastrous war of modern times."

* * *

The business men have been true to Senator Hoar's confidence. So have the workingmen of the country. While the author of *Ben Hur*, "a tale of the Christ,"—the same who was assuring us a year ago that the Turks could be trusted to act piously in Armenia,—was screaming his readiness to organize a brigade immediately in Indiana to help push through Canada and annex to the republic everything to the North Pole, and while that noble patriot, David Hill, was hastening to get disabilities removed from Southern brigadiers, and regiments of Texas veterans were reported ready for battle, from the workingmen of America, from the Labor Unions and other organizations, there came only words of friendship for their kin beyond the sea, only words of condemnation for the wantonness by which we had been plunged into the outer circles of the possibility of fratricidal strife.

* * *

If the business men of the country justified Senator Hoar's confidence, and the workingmen made a nobler record still, so was the religious sentiment of the country true to his expectations. Never was the American pulpit truer to its high calling, and never did it bring itself to bear upon public opinion at a critical juncture with a more potent and united voice, than on the Sunday following the President's message, the day following that on which Senator Hoar spoke at Plymouth. It was the Sunday before Christmas. On the day before Senator Hoar spoke, William Everett, speaking at the Jay centennial, concluded a powerful denunciation of the war fever, the first be it remembered to his honor which had been spoken in any high place, with these stirring words: "We shall in less than a week be celebrating all over this country the birth of the Saviour of mankind. Jesus was born at a time of profound peace, so grateful to a world that had been racked with war for a century, that men worshipped as a god the crafty emperor who achieved it. From a hundred thousand churches next Wednesday will be repeated the angels' song, 'Peace on earth, good will towards men.' Let no man who still holds to his Christian profession dare to enter a house of prayer next Wednesday, or ask his children to dance in glee round a tree resplendent with the gifts of

Christ's birthday, if he is giving the lie to his Master's religion by seeking national honor and the elevation of humanity in the horrors, cruelties, crimes of war."

But before Christmas came the American church had spoken; and there was hardly a discordant note. We quote a passage from the published sermon of Rev. Charles G. Ames of Boston, "War or Peace?" because it is representative of the spirit of every significant sermon which came from the New England pulpit on that solemn day.

"Louis Kossuth said, 'There is not yet a Christian nation.' Indeed, most of the nations that are called Christian, and which for centuries have been under nominal Christian instruction, are great military camps. Year after year there is no hour of any night when thousands of sentinels are not standing guard or pacing to and fro, ready to give alarm to the great armies of men who always sleep within easy reach of their guns. . . . Shall we follow the older nations in the path to ruin, or lead them in the way of welfare and happiness? A majority of the newspapers, millions of citizens, and both Houses of Congress accepted it as the instant dictate of patriotism and honor to back the president in his conditional threat that, if England does not settle her dispute with Venezuela in accordance with the findings of a commission to be appointed by us, we will 'resist by every means in our power.' These are strong words: they draw the issue sharply, and they put in peril the peace of three nations.

"The president would have done his whole duty by laying the facts before Congress, without accompanying them with a menace. To threaten first, and inquire afterward,—is this the way of good neighborhood?

"The passions are quick; reason is slow; the judicial faculty is slowest of all. Raise a war-cry, on any ground or on no ground, and immediately thousands are seized with a contagious military fever. If there are some smouldering embers of an old ancestral grudge, the least breath of jingoism will rekindle the fires; and men will really imagine that hatred of another country is love of their own. The anarchist who flings a dynamite bomb and kills a few policemen is justly regarded as a public enemy. And, when the dread penalty overtakes him, no man is less deserving of pity. But, before the bar of heaven, I would rather take his risks than to stand in the place of the men who gloat over the prospect of a war, or who study to embroil the nations for the sake of political capital or for the chances of plunder."

Mr. Hoar and Mr. Matthews and Mr. Ames represent the best political, business and religious feeling of New England. In the educational and literary realms New England has spoken with as true and firm a voice. We could call many noble representatives to witness. We shall only cite words of Professor Francis G. Peabody of Harvard University, and John Fiske, our most eminent historian. Said Professor Peabody, in an eloquent address to the young men of Harvard on "The Greater Puritanism," on Forefathers' Day:—

"Into the midst of this national light-mindedness, which talks of the inconceivable horrors of war with next of kin as if it were an international sport, comes to-night the grave, self-searching, sober Puritan. The Puritan was not afraid to fight. As he stands here before us, he has his sword girt on his side and his flint-lock is in his hand. But he is afraid to do wrong. He would not dare to fight for any cause that is unjust or superfluous. He is not a freebooter, looking for a chance for glory: he is a good soldier of Jesus Christ, taking orders for a holy war. His commonwealth rests, not on bluster, but on righteousness; and his legislators are chosen under this counsel of John Robinson: 'Whereas you are to become a body political, let your wisdom and godliness appear by choosing such persons as do entirely love and

will diligently promote the common good. And this duty you may the more willingly and conscionably perform because you are to have those only for governors which yourself shall make choice of for that work.'

"Do not let us mistake the lesson of the present issue. A country like this is not likely to be taken captive by external foes, but we may as well face the evidence that its permanence is not yet beyond the possibility of disaster. One condition of prosperity no nation is strong enough to defy—the necessity for soberness, consistency and self-control. Republics quite as strong as this, in comparison with the powers of their own age, have had their day and have ceased to be. The real perils among us are internal—a soft theory of life, a limp literature, reckless politics and conscienceless competition. These are foes which no navy is large enough to repel, and no coast defence strong enough to exclude. The stability of the republic rests just where the Pilgrims planted it, on the rock of a national conscience; and the only secure coast defence is along the line of the stern and rock-bound coast of righteousness."

Mr. Fiske wrote to the Twentieth Century Club of Boston, a few days afterwards, the following plain and manly words:—

"It is high time that the wickedness, the silliness and the vulgarity of all this jingoism should be thoroughly exposed. It is enough to make any thoughtful patriot blush for shame to behold the spectacle for gods and men which our country has been making of herself during the past ten days. People are apt to speak of the United States as a 'young' nation. One of the least agreeable aspects of youthfulness is that which we have now been exhibiting. We have been behaving like the schoolboy who goes up and down among his fellows with a chip on his shoulder, vociferating, 'I can lick any one of you.' With young male animals a brief period of such aimless belligerency seems unavoidable; but when grown-up men indulge themselves in such pranks we stigmatize them as bullies. Men of sense do not regard swagger and tall talk as indications either of wisdom or of good breeding; when applied to questions concerning which there may be room for dispute, they are apt to indicate that the swaggerer has a weak case.

"Jingoism is by some thoughtless people called 'Americanism.' In truth nothing could be more un-American. There is nothing which those greatest and wisest of Americans, Washington and Lincoln, would have more emphatically condemned. The noble example which our country has set before the world has been the example of a vast federation in which states no less than individuals are amenable to the laws. Our whole federal system has been for a century the most pacific system the world has ever seen, and in this has lain its true dignity and glory as well as its unexampled prosperity. Upon this prosperity we are wont to pride ourselves; we exult in the growth of our resources, the vastness of our strength, till we are in danger of being led astray by the mere impetus of our magniloquence. Unless justly, morally and decently used, our strength is no credit to us. If that vast strength were to be pressed into the service of jingoism, it would simply result in making the United States a pest and nuisance among nations. With the possession of advantages goes the moral obligation to use them properly. But, indeed, the people of the United States have no real sympathy with jingoism. They are as sincerely and honestly pacific in disposition as any people in the world; and although a false appeal to national pride may call forth for the moment a false note of response the sober second thought comes quickly to their aid. There are few Americans who would welcome war, save sundry crude politicians, who may fancy that they descry some political benefit to themselves in a renewal of war tariffs and an inconverti-

ble paper currency. Much of the jingo talk of the last two years has come from such a source and it has served as a political trap into which it is melancholy to see certain persons blindly walking, from whom better things had been expected."

There is one tone through all these various utterances representing what is best in the political, commercial, literary, religious and educational thought of New England—the tone of sanity, of dignity, of fraternity, of peace, of reason. They are the words of men who realize what is of real moment in the grave issue with which the nation was so suddenly confronted.

* * *

Much is said about the Monroe doctrine. The controversy of the diplomats and then the popular controversy rages about the Monroe doctrine. What was the Monroe doctrine? It was a doctrine stated by President Monroe, acting in express concert with the great English minister Canning, at a time when there was grave danger that the "Holy Alliance" (of Prussia, Austria and Russia), embodying the reactionary and ultra monarchical policy which followed the Napoleonic wars, would seek the control of South America, as it was already interposing in the internal affairs of Spain. Our young republic, valuing so dearly its own liberties, and inspired by the high resolve that the American continent should be devoted to free institutions, declared through President Monroe that as "the political system of the allied powers was essentially different from that of America," and as it was "impossible that the allied powers should extend their political system to any portion of either continent [North or South America] without endangering our peace and happiness," therefore "we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety," and "could not view any interposition" with the independent South American states, "for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny, by any European power, in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition towards the United States." "The American continents"—this was the general principle stated—"are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European powers."

This is the famous Monroe doctrine. It was the declaration, in a serious crisis, of a policy of defence against the extension in America of political institutions opposed to ours and therefore "dangerous to our peace and safety." We have heard of no eminent special student of our constitutional history and diplomacy who admits the application of the doctrine to the dispute in Venezuela. Professor Burgess and Professor Moore of Columbia College, Woolsey at Yale, Hart, Thayer and McVane at Harvard, Von Holst at Chicago and many more have spoken sweepingly against any such interpretation; almost no disinterested scholar has been found willing to reënforce by his authority the appeal of the partial politician. The argument that the spread of English institutions over three hundred miles of South America is dangerous to our peace and safety, because forsooth England is a "monarchy," is an argument unworthy of any man who has got beyond the kindergarten of history and politics. England is a monarchy only in name, as Venezuela is a republic only in name. The political institutions of England to-day are as free and democratic as our own, a hundred times as free, progressive and worthy of our confidence and favor as those of any South American republic controlled—or uncontrolled—by Portuguese and Spaniards. In the whole history of diplomatic correspondence—we wish to say it deliberately—we know of no observation so poor and shallow or, in view of the relations of England to Canada, so insulting, as

that of Secretary Olney to the British minister, that "distance and three thousand miles of intervening ocean make any permanent political union between an European and an American state unnatural and inexpedient. Europe as a whole is monarchical, while America is devoted to the opposite principle, that of self government. Whether moral or material interests be considered, it cannot but be universally conceded that those of Europe are irreconcilably diverse from those of America." How many miles of ocean do our politicians consider many enough to make political union unnatural and inexpedient? Is Hawaii too far away from us for it? Is Cuba too far? Is our Secretary suggesting to Great Britain that she give up her political relations with British Guiana?

This whole extraordinary statement proceeds from a view of history and of facts which belongs to the time of Andrew Jackson. England is a country as devoted to the principle of self government as our own; France is a republic; and all the nations of western Europe, so far from being, as Secretary Olney's words imply, in the political condition in which they were in the days of James Monroe, so far from having institutions permanently and irreconcilably diverse from those of America, are advancing in the great march of political, social and industrial freedom, in the establishment of enlightened principles and the working out of courageous and great experiments, in a manner which should make every one of us earnestly seek to bring America into the closest and most fraternal and organic relations with them, and which command us quite as often to be humble learners as to play the part of teachers and lecturers.

* * *

But is this all? By no means. Whatever James Monroe said or did not say, we are a member of the great family of nations and of the family of American nations in particular. It was a part of the Monroe doctrine that, as we would permit no European intervention in American affairs, so we would not intervene in the affairs of Europe. May it be long before we are called upon for any such intervention! But we should understand, our politicians as well as the rest of us, that the old hard and fast distinction between the Eastern and Western hemispheres, which existed to the mind of John Quincy Adams and James Monroe, has forever passed away. It is an antiquated distinction. An exigency may arise to-morrow, in Turkey, in Russia, in China, in western Europe, which may command us, for our own sake, or by our common obligation to humanity, to make our influence felt. The steamship, the cable, travel, trade, everything which makes the modern world, bring Europe every day into closer relations with us than South America is. The ocean, so far from being a barrier between the continents, as Secretary Olney thinks, is now a bridge. Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, and Scandinavians, their borders overflowing, will not forever leave the great continent of South America, a continent forty times as large as France, fertile, of exhaustless mineral resources, salubrious, with great rivers flowing to the sea, a continent richer, more attractive and more promising far than Africa,—the great peoples of Europe, we say, will not and cannot leave this great continent forever idle, in the hands of restless, revolutionary and incompetent Portuguese and Spaniards, the very people of all European peoples who have least enterprise, least industry, least capacity for administration, least genius for that self government which Secretary Olney talks about so arrogantly and so poorly understands. Let us not be the dog in the manger to prevent the utilization and civilization of South America and that extension there of the best European forces which is both natural and expedient. Let not the voice of New England, above all, join in the decree that an American continent shall forever remain New Spain.

Yet let us never be unfaithful to the obligations of good neighborhood; nothing commands that. Let us not see injustice done to any weaker sister by any imperious power. John Bull has all too often been greedy and a bully. Lowell told him so in those troublous times of thirty years ago in lines which Englishmen will not forget and Americans are not ashamed of. England does not resent those lines, and will not resent our remembering them now. For there is an England, as there is a John Bull, and she will quickly enough find her voice in the present exigency. Had Mr. Gladstone instead of Lord Salisbury been prime minister of England, we should have heard nothing of this refusal to submit the Venezuelan dispute to arbitration, which refusal was indeed a reversion of a compact substantially concluded by a former Liberal government. The English people will meet the American people half way in the rational and peaceful solution of a problem which has been precipitated before most of them as suddenly and unexpectedly as before most of us. The tone of the English press and people throughout this whole unhappy crisis has been self controlled, considerate, kind and worthy, in striking contrast with the violence and fever which marked so much speech and action among ourselves. There has been nothing to indicate any hostile sentiment whatever against us among the people of England. The warlike words of which in that insane week so many went from us to them came to them clearly as a painful surprise. "I am surprised," says the correspondent of the London *Chronicle,* coming to Washington, "to see the feeling of enmity existing in the United States against Great Britain. There is no such feeling in our country, I can assure you, against America." If the correspondent would leave Washington, he would quickly be able to inform his journal, which has done such conspicuous service among the newspapers of London to establish a right understanding between the two countries, that the atmosphere of Washington is not the atmosphere of the United States.

* * *

What then ought our Government to have done upon the reception of the British minister's note refusing arbitration of the Venezuelan claims? It should have told him plainly a very simple thing. It should have told him that, in the opinion of the American people, such a refusal was not in accord with the best sentiment of the modern world, and that our duty to a weaker sister republic, unable to cope with a great power, and entitled by all American traditions to look to us for protection against injustice, compelled us to farther action. In the lack of that international tribunal which we urged and which Great Britain, if conscious of the justice of her claims, should have been forward to grant, it became our duty to create a commission to give our own people exact information upon the facts and to submit its verdict to the judgment of civilized mankind. Does any serious man believe that the conclusions of such a commission, its *personnel* precisely that of the commission just created, supported as those conclusions would be by a complete historical and legal argument, would be ignored by the people of England, or by the government of England? If they were ignored, then would have been time for action.

Such action would have been a triumph of diplomacy, as in this latter day simplicity and manliness and courtesy alone are. It would have effected that wise thing which Samuel Adams, in the more serious circumstances of a hundred years ago, always counselled and always practised: it would have "kept the enemy in the wrong." But it would have done something higher far than that; it would have maintained the good name of the republic and kept her still

at the front, in this day when the men of vision and great-mindedness the wide world over are laboring to make the groaning nations ground their arms and be friends, as the great champion and exemplar of international reason, good manners and good will. By its hasty and utterly uncalled for threat of war, stirring up as was inevitable all the bad passions and prejudices of our people, and compelling as it has already done talk of costly armaments, new battle-ships, a doubled army, a war footing, adding to the sum total of the sense of insecurity and discord which shackles struggling mankind, the President's message has given the republic a blow as a factor in civilization and the progress of the world for which much indeed will be required to make atonement. The common sense of the country, coöperating with the common sense of England, will avert the ultimate disaster which would have been so easy and so certain with peoples more excitable and less disciplined; but it is hard to understand how any serious man can have seen and heard what was seen and heard in that sad week before Christmas, and not feel the danger and the wrong to the nation of such a course as that witnessed at Washington. It is not the part of a patriot to be silent in such a crisis; that is a bastard patriotism. The measure of my love for any institution, said Arnold of Rugby, is the measure of my desire to reform it. The measure of our love for our country should be the measure of our desire to keep it true to its own highest ideals and to restore it to the right when it is wrong. Our duties as citizens are no less chivalric and noble than our duties as gentlemen; and a gentleman is never more a gentleman than when he says: I have done wrong, I am to blame.

* * *

It is not a question of the Monroe doctrine. Differ as we may about that, few would care to criticise the Government for any simple and proper assertion of it. It is the deep question of the reckless appeal to the war spirit in a great nation. It is not a question primarily of blaming the administration. It is a question of the bluster and brag and swagger of which we have seen and heard so much from a certain class of our politicians during the last five years,—politicians, be it plainly said, at a time when the President is the subject of so much criticism, not chiefly of his party. The people have indulged these displays of pinchbeck patriotism, these appeals to national vanity and selfishness and greed, these partisan and brutal promptings to aggressiveness and war, until great classes were made drunk by them, and a portentous mass of dangerous and inflammable sentiment had been rolled up, which needed but a match to start a conflagration. We cannot but believe that the American people will learn the lesson, and that the levity and wickedness of which we have had so much will cease to be tolerated longer among sober men. If the recent flash of lightning serves to show the country whither reckless war talk leads and to clear the air, it will not have been wholly vain or wholly bad.

* * *

Washington, in his farewell address, warned the country in the most solemn manner against the baneful effects of the spirit of party. Few dangers threaten a democracy so great as those from great contesting parties which, once vital and sincere, born for high and special purposes, outlive their vocation and continue on by the sheer momentum of great organization. Fictitious issues must be created and magnified antagonisms maintained for partisan and campaign needs. The real and crying evils in the country, which call for the attention of every man with any claim to patriotism or statesmanship, are neglected and ignored; and Satan always finds some work for idle hands—as he has now proved once again. Had our great

parties had their activities and zeal engrossed in the great work of social and industrial reform which so imperatively commands attention, there would have been no time and no temptation for the jingoism of the last five years and the imbroglio which has wrought such evil to the country and the world.

* * *

An address from the leading men of letters in England to their brethren in America was published in London on Christmas day. The address was signed by more than a thousand representative men—Ruskin, John Morley, Walter Besant, Alfred Austin, the new poet laureate, William Watson, and the hundred kindred names which Americans hold dear. It was an address full of fraternity and confidence and admiration, of appeal to the great past and of high hope for the future achievements of the united Anglo-Saxon race. "For two such nations to take up arms against each other would be civil war."

From every American man of letters, from every earnest man, let the word be echoed back in one great chorus. Let England know that America feels as truly and as deeply as she can feel that any interruption of fraternal relations between the two great English-speaking peoples would be a blow to civilization, and that it is the duty of every patriotic citizen to seek to bind the nations more closely together than ever before in the cause of international reason and of peace.

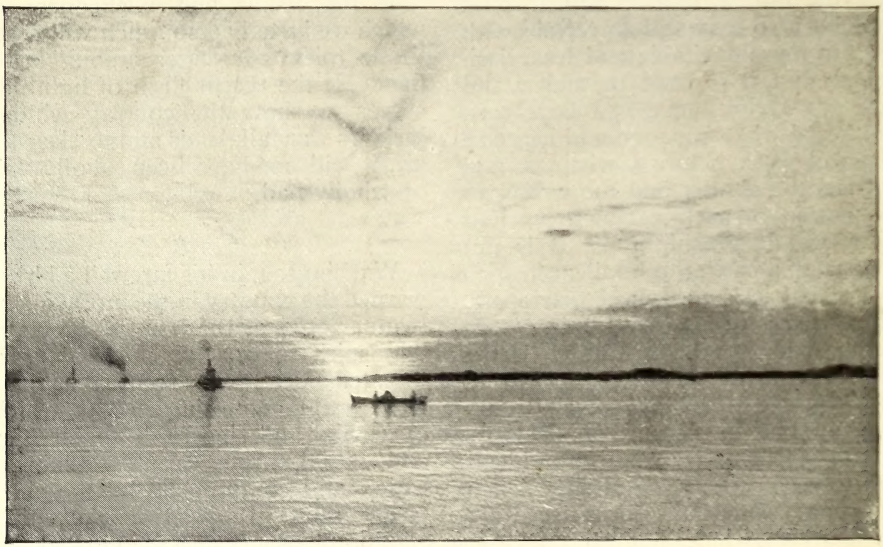


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